

Sex Concussion

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Sex Concussion

by [TorukaPalace](#)

Summary

Shane hits his head while having sex with Ilya. Hard. Unfortunately so hard that Ilya needs to figure out how to get Shane to a doctor.

OR

How Hayden Pike had the misfortune of finding how who Lily really is.

Notes

Ok i have never written anything outside my main fandom before. But i had this funny idea that the episode 5 concussion did not happen on the ice. It happened afterwards. In the bedroom. In boston for logistics purposes.

I know nothing of concussions I don't think they happen so quickly but. It was too funny an idea to not try and write something and that's how i stayed up until 1am writing this.

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

“Fuck I did not check calendar!” Ilya yelled to himself as he texted Svetlana. Svetlana's father had just made an unannounced surprise visit to Boston. In panic, she had texted Ilya immediately. Her father could not find out that her and her girlfriend lived together. Without hesitation, Ilya said her girlfriend could stay at his guest house for the duration of his visit.

When he checked the calendar however, he realised he read the schedule wrong. They did not have an away game to Montreal, they had a home game with Montreal. Meaning he desperately needed to have sex with Shane, but could not do it while Elena was staying at his house.

So instead, he did the logical thing and booked a room in the same hotel Montreal would be staying in. A throwback to before they started hooking up in their own houses.

Of course, he could always just tell Shane he wasn't up to it this trip. However, he knew he would not survive getting to compete with Shane on ice, without having mind blowing sex afterwards.

He was quite aware their situation was extremely fucked up. But each time he even thought about ending it, his heart panged. Unfortunately for him he had began falling in love with Shane, even if he could never admit that.

While warming up on the ice, he slowly made his way over to the center line. He made eye contact with Shane, telepathically asking him to skate by.

Shane got the hint, skating over and then going to the benches as if he was searching for something.

“Is throwback Thursday. Sex in hotel. Fun!” Ilya whispered just loud enough for Shane to hear him.

“Text me the number” Shane responded. He took off his skate, making a show of hitting it against the sideboards as he saw Hayden skate up to be near them.

“Fuck off Rozanov” Hayden announced loudly as he got closer.

“Oh? You want to get me pregnant as well? I think you gave enough child already Pike” Ilya quipped back, skating away back to his team.

Hayden rolled his eyes at that comment before returning his focus to Shane. “Was he bothering you?”

“No, just got rock or something in my skate” Shane answered, tying his skates back up as he watched Rozanov begin yelling at his teammates. “Jeez, what an asshole”

“Tell me about it. I don't have too many kids!” Hayden responded.

“No, you definitely have too many kids” Shane laughed before getting back on the ice. “But we'll fucking beat them tonight, right!”

“Right!” Hayden agreed.

Shane pulled his baseball cap low over his eyes as he exited the room. Technically getting caught heading to a different floor of the hotel he was staying at wasn't the worst thing in the world. But this entire arrangement made him anxious. He wasn't sure which was worse: having to sneak around, or the knowledge that he had most definitely developed real feelings for Ilya.

It was terrifying, each time they saw each other his heart would race in double time. He blushed whenever Ilya sent him one of his dumb sext jokes, or whenever he noticed that Ilya always had ginger ale stocked up for him. Likewise, he always made sure that he had a fully stocked fridge of coke.

He knocked on the door in the text message, and was greeted by Ilya already in a black tank top and grey sweat pants. Immediately Shane's heart swelled. As soon as the door closed behind him he jumped onto Ilya. Desperately kissing him, it had been so long since they were last together.

Clothes were being discarded everywhere, by the time they reached the bed they were already both naked. Ilya needed this desperately. With Elena in his guest house staying with him, he hadn't even hookup with someone who wasn't his archrival. He was always desperate whenever he hadn't seen Shane in more than a few weeks, but even more so given he hadn't been with anyone else since he last saw Shane.

Pinning the smaller man onto the bed, Ilya immediately began kissing down Shane's neck. One hand was rested on Shane's chest, playing with his nipples as he kissed lower down Shane's abdomen. He could tell by the way Shane was breathing heavily how desperate he was. And Ilya was desperate too, but not so desperate he couldn't make Shane wait a bit.

Ilya skipped over Shane's already erect cock, opting instead to nip in between his thighs. Biting them gently and then licking at them, he continued to do this on both legs until Shane was begging.

Still with one hand on Shane's chest, Ilya gently without warning took one of Shane's balls in his mouth and sucked lightly. Shane swore loudly, thrusting his hips upward slightly in response. Ilya loved this effect he had on Shane, smirking to himself as he moved from sucking his balls to sucking his cock.

Shane grabbed at Ilya's hair, pulling gently as pleasure coursed through his body. Each touch felt like fire, he didn't know how long he would last tonight. He was already feeling dangerously close when Ilya took all of him in his mouth. His hands automatically moved from Ilya's head to gripping the bedsheets instead, trying to use his mind power to prevent himself from finishing.

Ilya stopped briefly, just long enough to grab the bottle of lubricant from the side table. Shane sighed at the loss of contact, and Ilya immediately went back to sucking his tip lightly while also working Shane open with his fingers.

“I’m-“ Shane choked out while Ilya was fingering him. He was so dangerously close to finishing, he bit his lip so harshly that it bled slightly. He watched as Ilya chuckled a bit, before giving him a quick kiss and removing his fingers.

Ilya knew exactly what he was doing. It had become a bit of a competition in his mind. How close could he get Shane to orgasm without actually making him orgasm? He could tell the answer today was “extreeeemly close”. Any second longer and he knew Shane would be gone. Putting the condom on, he then slowly lubed himself up while Shane calmed down a bit.

“I swear if you do not fuck me right now-“ Shane was now impatient with how long Ilya was taking.

“Relaaaaax Shane, will fuck you. I promise” Ilya murmured, lining himself up with Shane's ass. Slowly, he pushed in, one hand stroking Shane's face as his mouth parted. Ilya rested his forehead against Shane's, both of them already sweaty. He gave Shane another kiss before beginning to thrust.

Shane pushed his head back into the bedframe. Heat took over his body as Ilya grabbed his chest, and was breathing heavily into his ear. Their faces were close together, Shane could feel drips of sweat falling off of Ilya. He screamed out whenever Ilya hit his prostate, and could feel the tickle of laughter in his ear as Ilya laughed each time.

Everything was overpowering him. The pinching of his nipples, Ilya's scent around the room, the vision of Ilya hovering above him, the loud sound of Ilya's balls hitting him. Shane lost himself in Ilya completely.

“fuck! So good Shane” Ilya murmured into his ear.

The sound echoed loudly as Shane began climaxing. He was so close he could see it. He knew Ilya could sense it too. Now aiming straight for his prostate with each thrust, pushing harder and harder into them as they both aimed to finish together.

With a loud cuss word, Shane threw his head back at the same time Ilya gave an incredibly hard final thrust into him.

BANG.

The sound startled Ilya, the shifting upwards of Shane's body, followed by a loud whack on the headboard. Shit. Not even caring about cleaning up or taking off the condom, he reached out to Shane. “Are you ok?”

Shane opened his eyes briefly. Two versions of Ilya danced before him before he regained focus. His head was throbbing, and he was momentarily discombobulated. “Yea I'm fine”

“Are you sure?” there was panic in Ilya's voice. He was a hockey player, he knew the dangers of whacking your head that hard. On or off the ice. “how many fingers?”

Shane stared at the two fingers in front of him. Ilya was most definitely overreacting but it still took him a moment to answer. “two”

“Ok, just making sure” Ilya responded. He sat up beside Shane, wondering whether it was even safe to leave him alone right now. Kissing the spot on Shane’s head, he contemplated them staying here tonight. Was Shane really going to disclose to Hayden he hit his head so hard during sex he needed supervision? Probably not.

“I’m fine. I’m fine. I promise, ok?” Shane reassured Ilya who seemed more concerned than he was. He was just temporarily a bit confused, he’d be fine. He sat up straight on the bed, giving himself a moment to readjust before heading to the bathroom.

Except as soon as he stood up, Ilya witnessed Shane immediately stumbling onto the floor. FUCK. This was bad. Shane needed medical attention. How the hell was he going to get Shane to a medic.

He sat on the floor beside Shane, urging him to just stay down. They were both absolutely covered in cum, but Ilya knew Shane had to be checked out. And he didn’t want to be seen carrying Shane to a medical office.

“Shane where’s your phone?” Ilya asked, looking around the room while he tried to figure out who he was going to call.

911? It didn’t seem that serious.

The Montreal team medic? Ilya had no idea who that was.

The Boston team medic? He’d rather not have to explain that one.

“Who should I call Shane?” Ilya asked in a panicked voice. Shane’s eyes were fluttering closed as he stared up at Ilya. Ilya stared at the phone. He attempted to hold the phone up to Shane’s face for face id, but Shane kept closing his eyes every time the light shone in his eyes.

Ok great, Ilya mumbled, taking a guess at the passcode. He figured he may as well start with the passcode to Shane’s front door. “Wow, you have bad password. Should really fix that”

“I’m fine, I’m fine I promise” Shane tried to reassure Ilya. Except as he tried to get up onto his arms, the dizziness and pounding in his hands took over. He flopped back down onto the floor with a groan.

“Jesus Christ Hollander, just stay still. Am calling annoying roommate of yours” Ilya responded, one arm on Shane’s chest, preventing him from getting up. The other arm held Shane’s phone, ringing while he waited for Hayden to pick up. He hoped he didn’t have to hear Hayden’s awful voicemail message. He gave a reassuring smile down to Shane, but Ilya was panicked.

“Having fun with Lily?” Hayden answered the phone with.

Ilya immediately pressed the hang up button. Hayden knew about Lily.

“I’m fine you’re overreacting I promise” Shane mumbled, looking up at Ilya. Sure, his head hurt, and he would definitely bring this up to the doctor at practice, but this was all a bit much.

Ilya heard the way Shane’s words were coming out mumbled and sighed. Shane had a new text from Hayden, and Ilya knew they were going to have to get help. Manning up, he texted Hayden back.

Room 1906. Please come. Is emergency.

Ilya saw another message from Hayden, asking what was up, followed by “ok I’ll be right there”

And this is when Ilya realised they were both still naked covered in cum. Quickly he ran to grab a face cloth, wiping them both off in record time. Picking up all the clothes from the hallway, Ilya tried to help Shane put his clothes back on before Hayden got here. He didn’t manage to get his socks on, and Ilya was 99% certain Shane’s shirt may have been on backward. But it was better than nothing and there was a knocking on the door.

Ilya quickly threw on his sweatpants and shirt, and hurried over to the door. He took in a big gulp as he realised this was probably how Hayden is going to find out Shane’s gay.

Hayden's eyes were wide with panic when he saw Rozanov open the door. He looked around to room, and saw Shane laying down on the floor. This was bad, he saw red and immediately made his way to Rozanov.

“What the hell did you do to him?” Hayden yelled loudly. He turned around to Ilya, attempting to punch him in the face. Ilya accepted the punch, but burst out laughing at how pathetic it was.

“Is like tiny kitten punching big bear” Ilya remarked, returning to sit beside Shane as he watched Hayden rush over.

“Don’t be a dick Ilya” Shane mumbled, hearing the squabbling match breakout between Hayden and Ilya. Maybe he should have just told Ilya to call 911. At least the paramedics would have been sworn to patient confidentiality and he could avoid *this* whole situation.

“What did he do to you?” Hayden asked, sitting down beside Shane as he watched Ilya also sit down on the opposite side. Shane didn’t answer, and Hayden noticed Shane’s shirt was on wrong. And a bottle of lubricant beside the bed. And condoms. And. Lily was Ilya. Hayden could deal with that later, right now he needed to call the team’s private medic Matt. But still, he had no idea what had happened. “What the hell did you do to him?”

“He hit head” Ilya answered. He could tell based on the look on Hayden’s face he did not believe that answer. “Relax! Would not hurt Shane. Promise”

Hayden gave him a side eye as the phone rang. As soon as Matt picked up, Hayden was frantic. “I think Shane has a concussion. Can you check him out? I think he hit his head. How? Um?”

“He hit his head on headrest. Was very loud. Very scary” Ilya supplied. He held one of his hands on Shane’s cheek, stroking it as they smiled at each other. Hayden blabbered in the background with lots of pauses and hesitations. Ilya always secretly wanted Shane to stay after sex, but not like this. He worried this was the closest he was going to get to holding Shane in his arms after.

“Um I think he was having sex when he hit his head. NO! Not with me obviously!!!!” Hayden yelled frustrated into the phone. “Um I wasn’t there, he’s lying on the floor right now. Did he fall?”

“Yes, lost balance upon getting up” Ilya supplied helpfully. “You should put doctor on speaker. Doctor can talk to Shane. Do not want to subject doctor to your annoying voice”

Hayden glared at Ilya. He was this close to punching him out if it wasn’t for the way Shane was currently staring at him. Placing the phone on speaker, he then put it down right beside Shane so the doctor could talk directly. Why didn’t he think of that earlier?

Shane attempted to speak to the medic. His head hurt so much, he just wanted to lie down in Ilya’s arms and take a nap. But Ilya kept slapping his cheek every time he started nodding off a bit. Staying awake as he talked to the medic was exhausting. The medic agreed he needed medical attention and said he would come by the hotel room immediately then hung up.

“You need to leave before he gets here” Hayden took great pride in telling Ilya.

Ilya nodded, sighing as he reached down to kiss Shane’s forehead. He let his hand linger on Shane’s cheek before getting up. “Ok, will check on you later”

“Noo Ilya don’t leave” Shane mumbled, watching as Ilya got up. He watched as Ilya turned around, completely ignoring Hayden as he exited the hotel room.

“Ok buddy what the hell was that?” Hayden asked as soon as Ilya left. “You’re not actually having sex with Rozanov are you?”

Shane glared up at Hayden. This was probably the worst way to be found out. Well, maybe there was one worse way to best find out. But this certainly was in the top 5 worst ways. He was relieved when there was a knock on the door and maybe Hayden would leave him alone in front of Matt.

“Ok so what happened exactly? Can you give me a brief timeline of events?” Matt asked while examining Shane.

“He hit his head” Hayden answered. Maybe Ilya should have stayed back, Hayden had a brief idea what may have happened but had nothing explicitly. “apparently while having sex”

“Ok and how hard did he hit it?” Matt continued the line of questioning.

“I obviously wasn’t here for that part!” Hayden squeaked out.

“Ok can I ask questions to the person who did witness it then?”

“I’ll text them” Hayden mumbled, begrudgingly opening the lily chat. Without prying, he did back read a few messages while typing. Unfortunately he did read each message from lily in Rozanov’s voice, which Hayden outwardly cringed when he got to the sex ones.

Lily: yes I am so good at sex he threw his head back too hard while finishing. Was very loud thump. Fine at first but fell down after trying to stand.

Hayden did not recite that one back word for word and simply informed Matt of the important parts.

“Ok Shane, why don’t we take you to the clinic ok? I can call your parents for you. You need a bit of a more thorough checkup”

Shane panicked. His parents. It was bad enough that Hayden knew he had such rough sex with Ilya he hurt his head. His parents knowing was an awful thought though. But still, he didn’t want to fight back and got up with the help of matt and Hayden. All he wanted was Ilya to carry him to the hospital.

Hayden sat in a private room alone. Shane was having some imaging done and he was suddenly alone with his thoughts. Of course he could think of nothing but Shane and Ilya. Hollander and Rozanov. Captains of rival teams, apparently having sex together. For multiple years. As long as Hayden could remember, Shane always messaged a lily whenever they were in Boston.

The phone in his pocket buzzed. Right. He still had Shane’s phone. He knew it was a bad idea. He never would have normally done this. But Hayden thought to himself, if Shane uses the same passcode for his phone as he does everything else, that’s his own fault? He reminded himself he needed to open it anyway to update Ilya. Shudder. He may as well..... look into things while he had it open.

Just as he was getting cosy with Shane’s phone, the door burst open. Yuna and David both frantically looking around.

“Where’s Shane? What happened?” Yuna asked without even greeting Hayden.

“Hi Mr and Mrs Hollander” Hayden stood up to greet them, putting Shane’s phone on the table. He could tell by the look on their faces they weren’t overly interested in niceties, just wanted to know what happened to their son. “He um, he hit his head. They’re doing some imaging right now. He’s kinda foggy bit he’s awake and talking and all”

“How did he hit his head? He didn’t get hurt at the game, what happened?” Yuna continued pressing.

Oh great. Hayden could not wait to be the one to have to tell Shane’s parents what happened. At least he wouldn’t mention the name. Or gender. Did his parents know he was gay? It wouldn't really be right to tell them that much. But with a big sigh, he opened his mouth the start talking. “he was um, having sex, and hit his head on the headboard”

Yuna and David both stared like they didn't believe him.

So Hayden continued telling them all that he knew. "He um, was fine afterwards but then when he got up after he got dizzy and fell over. Which is when. Um"

"Sorry, don't you have a wife and 6 kids? What the hell are you playing at?" was Yuna's only response. "I thought Shane was smarter than to sleep with a married man"

"Oh my god ok no I am not the one he was having sex with. And I only have 4 kids. I think" Hayden began counting kids in his head. Yep. There were 4 of them. But then he paused. "So you knew he's attracted to men?"

David and Yuna both looked at each other. Of course they sort of knew. Or had an inkling of it. Shane had never been overly interested in women, and from time to time they noticed Shane would have a friend he appeared to have a crush on. "We had seen a few signs, he never told us though"

"Ok so more than he ever told me" Hayden slumped in his seat. The thought had crossed his mind a couple of times. But then when he noticed Shane talking to Lily, maybe he was just a bit judgmental. But that didn't matter. At least it was one less secret to keep from Shane's parents.

"If not you, who was it? That left Shane all alone with a concussion?" Yuna asked, clearly about to go on a warpath.

Hayden gulped. He even felt bad for Ilya. It was quite clear Ilya did not want to leave Shane alone, however he needed to. Hayden hated having to stand up for Ilya, but unfortunately he did have to give credit where it was due. "He didn't want to leave Shane. He called me and made sure Shane would be taken of. He really didn't want to leave"

"And he still left anyway" Yuna huffed. "So who was it?"

"That's really something you should hear from Shane rather than from me" Hayden diplomatically excused himself from this conversation. Luckily for him, the door opened before Yuna could grill him anymore.

Shane was wheeled in by the team medic who gave the entire family a brief update. Shane had had a concussion. He would be unable to play for a few games. He could be discharged soon and then would be cleared to fly home tomorrow night.

Yuna and David both thanked the medic before turning their attention to Shane.

As soon as Shane was wheeled in Hayden could tell he was on the seriously good drugs. He was zoned out the entire time the doctor was talking, looking around the room like he was tripping.

"Where did Ilya go?" was the first thing out of Shane's mouth as soon as the medic left.

Hayden's eyes widened as his parents both looked at each other confused.

“Sorry should we get the doctor back?” David offered, opening the door up to go grab him.

“No!” Hayden yelled too loudly. He stepped forward, closing the door to prevent anyone from overhearing.

“He's clearly hit his head pretty hard if he's asking around for Ilya. Is the medic aware he's asking for Ilya fucking Rozanov?” David questioned.

“Um”

Hayden opened his mouth and then closed it. Many different times. So many times maybe *he* was the one who needed his head checked. The phone beside him on the table vibrated once again. Shane was still looking confused asking for Ilya.

“He said he'd check on me where is he?”

Hayden had 6 eyes all staring at him. Shane was certainly not in a place to be telling his parents this. *He* was not in a place to tell Shane's parents this. It wasn't until Yuna offered to flag the medic again that Hayden suddenly ousted it. “Ilya Rozanov is the one who called me saying Shane hit his head ok”

Yuna and David both turned their bodies to Shane.

“When is he getting here?” was all Shane could ask.

“I think he's at an away game tomorrow and is probably flying to St Louis right now, he's texted you though. Many times” Hayden answered.

“But I wanna see him” Shane pouted, leaning back in his bed.

Hayden smiled nervously at Shane's parents. He had no idea what else he had to say. They apparently now knew everything, and at least Hayden was not the one to out them. Just as he was about to change the topic, ask them about upcoming trips, there was a sudden knock on the door.

Hayden opened the door, grateful for the distraction. Except the distraction was Ilya Rozanov. Holding a fucking bouquet of flowers.

“Ilya!!!” Shane yelled excitedly.

Ilya put the flowers down and immediately ran to Shane's bedside. Everyone else here be damned, he had grown impatient of waiting for Pike's updates and needed to see Shane for himself.

“You said you would update me. Never updated me” Ilya said as soon as he laid eyes on Hayden. “You read messages and do not update”

“I'm sorry I had so many people to update and-“ Hayden tried to defend himself.

Ilya eyed Hayden. And then noticed there were two other people in the room. He looked at them, then looked down at Shane. He really was the spitting image of both of them. And that made him even more nervous. He was going to actually meet Shane's parents.

But first, he sat down nervously beside Shane. Shane was very clearly high on *something*. He had the biggest smile he had ever seen before. They were both staring at each other, and Shane reached out to hold Ilya's hand. Ilya flinched at first, before deciding it would be ok. He stroked the other's thumb calmly, while Shane kept repeating "I can't believe you're here"

"What the hell did you do to our son?" Yuna started with as soon as Shane had stopped babbling. "Who even let you in here or gave you his room number?"

"Here I'll call security" David offered, opening the door to go find someone.

"Wait" Hayden yelled, distracting them all. Now he had 8 pairs of eyes on him. David was back in the room, waiting for him to speak before calling someone over. "I mean. Shane has been asking for Ilya since he woke up. Now Rozanov is here. And Shane looks so happy I mean..."

"What did you do to him?" Yuna still asked, waiting for an answer.

"I did nothing. He um" Ilya kind of made a motion with his head. Imitating how Shane threw his head back. "He moved head and banged against wall. I would not hurt Shane"

"Ok and I get that we're all. Adjusting to whatever the hell this is" Hayden started, attempting to bridge a peace deal. "Maybe we can just, leave them alone for a few minutes while we go outside and talk"

"Hm before you leave. He is ok? Just concussion? Drugs talking?" Ilya questioned, looking around to see whether one of them would give him an answer. Shane's parents both left without answering but Hayden stuck around.

"He'll be out a couple games but yea, just concussion. Doctor gave him some really good drugs for the pain" Hayden answered, smiling before turning around.

"Thank you Hayden. You are good friend. Even if very annoying" Ilya smiled before Hayden followed Shane's parents out.

The waiting area was deadly silent. Hayden fiddled with his cup of coffee. He knew he should say something to Shane's parents but he couldn't quite formulate anything. His mind was still trying to wrap around the fact that Shane had been secretly hooking up with Ilya for at least 5 years. As long as he knew Shane, he had always been texting a girl named Lily.

"Hayden what else do you know?" Yuna was the first to break the silence.

Hayden sighed. It was clear that they weren't going to let up on this. And he really didn't actually know much. But at least what he did know *might* make Shane's parents hate Ilya

less.

“Ever since I’ve known him, he’s been constantly texting and hooking up with a girl, Lily from Boston” Hayden started out. And then realised that was really all he knew. “She also comes to see him in Montreal whenever Boston is playing”

Yuna and David both looked at him like he was the one who needed his head checked. “Who the fuck is Lily?”

“Apparently what he kept Ilya Rozanov’s phone number in his contacts as. Wonder why he didn’t want that name specifically in there” Hayden tried to make a light hearted joke but unfortunately it fell flat. David and Yuna were still extremely unimpressed with him.

Hayden sighed. He wasn’t sure what else he could even tell them that might make them feel slightly better. Every part of him, of course, hated Ilya Rozanov. The brash asshole who was constantly yelling and pissing off entire teams. Why he wanted to stick up for the guy, he couldn’t quite formulate.

“Shane always plays better whenever they get together” was all Hayden could come up with. “He’s usually so uptight, he’s just much more loose, relaxed, determined whenever he sees Lily. Er. Rozanov”

“Well at least it hasn’t affected his performance. He gave Rozanov a right lashing last night, beating him 5-2” Yuna could at least admit.

“Obviously when I found Shane like that I did punch him. Or. Tried to” Hayden laughed a bit. “But he did seem genuinely worried about Shane. Made sure to keep him awake and talking, took care of him while I was calling Matt. I really don’t think he would purposely hurt Shane”

Yuna and David smiled a bit at that at least. Maybe more so laughing at the image of meek Hayden Pike attempting to start a fight with the Ilya Rozanov. Anyone who knew anything about hockey knew exactly how that would have ended.

“And I’ve been reading their text messages-“ maybe Hayden should have stopped himself. It was bad to really admit he had been snooping through Shane’s phone. “They’ve been texting back and forth for years. Making jokes with each other. Random hockey quips. They do seem to really like each other”

Yuna and David were silent but Hayden kept talking. “And I mean. He has an afternoon game in St Louis tomorrow. I think he missed his flight so he could bring Shane fucking flowers. Surely that’s gotta mean something?”

Yuna and David nodded politely. As much as they hated Ilya, Hayden was making some convincing arguments. Yuna looked over towards Shane’s room. She could see Ilya was still sitting there, beside Shane’s bed. Shane was obviously hopped up on a lot of drugs, but at least her son looked happy.

They were distracted as they saw Matt pop by again. Walking back into the room to pre-emptively split Ilya and Shane, Hayden was the first to enter. Make sure they hadn't been doing anything crazy in the hospital bed. Instead, Shane was playing with Ilya's fingers and begging him to come to the cottage.

Matt gave them all discharge instructions, politely ignoring the giant, Russian elephant in the room. Whatever players were doing was really none of his business, and he was bound by patient confidentiality.

"He can stay at my place tonight" Ilya offered. "I have one guest over but is ok, I have lots of bedrooms. Even Hayden can visit"

"We can get a hotel room for him instead" Yuna politely smiled.

"Where will you keep ice pack? Monitor him every 4 hours? Much easier to have freezer" Ilya pushed back. Truthfully, he just wanted to make sure Shane was ok. He had already told his coach he would miss the next game due to a family emergency. May as well also keep Shane with him as long as he could. "I promise, he will be safe. Lots of beds. Private. Everyone can stay. Slumber party at Rozanov's"

"Please mom" Shane pleaded like he was a little kid crying for candy. "his house is nice. Lots of nice architecture"

Yuna shot a glare at her husband. As much as she hated this, it would be more convenient to keep Shane in a house than a hotel. With a loud sigh, she gave in. Seeing how brightly Shane smiled at least put her fears to rest. They seemed happy, and that was all that mattered to her.

End Notes

Happy holidays i hope Shane is jazzing it up with the seasonal cranberry gingerale.

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