

and in the morning (i'll be with you)

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by [Apple51234](#)

Summary

“Hey Siri, call Lily.” After a pause, “Hey Siri, put it on speaker,” was the next slurred command to come from the concussed hockey star.

All Andrea could do was watch in a state of both fascination and horror as the call was picked up after two rings.

“Shane? Are you okay?”

“Ilyyaaa! It’s your voice! How did they do that?” Shane looked at the device in awe.

Ilya’s confusion and genuine concern was audible. “What? Shane, what do you mean?”

“Ah!” Shane exclaimed, giggling into his hands. “Hi!” He looked up, then in a stage whisper, he said, “my nurse is still here. So be quiiiiiiiet.”

Or, Shane gets ahold of his phone and calls Ilya while under the influence of his pain meds. And of course, he calls Ilya.

Notes

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

Andrea, Shane's morning nurse, watched the dazed hockey player follow the Russian out of his hospital room with his eyes, though he was acting – very poorly – that he was uninterested in the other's presence. A soft, loopy smile crept onto his face that puffed up his cheeks.

“Hello, Mr. Hollander, how are you feeling?” she asks, trying to get him to meet her gaze as she did a cursory glance over the machines attached to him.

“Good! Good,” he nods to himself, seemingly satisfied with his own answer. “He was really here, right?”

Andrea chuckles awkwardly, trying not to read into the scene painted before her. “Yes, Ilya Rozanov was just visiting with you. How are you feeling, pain-wise? How's your headache?”

Shane seemed to think this over, closing his eyes. “Doesn't hurt too bad. But I'm high as *hell* right now, yeah?”

Andrea smiles. “You're on some strong painkillers, yes. I'm glad to hear that they are working.” She started to upwrap a blood pressure monitor. “I just have to check your blood pressure and then I'll let you rest, okay?”

She received no answer, though, as it appeared that Shane was in his own world, eyes closed and a pleased smirk on his face. “I just can't believe he came here. And he held my hand, and felt my freckles — and he *knows* what that does to me — and he didn't say *nooooo* to the cottage, which in his language means I just have to ask one more time, maybe after I've sucked his *dick*, and he'll say yes!”

Trying not to let the surprise on her face become apparent, she responds, “Oh, that's great, ... you've got to stop moving around, though, so I can get your blood pressure.”

As if shocked by electricity, Shane made himself still, giggling to himself nonetheless. “I’m sorry! Really, I am. I feel like I’m floating. Holy fuck.”

Andrea can’t help but laugh, too. “I know. Just give me two minutes and you can float all you want.” She slips the wrap under his arm and velcros it, adjusting it so it’s just tight enough. “Okay, stay still for me...” Despite her order, Shane continues to snicker to himself. Luckily, it did not interfere with the reading, and after a minute or so of Andrea squeezing the pump and Shane humming to himself, she was able to say “Alright, that wasn’t so hard, right, Mr. Hollander?”

“Oh, call me Shaneeee, only strangers call me Mr. Hollander. And Ilya, but only in bed. Or if he’s being annoying. Which is *always*. Haha...”

Andrea shakes her head in disbelief. *No one would believe me if I told them about this. Aren’t they supposed to be rivals?* Wrapping the device back up, she asked him, “Is there anything else you need before I leave? Something to drink?”

“Holy fuck, I could go for a ginger ale.” Wide eyes meet hers. “Sorry I keep saying that!” He pauses, looking around. “Where’d did Ilya go?”

Patting his shoulder, Andrea answered, “He had to leave, remember? He left about two minutes ago, Shane. I’ll get a ginger ale sent in here with your breakfast.”

His wide, brown eyes filled with tears. “Oh,” he exhaled with a whine. “I miss him. He gets me ginger ale...” his voice increases in pitch on each word, his lip trembling in barely-contained sadness.

Andrea’s brows furrowed in sympathy. *Poor kid.* “I’m sure he misses you, too.”

Shane’s gaze shot over to her immediately, tears clinging to his lashes. “Really?”

“W-well, I don’t know for certa-”

“I should call him,” Shane stated resolutely, patting around on the bed for his phone.

Andrea’s face dropped, not liking where this was going. “Aren’t you tired? How about we rest for a bit? No! No no, let’s put the phone down-”

“Hey Siri, call Lily.” After a pause, “Hey Siri, put it on speaker,” was the next slurred command to come from the concussed hockey star.

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“Ah!” Shane exclaimed, giggling into his hands. “Hi!” He looked up, then in a stage whisper, he said, “my nurse is still here. So be quiiiiiiiet.”

The other man said something in reply, but Andrea blushed and averted her eyes, quickly saying, “I’m just on my way out, Mr. Hollander. Ring the bell if you need anything.”

Shane watched her leave with slightly blurred vision and a dopey smile. “Ilya, *baby*, we’re alone.”

Still concerned, Ilya chastised, *“Shane, you need to rest. This is not good for your head,”* though his fond tone wasn’t as effective as he would’ve liked.

“Oh, whatever.” Shane whined. “You don’t like me anymore, do you?” he accused petulantly.

“*Of course, I like you. I like you the most,*” Ilya tries to placate.

“Then why don’t you want to talk to me?”

“*Sweetheart. I want to talk to you more than anything. But you got hurt, and I want you to rest and feel better soon.*”

Shane thought this over – as much as he could, given his lack of cognitive awareness, at the moment. “It doesn’t hurt,” he argued. “Can’t even feel it. I swear. I wanna feel your voice. Or-” Shane giggled to himself. “Hear it. Whoops. Wait, what did I *say*? Fuck, I’m lost. Where am I? Ha! Just kidding! I know where I am. I think?”

A snort can be heard through the other line. “*I wish I had a recording of this, so I could play it when I am sad. You are so out of it.*”

“Don’t commi... cossen... ugh! One second.” Shane takes several deep but shaky breaths. “Con...de...sc...end...” He exclaimed, “Condescend! Don’t! Do that. To me.” Ilya didn’t respond immediately, so Shane added, “Got it, *dude*?”

So bossy. But so cute. “A-alright. I don’t know what that means, but I will not do it,” Ilya assures.

“Don’t know what *what* means?” he replied, sounding out-of-breath and as disoriented as ever.

All Ilya could do was sigh in defeat. “*Nothing, Shane. Don’t worry.*” Howls of wind whipped through Ilya’s line. He was on his way to the airport to get back to Boston, his belongings kindly being kept with Cliff Marlow. “*Are you tired?*”

The only response he got was a quiet, “Mhm,” in hummed confirmation.

“How about this: you close your eyes, rest them for a bit. I will stay on call with you. Okay?”

“You won’t leave?” Shane sounded small and unsure.

“I won’t leave. I talk to you about my week, yes? But in Russian. So you can’t talk back,” Ilya added cheekily.

Shane groaned in frustration but relented. “Fine. Someday, I’ll understand you.”

Ilya was glad Shane couldn’t see the tears welling up in his eyes at the thought of him learning Russian for him. *With him.* A bit choked up, Ilya answered, *“I do not doubt it, милый.”*

He then switched to his native tongue, talking softly into the mic. He spoke of the other games he played and watched that week, what he had for dinner each night, some stupid story Cliff had told him about a trip he and his girlfriend went on last summer; anything that popped up in his mind.

He didn’t really get to talk like this – freely, in his native tongue – with anyone anymore, he realizes. Maybe Svetlana, but it wasn’t the same. Maybe in the past, he would’ve wished Svetlana could be enough for him. But not anymore. He couldn’t lie about this; he didn’t want to. He wanted *him*. So badly. *Someday*, Ilya reminded himself as he rambled on about a few different cars he was looking to purchase, staring out an Uber window.

It wasn’t until about an hour later that something shuffled on Shane’s end and a man who was most definitely not Shane, confused, interrupted Ilya to ask, *“Sorry, who is this?”*

Ilya, who at this point was walking laps around the Montreal airport terminal wearing the newest noise-cancelling headphones on the market, talking about how he was on the cover of the new MLH game, startled. He paused, stopping in the middle of the walkway in shock, as if the unknown male could see him. Ilya's immediate thought was to hang up, but reasoned with himself that hanging up was suspicious. "Uhm. I am a friend. Shane's friend." Ilya frowned at the phone, not sure what to say next. "Who are you?" he chose to ask; he supposed he needed to know what he was working with.

The other man laughed as if he was joking. *"I'm Shane's dad."*

Ilya's heart sank. He couldn't make a sound.

Shane's father added, *"I've been listening to you talk to my son in what sounds like Russian for the last ten minutes, uh...Lily?"*

Shit. Ilya grimaces, shuffling over to an unoccupied gate and falling back onto a seat. He hoped to God that their texts weren't open for his dad to see. "That is me. Yes. Is nickname." It felt like he was back in the elevator at the draft, sneaking up to Shane's room, almost getting caught by Shane's mother. Except that was almost seven years ago now. And they were still sneaking around like teenagers.

"Ah." He goes silent for a moment and Ilya drops his head forward down to his knees, slouching forward in dismay. *"Well, Shane's been asleep for a while now, and... doesn't understand Russian. I don't think..."* Another long pause. *"Wait, does he understand Russian?"*

"No, he does not. I don't think," Ilya repeated. "He called me, out if it, didn't want me to hang up on him," he further explained, face turning bright red against his will. "So I didn't hang up. I talked to him in Russian so he would sleep and not talk back."

He was once again silent before laughing quietly. *"Smart thinking. Shane's only been under anesthesia one other time, when he was 10. He's not used to feeling so out of it."*

Ilya can't help the small smile that ticks up his lips. "Yes, I could tell."

The other man laughs awkwardly. *“Well, I’m going to hang up, son, let his phone charge up.”* He paused. *“Thank you. This was really thoughtful. I know Shane appreciated it. He’s sleeping like a baby now.”* Another pause. *“You must be pretty good friends, huh?”*

Ilya didn’t know if he had the strength to reply without choking up at the sincerity of his tone. He also didn’t know how to respond to the obvious probing question posed to him. He tried, anyway, saying, “Is no problem. I-I…” His voice caught for a second and he felt a flush of shame wash through him. “I worried about him,” he said so quietly that it was barely audible over the line.

“We were worried about him, too. But he’ll be alright. He’s a fighter.”

Nodding shakily, Ilya says, “Yes, he is.” His knuckles were white with how hard he was gripping his knees.

“You get some rest, too, now, alright?”

“Yes, Sir,” Ilya answers out of habit.

The older man barked out a laugh. *“Please, call me David.”* He paused. *“Hey, I’m not gonna ask questions about this, but you should know that any friend of Shane’s is a friend of ours. Okay?”*

Ilya briskly flicked away an errant tear from his cheek. “Okay. Thank you. Bye-bye,” Ilya hastily ended the call, unable to handle any more of *David’s* conversation in the state he was in.

Ilya shot up off the stiff airport chair and began scanning the walkway for a restroom sign. There was one about halfway down the concourse that he paced to, locking himself in the single-stall family restroom and removing his headphones with a sharp tug. Leaning over the sink with his hands braced and clutching the counter, Ilya dared to look at himself in the

mirror. Ilya wasn't too shocked at what he saw reflected back: he looked like he got hit by a fucking bus and ran through a tornado at the same time.

He turned the sink on and splashed ice cold water on his face with an exasperated groan. Wiping the water off with his hands harshly pulling down his face, Ilya shouted, "Fuck!" to no one in particular. He stared at himself, looking from eye to swollen eye, wondering how the fuck he got himself into this situation. When had he started to *care* so deeply for Shane? Unhelpfully, his brain supplies, *Since he told you where to smoke, probably.*

He gave himself one final glare, curse and a moment to fix his hair in the mirror before pushing away from the sink and towards the bathroom door, headphones slipping back over his ears. He slams it open, almost hitting some guy with a Metros jersey on, who promptly cusses him out. After he sees that it is Ilya Rozanov that almost hit him with the door, he cusses him out even more.

Ilya didn't give a fuck. He smiles and waves, meandering his way back to his own gate.

Back with the rest of his team, Cliff gave him a knowing look. "Girl trouble?"

Ilya turned his head over to him and sneered, "What the fuck are you talking about?" as he slumped into the chair next to him, though he removed an ear of the headphones to hear him better.

Cliff just shook his head. "You're whipped, brother. This Montreal girl really got her hooks in you."

"Fuck off," Ilya spat, but his usual heat wasn't there. Instead, he answered, "No," with what could be considered a pout to anyone except for Ilya, himself.

"Did you fight with her?"

“No,” Ilya emphasized with a visceral shake of his head. “It is hard. We live long distance apart.” He frowns deeper, trying to find the words to express how he feels without sharing any revealing information. “Hate leaving her, not seeing her for weeks, months at a time. Fucking sucks.”

Cliff nodded and almost pitied Ilya. This was the most information he’d ever gotten out of Ilya regarding his Montreal girl. He’d never seen this side of him, and it made him wonder not only how serious this relationship was, but what had happened to make Ilya react this way. “Sorry, buddy. That’s rough. It was hard for Madison and me, too, before she moved out East. Just be honest with each other, about what you need, how you’re feeling. Everything else will sort itself out.”

Ilya nodded, albeit absently. He appreciated Cliff’s sincerity, but he didn’t know how it could work like that in his world; the one he wanted to share with Shane. How could their disaster of a relationship just work itself out, when their careers — not to mention Ilya’s citizenship — were on the line?

Encouraged by his captain’s silence, Cliff dared to ask, “Her name’s Jane, yeah?”

“Wow, detective,” Ilya snorted sarcastically, looking at Cliff like he was an idiot. “Yes, she is called Jane.”

Cliff hummed in thought. “She has a kind of boring name for you. I would expect you to date a Sabrina, or Alexandra, or something exotic.”

Smiling fondly against his will, Ilya said with a raise of his brow, “Jane is boring girl. Very boring. But I think that is what I like about her the most.”

“Ah, opposites attract? That’s kinda cute, I guess.”

Ilya thought about this. “No, we are not opposites, I don’t think. I am athletic, she is athletic. I am rich, she is rich. I am best in the world at giving head, she is very close second...”

Cliff's head falls back in a bark of laughter, clapping Ilya on the back. "Fucking Rozy... You crack me up." He looked at Ilya again, assessing. "Is that where you snuck off to this morning? To go see her? After you visited Hollander, obviously. God, I feel like shit for hitting him like that," he admitted with a wince.

Ilya hesitated with a small frown, but nodded. "Hollander will be alright, he's not mad at you. And yes, I saw Jane, too. Talked to her father." He didn't know why he was suddenly sharing this information, but to be honest, it felt good. It was relieving to get some of these feelings off his chest, even if it was with his idiotic teammate.

A shocked laugh left Cliff's mouth as his eyebrows shot up. "Oh shit! That's serious! Did he interrogate you about your intentions with his daughter? That's what Madison's dad did to me when I first met him. Gave me the shovel talk. Scared the shit out of me."

Ilya shook his head with an amused smirk. Some of Cliff's words went a bit over his head, but he didn't make it known. "No. It's... complicated. Didn't talk for long, we talked about Jane, mostly."

"Well, first impressions are key. If he doesn't hate you now, you're probably fine!" Cliff said encouragingly.

Ilya couldn't help but think about how Shane's parents must think of him. He supposes that they think he's an asshole, violent, show-off, their son's rival. They probably *do* hate him, like most people from Canada. This thought makes his stomach churn. He's never been averse to people hating him. In fact, boos and jeers made him play better, made him feel proud of the work he did. But this is Shane's family, the people he was closest to, that he trusted. What if he had ruined their chances, just by being *himself*?

Cliff took Ilya out of his thoughts by asking, "What does she do for work?"

Ilya shot Cliff a withering look. "What, you want to look her up? Try to steal her from me? Trust me, she does not want..." Ilya makes a show of looking Cliff up and down. "You..."

All Cliff did was chuckle again with a shake of his head. “Ha! I’m tempted to try after seeing some of those marks she’s left on you. Fucking feral.”

“She is a hard worker. In everything she does,” he smirks salaciously. “That is all I will say. No more about my Jane. The more I talk about her, the more I want to quit team and run away. And we already know that I carry every one of you motherfuckers on the ice. Boston would never see playoffs again.”

Cliff shoved him playfully. “Fuck off,” he shot back before punching his arm. “We should go on a double date sometime, maybe this summer if you hang around. Madison’s looking for other WAGs to gossip with.”

Ilya smiled sadly, knowing that was terribly unlikely to occur. “Maybe.”

They were quiet for a few minutes, the rest of the team chattering as boarding started. Ilya’s phone pinged, buzzing in his pocket. His heart beat a little faster, nervous that he had said too much to Shane’s father. However, when he opened up the phone, he saw that *Jane* had sent a photo to him.

It was a picture of Shane, passed out, looking unbelievably precious all wrapped up in hospital blankets. Ilya immediately zoomed into Shane’s face, staring at his flushed cheeks all smushed-up to the side, his perfect little freckles dotting the skin there. His heart clenched and he wanted to scream. He wasn’t lying to Cliff when he said that he hated leaving his *Montreal Girl*. And it seemed to be getting harder and harder. He was fucking ruined for anyone else. He had known this fact for a while now.

Another text popped up from Jane, reading, “*Shane is cleared for discharge tomorrow morning. I thought I should let you know, since he won’t be on his phone for a while. He’s going to be alright. Take care. -David Hollander.*”

Ilya’s lip caught between his teeth and he looked around, making sure no one was seeing this exchange on his phone. He didn’t want to give David a reason to go looking through more texts than he probably already did, but it didn’t feel right to not reply. So, he hastily typed out, “*Good. Thank you,*” before shoving his phone back into his pocket.

Blinking rapidly, Ilya slid his headphones over his ears again and wrung his fingers on his lap after throwing his carry-ons in the overhead bin. His relief made him feel nauseous, made him feel like nothing can ever happen to Shane again, or else his heart might actually break. He squeezed his eyes shut, thinking about the last look he got of the other man as he left his hospital room. The memory of Shane's faux-seriousness made Ilya huff a small laugh to himself. Of course, he loved Shane, but Ilya *liked him* so much, too. He liked his voice, his laugh, his personality, his nagging... Everything.

Deep into an internal monologue regarding Ilya's favorite things about Shane to pass the time on the flight, Ilya caught himself and opened his eyes in resignation. *Yeah*, he thought idly. *I'm going to the cottage.*

End Notes

Ty for reading, if you got all the way down here!

I hope you enjoyed this one! It's kind of random, but that scene in the show was one of my favs, so I wanted to riff off it a little!

Thanks to everyone who read my first one that I posted yesterday! I'll be posting the second part of it soon (: Also I didn't know Rich Text was a thing, so sorry for the lack of emphasis and all that on the first one! This one has all of those little things in there!

Much love! xo

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!