

The One Where Scott Helps Shane

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The One Where Scott Helps Shane

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Summary

Basically Scott Hunter finds Shane Hollander slumped over at a hotel bar with a migraine and helps him because he's a nice guy. Featuring Ilya Rozanov bossing Scott around via phone call.

Notes

I'm probably gonna write a ton more like this because I love Shane Hollander whump and I love Ilya being soft for him.

It had been a long couple of days for Scott Hunter and he was beyond tired. Not only had he and the team had some grueling schedules and practices this week, one of their best players was out with a knee injury. But...somehow they still won tonight against Montreal. Both teams gave it their all but at the last minute The Admirals were able to bring it home.

Which is how Scott found himself going out for dinner and drinks with the team after the game to celebrate. He doesn't always go out after a win like a lot of the guys, but after this week, he couldn't say no to the team.

Scott had only had two beers, which was nothing for him. He was too excited to get back to his hotel room and call Kip. He missed him so much and couldn't wait to get home in a few days and do nothing but lie in bed with his man.

He had only made it a few steps inside the lobby of the hotel when a man he recognized from the front desk approached him.

"Ah, Mr. Hunter, perfect timing," he said. "We're trying to close the bar and restaurant in the hotel for the night but one of your teammates is in a bit of...distress...and we can't get him to leave."

The man was turned toward where the hotel restaurant and bar was and Scott followed his line of sight. "My...teammate-?" Scott started to ask, stopping mid-sentence, finally spotting the figure sitting at the bar slumped over.

Whoever it was was sitting with his head down on top of the bar and two hotel staff members were on either side of him, trying to talk to him. The man groaned and swatted at them. "Please stop touching me. Leave me alone," he said to the staff.

Scott started walking towards the bar, mentally going through which of his guys wasn't with them at dinner and who would be at the bar in the hotel right now. The only guys he could come up with were Marshall and Williams who both had to leave right after the game for family stuff. Scott craned his neck as he got closer, trying to figure out who this was. As soon as he was close enough, the two staff members got out of his way and stepped aside. Scott looked down at the body slumped over in front of him and tilted his head in confusion.

"Hollander?"

Yep. It was definitely Shane Hollander. He'd made no sound or movement as Scott had said his name so Scott wasn't even sure he'd heard him. He did a quick scan of the area, trying to assess if Hollander was drunk, but he only saw a can of Ginger Ale with a straw in it sitting in front of him. He'd never known Hollander to be a much of drinker so this was out of the ordinary for him. Scott had never seen him like this. They'd had their share of words with each other on and off the ice in the years past but were ok now. In fact, after Scott publicly came out with Kip a few years ago, Hollander and Rosanov made it known that they'd also been together and the four of them had even kind of double-dated two or three times.

He stepped closer and sat down on a stool beside Hollander and reached a hand forward to touch his shoulder but then stopped, remembering that Hollander had a thing about being touched. He didn't know a ton about it, but over the years he'd learned that Hollander was autistic and apparently got overwhelmed and overstimulated if a lot of people tried to put their hands on him at once. He'd seen it when Hollander had gotten injured on the ice when his team had played Boston, his coach having to push any unnecessary people away from him because he was freaking out.

He'd also seen it in person when Hollander's boyfriend, Ilya Rozanov, would fight or bicker with players for putting their hands unnecessarily on him, going into protective boyfriend mode.

So, instead, he leaned forward, trying to get a look at Hollander's face, remembering how he'd seen Rozanov approach him if he was overwhelmed, always announcing his presence and asking if he could touch him, or at least telling him he was going to so as not to startle him. "Hollander," he tried again. Hollander only groaned. "Shane, hey, can you sit up? It's Hunter," he said, trying for the man's first name.

Hollander didn't budge. "Shane, I'm going to touch you, ok?" When Shane only grunted, Scott took it as an ok and put one hand on Shane's right shoulder and the other hand under his chest, lifting him to sit up.

Shane was dead weight but Scott was able to move him easily enough. His eyes remained closed and he groaned at the movement, not happy about being disturbed. "Hey, what's going on, bud? Talk to me," Scott said softly, still holding Shane up.

Shane made a quiet whimpering sound and looked as if he was really struggling to hold his head up. He shrugged out of Scott's hold and laid his head back down. "My head," he murmured. Scott had to lean in closer to hear him. "Migraine. I get episodes like this sometimes. Takes me out, I can hardly move. Haven't had one like this in awhile.

"Ok, why don't we get you back to your room?" Scott suggested. "Where's your buddy Pike? Don't you two room together sometimes?"

Shane groaned again, scrunching his face up. "Mmm, I can't, everything's too bright and loud. Don't feel good. Feel like I'm gonna be sick," he murmured against his arms. "Pike had to go home, one of his kids is sick." Scott's first instinct was to let go of the man and back up, but honestly he'd seen a lot of stuff in his years of being team captain, and frankly, this wouldn't be the first time he'd be puked on if it happened, so he stayed put.

Scott noticed Shane wouldn't open his eyes. He looked back to where the two staff members were standing off to the side. "Hey, can we kill these lights? Or at least dim them down?" he asked. One of the staff nodded and went behind the bar and turned the lights off. The only light now was coming off to the side from the lobby hallway. Shane sighed in relief at the darkness, going even more slack. Scott didn't know a lot about migraines so he was out of his element here. He remembered the can of Ginger Ale in front of Shane and grabbed it, holding it up to his lips.

“I take it this is yours?” he asked. Shane cocked one eye open, squinting, and nodded. “Got nauseous in my room and came down to get one to see if it would help.” He let Scott give him a sip, pulling it away so he wouldn’t take too much.

“So do you get these often, or what triggered it?” Scott asked.

“Since my last concussion I get them more frequently, but I didn’t sleep much last night and that’s usually one of my triggers,” he said quietly.

“Alright, buddy, what’s your room number?” Scott asked. “1410,” Shane said quietly. “You have your key with you?” Scott asked. Shane nodded. “Pocket,” he said.

“Ok, I’m gonna get it,” Scott said. Scott used one hand to help hold Shane up and with his other patted Shane’s pockets, feeling his wallet in the left one. He carefully pulled it out and opened it, finding the key right away and pulling it out before putting Shane’s wallet back in his pants pocket.

He put the key into his own pocket and then stood up. “Ok, let’s get you back to your room. Can you stand?” Shane nodded and let himself be helped by Scott to stand up but instantly swayed on his feet. He grabbed onto Scott’s forearms at the same time that Scott steadied him with a hand around his waist.

He couldn’t help but think that Rozanov would probably be foaming at the mouth right now, barking at him to get his hands off of his property. He’d seen him do it a thousand times to others. Of course, this wasn’t THAT kind of touching, he had no interest in Shane Hollander sexually, but still. He knew how possessive Rosanov was about Shane. Rosanov was a vicious beast on the ice and for the cameras, but Scott had seen them in quiet moments in locker rooms or hallways when they thought nobody was looking. Rosanov was soft and tender with Shane, like a completely different person when it was just the two of them.

Without a second thought, Scott picked Shane up bridal style, shushing him when he protested. “I’m just taking you back to your room, Shane, you can’t even stand up on your own.”

The man from the front desk followed behind Scott. “Do you need any assistance, Mr. Hunter? Should I call an ambulance?” he asked.

“No, no need for that, but thank you. I just need to get him back to his room,” Scott said, heading towards the elevator with Shane. “I can handle it from here, thanks for letting me know.”

Scott got into the elevator after the man insisted on at least helping him with the door. Shane Hollander wasn’t a big man to him, maybe only 5’10 Scott guessed, and wasn’t that heavy so he was able to carry him with ease.

Once in Shane’s room, Scott carefully laid him down on the bed closest to the window. Shane immediately curled himself up into a ball and grabbed a pillow, putting it over his head. Scott cursed under his breath and went to the window, opening the blinds just a crack to get a little light in the room so he could see to get around, and then shut off all the lights, leaving just

the bathroom one on and closing the door so that it was just a sliver of light. What little he did know about migraines was that they could cause light and sound sensitivity, which Shane seemed to absolutely have at the moment.

He went back to Shane and took his shoes off of him and tossed them aside. Scott stood there for a few moments, unsure what to do now. Should he just leave him? A buzzing noise took him out of his thoughts. He instinctively patted his own pockets for his phone, pulling it out and seeing no messages.

“Shit,” he said. “Shane, I’m gonna reach into your pocket and get your phone, ok?”

Shane grunted from under the pillow and started rocking himself back and forth. Scott located Shane’s phone and pulled it out. The screen was full of texts and calls from Rozanov that Shane had apparently ignored. He knew Rozanov had had his own game tonight and was traveling as well.

Scott swiped up to unlock the screen and got the prompt for a passcode. Of course. He saw it was only 4 digits and his brain started trying to figure out what it could be. He didn’t want to shove the phone in Shane’s face and force him to look at the screen when he was already miserable enough as it was. He had no idea what his or Rozanov’s birthday was to try to guess. He thought for another few moments before trying 2481, Shane and Rozanov’s jersey numbers. Wrong. Scott cursed under his breath, then tried reversing them, 8124, and heard the screen unlock. Fuck, that was easy, he thought.

He clicked on the call log and hit the button to call Rozanov. He picked up on the second ring.

“Ah, there you are, my love,” Rozanov said softly, in a voice that Scott had never heard him speak in before and must be reserved just for Shane. “You ignoring me, hm? Are you grumpy because you lost tonight?”

“Rozanov, it’s Hunter,” Scott cut in before he could say anything else. There was silence on the other end for a few beats before Rozanov spoke again. “Hunter? Why the fuck do you have Shane’s phone? Where is he?” he asked, voice rough and rising in tone.

“He’s right here, but he’s in rough shape. I found him down in the hotel bar all slumped over. I thought he was drunk but he says he just has a migraine. I had to help him back to his room because he couldn’t walk,” Scott explained.

Rozanov cursed and said something in Russian. “Is he ok?”

“I mean, he’s completely debilitated at the moment, nauseous, dizzy, he’s got sound and light sensitivity. What the hell am I supposed to do with him? Do I need to call someone? His coach or something?”

“I can let coach know,” Rozanov said. “Nothing he can do though. Did you make the room dark for him?” he asked.

“Yeah, he was drinking Ginger Ale at the bar when I found him because he was nauseous, should I get him more of that?” Scott asked.

“Da, call room service. He might have water in fridge, though.”

“Ok, hold on a minute.” Scott puts Shane’s phone down and goes to the phone in the hotel room and calls to order a few cans of Ginger Ale. “Ok, done,” he tells Rozanov, going to the fridge and finding a bottle of water for Shane.

“Go find his luggage. He has little black bag somewhere in there, or maybe on sink in bathroom. Open it and look for pill bottle that has funny sounding name that starts with R. Riz something.”

Scott curses under his breath but starts looking around the room for Shane’s luggage. Once he finds it he opens it and looks around but doesn’t see the little black bag Rozanov is talking about. He goes to the bathroom and pushes the door open, seeing the bag on the sink. He opens it and looks around until he finds a pill bottle at the bottom and takes it out, examining it.

“Rizatriptan?” Scott asks out loud, sounding the word out slowly.

“Da, that’s it,” Rozanov confirms. “Make him take one, small sips of water. Don’t let him try to get up once he’s taken it. Makes him dizzy and will knock him out, makes him sleepy.”

Scott did not have babysitting Shane Hollander on his schedule for tonight. He needed to call Kip. He put the pill bottle in his pocket and then took out his phone and shot him a quick text, explaining, and that he’d call him as soon as he could.

Scott pulled at the pillow Shane was holding over his head, trying to remove it. Shane groaned loudly in protest. Rozanov said something that sounded angry in Russian. “I’m calling you on FaceTime, Hunter, I need to see him. I can help,” he said.

Scott looked down at the screen to see that the call had changed to FaceTime and he connected it. He set the phone down, propping it up on the night stand next to the bed. “Shane, I’m here,” Rozanov said softly. Shane groaned again and started rocking back and forth. “Shh, I know, I know. Hunter has your pill, Shane. You need to take it.”

“Ilya..” Shane whimpered.

“I’m right here, my love,” Rozanov said. “Ilya, it hurts,” Shane said, his voice cracking. Scott felt like he was intruding on an intimate moment and felt like he shouldn’t be here. He’d never seen Hollander so vulnerable.

“Shh, I know it does. Pill will help. Will make you sleep it off,” Rozanov said softly. Scott thought Rozanov looked like he would light the world on fire if he could, if it meant taking Shane’s pain away. It looked like it was killing him to not be able to touch or hold him right now and comfort him.

There was a knock at the door and Scott excused himself to go get it. A woman smiled and handed him 3 cans of Ginger Ale. Scott brought them over and set them on the night stand.

“Ok, Shane, I’m gonna sit you up a little bit so you can take your pill, ok?” Scott said.

Shane only grunted in response. Scott reached for Shane but he was in an awkward position, all curled up and in a fetal position. He tried to straighten him out a bit and then put one hand under his neck and the other hand on his lower back, trying to shift him. Shane was smaller than him and Scott could maneuver him pretty easily, but he was tensing up and fighting against him a bit.

He moved a hand down to Shane’s waist to try to adjust him more, but as soon as he did he was startled by Rozanov’s voice on the phone, who practically sounded like he was growling. “Watch your hand, Hunter, is too low,” Rozanov barked at him.

Scott glared at the phone but held his hand up in surrender. “Do you want me to help him or not, Rozanov? I have to be able to touch him,” he said.

Rozanov sighed and ran his fingers through his hair roughly. Scott went back to what he was doing, slowly sitting Shane upright as best as he could. Every time his hands got anywhere near Shane’s waist, though, Rozanov would tell him to watch his hands. Scott sighed, but finally got Shane up as good as he was going to get him. The hard part now, though, was that Shane was fighting against being upright, wanting to lie down, so Scott had to hold on to him with one hand while he fished the pill bottle out of his pocket with his other. All the while, Rozanov watched him like a hawk, still barking commands at him and telling him to move his hands higher anytime they got near Shane’s waist.

“Fuck, Rozanov, I know he’s yours, ok? I’m not trying to touch his dick or anything, would you just relax?” Scott exclaimed.

Shane winces at the sound of their raised voices. “Shit, sorry buddy. Your man is just being an overprotective asshole, but what else is new?” Scott pours one of the pills into his palm and then brings it to Shane’s mouth and makes him take it with some water.

He helps Shane lay back down, pulling the covers back for him and helping him get situated. Shane immediately grabs an extra pillow and puts it over his face. Scott sighs and has to fight to get it away from him. “Sorry, Hollander, I can’t let you suffocate yourself. Rozanov would bury me alive, probably.”

He hears Rozanov mutter something in Russian that sounds cocky, probably agreeing with him. Shane is curled up in a ball and rocking slowly. It’s hard for Scott to watch. He’s used to only seeing the man out on the ice being an absolute beast. Seeing him this vulnerable is kind of heartbreaking.

“I’m putting the phone by him, Rozanov, maybe you can talk to him and settle him down,” Scott says. He lays the phone off to the side by Shane’s head and Rozanov instantly starts talking to him in a low voice, trying to comfort him. He speaks in a mixture of Russian and English words. Scott tries to give them some privacy and walks over by the balcony window and texts Kip again.

They exchange a few messages while Rozanov continues to speak quietly to Shane. Whatever he's saying seems to help soothe Shane because he eventually stops rocking and seems to settle. He replies to Rozanov, all the while keeping his eyes closed so as not to look at the screen. Scott had dimmed the phone screen as much as he could. After a little while longer he notices Shane is completely still. He goes over to the bed and looks him over.

"He's asleep," he hears Rozanov say. Scott picks up the phone so he can see him.

"The medicine is very strong and always works quickly on him. Makes him sleep. He should be better in the morning," Rozanov says.

"Why didn't he take it sooner if he knew he was having a migraine?" Scott asks.

Rozanov sighs. "Because my boyfriend is stubborn and always thinks he can make it go away on his own without medicine. Also, he does not like how it makes him feel. He does not like how it makes him sleepy and dead to the world," he explains.

Scott chuckles. "I guess that makes sense," he says. "So what happens now? When does he leave to go home?"

"He has early afternoon flight tomorrow," Rozanov says. "1:15. Mine is earlier so I'll be home before him. I'll be picking him up to take him home. Can you stay with him tonight and make sure he's up in the morning and gets a ride to the airport? What time do you leave to go home?"

Scott stares at the other bed in the room. The last thing he wants to do is crash in Shane's room for the night but he's not really seeing any other option. He knows this isn't really his problem, but at the same time, the more he watches him sleep, curled up into a ball and vulnerable, the more he feels sorry for him. Plus, if Shane would happen to get up in the middle of the night Scott would feel like shit if he hurt himself stumbling around the room all dizzy in his drugged up state.

"My flight isn't until 2. I can stay here and make sure he's up and gets to the airport. Is he gonna be ok? He's out cold," Scott says, looking over at Shane.

"Yes, he'll be fine. He'll sleep like the dead for around 8 hours. The medicine always knocks him out, which is good for his head. Sleeps headache off. Thank you for staying with him. I don't like him being alone like this. Usually I am with him to help him. Is hard to see him like this and not be able to help him," Rozanov says.

Scott has never talked to Rozanov like this. All...serious. Their banter back and forth throughout the years is always playful and fun, so it's odd to be talking like this with him, about normal things that aren't hockey. He slips his shoes off and takes his hoodie off and tosses it onto the edge of the bed.

"Well, he's sound asleep and not whimpering anymore, so I don't think you have anything to worry about anymore. I'll keep an eye on him. I'm setting an alarm on my phone and I'll wake him up in the morning and get him on his way," Scott says.

“Thank you, Hunter. I will buy you beer next time I see you for sacrificing your night to help Shane and so he is not alone. I am happy you found him and not someone else,” Rozanov says sincerely. “Someone else might have just left him to suffer.”

Scott glances over at Shane, fast asleep and seemingly peaceful. “Don’t mention it, and I’m holding you to that. Ok, Rozanov. I’m going to sleep. I’m old and it’s past my bedtime,” he says.

Rozanov huffs a laugh. “Yes, it is, old man. Call me if you need anything, I’ll try to help. Keep your hands to yourself, Hunter.”

“Fuck off, Rozanov. Goodnight,” Scott says, and then ends the call. He gets comfortable and rolls over onto his side. He calls Kip and they talk quietly for a little bit, Scott explaining everything that happened.

“I’m glad you were able to be there to help him, Scott,” Kip says. “Shane is a nice kid and it sucks to see him like this. I’ve had migraines before and they are no joke. Sounds like his are worse than mine, though.”

“Definitely. I can’t wait to get home to you tomorrow,” Scott says. “I can’t wait for you to get home to me,” Kip says, and they both chuckle. “I also can’t believe you’re about to sleep in the same room as Shane Hollander. Bet you never thought that would happen.”

“Never. I feel like a glorified babysitter. I don’t think the kid has even twitched since he fell asleep. I keep looking to see if he’s still breathing,” Scott says.

They talk for a little while longer until they are both falling asleep. They end the call and Scott rolls back over to face where Shane is. Still out like a light.

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