

You Are So Loved

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You Are So Loved

by Anonymous

Summary

Basically: Ilya gets concussed and the hospital calls Shane (who didn't know that Ilya had put him down as his emergency contact) and who immediately races to Boston.

(This is set during the hockey season after the last episode. They have come out to Shane's parents and are 'officially' boyfriends, but Shane still plays for the Metros and Ilya still plays for Boston.)

Notes

Let's just ignore every aspect of this that's wildly unrealistic, shall we? 😊

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

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

TWs: Very brief sort of description of feeling like you can't breathe and some discussions of death (in the 'I don't know what I would do if you were to die' kind of way). Please take care of yourself♥

Shane was smiling as he got to his locker. His teammates walked past him, patted his shoulders and his chest, hyped him up, thanked him for leading them to yet another victory.

The season had started out as well as it possibly could have for them, and even if the game that night hadn't been the biggest or most important, it was still nice to walk away with such a dominant win.

He took out his phone almost automatically. Ever since he had gotten to the league, Shane had made a habit of checking the scores of the other games as soon as he could. Well, *admittedly* the score of a certain Massachusetts team more specifically...

He had to bite his lip to prevent his smile from turning into an idiotic grin that would be much harder to just explain away with their win. As he had walked to the locker rooms, he had overheard an assistant coach murmuring: "*Did you see the news out of Boston?*" to a member of their medical staff.

It was ridiculous how he had almost sounded *sad*. Sure, Boston and Montreal had a heated rivalry, but it still seemed absurd that someone could be downright miserable because of the other team's and player's accomplishments.

Well, *technically* Shane couldn't yet be sure what the Montreal coach had been referring to and maybe something else had happened as well... But he really, really hoped that it was what he assumed.

Ilya had somehow managed to score hat tricks in his last two games and had – in his typical cocky Rozanov way – told Shane that morning that he was going to extend his streak to a third game. "*Three times three,*" he had said. "*Sounds nice, no?*"

Shane had of course rolled his eyes and told his boyfriend to *fuck off*. But he had quietly crossed his fingers for him. He loved Ilya. He wanted him to be successful in anything and everything he ever attempted. He wanted him to be the best hockey player in the world. Well, second best, maybe.

But three hat trick games in a row were ridiculous. And Shane really, really hoped that '*the news out of Boston*' were that Ilya Rozanov had managed to do it.

However, Shane didn't even get the chance to open his browser before his phone started to ring.

His stomach immediately turned. It was an unknown number... with a Boston area code. He swallowed thickly as he racked his brain about what this could be. Had Ilya gotten a new number? But he'd probably text him then, right? Was this one of Ilya's teammates? But how would they have gotten his number?

Shane frowned. Maybe this had nothing to do with Ilya at all? Maybe this was just the Boston office of one of the brands he was supposed to work with? The companies were supposed to only call his mother's business number, but it had happened before that they had somehow gotten his private contact and overstepped...

He flinched as he suddenly also remembered how the Boston fans liked to *burn* fake Hollanders outside of their stadiums. Maybe this was a fan that had somehow obtained his number and now wanted to fuck with him? In which case it would not just be unwise but potentially actually *dangerous* to answer the call... And yet, something in his gut told Shane to pick up.

So, he did. Hesitantly. "Hello?", he asked warily with his finger already hovering over the 'end call' button.

"Hello, this is Tina Summer from the Massachusetts General Hospital," an extremely professional sounding voice immediately replied. "Am I talking to Mr. Shane Hollander?"

Shane felt as if her words had caused all of the air in the world to disappear. Suddenly, he felt like he couldn't breathe, like he was going to suffocate. Still, he forced himself to utter a choked up: "Yeah, that's me."

He was extremely glad that he had decided to change out of his skates before he had checked his phone that day. This way, he didn't need to waste any precious time before he could start running towards where he had parked his car all while managing a breathless: "What happened?"

"You have been put down as Mr. Ilya Rozanov's emergency contact," the girl - Tina - explained, as if what she was saying made any sense at all. "Unfortunately, Mr. Rozanov took a pretty brutal hit during his game tonight. He was brought to our hospital with what we expect to be a concussion. However, the doctors are still running some tests as we speak so I unfortunately cannot give you a definite diagnosis just yet. We also expect that a few ribs might be broken."

Shane tried to swallow but his throat had run completely dry. *Fuck*. His head was spinning and he could barely process what he had just been told. "Is he going to be okay?" It was the only question he could ask, the only thing on his mind.

"I always want to be careful with what I promise," the lady on the other end of the line said sympathetically. "They are of course testing for more severe injuries to his head, for internal bleeding... they *really* want to make sure it isn't anything *that* severe."

Shane groaned. He couldn't help himself. By now, he had gotten into his car and was barely holding back tears. "Okay," he choked out. "I uh... I am currently still in Montreal, but I will get on the first plane I can catch. I..." His voice broke. "I am going to be there as soon as I can, but it will probably be a few hours."

"That's okay, Mr. Hollander," she said softly, almost soothingly. "As I have already said, Mr. Rozanov is still being tested anyways, and he is going to be asleep for quite some time after that. You have time. Mr. Rozanov is not helped if you get yourself in a car accident because you were needlessly rushing."

Despite her words, Shane still broke the speed limit quite a few times as he raced to the airport, which was fortunately only a few minutes from their arena.

He felt as if he was trapped in a nightmare. A part of him still refused to believe that this was actually happening. He couldn't possibly lose Ilya. Not when they had just told each other that they loved each other. Not now that they were finally 'officially' boyfriends. Not after they had just come out to his parents. Not when he was probably the fucking love of Shane's life.

Tears started streaming down his face as soon as he pulled out of the parking lot. Suddenly, everything that he still wanted to experience with Ilya flashed across his mind. So much that they had never even talked about, that he wasn't sure would ever be possible... but that he couldn't deny wanting desperately in that moment.

He wanted to move in with Ilya, wanted to enjoy retirement with him, maybe adopt a dog, travel the world without the stress of tightly packed schedules. Hell, if he was truly honest, Shane wanted to fucking marry Ilya. He wanted to spend the rest of his life with him, maybe even raise a kid or two. Fuck. How was he ever supposed to go on if this was the end?

It only occurred to him that he was still wearing part of his pads and his jersey when he pulled into the airport parking lot. He had never been faster to change out of them into a hoodie and some sweatpants that had been in his gym bag in his trunk.

When he finally arrived at some stupid airline service counter, the lady there stared up at him in complete and utter alarm. Shane couldn't blame her. He was panting, sweating, didn't have a bag with him, only his passport and a wallet that he pulled every credit card he owned out of to push towards her, and she could probably tell that he'd been crying.

"There was an emergency," he explained breathlessly. "I need to get to Boston as soon as possible. I have all of the premium memberships and will pay whatever I need to pay. Please, I just need to go."

It occurred to him that she might think that he was trying to flee the country. But before he could think of what he could possibly say to counter that, she sighed and grabbed his passport. "I will see what I can do."

Shane was on a plane less than thirty minutes after the hospital had called him, which simply had to be some sort of record. This was not how he normally approached traveling, like, at all. Normally, he liked to stick to the exact routine he had established in years of frequent air travel, but that day nothing was *normal*. Nothing had been *normal* since he had been told that Ilya was in the hospital.

As soon as he was in his seat, he fished out his phone to text his coach that he wasn't going to make it to practice the next morning, that there had been a family emergency. It felt horrible. As long as he had been healthy, Shane hadn't missed a single practice ever since he had signed with Montreal. But in that moment, he couldn't imagine that he was going to be back in Canada the next morning, putting on skates and pretending that he didn't have a worry in the world.

As soon as he got off the plane in Boston, he pulled out his phone again. This time to call his dad. He had come up with the plan on the flight. To him, in that moment, it seemed like the only way.

"Shane?" His father sounded extremely worried. Which... didn't help to soothe the hockey player's nerves at all. Had something about his reckless race to Boston already made it to the press? Were people already speculating about what was going on?

However, before he could truly start to spiral, his father carefully asked: "Is everything okay? You never call me. You always call your mom."

Shane almost started to cry again. Right. His mom. He had considered calling her of course, but he had been far too scared of her reaction to him missing practice for this. He didn't feel like he could deal with arguing about the importance of showing up for your team, even in tough times. Not in this moment. Not when he wasn't sure whether he was ever going to be able to even just hold Ilya again.

"Well," he began in his stupid broken voice. "I can't tell her this. And... and neither can you." He cursed quietly while he hurried through the crowded terminal. "She..." he started again. "She wouldn't understand. I... Dad, I am in Boston. Something happened to Ilya."

"Fuck," his dad muttered on the other end of the line. And Shane couldn't help but shiver. He wasn't sure whether he had ever heard his dad curse like that. "What do you mean something happened to Ilya?"

Shane struggled to swallow down a sob. "Bad hit during the game," he mumbled, his voice barely more than a breath. "He's in the hospital. Hopefully just concussed but I don't know much more yet."

God, Shane would have never ever guessed that he would one day be crying while he ordered an uber at the airport in Boston and simultaneously be this fucking glad that his father had walked in on him and Ilya at the cottage. At least he could be honest to his dad now. At least he could tell one person.

"I'm only telling you this," he continued breathlessly. "Because you have to please, please lie to my coach for me. I told him that there was a family emergency that I had to attend to and if

he reaches out, I need you to lie for me, *please*.”

“Of course,” his father sounded almost as shaken as Shane felt. “And hey, everything will be okay, yeah? Don’t worry about your team. We’ll deal with that and... and Ilya is tough. He will be okay. I am sure of that.”

Shane just nodded. He knew that his father couldn’t see him. But he couldn’t manage anything else in that moment.

Shane couldn’t have said how long he had spent sitting next to Ilya’s bed. But it felt like it had been years. He had arrived at the hospital three and a half hours after he had gotten the call, and they had immediately led him to the room.

What had awaited him there had been the most haunting sight Shane could have ever imagined. Ilya had been laying there, in that damned hospital bed, his eyes closed and his face swollen, hooked up to countless beeping machines and not moving at all.

The nurse had immediately started to reassure him that most of the machines were just precautionary measures meant to monitor Ilya as he woke up, that the tests had shown no signs of internal bleeding, brain damage or other more severe injuries. But Shane had still felt like someone had stabbed him right through the stomach and torn him open.

He was shaking. Even now that he had been sitting there for quite some time.

Usually, Shane was extremely sensitive to repetitive noises and in any other circumstance, the constant beeping of the countless machines that they had hooked his boyfriend up to would have probably driven him crazy. However, in that moment, it seemed like each beep softly whispered: *‘He’s alive. He’s strong. He’s going to be okay.’*

He was holding Ilya’s hand. The nurse had told him to talk to him, but Shane had no idea how he was supposed to do that. He had been crying from the moment he had set eyes on the motionless form of his boyfriend and all that he could manage were countless whispered *‘I love you’s*. He really, really hoped that it was enough.

When Ilya finally stirred ever so slightly, Shane was so fucking relieved that he almost forgot to do the one thing the nurse had told him to do over and over again.

He just grabbed his boyfriend’s hand even tighter, let his forehead fall onto the bed next to Ilya’s waist and for a moment, he just allowed himself to cry. However, eventually, when Ilya weakly squeezed his hand and even faintly whispered Shane’s name, he remembered what he was supposed to do and finally managed to hit the call button.

It probably took less than a minute before medical personnel was already swarming the room. It immediately overwhelmed Shane who was suddenly torn between being embarrassed and also slightly panicked about them seeing him and Ilya holding hands while also still being just so unbelievably fucking relieved that his boyfriend had woken up.

He wished that he was strong enough to let go of Ilya's hand. But he couldn't get himself to move. Not when Ilya's grip was becoming more noticeable by the second. Not when the touch made it so obvious that his strength was returning.

The doctors asked Ilya to remember a few words and then made him tell them what his name was, what date it was and what had happened. Shane felt like the weight of the world was lifted off his chest when Ilya mostly managed to reply to everything. *Fuck*. In that moment, for the first time since he had gotten that call, Shane truly started to believe that Ilya was actually going to be okay again.

Eventually, a doctor turned around to give Ilya and Shane the official assessment. "Our initial prognosis has been confirmed," she said. "It seems to be a minor concussion as well as some broken ribs and a strained shoulder." She smiled. "I know that this is probably not what you want to hear right now, but you were lucky, Mr. Rozanov. This could have turned out much worse."

To no one's surprise, Ilya made a face at her words. It was obvious that he didn't consider being out for at least a few weeks, being 'lucky'. But Shane thanked her from the bottom of his heart.

It was embarrassing really, how, as soon as everyone had left the room again, Shane immediately burst into tears once more. "Fuck," he whimpered and did his best to bury his face in his hands. "You really fucking scared me."

Ilya reached out to softly squeeze what he could reach of Shane's thigh. "I'm sorry, *moy lyubimyy*," he whispered. "But I scored hat trick before I got knocked out. Even showed heart to the camera for you. You see that?"

Shane huffed out a laugh through his tears. "I didn't," he mumbled incredulously. "I had my own game, you know? And then they called me as soon as I got off the ice and I had to race to the airport." He shook his head. "God, I can't believe that that was only like five hours ago."

Ilya gently grabbed his hand and pulled it towards him. "I can't believe you came to Boston," he said quietly. "I can't believe you're here."

Shane scoffed. "You should know by now that I'd jump from the edge of the world for you," he mumbled. He knew that he was probably blushing but, in that moment, on that day, he didn't care. If there was ever a time to tell Ilya how much he meant to him, it was after he had spent *hours* scared to fucking lose him.

Ilya smiled weakly. "I love you too," he breathed and his words caused Shane to blush even more, to roll his eyes but also to lean down and press a soft kiss to his boyfriend's lips.

"Why did you make me your emergency contact?" he whispered when he sat back up. Ever since Ilya had woken up, it had been the only thing on his mind.

It made Shane want to scream when he watched Ilya wince at the question. "It's patient-doctor-confidentiality, no?" the Russian asked carefully. "I thought it was safe?"

Shane sighed. “Yeah.” God, there were so many emotions raging on inside of him, all at once. “We’re probably okay. It’s not that at all. I... I am not mad at you or anything. I just...” His shoulders slumped. “What if I had been in Tampa or San Francisco or somewhere even further away? What if I had been on a plane or in a game or I don’t know, anywhere where they couldn’t reach me?”

He hadn’t meant to come across as accusatory at all. I just... God, the thought that Ilya would have possibly had to wake up alone was killing him. “What if there comes a day when a quick decision is necessary?” he continued. “What if they can’t reach me? Then what?”

Ilya groaned. “You sound like Swetlana.” His tone made it obvious that he was trying to make what he was saying sound funny... but he was failing miserably.

“I had put down her for a while.” He bit his lips. “But when the doctors called her once, she was in Russia.” He winced once more. “She was so mad at me after that. Shouting about how I picked a person who is on wrong continent half of the time.” He tried – and failed – to shrug. “So, I removed her and I... I just put you.” He looked down at his hands. “I am sorry.”

Shane sighed. “I don’t want you to apologize.” He squeezed his hand again. “It’s just... You could have told me. Maybe... maybe we could have found another way.”

Ilya closed his eyes. “I thought it wouldn’t matter,” he mumbled. “I never get hurt.”

At those words, Shane couldn’t help but let out a baffled huff. “You literally play hockey for a living,” he said incredulously. “Getting knocked out is practically part of the job description.”

Ilya rolled his eyes. “I have thick head,” he insisted, before grinning and happily adding: “More than one.”

Shane couldn’t help but chuckle a little at that. He had been able to smell the bad innuendo coming from a mile away but had decided to allow his boyfriend to have his fun this one time. “I just...” He sighed. “I just think it might be wiser to put down a team doctor you trust or something.”

It had clearly been the wrong thing to say. Ilya’s entire face fell and it fucking broke Shane’s heart. He wanted to say something, anything that would make his boyfriend feel just a tiny bit better. However, before he could do as much as just open his mouth, Ilya sighed.

“Team doctor is getting notified anyways, yes?” he mumbled in a tone so broken that it hurt Shane to his core. “This emergency contact space it’s... it’s where other players put family... parents, wives, girlfriends...” He swallowed thickly. “I don’t have anyone else I can put there.”

He said it so simply. As if it wasn’t a big deal. As if losing both parents before you turn thirty wasn’t fucking devastating. As if the fact that his brother was the biggest ass in the world was okay. As if all of this was *fine*.

Ilya looked more vulnerable than he maybe ever had when he met Shane's eyes. "It makes me feel pathetic," the Russian admitted quietly and it was maybe the most heartbreaking thing Shane had ever heard. "It makes me feel like I have no one in the world that loves me enough to be there for me when I am fucking dying. I just... I just wanted to put *someone*. So... I put you."

And just like that, tears were falling down Shane's face again. "You are so loved," he whispered, cupping Ilya's cheek and wiping a stray tear from it. "*I* love you so much. I have never been more afraid in my life than in the last few hours. *Fuck*. Ilya, I thought that I might lose you. And I..." He shook his head. "I couldn't function. I thought about all the things that I want to experience with you. I... I want to be your family. I..."

But Ilya interrupted him. "I love you so fucking much."

Shane leaned down to kiss him again and *fuck*, he had never been surer about anything than about the fact that he wanted to be the person by this man's side for the rest of his fucking life. "I love you more," he whimpered against Ilya's lips. "I love you so much."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading  I really hope you liked it!

I also kind of have a little bit of a (tiny) bonus chapter... would you be interested?

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all the support of this story so far! I appreciate it endlessly 💜

Here is the bonus chapter I promised. I hope you like it!

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

It was once again impossible for Shane to say how much time had passed, just how long he had been awkwardly half-laying in his boyfriend's arms, crying his stupid eyes out. It could have been a minute. It could have been an hour. It could have been longer. Ever since Ilya had taken that damn hit, time had become nothing but an irrelevant concept to him.

He was feeling so many emotions all at once and it was, frankly, fucking overwhelming. He was so indescribably relieved that Ilya was up and alert, that he was himself enough to roll his eyes at him and that he was going to be *okay*. However, at the same time, he was still very much feeling the remnants of the excruciating anxiety he had felt over the last few hours. And, well... he was also very much still grappling with the fact that Ilya had put him down as his emergency contact.

Not only because it was fucking terrifying. This was an official document with Shane's full ass name and phone number on it after all, connecting him to Ilya, not just as an acquaintance or even just a friend – and definitely not as a fucking rival – but as the one person that should be contacted in case something happened to him.

"It's where other players put family... parents, wives, girlfriends..." The words still rung in Shane's head. *"I don't have anyone else I can put there."* The *'no one but you'* had been left unsaid. Was Shane Ilya's family? Had he already become that? Was he skipping one million steps ahead?

Questions upon questions were chasing each other in Shane's mind. He wanted to groan and ideally also bang his head against some very sturdy wall... repeatedly, as if that would make all of this go away.

But instead, he just stood there next to Ilya, held him, cried with him and told him over and over just how much he loved him. Because with everything that had happened in the last few hours, everything that was still going on... it was the one fact Shane was entirely sure of. He loved Ilya. He loved him so fucking much.

In the end, it was Shane's phone, that tore them back to the reality around them. It felt so absurdly mundane, the sound of the generic iPhone ringtone reverberating through the room while Ilya still laid there, still with tears in his eyes and still hooked up to countless peeping machines.

“I’m sorry,” Shane mumbled as he fished his phone from his pocket. “I always have it on silent, but I wanted the hospital to be able to reach me if they needed to.” He swallowed thickly as he remembered how he had instinctually changed his settings after he had hung up that first call. In that moment, nothing had mattered more than being there in case Ilya needed him.

“I’m going to...” he continued but stopped abruptly when he saw name on the screen. *Fuck.*

“Who is it?” Ilya sounded downright terrified, his eyes were blown wide and he tried to lean forward a little. The sight caused Shane to shudder. His boyfriend looked more vulnerable than Shane had maybe ever seen him, and it hurt him to his core.

“It’s fine,” he mumbled. And fuck, he didn’t even sound convincing in his own ears. “I...” But when his voice failed him, he decided that, instead of trying again, he would just pick up the call.

“Hi Mom,” he whispered brokenly. He would have liked to say that he had tried his absolute best to sound as normal as possible... but he really hadn’t. In that moment, Shane was simply too exhausted to pretend.

“Look,” he continued weakly, before his mother even got the chance to say a single word. “I’m sorry, okay? I am sorry that I didn’t call you. I am sorry that I told Dad not to tell you.”

He felt Ilya reach for his hand and gave his boyfriend a grateful smile. He felt fucking horrible talking to his mother like this, and he knew that Ilya knew that. But he simply couldn’t help it in that moment. He was simply... He just couldn’t bring himself to care about civility.

“Hell, I’m sorry that I told Coach that I would miss practice,” he half-sobbed into the phone. “I know how important it is to show up for my team. I really do. I just... I really can’t do this right now, Mum. Let’s... let’s discuss this when I’m home, okay? I...”

But she didn’t even let him finish. “Oh, shut up about practice,” she hissed and Shane wasn’t sure whether he had ever heard her sound like this. There was a rawness in her voice that struck him as... bizarre. Foreign. Out of place. Yuna Hollander, the person who had always been his rock, who he could always count on being unphased and calm in any situation, who never let anything get to her. That same Yuna Hollander sounded... absolutely *terrified*.

“What is going on?” Ilya sounded almost frantic, but Shane just squeezed his hand and shook his head. He had no clue either.

“Your father told me not to bother you,” his mother continued on the other end of the line. “And I really, really wanted to listen to him. I...” She paused and swallowed so thickly that Shane could hear it through the phone. “I cannot even begin to imagine what the last few hours must have been like for you.”

She huffed. “So, yeah. I am so, so fucking sorry for calling, Darling.” There was another pause, before his mother eventually admitted: “But I simply couldn’t bear it, Honey. I am so sorry. I need to know whether he is going to be okay.”

And then... then Shane heard her sob, and his whole world crumbled as the reality of the situation hit him. *God*, how had he ever convinced himself that he would be able to keep this away from his mother? She was the biggest hockey fanatic he knew, of course she would see the news about the hit.

Fuck. Shane cursed under his breath as he pictured his parents in their living room. His dad trying desperately to somehow pretend like everything was going to be okay while his mother frantically paced back and forth, with the TV and every laptop and tablet in that house playing sports news shows on full volume while she scrolled through her phone, desperately trying to find out what was going on.

Not because her son's biggest rival, a hockey prodigy from Russia who was sure to be a hall of famer one day had taken a bad hit and you never liked to see that as a fan of the sport... But because this was her son's boyfriend who she had seen unresponsive on the ice. The man she knew her son loved. *Fuck*.

"How is he?" his mother pushed again. "How bad is it really? The stupid fucking *experts*' opinions range from a slight concussion to a fucking fractured skull." She took a deep but shaky breath before demanding: "So, tell me. Tell me right now. I..." She stopped to swallow again. "I can handle the truth. I just... Fuck honey, I need to know."

It took Shane far too long to collect himself enough to form a single coherent thought. He simply could not believe that this was happening. That he was on the phone with his mother, who was as frantic as he had ever seen her, because his boyfriend – who she knew about – had been injured. His boyfriend whose hand Shane was holding in that exact moment in a hospital in *Boston* because he had been put down as his emergency contact. *What the fuck?*

"Shane," by now his mother sounded almost hysterical and that seemed to finally be enough to wake Shane from his trance.

"It's a minor concussion," he whispered breathlessly. "A few broken ribs and a strained shoulder. He'll be out for a bit but..." He pressed his lips together to prevent himself from sobbing again. "But he's awake. And he... he is going to be okay."

"Oh, thank God!" His mother's relief was *palpable* even through the phone. "Oh, I was so fucking scared. I don't even want to imagine what it must have been like for you... *David!*"

Somehow, Shane couldn't help but smile a small smile as he heard her relay the good news to his father. This was much more familiar. He tried to listen for his dad's reaction but all that he could hear was a sort of buzzing in the background. Almost as if...

"Wait." He frowned. "Are you in the car? Where are you going?"

His mother sighed. "Boston?" she asked, as if that had been an entirely absurd question. "Obviously?"

Her words immediately caused Shane's world to come to a screeching halt. "*What?!*"

He felt his blood rushing in his ears. His heart was pumping way too fast. And the hand that was still holding Ilya's started to get sweaty. Suddenly, Shane felt completely disoriented. Like he was drunk. Or in a dream maybe. Because none of this made sense in his real life. "Why?"

His mother let out an unbelieving huff. "Well, maybe because Ilya's hurt?" she asked incredulously. As if it was a normal thing for Shane's parents to get into their car and drive to another city, another *country*, simply because they had learned that their son's *boyfriend* – who they had only been introduced to because of an accident a few months ago – had gotten injured.

"Shane..." she began again, *eventually*, after her son still hadn't said anything a few moments later. Her tone was much softer now, much more loving, much more motherly. "These last few hours must have been hell for the two of you." Her voice seemed to break. "But... But at least you aren't alone anymore."

The words were like a punch to Shane's gut and his tears immediately threatened to spill over again.

"It still kills me," his mother continued. "That I wasn't there for you while you went through so much." She sniffed. "But now, we know. Now we can be by your side for this. Showing up and offering any support we can..." She paused to swallow again. "It's really the least we can do."

Shane didn't know what to say or how to react. His eyes were filled to the brim with tears. He wanted to cry, but at the same time his heart suddenly felt as if it might *burst* with adoration for his parents.

Ilya squeezed his hand again. He still looked terrified. Shane wanted nothing more than to soothe his nerves, to tell him that it was okay, maybe more than okay. But before he could say a word, his mother already started to talk again.

"And well," she mumbled quietly, almost hesitantly. "We.... *God*, this might be overstepping so much. But..." She sighed. "Well, your father and I have also kind of figured that Ilya may need someone to look after him for the next few days. I... I am sure he has friends and maybe family of his own who would be willing to step in but just in case. We... we just wanted to offer our help?"

Shane felt his jaw drop. He had to take his phone from his ear and stare at it for a moment. Logically, he knew that he had been talking to his mother this whole time... but he had still felt compelled to double check the contact.

"You..." he began shakily, his voice barely more than a breath. "You would take care... of *Ilya*?"

On the other end of the line, his mother laughed, but Shane could tell that it was just to overplay her nervousness. "Of course," she quietly said eventually. "I... I don't think you will be able to miss actual *games* to be in Boston and care for him, right? And well... he's kind of part of the family now, isn't he?"

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading  Maybe I'll eventually add even more... It could be cute to see the Hollanders care for Ilya, right? But for now, this is all I have. I hope you liked it!

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading💜

I really hope you liked it! If you feel comfortable, I would love to hear your thoughts in the comments, they truly make my day💜

Also I just wrote another Heated Rivalry fic, if you want to check it out? [It's Just A Question...](#)💜

(Also if you ever want to make a podfic of a story of mine or create art or works inspired by my stuff, you hereby have blanket permission. Just let me know in the comments or something so that I can leave some love💜)

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