High On Love

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High On Love

by SierraShips

Summary

Shane asks Ilya and important question at the worst time. Hollanov.

Notes

I know i have some multichaps people want me to get back to and i will, but enjoy this in the meantime.

Inspired by the hopsital scene and set when Ilya is playing for Ottowa but Shane is still on Montreal

Enjoy!!

See the end of the work for more notes

When Shane and Ilya were in different locations for games they called eachother to let them know they got their safely and wish the other luck. It was a routine that started out on accident, but felt like part of their nessicary pre-game routine now.

Ilya had the night off, at home in Ottowa, while Shane was getting ready for a home game against the admirals in Montreal.

He expected a call.

He didn't expect this call.

"Hello?" He asked, not recongizing the number beyond a montreal area code. Something bloomed inside of him that felt like posion. A gut feeling.

"Hi, is this Ilya Rozanov?" She butchered the name a bit, but he let it go. He just needed to know who she was and why she was calling. Prove his gut wrong.

"Da- I mean, yes."

"This is Tiffany calling from Montreal General Hospital, I have you listed as a emergency contact for a Shane Hollander."

That blooming stomach dropped. His mouth went dry. His English was limited to a whisper of his beloved name.

Luckily she continued. "He was brought in for car accident."

"Is-Is he okay?!" He panicked.

"He has a concussion and a broken wrist, but Mr. Hollander is supposed to make a full recovery," She informed. "He's asking about you and-"

"I'll be there." He said, hanging up, not wasting a further second on the woman on the phone, needing to get there so he could get to who mattered. His Shane.

Ilya sped through traffic, all two hours to Montreal General Hospital. He didn't care about his safety, even though Shane always yelled at him for it. Shane did everything right and he got hurt, so clearly the rules didn't mean shit. He needed to be there as soon as he could. For his own sake as much as Shane's.

Eventually he pulled into the lot and threw the keys to his favorite sports car at a medical. Trusting the hospital with two of his most prized posessions.

His feet took him into the hospital and right to the busy front desk which he pushed his way to the front of.

"Hello, yes, I am- uh, here for uh, Shane Hollander?" He looked both ways and saw nobody of importance, but at this point he was tired of hiding anyway. Wouldn't if it kept him from

his boyfriend right now.

The woman typed what he assumed was the name he gave her into the computer and then looked up at him.

“Are you family?”

“No, I am emergency contact,” Ilya pleaded, “Ilya Rozanov.”

She clicked a few more things and with a sigh that told Ilya she was tired of her job, gave him the room number. “Room 304.”

Ilya sped off without another word or look her way. Right to the elevator, which was taking too long, and then to the stairs. Fuck it. It was only 3 flights. He’d do much more than that to see his lover.

When he got to the room, he saw he wasn’t the only one there. A nurse in a ponytail was over his boyfriend’s IV bag.

“Oh, hello!” She said, making Shane open his eyes.

And those eyes were brighter than the sun seeing Ilya, while of course, also on the best of drugs.

“Ilya!” He cried out, giving grabby hands from where he laid, his toes wiggling under the small cover in excitement.

“Hi,” He breathed out a sigh of relief, a small smile as he looked at his boy, then looked over to the nurse. “Can I-”

The nurse got the picture and stepped aside so Ilya could go to his side and take the seat by him.

“I was just giving him some more pain killers,” She said. “Although by the looks of it, he’s had plenty.”

That made Shane giggle. Ilya gave a small bretahy laugh, but mostly just focused on making sure Shane was okay, laser focusing on each freckle like a star in the sky.

“I’ll leave you guys to it, and just so you know his effects are on the table over there.” She informed before stepping out of the room.

Ilya’s nose wrinkled. “What is effect?”

“My stuff, silly.” Shane laughed again.

Ilya wasn’t sure if he could trust him when he was so doped up, but he walked over to check and low and behold, there it was. The things on his person when they brought him in.
His wallet, his phone, his- his…box?

His brows furrowed again and this time turned on his feet to ask Shane about it.

“What is in this bag?” He asked him, heart beating fast.

“My stu-”

‘No,” Ilya stopped his rambling. “Not the broken phone or wallet, this my love, this box.” he held it up for him to see.

“Oh a surprise!” Shane clapped his hand to the other, Ilay needing to stepforward and stop him before he angered his broken wrist. Yeah, he’d be out for the season for sure. But more important- What’s in the box?

“You do not know?” Ilya asked, sitting on the bedside.

“No, I know!” Shane said, shoving it back in his hands. “Is a surprise for you.”

“Wha-” Ilya dropped trying to ask him to just open the damn thing.

What was inside was exactly the undertone of thought that made his heart beat out of his chest. It was real. This was real. There was an engagement ring in the box.

It was beautiful. It was black on the outside and gold on the inside, the same gold as his mother’s crucifix. It was as perfect as the man who picked it out for him. It was for him.

“Oh…Shane, I-” He stuttered.

“Say yes,” He smiled. “And we can be happy forever and ever.”

Ilya shook his head. “I can’t-”

“You cannnnn!” Shane insisted, reaching out to grab the box and pull the ring out. “It’s shiny and everything!”

Ilya didn’t know whether to cry or laugh.

“You are going to be so mad at yourself when you realize this happened and you ruined your own surprise, my love.” Ilya continued to shake his head.

“I’ll only be mad if you say no.”

“I have to say no, Shane.” He sighed.

“But-”

Ilya shushed him as he leaned in closer, taking the ring and putting it back where it was safe in the velvet box.

“Ask me again when you are sober and I promise you, malysh, I will say yes,” He cradled Shane’s face like porcelain as he looked into his big doe eyes.

“But how do you know you’ll say yes?” Shane sighed out, on the verge of tears.

There were a lot of things Ilya could say right now. He could tell him because he was Ilya, he could tell him because he said so, or he could simply explain that he was prematurely already saying yes to him. Instead he settled on something simpler his doped up mind could handle.

“Because I love you.” He told him, stroking his cheek, right under where a tear was threatening to spill.

Shane’s frown turned around as he looked at him like he hung the stars. He leaned into his hand and a tear still fell, this one full of emotion and not distress.

“Yeah,” He reached up to the hand on his cheek as he spoke. “You do love me.”

And he did.

End Notes

Comments are like air.... i crave them.

Any and all love appreciated <3

Hollanovvvvvv owns me eeeeeee /pos

Byeee

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