Drop everything at your call

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by WeirdV

Summary

Yuna and Shane are away on an endorsment deal, and David needs a ride to the hospital.
So that leaves Ilya Rozanov

Notes

Title taken from the song "Just in Case" from the "Why am I so Single" musical, which had a short life on the west end and was written by the same people who write six. I chose this bc I saw it when I was recovering from my appendix surgery so the two are forever connected in my brain :)
(check it out it's an amazing musical, love discoball as well)

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane frowns as he pulls out his phone, Ilya's requesting a video call. It's not unusual for him to do so, but it is unusual for him to videocall him when he knows he's on an endorsement job in the middle of the day.

He picks up anyways, making sure nobody can see his screen.

"Hey Shane" he says, "Is your mom around?"

"Uhm, yes?" he says, beckoning over Yuna and waiting for her to join him, "What's going on? Are you at the hospital?"

"Yes" he says, "I had to take David to the emergency room"

"What happened? Is he okay?" he asks, trying to stay calm at the news.

"Yes" Ilya says, clearly trying to keep his voice down, "Doctor said it is appendicitis"

"He was complaining about pain last night" Yuna says, "I thought he had a stomachbug. Is he in surgery?"

"Yes" Ilya confirms, "But they said I cannot get any updates because I am not - what did they call it, next of kin?"

"Oh" Shane sighs, "Uhm, I guess mom can call the hospital? Give them permission?"

"Yes, Yes" she says, already pulling out her own phone, "I will call them right now, so you can keep us updated."

"Sure it will be fine" his boyfriend says, "surgeon said it is routine operation, but just want to be sure"

Shane nods, trying not to be obvious on how scared he feels right now. He knows appendicitis isn't serious, but he also knows how much pain JJ was in when he had his appendix removed three years ago.

"Thank you for taking him to the hospital" Shane says softly, "I'm so happy you were there to take him."

"He was very stubborn" Ilya says, "Said he was ok, but I managed to convince him to go to the emergency room."

Yuna returns behind him, "I called the hospital and I added you to his emergency contacts, Ilya. They told me that they didn't get any news about complications so they assume surgery is going well. Thank you so much, darling! I know how stubborn my husband can be"

"Very much like Hollander" Ilya agrees, and Yuna smiles at him, "I will keep you updated!"

“Yes, thank you” Yuna nods, there’s still clear concern in her eyes, “Shane, darling, we have to get back to the photoshoot!”

“I’ll call you after” Shane says. Ilya can see his unease, it’s clear that they’re not alone somewhere. They’re not free to talk like they would if they’re alone - Ilya is in the middle of a hospital. But this conversation can be explained under the guise of friendship, they announced the charity a few months ago and have been spotted a few times together - being buddies.

Go out for drinks - not touching - bringing a laptop so they can pretend it’s a charity meeting. Sure, they still play hard on the ice, but it’s nice - people no longer pitting them against eachother in interviews.

Surgery goes well, it’s pretty routine after all, and after an hour and a half he’s in a room.

“Mister Rozanov, Mister Hollander” the surgeon says, “We are going to keep you overnight, and you will get to go home tomorrow. You’ll need to finish take your antibiotics and then take it easy for three weeks.”

“Thank you” Hollander says.

“Painkillers are every 4 hours, paracetamol and ibuprofens” he continues, the nurse will come replace your IV. Is there anything else we can help you with?”

“Yeah, I’m very nauseous, is that normal?”

“Yes, I’ll have them bring you something for that” he says, “It’s a good thing you came in, any later and it would have been a very different conversation. Visiting hours end in two hours.”

Ilya nods and the surgeon leaves, a nurse arrives a few minutes later with something for the nausea and a glass of water. She checks his IV’s and then - after giving Ilya a confused glance, leaves again.

“You feeling okay?” Ilya asks, taking the chair next to him.

“Hurts a lot” he says, “better than before the surgery, but yeah.”

“That is good at least” Ilya says, “I got you some comfy clothes while you were in surgery.”

“Thank you” David sighs, “And thank you, for insisting I get help, we’re lucky to have you, Ilya.”

“I’m lucky to have you guys” Ilya says softly, “I asked but they said I can’t stay after visiting hours. I brought your ipad and charger, so you can watch youtube if you get bored.”

“You thought of everything”

Wyatt Hayes liked having time off, especially if it meant he got to bring his wife lunch while working at the hospital. Or, in this case, dinner, since she has a late shift.

What he isn't expecting is to run into his captain, Rozanov.

"Roz?" he frowns, "You okay?"

"Yes" he nods, "Here for a friend!"

"Oh, hope it's not too bad?"

"No, he is okay" he nods, "Appendicitis" he says, he's holding a bag, "I just went to get his stuff for his overnight stay. He gets to go home tomorrow"

"Ah, well, that's a pretty routine surgery" he says, "Good thing we were off today so you were there!"

"Exactly" he nods, "Are you here visiting your wife?"

"Yes, I'm bringing her dinner" he smiles, "She has a late shift today. Figured we'd get some food together. Since we'll be on the road again soon."

"It's difficult, yes" he nods, "The being away."

It's not a question, if Wyatt didn't know any better he'd think the man was speaking from personal experience. Then again, maybe he was. They were still new teammates - more or less - and Rozanov didn't share much of his personal life. It was still unclear why he moved to Ottawa, but Wyatt did suspect he had a very good reason. Seeing that look in his face, right now.

"You probably have experience with that" Wyatt says, "With family in Russia? Did you visit them this summer?"

"I no longer go to Russia" he says, "Nobody left for me there."

"Oh - I figured?"

"No, stayed in Canada, meeting for the Irina foundation. Setting up the charity" he smiles softly, "With Hollander"

"I saw the press conference" he says, "Really surprised a lot of people with that. Would love to hear the story of that friendship"

"I have time this evening" Ilya says, "After your dinner with your wife?"

"Sounds like a plan, I'll text you"

“Good! I will go visit my friend” he says, pointing behind him and moving along. Wyatt nods, and heads onto his wife’s department, finding her at the registration desk already waiting.

“Hi darling” he smiles, leaning in for a kiss, “Anything interesting?”

“Nothing I can tell you without breaking the law” she says, as usual, joining him for their dinner date.

They meet for drinks after, at around 8pm to catch up a little bit. Or more specifically to learn more about how this whole friendship started. Because Wyatt is beyond curious how that even happened.

“My treat” he says as he orders them both a vodka, he knows it’s his drink of choice, and he knows this bar has a brand he approves of.

“Thank you” he says, “I will buy next round”

“Deal” he leans back in the booth, “Now, you and Hollander, friends? How?”

“We have always been friends off the ice” he says, “We were rookies together, carrying the hope of our team.”

“So the whole rivalry is pretend?”

“Oh no, I love beating Shane” he grins, and Wyatt takes a second to adjust to hearing Rozanov refer to him as Shane.

“So what, you’ve been texting each other the whole time?”

“Occasionally” he shrugs, “We got a chance to connect at allstar games, and at that cmm shoot we did at start of our careers”

“He knew about your mom” Wyatt says softly, “Means he must be a very good friend. I know she was the motivation for your charity - which honestly - I was really impressed! It’s a great cause!”

“Thank you. He was first person I ever told” Ilya glances away for a second, “He knows everything”

“Everything?” he frowns, taking another sip of his glass and studying his captain’s face. He looks torn, like he wants to tell him something but isn’t sure if he should.

“I did not tell press everything, some things are private” Ilya takes a breath, “He has been a very good friend. Helping me settle in in Canada”

Wyatt nods, he didn’t even think about the fact that moving to a different country might have been hard to do on your own. “That’s very nice of him” he says.

“Yes” he nods, clearly ready to say something else when his phone starts ringing, the name Jane popping up on his screen.

“Must take this, excuse me” he says, quickly getting up and bringing the phone up to his ear. Even in his hushed tones Wyatt can hear him.

“Yes, I will pick him up tomorrow” he says, “Three days before I have to leave. Moya lyubov', I know. ya skuchayu po tebe. Tomorrow evening, yes. I am at bar with Hayes. Ya tozhe tebya lyublyu. So much.”

He hangs up after and quickly joins Hayes again, picking up his glass and knocking it back before hailing the waiter for another glass.

“You know” Hayes frowns, “That’s the first time I ever seen you make a phone call.”

“Is that so?” he frowns, “Surely I have done before?”

“Maybe, but never a personal call” Wyatt says, “You are very private - not at all what I was expecting when they announced you!”

“What were you expecting?” he asks, handing the waiter a fifty dollar bill as he brings two glasses.

“The Ilya Rozanov we’ve been seeing for the last ten years” he shrugs, “Going out, fast cars - a new girl every week?”

“Is in the past” he says, “Before I was scared - now I am happy”

“A few guys had a bet running, on why you moved to Canada” he says, “Some said for easier citizenship, some said you pissed someone off.”

“What did you think?”

“I think, maybe you found something here” he says, “Maybe someone who matters - family. Thing is, family has a lot of shapes. For some, friendship is just as important as a relationship”

“You are very smart”

“I’ve been told”

“I have - someone” he says, “For a long time. Very important - but very complicated. I hope some day - I can tell everyone.”

“Well, I look forward to that day” he replies, “Until then, I hope we can be friends as well as teammates”

“I would like that” Ilya says, tapping his glass against Hayes’s, “You can come help out at our hockey camp.”

“Sounds good”

Lisa Hayes checks the charts again, David Hollander. She’s met him a few times at games, when she had the chance to go see her husband play. Or when they’ve gone to the allstar games. Which is why she decides to go visit him, they’ve talked before. He’s still awake at 9 pm when she finds time to drop by his room.

“Mister Hollander” she smiles, “Not sure if you remember me, my husband is Wyatt Hayes”

“Yes, Lisa” she says immediately, “We met when Ottawa played Montreal last season”

“Yes” she nods, “I heard you were here and I figured I come say hi”

“That’s very nice of you” he smiles as she takes the seat next to his bed.

“I heard that Shane was out of state with your wife for an endorsement deal, wanted to make sure you have a way to get home tomorrow”

“Oh yes, Ilya is picking me up”

“Rozanov?”

“Yes, he started a charity with Shane” David looks like a proud father, “He’s a good family friend”

“That’s very sweet of him to do for you”

“Ilya is a great kid” he says, “Had a rough childhood, but ever since he and Shane - well - it’s been great getting to know him instead of the persona the media made him into”

“Always important to remember the real people and not the ones on the screen” Lisa agrees, “Your son’s charity is very impressive - you must be very proud of him”

“I am” he sighs heavily, he’s clearly getting tired and the painkillers are doing their job, “It’s great to see him so happy with Ilya. I wish people would understand”

Lisa nods, feeling like she is missing some part of the information - or maybe she isn’t and David Hollander is saying exactly what she thinks he’s saying.

“How are you feeling?” she asks, “Not too much pain?”

“A lot better than before the surgery, but it still hurts - even with the painkillers” he says, “Needs some time to heal.”

“It will get better really soon” she promises, “And usually you get to go home the next day in the afternoon.”

He yawns, and Lisa gets up, “I will let you rest” she smiles softly, “Call for the nurse if you need anything!”

“I will do that” he nods, “Thank you for visiting, Lisa. It was lovely to talk to you”

Ilya is up early the next day, probably too early since he can’t pick up David yet. The surgeon needs to do another checkup and he needs his medication prescription picked up. But he doesn’t want him to be in there alone.

He gets to the hospital a few minutes after visiting hours start and goes straight to David Hollander’s room. They talk, and it’s nice. It’s a lot nicer than the talks he’s had with his own father before he died.

Wyatt is at the hospital once again - visiting his wife for lunch - when he runs into Shane.

“Hi” he greets the Montreal player, “Funny seeing you here!”

“Hello Hayes” he smiles, “I’m here for my dad”

“Oh - hope he’s okay” he replies, he likes Shane - he’s a nice guy.

“Oh yeah - he’s fine” he smiles, “Emergency surgery yesterday but he gets to go home today. I’m here to pick him up!”

“Good to hear is doing well” he smiles, “I’m here to see my wife - she’s working”

“Ah yes, must be nice getting to see each other a bit more when you have time off” Shane says, “Not easy with all the travel being away from your loved ones”

“It isn’t” he nods, “Anyways, great to see you! I’ll see you at the next game!”

“Have a good lunch!”

He doesn’t really think about running into Shane Hollander until an hour later, when he leaves and sees him in the parking lot - holding the car door open for his father. Which isn’t all that strange. No, the strange part is Ilya Rozanov who is putting the bag he brought in yesterday in the trunk. And then walking around to the driver’s seat. When Shane gets in, Wyatt is sure he sees Hollander lean over and kiss Rozanov. And suddenly it all makes sense. The sadness when talking about long distance, the phone conversations, the family friend. The move to Ottawa.

He can’t say he knows what they have - he only has this small piece of information - but with all the outside information he can clearly see it’s something important. It explains why their captain always disappears after they play Montreal - doesn’t join them for drinks, constantly

glued to his phone and then fully denying it when asked. Wyatt has worried about his captain on several occasions - when it's family day and he's there all alone and it sinks in that this man doesn't have anyone left. And now - with loving who he loves - he cannot return to his home country. The charity, the friendship, the changing the story.

He can't do much, but Wyatt promises himself to pay more attention - and when the time comes - he will support Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander however he can.

"Do you think he knows?" Shane asks that evening when Ilya tells him about running into Wyatt at the hospital.

"He is very observant - so maybe" Ilya admits, "But I trust him. So I don't think we need to worry."

"I trust your judgement" Shane says, "Thank you, for being there for dad when needed. I love you"

"YA tebya lyublyu"

appendix information is based on my own experience. It hurts an insane amount even after surgery.

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