

The Life and Times of Nurse Anne

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The Life and Times of Nurse Anne

by [my_castlescrumbling](#)

Summary

You can't tell me that Shane didn't reveal a little too much about Ilya while he was in the hospital during E5...here's my take on it.

Notes

Just some fun crack-adjacent stuff for what I'm sure has been written a billion times! I might add more of Nurse Anne's adventures if I'm inspired. This isn't even edited so don't judge too harshly. Also I'm not a nurse, my SIL is, so...if anything nurse-like is off....no it isn't.

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

Being a nurse had never been an uneventful career. Though things had quieted down a bit since Anne had switched from the Emergency Unit to the Observation Floor, and she was now able to sit for more than ten seconds at a time, working in medicine was the type of job that always resulted in crazy stories and haunting memories. This evening, however, was even more memorable than most.

When Anne was told that Shane Hollander, star of the Montreal Metros, would be treated in her unit, she couldn't deny that she'd felt a little leap of excitement in her heart that'd made her question her own heartrate. Though their hospital, which was known for its first-class care, frequently got NHL patients, this would be the first time she was assigned to one, and she had to admit that she'd always been a fan of Hollander's. She knew it might not be the *most* ethical, but she couldn't wait to brag about this to her husband when she got home later. He *adored* Hollander, and she knew he would die at the thought of Anne having a conversation with the man, even if it was while he was concussed and zonked on pain meds.

At first, though, taking care of Shane Hollander was rather...boring. He was like any other patient: a bit fucked up on the meds, embarrassed about the necessity of needing help to get out of bed to go to the bathroom, and a bit overwhelmed by the constant need to check his vitals. What hit Anne was that he was more appreciative than most—even when he was disgruntled by being bothered for yet another BP check, he always thanked her and gave her a smile. His parents seemed...well, they cared, that was for sure, and she'd dealt with overly-protective parents before, so that wasn't new, either.

The surprising thing happened at the *end* of her overnight shift, as she went to take Shane's vitals for the final time only to find him in bed talking to a visitor who was *not* his parents.

It took all of her professionalism to not curse in surprise and drop her clipboard, because *what the fuck?* What was Ilya Rozanov, complete asshole and Shane's fucking *rival*, doing standing at his bedside? Oh my god...Were they...secretly friends? Was the rivalry all for PR? Or was Rozanov apologizing for Shane's injury? If so, that was very sportmanlike, it made her respect him a bit more.

Damn, *now* she had a story to tell her husband.

Bustling into the room like she wasn't about to scream with giddy delight, she pushed her expression into a vague smile and walked towards Shane, ignoring the way Rozanov stepped back quickly. "Uh-oh," she teased, trying to keep things light, even as her brain whirled at a million miles an hour. "You're not trying to smother him with a pillow, are you, Mr. Rozanov?"

The other man gave her a shaky smile. "I was...just leaving, actually."

"Thank you for coming," Shane said, slurring a little. "I appreciate it."

"Get well soon, Hollander," Rozanov muttered, fleeing the room.

Anne stared after him for only a second, completely dumbfounded. It didn't *seem* like they were friends. Maybe she was reading too far into things. Maybe Rozanov *was* just being, against all odds, a decent human, and checking on a fellow player. She turned back to her patient, still satisfied with her story, only to see Shane's face full of wistful sadness, which struck her as very odd.

"You okay, Mr. Hollander?" she asked, scribbling down various numbers from the monitors. "No pain, I hope?" It was time to re-administer the man's pain medication, so she did, allowing more of it into the IV, and smiling a bit as Shane's face relaxed a little with the drugs.

"Hm..." he hummed dreamily, eyes dazed. "Jus' gonna miss him, tha's all."

Anne paused from writing down the dose she'd just given Shane. "You'll miss..." She shouldn't ask, she really shouldn't... "Who?"

A dopey grin. "Ilya." And then, a long-suffering, almost *pinning* sigh.

She couldn't stop her mouth from falling open, but luckily Shane seemed too distracted to notice. Clearing her throat and snapping her jaw back together, she busied herself pretending to straighten the man's sheet while she tried not to scream. Who called their rival by their *first name*? "Mr. Rozanov? It was nice of him to visit you, what with your...tumultuous relationship. Very good sportsmanship." It was a safe comment. Unassuming. Part of her hoped it would shut down the conversation, while another part of her was dying for more info.

Shane snorted loudly, almost making Anne laugh as well if he hadn't startled her so much. "*Sportsmanship*. Don' know if any of this's very good *sportsmanship*. Fuck, but it's so...you ever just not *cared*? Like you care s'much about s'much, but it doesn' matter, y'know? Because that thing matters the most but you can' say it matters because they won't say it matters?" His eyes were wide as he looked desperately to Anne for approval.

All she could do was nod confusedly, not completely sure what he was saying, but starting to get the *very* shocking gist. Holy shit, she loved her job.

He broke into a smile. "Wanna know a secret?" His face was alight with humor, his eyes glazed and his cheeks pink. He looked like he was about five seconds from passing out, and Anne *knew* she should leave, end her shift, and let Shane do so. But damn....she loved a good secret.

"What?" she asked, lips quirking upward as she watched him grin hugely, like a child on Christmas morning.

"*Nine inches*. S'how big he is," Shane whispered, eyes big as he smiled wildly. "Fuckin' huge, right?"

Professionalism be damned. "Ilya Rozanov's dick is *nine inches*?" she demanded, stepping closer, completely forgetting where she was or who she was talking to. "God, that's—"

“And it feels so....fucking...good...” Shane moaned, eyes rolling back in his head as he smiled blissfully.

Now Anne couldn't help but laugh. “I bet,” she muttered honestly. Damn, hockey players really had insane lives, didn't they? How many other NHL players were secretly fucking people on opposing teams? God, watching games was going to be so much more fun, now, imagining this. “Hey—”

But the doorknob rattled, announcing Shane's mother's return.

“Mom!” Shane slurred, beaming toward his mom. “This nurse and I were just talking about Ilya's c—”

All of a sudden, Anne found her professionalism again, realizing that there was a good chance Mrs. Hollander didn't know about Shane's...whatever...with Rozanov, not judging by the way she'd talked about him last time Anne had stepped in to do vitals. “Yes!” she interrupted, shooting Shane a look. “Uh, yes, Mr. Rozanov came by to wish Mr. Hollander well, we were talking about how...uncharacteristically kind that was!”

Shane nearly pouted, but she gave him another, stricter look. His face then morphed into one of dawning realization, like he'd just figured out where he was and who he was talking to. “Oh...uh...yes. Weird of him,” he muttered, face red.

“That *is* weird,” Mrs. Hollander commented, narrowing her eyes. “He's probably feeling guilty. Knows he's next, after the shit his team pulled.”

“Well, I'm off, the next nurse has started her shift! Mr. Hollander, it was a pleasure to treat you, and, um, please rest assured that confidentiality is a priority here at our hospital, so you can continue to focus on your care,” Anne said awkwardly, trying to reassure Shane without using exact words.

Shane smiled, clearly thankful. “Thank you.”

She nodded. “Have a good day.”

Of course, in her opinion, a secret *she* knew was also a secret her husband knew...and *damn*, she had a lot to share when she got home.

End Notes

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