

The Hospital Incident

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The Hospital Incident

by [name_blank](#)

Summary

Shane told Rose that he's never been kidnapped before, but there have been plenty of threats, enough that he already knows to dub this latest one the "Hospital Incident."

There's just one factor that makes this particular incident very different from all the other past threats—this time Ilya is there to save him.

Notes

I finally binged this show and enjoyed it waaay more than I thought I would! Nice that there wasn't too much sports crap in it, lol. And as a hurt/comfort fan I definitely latched on to Shane's kidnapping comment, then this just kinda happened even though I really thought I was done with writing for awhile. I suppose one never does know when inspiration will strike again.

Anywho, thanks in advance for kudos/comments and happy reading!!!

"*Cottage*," Ilya mutters under his breath as he leaves Shane's hospital room, his head ducked low to avoid being recognized by the burly orderly wearing mint green scrubs who's pushing a wheelchair passed him in the otherwise quiet hallway. "What is '*cottage*'..."

Ilya knows what the cottage technically is and what it implies, of course he does. He's only taken aback by the unexpected invite, especially after it came from a Shane who was clearly high out of his mind on pain medication. Ilya knows the feeling of getting his bell rung all too well, which means that he also knows Shane likely won't feel quite so good or loose lipped once the drugs wear off.

Ilya needs time to figure out a proper answer for Shane's heartfelt request besides "maybe," so while he wanders through the hospital's maze of hallways then waits for his elevator he decides to look the word up in an English dictionary, like he has with so many other confounding phrases uttered by Shane in the past.

Cottage, noun. Definition 1: The dwelling of a farm laborer...no, that's not it, Shane is no farmer. 2: A usually small frame house...no *shit* it is. 3: A small detached dwelling unit at an institution...Ilya doesn't know what that one means exactly, but it doesn't sound correct. 4: A small house for vacation use...yes that one, definitely that one. Shane's private summer vacation "*cottage*."

Ilya has spent many hours of lonely boredom doing light online stalking, which means he's already seen the videos and read the articles that praise his Mr. Real Estate for the Fortress of Solitude he had built near his parents' home. Ilya's watched Shane's tour of the space more times than he could count and paid close attention to the yoga scenes in particular whenever he was especially lonesome. He's learned all about how the lake house in Quebec is built with ecologically friendly material, how it's environmentally sustainable, how it's been decorated by some big shot designer and adorned with sculptures from local Canadian artists and blah blah *blah*. Boring.

There is no other slang definition for "*cottage*" in English or French that Ilya can find online which leaves him staring at his phone with furrowed brows. For such a simple term the invitation had felt like much, *much* more coming from Shane's perfect lips.

"Maybe," Ilya says again under his breath, trying to ignore the traitorous part of his brain that screams at him, "too much, too soon; not secret, not *safe*." He lets out a long sigh. "Maybe *cottage*."

The elevator dings as it arrives on the main floor and Ilya's exit. He finally looks up from his phone's screen just as the doors part to reveal none other than Yuna Hollander waiting for the next ride. Her eyes widen in initial surprise while he stares blankly back, a repeat of their first awkward encounter in an elevator all those years ago.

"Rozanov," she greets through a thin smile. She's not happy to see him, he can tell, but she wears her false pleasantries like a well sculpted mask over her face. "I wasn't expecting you here."

He swallows hard, his mind racing as he tries to explain away his presence in his so called rival's hospital room. "I was just, ah," he falters, gesturing lamely to the ceiling and floors above his head. "Visiting Hollander. I bully his teammate for location, just wanted to say hi. Make sure he is okay."

Yuna's forced expression falls to something softer but she still doesn't smile, not really anyway. Ilya notes that while she is as beautiful as ever she is slightly less put together than he is used to seeing her. Her smudged makeup is at least a day old, her hair is thrown back in a messy bun, and her normally impeccable clothes are rumpled like she'd dressed in a hurry.

Shane's parents haven't been to see him yet, Ilya deduces with a start. He wonders where they're coming from now—Mexico, he thinks Shane mentioned? Or was that before... Time has stopped making sense to Ilya since Florida, since Russia, since last night's heart stopping game.

"So he's...is Shane all right?" Yuna asks, pulling him from his thoughts.

"Oh, *da*, yes, of course Sh—Hollander is okay," Ilya answers quickly. "Dopey, but okay."

She quirks an eyebrow. "'Dopey'?"

Ilya nods and raises his hand for another half assed gesture, this time wriggling his fingers next to his temple. "He is dopey on the good shit. Makes him say silly things. *Very* silly things."

"Right," she drawls, unimpressed by his crass explanation. "Well, I should probably get up there."

"Ah, okay." He gets the not-so-subtle hint as he quickly shuffles out of her way then holds the door open for her while he waves her gentlemanly inside. She steps into the elevator car and turns to look him in the eye again, and the usual barely disguised disdain she seems to always have for him is back in full force.

"Thank you, Rozanov," Yuna tells him insincerely. "I know you and my son aren't on the best of terms, but your sportsmanship is always appreciated. I trust you won't be using any of the 'silly things' Shane might have said against him in the future."

Ilya stares at her, taking a long moment to process the words. He finally understands her meaning—and unspoken threat—just as the doors are closing between them. "I wouldn't...I mean, he didn't—"

Yuna doesn't stop the elevator's progress to hear out his explanation, even as nonsensical as he knows it will sound when all he's trying to do is protect his and Shane's secret if Shane happens to blab while high. But Yuna is gone as abruptly as she appeared, and so is the unimpressed look on her face.

"You are welcome, Mrs. Shane's mom," Ilya mutters to the closed doors while he runs shaking hands through his thick curls. "Fuuuck me."

He's not good at interacting with mothers, he decides, and tries not to spiral over why exactly that is.

"*Fuck*," he says again, this time in Russian when he spins on his heel and takes rapid steps through the hospital lobby to the sliding front doors. He sucks in a breath of cool refreshing morning air the moment he's outside and wrinkles his nose. God, he needs a fucking cigarette.

Ilya retreats quickly away from the hospital's entrance before anyone can spot him. He slinks around the ambulance bay until he reaches an alley between two buildings that appears to be blessedly deserted. He decides it's the most privacy he'll get in the moment and leans against the shadowed brick wall while he fumbles to light his cigarette. He quit, he swears he did, but sometimes—times like after seeing his other half knocked unconscious on the ice then battered in a hospital bed followed by a subtle unwarranted berating from said other half's overbearing mother—sometimes he really needs the calming burn of smoke in his lungs.

Shane would be upset if he saw Ilya now, would tell him for the umpteenth time how bad smoking is. Ilya would quip something snarky back then Shane would shake his head and call him an asshole, like always. The thought makes Ilya smile, and it's only because he has Shane on his mind that he hears a familiar disembodied voice suddenly call his name.

"*Ilya!!!*"

He startles, whipping out of his hiding spot when he realizes Shane's voice isn't only in his head, and neither are the distinct sounds of a violent struggle he can hear coming from around the corner just out of sight. He drops his unlit cigarette and moves towards the noise, to some sort of loading area at the back of the hospital furthest away from the more inviting visitors' entrance.

All that's idling in the space now is a dark, windowless van backed up to a ramp just outside of a closed pair of doors maybe five meters ahead of him. The engine is running but there is no one in the driver's seat and a knocked over wheelchair has been left next to the van's open rear door. The source of the noises are coming from inside the vehicle and Ilya's heart skips a beat when he hears a familiar little whimper, one that is decidedly unsexy in the moment.

Because Ilya knows intimately the various kinds of sounds his lover makes. He's heard all possible tones and pitches over the years as he worked sensuous noises out of a typically subdued and even toned Shane. But Shane doesn't sound like any of that outside of the hospital now; he sounds even worse than he does when he panics, when he gets too deep into his own head and Ilya has to gently coax him back to reality.

Shane sounds genuinely terrified and Ilya quickens his pace, his brows furrowed and fists clenched tight at his sides.

"*Il—*"

—

"...Ilya?" Shane blinks sluggishly, his goofy grin falling slightly. "Where'sss he go?"

"Your frenemy left, sweetie," the nurse leaning over him says patiently as she returns his chart to his bedside. "I managed to interrupt him before he could smother you with a pillow, remember?"

"Naaawwww," Shane tells her, his smile bouncing back at just the thought of Ilya and the memory of a hand lightly caressing Shane's cheek. "He wouldn't do that. He likes me too much."

"I'm sure he does," she humors him with a smirk. He lets his tired eyes fall shut again, still grinning while he thinks only of Ilya. "Well everything looks good here," the nurse continues, her voice sounding further away as he drifts off. "And your parents should be around soon. They called the hospital a little while ago, their flight was delayed but...hey, what're you—"

Shane barely hears the nurse while he mumbles dreamily to himself, "I like him lots too. Lily's my faaaaaav'rite person."

He startles awake when he feels pressure being removed from his finger tip as the monitor is taken away. He blinks, confused by the blurry form in mint green scrubs and an oversized surgical mask that is suddenly standing high above him. Big hands unceremoniously grip his good arm and haul him upright out of his comfy position despite his injuries.

"Hey, owww," Shane whines in protest of the movement. "Wha'sss..."

He blinks to clear his vision and freezes when he spots his blue scrubbed nurse slumped in a chair next to the door, out cold.

"Wha...what happ'end?"

"Don't worry, it's just her break time," a slightly muffled voice says, startling him once again. The new voice is a man's, and though Shane can't see the identification tag that should be clipped to his scrubs or even his full face Shane assures himself that the stranger is just another nurse doing his job. "She's taking a nap now so I'm gonna help get you outta here."

"Ummm, oh...'kay." Shane looks slowly around the room, his head swimming while he searches for familiar faces in case he missed them arriving in the short time since Ilya left. "Are my parents here?"

"Yup, waiting downstairs," the male nurse says while he none too gently lowers Shane into a wheelchair, making him wince and cradle his slung arm to his chest. "But you and me are gonna go out the back, that way no one else sees you like this. Never know when that damn paparazzi'll be around, right?"

"...Y-yeah," Shane mumbles between deep, calming breaths, already annoyed that he has to be so careful lest he show up in photos online looking unprofessionally disheveled wearing nothing but a hospital gown and socks. "Thanks, I guess."

His escort wastes no time from there, hesitating for only a second to make sure the hallway is clear before speed walking through the building, jostling Shane whenever he takes a turn too sharply. Shane's head is pounding again and he's beginning to feel the heightened ever

present tingle of panic on the back of his neck when his wheelchair is pushed into some kind of oversized service elevator, the kind with scuffed floors and walls lined with carpeting. It's definitely not an elevator typically used for patient transport.

Shane swallows hard. *Where are you taking me*, is what he means to ask—what comes out instead is a muddled, "where...where'd Lily go?"

"Who?" the voice above him asks.

"Lily...Ily's w-was here," he slurs. "...Still here?"

"Fraid it might be a little while before you see your girlfriend again," the nurse tells him. "But if you behave yourself we'll make sure to send you back to her one piece, capiche?"

Shane processes the words as if on a delay, uncomprehending of their meaning. He wonders if this is how Ilya feels when he translates English to Russian and back in his mind. He eventually answers the nurse with an ineloquent, "huh?"

He hears a deep chuckle as a hand pats at his head, making him flinch violently away from the unexpected touch. "You just sit tight, kiddo."

The nurse pauses again when they exit the elevator on the ground floor and only wheels Shane along when he's sure the coast is clear. They don't go far before reaching a pair of metal doors under an "Emergency Exit Only, Alarm Will Sound" sign. The nurse ignores the warning and turns around to push the bar open with his back while his hands are occupied by the wheelchair. Shane stares down an empty, industrial looking hallway and is pretty sure he's not where he's supposed to be.

The door opens with a soft whoosh and no blare of the forewarned alarm as the nurse wheels him backwards into bright sunlight that seems to stab him through his concussed skull with dozens of dull knives. He blinks rapidly against the sudden piercing pain, desperate to see what's going on when the wheelchair stops after only a few steps down a slightly sloped ramp.

"What the fuck," a new voice hisses, this one high and feminine. "You didn't drug him?!"

Shane can just make out the open back of a van waiting outside of the door he was wheeled through. He stares up at a second, slighter figure that is leaning out of the vehicle, this one wearing all black save for the blue hospital mask covering most of her face similar to the nurse's.

"No, I was runnin' out of time, had to knock out the nurse instead while I had a chance," Shane's "nurse" mutters back while he parks the wheelchair. "Besides, I figured with all the meds they got him on already I didn't want to overdo it. It's not like we're lookin' to OD the kid to death here, I don't need that shit on my conscious. Kidnapping his rich ass is enough."

"Fine," the other voice snaps. "Let's just get the hell outta here."

Then hands are touching him again and Shane realizes with startling clarity that this is *definitely* not where he's supposed to be.

He told Rose that he's never been kidnapped before but there have been plenty of threats, enough that he already knows to dub this latest one the "Hospital Incident." Not to be confused with the "Birthday Party Incident," or the "Airport Incident," or the two separate "Ice Rink Incidents," or the "Olympics Incident," all of which had been ineffectual enough to be thwarted before Shane ever knew what was going on.

The only threat that he had been aware of—and the scariest by far—was the "Stalker Incident" from back when he was fifteen and already making waves in the professional hockey world. His parents had received a series of threatening emails with attached pictures of Shane taken unawares while on his way to school, at hockey practice, through the windows of their home. Shane will always be grateful for the stalkers' forethought with those creepy photos and messages—it's what got them caught trying to grab him after practice one evening by the private security his mom had hired to discretely follow him. He's still rattled by the incident even a decade later, terrified of knowing how close he'd come to being taken by figures unknown.

And now that it's happening again the familiar sensation of fear and panic is overwhelming when hands curl under each of his arms to lift him, heedless of his busted collar bone. Shane reacts on pure instinct, blindly throwing his good arm up and back until his elbow connects with something soft and elicits a pained grunt.

The hands release him but all he manages to do is stumble dizzily out of the wheelchair and fall to his knees on rough asphalt where he moans, swallowing back the bile that threatens to spew while his head spins from the abrupt movement.

"Jesus," the woman curses overhead, "this is why I gave you those drugs, dipshit!"

"Shut the fuck up," the man wheezes where he's doubled over from the unexpected blow to his midsection. "Just grab him!"

"And do what?! The dude's like three times my size! *You* grab him!"

"*Shut up*," the man hisses again, "before someone hears you!"

The hands return to haul Shane upright before he can get his bearings. He's shoved back against the bumper of the van hard enough that pain flares through his entire body as if he's been checked onto the ice once again. He at least manages to hang on to consciousness this time when he feels himself being dragged into the vehicle from behind while a second pair of scrawnier arms shove his uncooperative legs the rest of the way.

But Shane refuses to let himself get taken like this; he can't let his long streak of failed kidnapping attempts end now. A burst of panicked adrenaline overrides the fresh agony in his arm and clears his head enough that he manages to aim a strong kick in the woman's direction just as she's climbing inside and shutting the van doors behind her. His socked heel connects with her cheek and she goes down with a loud crack.

"Oh *shit*," her partner shouts, startled enough that he drops Shane's upper body, giving Shane the opening he needed to elbow the guy again and attempt to scramble out the van's remaining open door. Rough hands grab him by the waist and he spins to throw his good fist out but the desperate blow is sloppy enough that his captor catches his arm then uses the momentum to slam him down onto his back, knocking the wind out of him.

"Hold the fucker," Shane hears the woman's now garbled voice say over a sudden harsh ripping sound that makes him flinch.

The man is on top of him, straddling his waist and practically suffocating Shane under the weight. Shane tries to buck him off, to kick out again, to yank his good arm free but it's no use. His captor grabs his slung arm to pin both limbs together in an iron grip, ignoring the pained cry that follows when Shane's hurt collar bone is shifted.

"Here," the man pants, still winded from the brief struggle. "Hurry up!"

Shane knows he should be able to fight the pair off, in fact he's pretty sure that under normal circumstances he could overpower them both and free himself with ease. But he's hurt, and exhausted, and still disoriented from the lingering effects of his pain meds, and all he can seem to focus on in the moment is the terrible sensation of sticky tape that's being wrapped uncomfortably tight around his wrists, leaving his skin tingly and numb.

It's a crushing defeat, one that he's terrified he won't be able to come back from if the kidnappers manage to take him away. He squeezes his eyes shut and wishes he was somewhere else. He wishes the body over him was Ilya's, wishes Ilya was there with him now even if he knows deep down the asshole would probably playfully mock him for getting kidnapped in the first place.

The hands move to pin his ankles together next so Shane does the only thing he can in the moment—he catches his panicked breath just enough to shout raggedly at the top of his lungs, "*Ilya!!!*"

Cursing follows as a hand is slapped over his mouth in his captors' scrambled attempt to keep him quiet. He hears more frantic tape tearing and shoves at the body pinning him down, loosening the hand on his face until he can sink his teeth into its fingers and free his mouth again.

But "Il—" is all he manages yell the second time before more effective sticky tape does what the hand couldn't. He chokes out a muffled cry when thick fingers move to squeeze him around the throat and rattle him hard.

"Shut the fuck up," the man snarls. "Just fucking *stop* or I'll break every bone in your fucking body, you fucking—"

His attacker is cut off by the woman's muddled shriek then the heavy weight over Shane is finally gone. He blinks open tearing eyes to see a single backlit figure standing triumphantly in the van's open doorway. He recognizes that silhouette; it's a body he knows intimately as well as he knows his own. Shane watches concerned blue eyes turn fiery and slumps in relief with a shaky exhale through his nose.

Ilya is there to save him, and Shane decides that he is very much okay with letting his rival win this one fight for him.

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Ilya hears nasty, cruel words and more little frightened wounded sounds that cut him to his core.

He throws open the van's one closed door and gets a glimpse of Shane helpless beneath two masked strangers then sees nothing but red. He grabs the closest figure around the waist and hurls her as far as he can. She hits the ground hard with a cry and scrambles away from Ilya, but he pays her no mind when he takes fistfuls of green scrubs next.

He doesn't toss aside the man dressed as a hospital worker, the son of a bitch who had been threatening to hurt his Shane, who'd had a big hand wrapped around Shane's delicate neck where only Ilya is allowed to touch. Instead he holds the motherfucker up by the collar while his other fist pulls back to hit the bastard again and again and again, blackening his eyes, breaking his nose, and drenching the flimsy hospital mask in deep red.

It's what he had wanted to do to Alexei back in Moscow, and just like then he would've kept up the barrage if someone he cares deeply for didn't manage to break through the static of his violent rage:

"Ilya, don't! Ilya—Rozanov, *stop!!!*"

Ilya's head snaps up at the sound of Shane's desperate, strained voice. He's sitting curled up in the back of the van, looking small with his legs folded protectively to his body. A long strip of duct tape dangles crookedly from one of his cheeks, obscuring some of the freckles Ilya loves so much. Shane's breathing is ragged, his eyes as wide and wet as Ilya has ever seen them.

"Just...just don't," he croaks.

Ilya immediately obeys and drops the limp body to the ground, still ignoring the woman when she flees the scene like a coward. Ilya's only focus is on Shane as he climbs into the van to cradle his lover's face in his hands and gently peel the rest of the tape away, wincing sympathetically when it pulls on Shane's too pale cheek.

"Fuck, Hollander," he says, his tone thick with concern. "You cannot keep scaring me like this."

"S-sorry," Shane whimpers. He's practically hyperventilating while he ducks his face to the crook of Ilya's neck, trembling hard enough that Ilya shakes with him.

"S okay," Ilya tells him softly and presses a kiss to the top of Shane's head. "I forgive, but first I need you to breathe for me."

Shane's uneven breaths hitch in response. "I-I'm...I am—"

"You are not, you are having panic attack," Ilya says, his voice calm and steady while he gently takes Shane's chin and tips him back until their eyes can meet. He uses his thumb to swipe away a tear that has slipped down Shane's cheek then takes his own exaggerated deep inhale and exhale for Shane to follow. "*Breathe*, Shane. Please."

It takes a few tries but eventually Shane does, earning him a hum of praise and another kiss to the forehead.

"I...I'm okay," Shane whispers unconvincingly. "I-I'm fine."

"I know this already," Ilya confirms, his fingers moving to gently card through Shane's limp, sweat drenched hair. "You are very fine."

He hears Shane huff out an attempt at a laugh and gives him a moment to continue catching his breath before more thoroughly looking him over. The evidence of last night's blow is still there as a bruise across the bridge of Shane's nose, but all the usual beautiful freckles are accounted for and besides the bit of redness around his perfect lips from the tape they are just as they should be. Ilya is aware that Shane is already badly concussed and the manhandling he went through was not ideal for a fractured collar bone, but he can't tell if Shane is hurt anywhere new.

Ilya starts to ease back even as Shane whines and holds Ilya close by the fabric of his t-shirt.

"I need to see you," Ilya whispers, kissing Shane softly again before pulling away enough to run his hands lightly over Shane's body. "I need to know you are not hurt."

The cloth sling hangs useless from around Shane's neck while his hands are stuck together and his fingers are twisted into Ilya's shirt in a white knuckled grip. Ilya had been so focused on Shane's face that he hadn't noticed the silvery tape wrapped around his wrists, tape that he scowls at now. He has half a mind to continue taking out his rage on Shane's attackers, even if the man is already unconscious on the ground below and the woman is long gone.

He curses under his breath in his native tongue while he gently unhooks Shane's fingers from his shirt. He meets Shane's dazed eyes and simply instructs, "try not to move hurt shoulder, okay?"

Ilya doesn't wait for a response, just lowers his mouth to Shane's lap like he has during so many of their trysts, only now his destination is the tape that's been wrapped around Shane's wrists. He gets the sticky stuff between his teeth and pulls it as carefully as possible until he tears it enough that he can unwind it all then tosses the wadded up mess aside. He caresses Shane's cold hands and kisses the tacky red skin of his wrists until the trembling in Shane's pale fingers finally begins to ease.

Shane doesn't move for the rest of Ilya's inspection while he runs his hands gently along Shane's legs, over his hips and torso through the flimsy hospital gown, careful of his collar when the examination ends at Shane's neck where Ilya is happy to see no marks were left by the other man's cruel hands. Shane is quiet through it all, until they are eye to eye again.

"Ilya?" he asks, his voice a barely audible whisper. "Are you...you're really here?"

Ilya gently takes Shane's face in his hands again. "I am really here, Shane," he softly assures then lightly kisses his lips, just to prove it. "I'm here."

Shane's reply is a wobbly, weak smile similar to the one he had greeted Ilya with in his hospital room what feels like ages ago. "I knew you'd save me."

"Always."

Shane sighs as his eyes flutter shut, content and safe in Ilya's arms. He still looks out of it, but whether that's from the lingering effects of the medication or from crashing after his harrowing ordeal Ilya is unsure. He only knows that he should be getting Shane back into the hospital but wants nothing more than to continue holding him while they're alone, to kiss his quivering lips until any trace of pain and fear is long gone.

Shane is listing against him, barely conscious when Ilya finally hears shouts and heavy footsteps running towards them from the hospital. Ilya can spare no more than a brief peck to Shane's temple before what he hopes is the cavalry makes their appearance.

"You're okay," he whispers again, relieved someone is coming but heartbroken that he needs to ease back into a less intimate looking position even while Shane's good hand is still gripping him like a lifeline. "You—"

Then Ilya is suddenly ripped away from Shane and out of the van just like he had done to Shane's attackers. He's wrestled face down on the ground by two men in uniform, men who appear to be hospital police finally showing up to do their jobs.

"*Motherfuckers*," Ilya spits while he writhes under their hold, enraged that they're wasting their efforts on him. "Get off me! Help Hollander, he is traumatized!"

He can't see Shane anymore from the position he's been forced into, all he can see is a third guard pressing his fingers to the groaning, bloodied kidnapper's throat while a fourth talks rapidly into his walkie talkie. Ilya can just make out the words "clear" and "medics" before the scene becomes so much more crowded and dizzyingly hectic.

A small swarm of figures in scrubs appears with an array of medical equipment carried between them and a frantic Yuna Hollander at their heels. Ilya feels immense relief when he sees her and finally hears Shane's small voice again.

"M-mom?"

"Shane," Yuna gasps. "Oh my god, *Shane*..."

Ilya is straining his ears to listen to them over the din and the frantic beating of his own heart when he's abruptly shaken by the cop still holding him down.

"So what the hell was this about, Rozanov?" a uniformed man suddenly standing over him shouts. "Some kind of rivalry prank gone too far?"

"What?! No, is not fucking *prank*," Ilya snarls, furious that they would even think such a thing of him, though not particularly surprised considering his awkward encounter with Yuna

right before she must have discovered her son's room suspiciously empty. "Hollander is lucky I was here to save his ass from fake doctor and fake doctor girlfriend, who is getting away I remind you!" He nods pointedly in the direction the woman had run. "Go and fetch her now!"

The lead cop doesn't move, just continues to stare down at him accusingly. Ilya curses their incompetence in Russian until Yuna's voice is heard over the commotion.

"I believe him," she says firmly. "Let Rozanov go."

With that the cop acquiesces and the two holding Ilya down finally let him up. He rises with as much dignity as he can muster and straightens his jacket before spitting defiantly at the officer's feet. He can barely see Shane on a gurney through the crowd and needs to use all of his self control to keep himself from shoving everyone aside and taking Shane back into his protective arms.

He hears talk of more scans and tests and concern over Shane's concussion, but just like last night on the ice no one tells Ilya anything as Shane is wheeled away, his face slack after he finally lost his grip on consciousness. Yuna goes with him but glances back just before she's through the door, her expression creased with concern for her son when she meets Ilya's gaze.

"Thank you," she tells him for the second time that morning, but he can tell that now she is being sincere. That loathsome mask is gone, and all he sees in her expression is genuine relief and gratitude. "Thank you, Rozanov."

He swallows hard and can only nod in response as both Hollanders disappear into the hospital.

More police arrive to ask Ilya questions but he's numb to them while he continues to stare after his Shane. He'll manage to give a concise statement eventually and stick around the hospital for as long as he has to until he can see Shane again, and no one will question his continued presence there.

The assumption will be that Ilya Rozanov, as cold as he is on the ice, is not completely heartless, that after all the years he and Shane have been pitted against one another they've come to a mutual respect outside of the game, and no one will suspect there's any more to their relationship than that.

Besides, everyone knows Ilya was only ever there at the hospital to make sure his rival will pull through to play him in future games.

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"I just can't believe you got kidnapped for real," Rose is saying in Shane's ear. "That is so fucking crazy."

"But I didn't though," he quietly assures her from the comfort of his bed in his parents' home. "I mean, not exactly."

He's lounging on a mountain of pillows with his arm in a proper sling and enough medication to dull his lingering headache. His bedside lamp is on next to a fresh can of ginger ale and his glasses, not that he should be doing any reading while he's concussed. He can't do much of anything at all except lie there and talk on his phone which is perfectly fine by him after the eventful week he's had.

"It was more like an attempted kidnapping," he clarifies. "And is it still considered kidnapping if I'm not a kid?"

"Well, I guess you could call it an abduction instead, but then people might think you got probed by aliens." She laughs. "You'd actually enjoy that, wouldn't you?"

Shane smiles at her familiar teasing lilt. "Yeah. Prob'ly."

"Seriously though," she says, her tone softening when she asks, "are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," he answers as convincingly as he can. "It was just..."

"Scary?" she supplies when he trails off.

Shane barely remembers what happened, just that he'd been confused and hurt and more terrified than he's been in his whole life until Ilya appeared to save him. He knows from the police that both of his attempted abductors have been apprehended, the one unconscious where Ilya had left him and the other caught with a swollen broken jaw while she was waiting for a ride share only a few blocks away.

Shane and his parents were informed afterwards that the man—who had a considerable gambling debt—was a maintenance worker at the hospital, which is how he had access and managed to get Shane out so quickly. The woman—who had an even more considerable gambling debt—was in fact the man's sister who admitted to seeing the previous night's hockey game at a bar and suspected that the injured high profile player would be treated at the hospital her brother worked at.

The desperate siblings' spur of the moment plan had been to grab Shane while he was incapacitated and take him back to their family home in the suburbs where the police found a pre-written ransom note for half a million dollars along with a freshly padlocked and sound proofed closet in the basement that was empty except for a thin, dirty camp mattress.

Shane had spaced out after hearing that, trying very hard not to think about being trapped, alone and helpless in some disgusting, terrifying little dark room for any period of time.

He swallows hard and finally answers Rose with the slightest nod even though he knows she can't see it. "H-how's the shoot going?" he asks to pointedly change the subject. "You permanently blue yet?"

She snorts out a laugh. "God, I hope not..."

They catch up for a little bit while Rose has a rare moment on set to herself and Shane needs the distraction to help him stay out of his own head. But eventually she's called back to the

camera and he can hear in her voice that she's disappointed to have to leave him.

"Love you," she says sincerely. "Promise you'll call me tomorrow?"

"I promise," he assures her.

Then his room is quiet again, too quiet when he lowers the darkened phone from his ear. He swallows hard against his nerves and tries not to stare too long into the shadowy corners just beyond his lamp's soft light. His phone buzzes again in his hand, startling him until his blurring vision clears enough for him to see a message from "Lily" light up his screen, as if Ilya knew instinctively that Shane needed him that very moment.

The text from "Lily" reads, *are you alone?* "Jane" replies, *yes*, and then Shane answers the video call that immediately follows to see Ilya pouting at him.

"You should not be staring at screens."

Shane rolls his eyes, grateful he can do so without his head hurting. "You're the one who called me, remember?"

"Only so I could see you for myself," Ilya says matter-of-factly in the thick accent Shane loves so much. "Also I think glasses would help us both."

Shane gets the hint and props up the phone against his bent legs so he can use his good hand to slip his spectacles gingerly over his nose. "Better?"

"*Da*, much better," Ilya smirks then takes a good, long look at Shane. "You are still okay?"

Shane smiles, his heart fluttering at the genuine care in that simple question. "Yeah, Ilya, I'm okay. Just bored."

Ilya frowns. "You should not be alone."

"My parents'll be back soon," Shane assures them. "They had to go to some dinner thing they couldn't get out of."

"And you are safe?"

"Of course," Shane says quickly to dissuade Ilya's unspoken fears. "Mom hired her usual men in black to keep an eye the house for a little while. I thought it was kinda overkill, but it is nice to know they're out there. They won't stick around me long, they never do."

Ilya cocks his head. "Wait, 'men in...' You mean like ninja?"

"What? No, I mean like body guards. Like secret service guys."

"Ah, so now Hollander thinks he is special," Ilya teases. "Like he is president king of Canada or something."

Shane huffs out a laugh. "Or something."

"You should tell your mother to hire me instead of fake ninjas, I charge less and protect better."

"My hero."

"Fuck yes I am hero," Ilya proudly exclaims. "You know, I tell everyone already, internet, news, annoying podcast people, *everyone*, I tell them all how I heroically saved Hollander from evil fake doctor, only so I can beat him in future games."

"And what if I beat *you* in future games?"

"Puh-lease. You are pathetic cripple now, is embarrassing for you."

"Hey, I'll be out of the sling in a few weeks. Just you wait 'til next season."

"I cannot," Ilya says softly. "You will watch playoffs?"

"Yeah, I will. Wish I could go but I'm stuck here watching with my parents."

"Boring, Hollander. Always so *boring*."

"Asshole."

Shane grins at their usual bantering, and he gets the sudden urge to bring up the cottage again. He's not even sure if he was clear when he asked Ilya to stay with him for the summer, as doped up as he was when he did and as empty headed as he felt in the aftermath. But the cottage hasn't been mentioned since, and he's afraid of Ilya clamming up on him if he tries to ask again at an inopportune time. He just isn't sure yet what it will take to get Ilya to say yes.

"So my boring Shane is all alone with nothing to entertain him," Ilya says playfully, no doubt misinterpreting Shane's too long silence and too despondent expression. "Hmmm...what to do about that..."

"But I'm not all alone," Shane reminds him. "There's ninjas outside, remember?"

"Are curtains closed?"

Shane cranes his neck slightly to check that they are. "Yeah."

"Okay then." Ilya shifts his phone so it's left standing upright then claps his hands. He backs away from the screen until most of his body is visible from Shane's end. "You stay comfy cozy while I give sexy show to make you feel better."

Shane can feel his cheeks are burning already. "Ilya, you really don't have to—"

"I do." Ilya's already whipped his shirt off and is twirling it ridiculously over his head one handed while the other slowly unbuttons his jeans and flicks his fly open. His hips gyrate awkwardly until the material eventually begins to slip downwards. "Yes, sexy dance. So very sexy."

"Oh my god," Shane laughs behind his hand. "No, it's not."

"Ah, but I see you smile," Ilya grins as he shimmies his jeans off the rest of the way and kicks them aside before resuming his show. "You *like*."

Shane thinks if he can't get Ilya in person with him, the least he can do is enjoy the decidedly un-sexy dance that's being performed just for him by his favorite person in the entire world.

"Yeah, I like."

"Good." Ilya smirks and dips a hand into his boxer briefs for Shane to see. "I like too."

FIN.

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