

Don't worry (i'll make you worry)

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by [h81lander \(clemswinecorner\)](#).

Summary

“Your coach will call your dad, Shane, no worries.” She repeats. “Not him, ill-yah.”

AKA

Where a nursing student catches Shane's plead, and tells Ilya he's fine. She also tells him what hospital to find Shane in, and then some.

Notes

Hiii!! My first Heated Rivalry fic omg yay me, I hope you guys enjoy! Also I didn't really re-read it, I've had the idea for a couple days and just wrote it this night. Anyway let me know what you guys thinkkkk!!

Everyone on the ice is moving quickly when she sees it happen. Rozanov skating away, Hollander following him, Marlow coming in. Hollander is on the ground seconds later, the play interrupted by refs and medics running onto the ice. She waits patiently as her colleagues go through all the necessary procedures, frowning as she sees Ilya Rozanov getting pushed away from his Rival. "Lily, you try and keep him conscious on the way there, alright?" She nods, immediately jumping into action as soon as the hockey player is within earshot. "Okay, Shane, that's you, right?" She hears a confirming hum as she pushes the stretcher. "Stay with me here, okay, Shane? I'm with you. Keep your eyes open, friend," she strictly informs him. "Okay," he simply replies, "My parents?"

Lily looks at her colleague with a slight panic- this she had no answer for. "Your parents?" She repeats. "Your coach is calling them," her colleague replies. It's protocol, she imagines, she'll have to ask her supervisor about that. "Tell him I'm fine, 'm okay," Shane mumbles. Lily is about to speak before he speaks again, "He's gonna worry." She looks at him with concern, "Your coach will call your dad, Shane, no worries." She repeats. "Not him, ill-yah," he says, squeezing his eyes shut as the ambulance lights get closer. "You gotta stay with me, Shane, don't close your eyes," Lily instructs. *Ill-yah*, she mentally repeats, that sounded awfully close to... "I'll let him know, okay?" She tells him. Then she leans a little closer, voice low. "I'll make sure Ilya won't worry." Shane lets out a content hum, eyes still closed. "Shane," she says, getting no response. "Shane, stay with me. Shane!"

By the end of the game, after doing precautionary checkups for two players who collided at the start of the third period, she's filling out the medical forms. "Rozanov," she calls out as he walks into the tunnel. He follows her voice, emotionless eyes landing on the young woman. "I, eh, need to do some checks. One minute, please?" She can see him resisting the urge to roll his eyes and tell her he's fine, but he's smarter than to go against a nurse's orders. He follows her as she makes her way to one of the doctors' offices, making him sit on the examination table. She listens to his heartbeat, takes his blood pressure and checks his vision. Ilya is about to protest and ask if this really is necessary when she speaks up. "Hollander is okay. They took him to the General Hospital, entrance C. Visiting hours are between eleven and noon," She briefly pauses, instructing him to move his head to the other side. "I don't have any confirmed information, but it sounded like a mild concussion to me. And he said not to worry," Ilya nods as she absentmindedly performs a concussion check. "I don't know why-," he shuts up as she looks at him. It was impressive how the look on her face told him no nonsense would be accepted, when she was so softspoken mere seconds ago. "He specifically mentioned you. He wanted to assure you that he's fine and okay. I'm the only person who heard it. Any health questions?" Ilya slides off the table, not bothered to put his jersey back on. "I'll be near entrance C at eleven fifteen, if you don't want to talk to a receptionist. Congrats on the win, Ilya," she smiles kindly. Ilya nods, his face no longer stern but by no means happy. "Thank you, ..." He leaves room for her to say her name. "Lily."

Ilya Rozanov had never been seriously injured in Montreal before. And neither had any of his teammates, he realised as he entered the Montreal General Hospital for the first time in his life. There was a reception, and he could see the visitors' cafe behind the sliding doors. He

glances around, seeing the nurse- Lily, he remembered- sitting at one of the tables with a few books and an open notebook. She looks up, smiling as she notices him walking her way. "Sorry, I didn't realise the time. One second," She grabs her open books, dropping them at the reception desk that had a sign saying "*This reception is closed today. Please go to building A or B.*" She smiles as she turns towards Ilya, now with only a clipboard in hand. "C'mon."

Ilya doesn't quite know how to fill the silence as they walk through the hospital. "Thank you, again," he finally decides on. "No worries. You know that team captains will usually visit players of the opposing team if they're seriously injured, right?" She says, a hint of amusement in her voice. "Most team captains are not rivals," he deadpans. "Hmm. I guess most team captains don't ask nurses to tell the other they're okay, either." Ilya doesn't reply. "How is he?" He finally asks when they're in the elevator, just the two of them. "He's okay. Drugged, but conscious. I don't know much else, sorry. Couldn't look through his files when I was in the room. He asked about you again." Ilya nods. If Lily didn't know any better, she'd almost think he was nervous.

Lily opens the door, greeting Shane before she steps aside. A smile creeps onto his face immediately. "Ily-yaaaaaaa!" He enthusiastically greets. Ilya's face stays neutral, "I, eh, I just wanted to..." He doesn't finish his sentence as Shane addresses the other presence in the room. "Ilya, have you met my friend? Friend, Ilya, Ilya, friend. She's very nice," Lily chuckles at his antics, noting Ilya keeping a safe distance from his rival, still. "Yes, I have. How are you?" Lily moves around the room, checking Shane's information as he and Ilya talk. It's quiet for a moment as she scribbles down some things, and she looks between the boys. "Friend! I just realised... Who are you? What is your name?" Lily laughs, smiling at the obviously drugged man. "I'm Lily, nice to meet you," He smiles, then looks at Ilya and gasps. "Oh! Lily! You're Lily too! I call him Lily because-," Ilya hurries over, shushing the Canadian. "Is nothing to worry about," he tells her with a nervous smile. Shane holds out his hand for Ilya. "Heeeeey. Hello. 'M here," He almost begs. Ilya reluctantly looks at it before taking it, intertwining their fingers. If she didn't see Ilya nervously look her way, she'd almost laugh at how Shane sighs and says "Bet-ter". "I'll give you two a moment," she says, stepping aside. She sends Ilya a reassuring smile as she walks to the door, but he still holds his breath.

"Sorry, doctor's coming in," Lily walks back into the room, only ten minutes later. Ilya immediately steps away from the bed, squeezing Shane's hand one more time. "Are you good to go? Doctor will probably be here a while," She tells Ilya with a regretful smile. He nods, "Yeah," he confirms, turning towards Shane one more time. He still has a dopey smile on his face, "Okay, bye-bye!" he says, before correcting himself. "See you next season," he says, in a lower voice. Lily has to resist a chuckle. "Get well soon, Hollander," Ilya simply says. "Thank you," Shane smiles, "I appreciate it." Lily decides not to comment on the distressed look on Ilya's face as they leave the room.

"Lily!" Doctor Ramirez, Lily's supervisor and Shane's doctor, says as they walk towards the elevator. "I thought you were off half an hour ago?" She asks, genuine confusion on her face as she looks between her and Ilya. "Yeah, I did. I was still in the lobby when Mr Rozanov walked in, I thought I'd show him to Mr Hollander's room," she explains. Ilya tried to conceal his face, praying it didn't sound suspicious that he, the team captain, checked on

another injured team captain (It didn't; every team captain did this.). Doctor Ramirez merely smiled. "Oh, you didn't smother him with a pillow, did you?" Ilya forces a smile, "No, no, but good thinking." Lily turns to the doctor, redirecting the conversation topic. "I, eh, noted his hourly vitals, since I was there anyway. They're in the top drawer," She shyly says. "Oh, perfect. Thank you, Lily. Safe travels home, Mr Rozanov."

"Just so you know," She starts as they stand in the elevator. "I won't mention this to anyone. Anything he said. Patient confidentiality, and stuff. You don't have to worry, is what I mean." Ilya looks at her, still a little uncertain. Then his eyes relax, "Thank you." She nods. "Of course." She leaves a short silence, as if debating whether to speak some more or not. "I'm not going to assume things, of course, but... You guys seem to care about each other a lot. I hope you won't have to hide that for the rest of your lives."

Ilya nods. "Me too." He quietly adds. "Thank you for staying longer after your work," He suddenly says. She nods, allowing the change of topic. "Yeah, it's no problem. I was going to go to the library in the building next door anyway," She explains. She turns around, and the elevator starts moving. Ilya didn't even notice that they were still on the same floor as Shane's room. He realised Lily had deliberately kept the elevator there, giving them a private space to talk. He'd text Shane to get her some flowers as a thank you.

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