

She Calls Me Back

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She Calls Me Back

by [queerhazeleyes](#)

Summary

When Ilya is injured on the ice, only Svetlana knows to call "Jane". This doesn't reassure Shane as much as she intends it to.

Notes

Title from "She Calls Me Back" by Noah Kahan

This show has me by the throat, guys. Hence my first fic in 9 years! Have not read the books yet, just the show, so all characterization is based off that.

Takes place after the end of season 1, while Ilya is playing his last season for Boston.

Dialogue in italics is in Russian.

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

Svetlana walked into Ilya's hospital room and was only slightly surprised to find it occupied. The bed was empty - the nurse who showed her in said Ilya was off getting scans done – but another man had folded himself into one of the chairs that were not designed with a hockey player's bulk in mind. He looked up from scrolling on his phone at the sound of the door; it only took Svetlana a moment to recognize Ilya's teammate.

“Cliff Marlow?”

Marlow stood so quickly he nearly knocked over the chair. “Hi,” he said, stepping forward to offer a hand. His eyes raked over her body, then returned to meet hers with an awed glimmer. “Yes, and you must be-”

“Svetlana.” They shook hands. “How is he? Your coach did not say much, and the TV just that he needed ambulance.”

Marlow took a half step back, moving out of her personal space. “He's alert. Cranky. Dislocated shoulder, jacked up his arm, dunno how bad yet.” He gestured at a duffle bag next to the chair he'd been sat in. “I brought some of his stuff from the locker room. Clothes, phone, keys. Left his car there, Rozy would kill me if I drove his Jag. Almost worth it.” He grinned at the thought.

“Thank you, very good.” She gave him a once-over: still standing awkwardly, shifting his weight from foot to foot. “Are you staying longer?”

“No, I should-I should get going. Just wanted to bring the stuff, make sure someone was around til you could get here.” He made a move towards the door, then stopped. “Would you-uh, ask Rozy to text me an update? The rest of the team, they'll want to know.”

“Da, yes. You are good teammate.”

Marlow shrugged. “Rozy's a good guy.”

As soon as he was out of the room, Svetlana was crouched over the bag looking for Ilya's phone. There was one other person she needed to contact, and she didn't have his number. Phone in hand, she thumbed in Ilya's passcode and saw a deluge of texts and missed calls from Jane. The most recent one read “Pick up, asshole. I need to know you're okay.”

She didn't hesitate to press the call button. The line barely rang once before it picked up.

“Ilya,” said a choked voice.

“He is ok. Awake, getting scans done. I haven't seen him, but did not want you upset waiting.” Silence. She checked; the call was still connected. “Jane?” Ragged breathing came through the phone, like someone trying not to cry. Or panic. *Shit*. Svetlana may have miscalculated: this was a secret after all, one she had never pushed Ilya about. She tried again. “Jane, is ok. Ilya did not tell me your name, but I know you are a man and that you love each other. I tell no one. Will you say something, please, so I don't have to tell Ilya I broke his boyfriend?”

“Svetlana?” he said finally.

“Yes. I am emergency contact. Medical English is worse than regular English, so sometimes translation helps.” A noise from outside the room drew her attention; a glance out the window showed Ilya being rolled down the hall in a wheelchair by a short Hispanic nurse in grey scrubs. “Wait, they are bringing him in now. I will put him on the phone.” She pulled the phone away from her ear as the door opened and the nurse pushed Ilya inside. He gave a suspicious look at Svetlana, then down to the phone in her hand as he reached the side of the bed. His right arm was in a sling, and he wore a hospital gown and a pinched expression that told her he'd refused pain medication.

“Sveta?”

“*It's Jane,*” she said in Russian. The nurse helped Ilya climb into bed, his good hand holding the back of his hospital gown closed. “*He was freaking out, but I don't think I helped.*”

“*You called Jane?*” he asked. “*What the fuck?*”

The nurse gave a quick glance between the two. “The doctor will be in soon,” she said, and beat a hasty retreat.

“*Seven missed calls from your boyfriend is what the fuck.*” She stalked to his bedside and slapped the phone into his outstretched hand. “*You talk to him.*” She sank into the nearest chair with a huff.

“*Beloved,*” Ilya said into the phone. “Hey, hey, is okay. I will be fine. Breathe, please.” Svetlana watched his face go soft as he listened. “I am sorry for Svetlana. She figured out long ago you are special to me, she was trying to help.” A glance in her direction told her We'll talk about this later but he kept speaking gently. “No concussion. I am angry with Coach for making me take ambulance, made things look worse than they are.” He leaned back against the bed with a wince. “Had x-rays, scan in big noisy tube. Waiting for doctor to tell results. Are you home?” He nodded at whatever was said. “Tell your mom and dad I am ok. I will let you know more once doctor comes.” Ilya smiled. “Ya tebya lyublyu.”

“Wait,” said Svetlana before he could hang up. “Can I apologize to him?”

Ilya glared. “Svetlana would like to say something. Is that okay, my love?” He frowned, but held the phone out. Svetlana stood to take it, holding on to the guardrail on the side of the bed.

“I am sorry, I did not mean to freak you out,” she said. “To make you think your secret was blown. I only saw all the missed calls on Ilyushka's phone, and I know how awful it is to know someone you love got hurt on the ice, and have no idea how bad it is. To wonder if it is the worst.” Her breath caught a little, remembering the worst hit her father had taken before retiring. Ilya wrapped a gentle hand around her wrist, grounding her.

“Thank you,” said the voice on the phone. “I was... I was really scared, before you called. And I know Ilya trusts you more than anyone. Um. I'll have him give you my number, so if you have to call I'll know it's you. I think that threw me off the most, that it wasn't him.”

“Thank you,” Svetlana said. “Next time you are in town, maybe we can all have dinner? It would be nice to meet you in person, Shane Hollander.”

Shane made a noise embarrassingly close to a squeak. “I thought you said Ilya didn't tell you my name?”

“He didn't. I didn't say I didn't know your name. You are only player he would never agree was hot.”

End Notes

Yes, Marleau almost asked for Svetlana's number but he's only about 70% sure she's not Ilya's girlfriend. No, she wouldn't have given it to him. And yes, Svetlana is aware of the effect she has on men.

Also, Svetlana has known that “Jane” is Shane since she caught Ilya watching the TV special about the cottage.

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