

1919

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by [SciroccoO \(SciroccoOrion\)](#)

Summary

Ilya spends the night after Shane's concussion unable to sleep and obsessively checking for updates until he can't take it anymore.

Ilya lay staring up at the dark ceiling of his hotel room, unable to sleep. He had checked his phone a dozen times since lying down, each time thinking that surely an hour or two had passed only to discover it had been fifteen minutes or less since the last time. It was after 2am now and at some point he needed to admit to himself that he simply wasn't going to sleep tonight.

"Blyat," he swore beneath his breath.

He rolled onto his side and grabbed his phone off the nightstand, accidentally yanking the charging cord out of the wall. He swore softly. With shaking fingers he unlocked the screen and refreshed the google search still pulled up from the last dozen attempts:

Shane Hollander injury update

There was nothing new. The same CBC report from four hours ago, the TSN one from three. The Metros had posted to twitter as soon as the game ended, but all they'd said was that Shane had been taken to the hospital for evaluation. There was a reddit thread but it was full of speculation that Ilya knew not to read and did so anyway. That too had gone quiet when all the Canadians went to sleep hours ago.

He opened his messages from "Jane," thumb hovering over the keyboard, but what would he say? *How are you? I hope you're okay? I miss you?*

If Hollander was okay he would have texted.

It was a concussion, *it had to be* a concussion. Nobody took a hit like that without bruising their brain at least a little. But what if it was worse? What if Hollander was in a coma, just drifting in the darkness alone, not knowing what was happening?

Ilya wanted to swear; he wanted to throw his phone across the room; he wanted to *scream*.

But Marleau was snoring on the bed next to his and if he started letting it all out he wasn't sure he'd be able to stop. He didn't want to have to explain to Marleau—or the hotel staff—why he'd decided to flip over the bed and throw the lamp through the window.

He rolled onto his back and let his phone fall against his chest, the glow of it winking out. This was torture. This was worse than any loss, any practice, any beating Alexei had ever given him. This was worse than...

Fuck.

He couldn't do this anymore—any of it. It hurt all the damn time and it was never going to get better.

He rolled out of bed, hunting around for a t-shirt. He had a vague idea of going down to the gym to work out until he was too tired to keep his eyes open any longer, but that made him think of Hollander and the night after they'd both been drafted. The night Ilya had made the first, cautious overtures that had led to...all this.

On a whim, he grabbed his coat off the back of a chair and shrugged it on before carefully opening the hotel room door and stepping out into the hallway.

He stood in the shadows of Rue de la Gauchetière, gazing up at the dark windows of Hollander's condo. He'd never seen it from the front and it looked...boring.

He shivered, huddling deeper into his coat. 3am was perhaps not the best time to be wandering the streets of Montreal in early spring. It wasn't exactly winter in Moscow, but it was decidedly nippy, and he hadn't thought to bring a hat.

This was idiotic. What was there to gain by coming here?

What he wanted was to go to the hospital, to charm his way past the receptionist and slip into Hollander's room when nobody would be around to know. He could stay for hours, just sitting by his bedside, holding his hand...

And then what? It was an impossible dream and he knew it. He fidgeted at the sidewalk with his toe, wishing he'd brought a cigarette.

Hollander's family was probably there with him anyhow. *They* would support him. *They* would love him. He didn't need Ilya and his bullshit feelings coming in and making a mess everywhere. He didn't want to see Ilya like this; he wanted strength, confidence, sex. He wouldn't want...this.

"Blyat."

He jogged across the street, hands thrust in his pockets, breath making great plumes in the night air. It took him a moment to find the keypad, discreetly hidden beneath a panel that blended in with the door.

1-9-1-9

There was a moment's hesitation in which Ilya held his breath, then the panel gave a little chirp and the door released with a soft click. Ilya let himself in.

He climbed the marble stairs, hand on the wrought iron bannister, trying not to make a noise. Hollander's condo was at the top and the same code opened the door there.

He stepped inside and felt a rush of something, like the first drag on a cigarette, the spark of knowing he was doing something he wasn't supposed to drifting on a current of soothing familiarity. This place felt like Shane, it *smelled* like Shane.

Ilya nearly fell to his knees right there in the entryway but Russian stubbornness kept him upright, knees locked. For a time he simply stood there, breathing in and out.

Eventually, a tingling numbness began to spread up his legs and he felt the heaviness of his muscles pulling him downward. With effort he dragged one foot forward, followed by another. He would never make it upstairs to the bed, but there was a ridiculously long sofa

right there in the living room. He felt his way toward it in the glow of the city lights, flopping down on it unceremoniously.

There was something lumpy beneath his hip and he wiggled around, pulling out a discarded flannel shirt. The fabric was soft and supple in his hands and when he brought it close to his face he could smell Shane's sweat mixing with his deodorant and just a tinge of ginger ale.

Something broke open in Ilya's chest and he felt wetness on his cheeks. He buried his face in Shane's shirt, alone in the dark, and wept.

Ilya woke as the sun rose, splashing orange and pink across the sky. He fumbled in his pocket for his phone, but it was trapped beneath his stupid coat. He sat up, tugging it off impatiently, his fingers finally finding purchase on the hard rectangle.

Hollander Recovering from Concussion After Collision with Boston...

Ilya let out a gust of breath. He tried to take in more details, but his eyes refused to focus. Finally they caught on something in the top left corner.

It was 6:23am.

He needed to get out of here. If someone came to get clothes for Shane—Hollander—or anything he'd have a lot of explaining to do.

Then another thought occurred to him. It was still very early. If he took a cab to the hospital, he might be able to sneak in before anyone else from the Metros arrived. He could see if Hollander was awake, see for himself that he was okay.

He began to push himself up to standing, muscles groaning in protest, when his hand found the flannel once again. He stared at it for a long moment.

Then he carefully folded it, laying it on the arm of the sofa for Shane to find when he came home, and went out the front door, already hailing a cab as he jogged down the stairs to the street below.

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