Fire Alarm! Red Alert!

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Fire Alarm! Red Alert!

by frizzyanya

Summary

There's a fire alarm in the middle of the night in Shane's building and the power's out! He grabs a hoodie and runs outside to join the crowd...only it's the wrong hoodie.

Or, Shane runs outside in a Boston Raiders hoodie and has to figure out what the fallout's going to be.

Notes

This was very silly but very fun to write.

This was the 12th fic I wrote and finally the first with Shane POV! See end notes for more.

See the end of the work for more notes

Spring 2018

Shane startled awake and sat bolt upright in the darkness.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

The fire alarm was going off in his building. He'd never heard it go off before. It was loud.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

He reached over to flick the light on, and…nothing. The clock was also off. The power was out then.

Was something really wrong? There weren't drills in the middle of the night.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

As the alarm blared, he tried to think through the haze of waking up.

He had to grab his passport and his wallet. What else? He felt frantic.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

He wondered if he should grab something sentimental, but he could hear shouting, both outside of the building and in the hallway on his floor. There was no time.

He threw on a random hoodie from his closet. In the darkness, he couldn't see anything, but he hoped it would be warm enough for the June evening.

Once he had the hoodie on and was warmer, he felt calmer. He could handle this.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

Was the building on fire?

He glanced out the window and saw no sign of fire or smoke, so that had to be good.

He sniffed the air, but before he could feel calmed by the lack of odor, he heard a siren coming down the street and bolted for the door.

WEE-OO-WEE-OO

The elevators were out of order, so he joined what felt like five thousand people walking down the stairwell in a mostly orderly fashion. There was no chance of running here.

The sound of the alarm echoed loudly through the staircase along with a cacophony of footsteps and a handful of children crying. There were almost no voices speaking.

Move. Keep going. Don't stop. Five more floors.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP

Luckily Shane didn't live in the penthouse of his building, so he didn't have to make it down nine extra floors.

And then fresh air blasted from the exit to the stairwell.

Shane practically fell forward in the crush of the crowd.

No one even noticed him.

WEE-OO-WEE-OO

There were voices shouting, and he could see two bright red fire engines and a swarm of firefighters in tan suits with yellow helmets. Didn't firefighters wear blue?

Both fire trucks had bright lights set up which illuminated the crowd.

Shane fell back, off to the side, to stay out of the way.

He watched families huddled together, making sure that everyone was present, checking that they had what they needed.

He could see a woman trying to corral four bags worth of her possessions which kept spilling out around her, and felt glad he hadn't tried to bring much with him. Everything in there was replaceable.

There was no visible fire, no smoke, no odor, nothing to suggest that this was an emergency other than the fact that two firetrucks and about a hundred residents were in front of the building in the middle of the night.

Shane shot off a quick text to Ilya, though Ilya was probably asleep.

Fire alarm at 3am. Fun.

He sent a photo of the lit-up fire trucks with the crowd in front followed by some zzz emojis.

It was a pretty good photo, he thought, it really captured the scene.

He was a little cold, but since it didn't look like much was going on, maybe they could go back inside soon.

When he looked back towards the building, there were two girls staring at him and whispering to each other. Sisters, by the looks of it, both in their pajamas.

Just great. Were they going to come over and ask for a photo *now*?

But they didn't approach and ask, they just giggled together, which made Shane uncomfortable.

And then they snapped a photo from a distance, before whispering to each other more, hands in front of their mouths as they talked. About him, clearly.

Fantastic, just what he needed in the middle of the night. What was he even wearing?

He looked down, hoping to see a clean-

Oh. No.

He could feel his face go red in mortification as he turned around quickly to get out of their vision, but there were people behind him too. There were people everywhere.

And he was wearing Ilya's black and gold Boston Raiders hoodie.

Ilya had left it in Shane's apartment a few months ago. Shane had kept it so that Ilya would have a hoodie to wear when he was visiting. It wasn't really even Shane's, even though he'd kept it and had planned to continue keeping it, maybe forever. He only wore it when he missed having Ilya here. Which was rare. (Okay, maybe not that rare.)

He couldn't believe he hadn't realized that it was Ilya's, it even smelled like him. (Not that that was why Shane kept it and made him wear it when he was visiting or anything.)

He thought about taking it off and hiding it, but he'd freeze.

He considered taking it off, turning it inside out, and putting it back on.

He considered running all the way to the airport and catching a flight to Siberia and never being seen again.

No, that wasn't far enough, there might be hockey fans there.

Did YUL offer flights to the moon? He would pay any amount of money to get on one right now.

He thought about going to the parking garage and hiding in his car, but it was under the building and almost certainly blocked off by the firefighters.

Maybe he should just run back into the burning building. (Okay, it wasn't burning, but even if it were, that plan was tempting.)

He returned to the plan to turn the hoodie inside out, but really most people hadn't even noticed that there was a professional hockey player in their midst. It would almost definitely draw more attention to him to take it off in the middle of the very cold crowd.

He drew his arms across his chest and pretended it was to keep himself warm.

He managed to cover about 20% of the logo. Why did it have to be a black and gold one? Why couldn't he have had an unassuming heather gray one with a small classy logo over the breast pocket? Why did it have to be in your face, and with a logo that most of Montreal

could probably recognize, even if they weren't hockey fans? Why couldn't Ilya play for a team most people in Montreal couldn't recognize, like San Francisco?

But most people were either looking at their phones or their family members, and those who weren't were watching the firefighters milling about on the lawn.

Nobody was really looking at any other residents.

Okay, a third person noticed. But he didn't have a phone, and he just looked confused. He blinked his eyes hard a few times as though trying to figure out if Shane in black and gold was a mirage. Good, maybe he'd think it was all a dream when he woke up.

An excruciating 17 hours (6 minutes) later, Shane was able to go back inside. He wanted to fly up the stairs, but stayed at the pace of the crowd. Everyone's eyes were forward up the stairs, so no one's eyes were on him.

Back in his apartment, he pulled the hoodie off like it was on fire.

Maybe he should really light it on fire.

But the firefighters were here, they'd just put it out AND see what he was trying to burn.

So that was out.

He tried to call Ilya, but Ilya's phone was, of course, on silent. It was still only 3 in the morning.

What have I done.

Shane did not sleep any more that night.

The next morning, there was nothing.

Later in the afternoon, still nothing.

He finally called Ilya in the hours after Ilya's afternoon game and before Shane's night game.

"I fucked up," he said into the phone.

Ilya's face looked back at him with mild concern.

"Okay, tell me," he said.

It wasn't really that long ago that they'd started trying to communicate with each other, less than a year, and sometimes it was still hard.

Also, Shane wasn't a great communicator at the best of times.

"There was a fire alarm last night," he said. He could see that his eyes were red in his image on the phone. It was no wonder Ilya hadn't started with a joke.

“Yes, you said,” Ilya said.

Shane wanted to go on, he really did, but he kind of froze.

“Did you cause it?” Ilya eventually asked. “It was your fault?”

“No, nothing like that,” Shane said. He blew out a breath and brought his hand to his eyes. “The power was out so there were no lights, and I couldn’t see anything, *and I put on your fucking Boston Raiders hoodie and wore it outside last night*.”

A laugh burst out of Ilya, but only for the briefest moment before he schooled his expression to try to be supportive for Shane.

“Okay, so you wore the hoodie, so what?” Shane gave him a look. “It doesn’t have my number on it; it could be anyone’s.” Shane’s look intensified. “Maybe you have a hoodie for every team. You just really like the MLH. The world’s biggest fan.”

Shane couldn’t help it. He laughed.

“We could get you a New York Admirals hoodie by tomorrow. Scott Hunter would probably donate it to you. He is your biggest fan.”

“No he isn’t,” Shane argued, but he was smiling even as he said it, and he could tell exactly what Ilya was doing. But he let him keep doing it, because it was working.

“Or, new idea,” Ilya offered, “we convince all the players from all the teams to wear Boston hoodies at home. Secretly the whole league wishes they play for Boston!”

Shane shook his head.

“There’s at least one picture out there,” he said, sobering and unable to stay tethered to the joke.

“No one will know it means anything,” Ilya suggested. “Maybe they gave you hoodie when they scouted you.”

Shane thought back. He’d talked with Raiders scouts before he was drafted. He remembered getting a hat, but he might have gotten a hoodie too. He couldn’t remember.

“And I kept it for 9 years?” he asked, instead of acknowledging that the idea made sense.

“Okay, we deal with this when it’s time to deal with this,” Ilya said, “Where is the picture?”

Shane shrugged.

“I haven’t seen it anywhere online. I tried searching Twitter, but I couldn’t find it.”

“Okay,” Ilya said. He sat down and propped up his phone on the table next to him and opened his computer. Shane found his own laptop and did the same thing.

They searched for almost half an hour, and neither of them came up with anything.

There was nothing when it was time to go to bed that night.

And there was nothing the following morning.

But that evening, Shane's luck ran out.

Sort of.

The picture appeared on Reddit.

SHANE HOLLANDER IN A BOSTON RAIDERS HOODIE!!!!!!

But the comments did not go as the OP had expected.

It's not even a good photoshop

Faaaaaaake

Do not slander Shane Hollander like this.

Let it go, he's ours

The shadows on his face aren't right, seriously take a photoshop class if you're going to try to fake people out.

Hahahaha you could maybe pull off this joke with other players, but SHANE??? As if.

You wish.

Boston fans sink lower every day

The lighting in the photo doesn't match

You just wish you lived in his building

Boston will never not be jealous they didn't draft Shane with the first pick

Hahahaha loser

Try as the OP might, she couldn't convince anyone that it was real. It didn't matter that she told them that she wasn't a Boston fan, or that she lived in Montreal, or that she hadn't edited the photo. The lighting was weird because it was a poor-quality camera in weird firetruck lighting, but no one listened to that, either.

"I think it'll be okay," Ilya said as they watched OP get eviscerated and not one person believe her.

Shane finally believed it about a week later when no further photos surfaced. The girls seemed to have only taken the one, and no one believed it.

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March 2021

I FUCKING KNEW IT.

I TOLD ALL OF YOU HE HAD A BOSTON RAIDERS HOODIE.

I FUCKING TOLD YOU AND NO ONE BELIEVED ME.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I appreciate any kudos and comments, let me know what you thought!

If you give me prompts to write, I will write them! Find me on Tumblr @frizzyanya

All of my works for this fandom are on this account or in my pinned post on Tumblr. :)

I hope someone caught that when Shane put the hoodie on, it instantly calmed him down....because it smelled like Ilya, even though he didn't realize that at the time. My beloveds.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!