

what if shane was just a little bit higher at the hospital?

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what if shane was just a little bit higher at the hospital?

by [moderndaydrifter](#)

Summary

Shane accidentally says too much while on painkillers after a nasty hit against Boston.

Notes

I wrote this and did not attempt to edit, but I know if I don't post it right away it's never making it out of the drafts. I'm not positive I won't expand on this scene but for now here ya go.

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

Shane had never felt so free in his entire existence. He knows something important was happening, but he just could not give less of a fuck right now. He feels floaty, like he's soaring. He's never felt like this before, but all he knows is he wants to feel it even *more*. He's never felt so good in his life.

Okay well, that was a lie, but not one Shane would like to think about too hard. There's only one other way he feels this good, this high and it's only when he is with *him*. He makes Shane feel! Feel so "so much and it's so good!" Shane hears his mom speaking in a place that seems far away from him at the moment, so he just ignores it and focuses on what makes him happy.

Hockey makes him happy. Winning makes him happy. Sex makes him happy. And all those lead back to his most happy thing: Ilya. Ilya makes him happy! Oh god would this be how being with Ilya for real would feel like? Floating on clouds of joy? Eternal sunshine and kisses? Comfort and pleasure to the highest degree?

He hopes so. He hopes he gets to find out.

Mm Ilya. Ilya. Ilya is "such a *pretty* name."

Shane loves the feeling of Ilya's name on his tongue. He loves the feeling of a lot of things that belong to Ilya on his tongue.

"Hehehe"

"Okay, well giggling is probably a sign the meds are kicking in," Yuna Hollander mutters to herself. After the most frightening few hours of her life, she's glad to be sitting beside her son's hospital bed as he makes himself laugh while singing to himself.

"*So pretty, pret-ty.*" Shane feels so good! He's so happy! He misses Ilya and his pretty name and his pretty face and his pretty dick. Mm Ilya. Ilya. Shane could say his name forever.

“Ilya. Ill-yaa. *Ilya*.”

Shane’s mother snaps her head up at the name, confused why Rozanov is plaguing her son’s mind at the moment. Well she was confused until he continued with his little song.

“*Pretty, pretty Ilya.*”

Yuna feels frozen in time as she hears her son call his arch rival *pretty* with the widest smile she’s ever seen from him. She didn’t really get what Shane was trying to say when he first mentioned a pretty name. Not in a million years did she think the said name would belong to Ilya Rozanov. Yes, the same Ilya Rozanov that Shane was supposed to despise for nearly a decade.

What the hell does this even mean? She always suspected Shane wasn’t 100% straight, but a crush on Ilya Rozanov? Her poor baby is going to get his heart crushed. Yuna presses a hand to her temple feeling the start of the inkling of a migraine. Who is she kidding? Shane is high as a kite, he probably is just saying bullshit. No need to take it so seriously, right?

She looks on as her son blissfully hums nonsense to himself, sinking to the meds he was given before inevitably passing out. God, this kid was going to be the death of her.

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When Shane finally woke up for the first time after being admitted, he immediately grabbed his mom’s hand to ask where Ilya was. So much for not taking it seriously.

“Honey, you were hurt in a game. We’re at the hospital. Are you-”

“But Ilya! Where is he?” Shane cuts off his mom with a whiney tone that she hasn’t heard in decades.

“Sweetheart, he isn’t here. He’s probably with his team or still at the game.”

She sighs as her son lets out a huff that would put bratty toddlers to shame. She could have guessed this is what he would be like on the pain meds considering his last serious injury left him in a similar state.

What she did not expect was for her son to burst into tears and become near inconsolable upon hearing that the Russian player was in fact not here. Yuna hadn’t seen him cry so hard since he was a kid. He was sobbing so much it took a few minutes for her to even make out what he was saying.

“Oh my god. Oh my god he saw! Gonna worry. He’s gonna be worried!” Shane is now crying less, but quickly making up for the lack of tears with utter panic. He grabs Yuna again before begging, “Please. Mom. Just tell him m’okay? He’s. He’ll be worried.”

He’s starting to slur his words more and Yuna can see that pout come back which means the tears will be making a repeat appearance shortly. She quickly hits the call button for a sedative before Shane can start to spiral again. Within what feels like seconds, a nurse is there to help.

What in the everloving fuck is happening? Nope. No time to freak out. If there’s one thing Yuna knows how to do it is damage control and if contacting *Ilya fucking Rozanov* is going to somehow help Shane then she guesses that what she’ll be doing.

Within minutes the room is quiet again. Just the rhythm of the heart monitor and the steady drip of the IV there to keep her company as her thoughts spiral trying to process what just happened.

Tucked above the Montreal skyline, Ilya Rozanov can be found chain smoking his way through his last pack of cigarettes. He knows Shane hates them, but the Russian couldn't care less right now. While the rest of his team has been out at a club celebrating the fact that they had an unforeseen night off due to the game cancellation, he's been furiously refreshing the pages at every main hockey news source.

It's been hours and still he has found nothing more than just that it happened. Absolutely nothing about all-star Shane Hollander who laid crumpled on the ice after a rough hit. Who was unresponsive for what felt like an eternity. Who was clearly incoherent when he finally did speak. Who was taken off the ice in a gurney. Who may not even be able to play again for all Ilya knows.

He takes another long drag, letting the smoke burn through him. Shane was at least alive and talking when they carried him out. So not life threatening, just maybe career ending was all.

"See? No big deal," He murmurs to himself as he snuffs out the cigarette.

Maybe it's not career ending, but just a bout of amnesia. Just a bad concussion that wipes all trace of Ilya from his life. Maybe that would be best for Shane at this point. Ilya would be heartbroken but what difference does it make? Shane would be okay and free from this life of secrecy that they would be doomed to live if this continues any longer.

Ilya slides down to lean his arms on the railing, head falling into his hands. Why now? Ilya had just come to terms with the fact that he was in love with Shane. He knows he can't have him. That it will only get worse for both of them the longer he lets this go on. Hell, he knows he has been in love with that man for far longer than he will admit- he should have ended it at the first time.

Ilya scoffs at himself. End it? Yeah, right. Like he could ever say no to those big, beautiful, teary eyes pleading at him for more.

And now those eyes may never look at him the same.

He paws his jacket for his pack again, willing the thought away. Ilya knows he's prone to pessimism in situations like this. The passing of his father bringin thought and feelings he thought he had kept locked away since his mother's passing were definitely not helping. Maybe Ilya is just destined to be alone. Maybe it is what he deserves.

As he begins to light his last cigarette, his phone shrieks in his hand. The number is unknown, but looking down at the screen Ilya feels he will regret it if he lets the call pass.

"Hello."

"Ilya Rozanov?" A soft feminine voice asks his name. Not one he can recall.

"Yes?"

He hears a deep breath on the other line and suddenly feels anxious.

"I'm not sure this will make much sense to you. It sure does not to me, but...I'm Yuna Hollander. My son asked me to contact you."

Ilya feels the air in his lungs be stolen before his eyes. Yuna Hollander. Her son asked to contact him. *Shane* asked to contact him. Shane was *awake*.

"Again, I'm not sure if it will mean anything to you, but he was very insistent on letting you know he is okay and that he will recover fine."

Ilya tries to speak, but words fail him. He has so many questions but he doesn't know what Shane has told them. What if this was just as a courtesy to a captain of the opposing team? It's not unheard of for a captain to check up on severely injured players of the opposing team if it happened at their game.

He clears his throat and tries to stay as neutral as possible.

“His injury?”

“Concussion and fractured collarbone, but besides that he’s all good. Just very high on painkillers at the moment.”

An anxious laugh bubbles its way out of Ilya’s chest at the news. The overwhelming sense of relief coupled with the thought of serious, put together, good boy Shane Hollander high as a kite is very funny. Ilya wishes more than anything that he could see it himself.

“Good. Good. Glad he is okay,” Ilya replies after getting his bearings, “He will stay in hospital for few days, Yes?”

“Yes. Just the next few days, although the doctor doesn’t see them needing to keep him long since there’s only so much they can do at this point...” Yuna’s voice trails off at the end, as if she is lost in her own thoughts.

Ilya is grateful for this call, scared to find out if Shane told his parents about their situation and the repercussions of it, but grateful to know the one he loves will recover fine. He assumes Yuna will hang up after delivering the news and begins to say his thanks as she speaks again.

“He probably wants you here. I- I’m still not sure what is going on, but he has been asking for you. I just feel like you should know that.”

Ilya feels so elated when he hears Shane was asking for him that he nearly misses the next, very important, sentence that comes.

“He’s in room 1224. There is still a bit of time before visitations are done for the day if, uh, you would like to come see him. He may not be the most coherent, but I think it maybe would make him happy.” Despite her words Yuna sounds a bit disbelieving, but Ilya doesn’t care. If he can confirm Shane is alive and well with his own eyes he may just be able to sleep tonight without being haunted by the memory of his body motionless on the ice.

“Da. Yes. I- I will go. I will come now.” Ilya is already flinging his balcony door open, rushing around the hotel to find his coat. It’s not until he has already flown out the door that he realizes he is still on the call, “Thank you.”

His brain is moving too fast for his mouth to properly convey the gratitude he feels, but this will have to do.

“Yes, well,” Yuna coughs, clearing her throat, “It seems...important to him for you to be there. So thank you for coming for him.”

End Notes

Thanks for indulging me during this wonderful time of heated rivalry induced psychosis.

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