

making connections

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making connections

by [boldlytothestars](#)

Summary

“Ilya’s coming back?” He asked, almost giddy. And— maybe the meds were stronger than she’d realised.

“No- he was just leaving. So he came by to see how you’re doing? Did he apologise for Marlow?”

“He was so worried,” Shane said, a tiny furrow appearing between his eyebrows.

“Marlow?”

“No, Ilya! He gets all serious when he’s worried.”

or, Yuna runs into Rozanov in the hospital and starts connecting dots

Notes

Disclaimer: I've used em-dashes in my work for years and you can pry them from my cold dead hands but I would absolutely never use ai, fuck that shit.

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

It had been years since Yuna and David had felt the need to go to every single one of Shane's games. They'd stopped going to all of the away games first; the schedule just too difficult to keep up with, and at a certain point your parents following you round the country got *uncool* and *annoying*. But slowly, they'd stopped going to every single home game too. They still went when they could, and always made time for the important games, but not every single game anymore.

Yuna had offered to come to tonight's game; Boston always played hard and it was always impressive to watch, but it wasn't playoffs yet, and Shane had assured her they didn't need to come. He had plans after the game, anyway. He hadn't elaborated, but Yuna had assumed that meant dinner with Hayden and Jackie, or perhaps a whole team get-together. He never really mentioned any other friends, and Yuna tried not to worry that he was lonely. Hayden was good for him, she thought.

Despite not being at the game physically, they always made a point of having every game on the TV when they could. Tonight, they were curled up in front of the tv with bowls of pasta, and a bottle of unopened wine.

The game opened with Shane facing off with Rozanov as it usually did with Montreal/Boston games; the crowd always loved it. Yuna could see them tapping their sticks together in a way that looked more playful than aggressive, and rolled her eyes.

"They're both gonna get kicked out by the ref if they keep that up," She said, gesturing to the TV with her fork. David snorted.

"They lets those two get away with murder. The fans love it."

Shane won the face off and tore down the ice with the puck, barely giving either teams enough time to follow. He glanced back at Rozanov to see how close he was. Yuna was just about to comment that that was sloppy, left him open to attacks, when it happened.

Cliff Marlow came barrelling at Shane. Shane, who should have seen it coming and been able to adjust, but had chosen just that moment to lose focus. Marlow caught him at just the wrong angle and Shane went flying, twisting in the air and going down. Hard.

Yuna gasped, leaning forwards in her seat and setting her bowl aside as her hand flew to her mouth. Besides her, David choked on his pasta in shock and spluttered.

Shane wasn't moving.

"Oh my god," Yuna whispered, tears filling her eyes. "He's not getting up." Her hand flew to grip David's knee and she felt him cover it with his own, grip tense.

Shane had been hit before, sure. Limped away with bruised ribs, a sprained knee, a wrenched shoulder. But he'd never gone down like this, sprawled completely limp on the ice. The cameras cut away.

She grabbed the remote and turned the volume up, as if that would get the commentators to give some detail on Shane's condition. Of course, they didn't have anything useful to say; talking about how upsetting it was to see a player injured like this, commenting on how shaken Rozanov looked.

Ilya Rozanov, who was stood just staring at Shane as the rink descended into chaos around him. He never passed up the opportunity to fight, it was one of the things he was known for, but he just stood there as the two teams scrapped around him. The paramedics arrived, swarming around Shane and blocking off the camera's view of him when they cut back to a wide. Rozanov appeared to be shouting at them.

What the fuck did he think he was doing? Arguing with paramedics like they were refs? He had some fucking nerve—

The ref appeared, bodily pushing Rozanov back towards the bench, and Rozanov didn't even react, just let himself slide backwards, eyes still trained on Shane, face pale and arms hanging limply at his sides.

The paramedics moved, revealing Shane, now on a back-board with a C-collar strapped around his neck, and all thoughts of Rozanov left Yuna's mind entirely.

"Oh god," Yuna said again. David took her hand from his knee, wrapping it in his large, warm one, thumb brushing gently across her skin.

"He'll be okay. They'll take good care of him," He said. Yuna pursed her lips and nodded, but couldn't tear her eyes away from the screen where they were rolling Shane off the ice.

The paramedics walking with the stretcher appeared to be talking to Shane, but Yuna couldn't tell if he was responsive. The audience let out a subdued cheer as the stretcher left the ice, and the two teams, now finished scrapping, were banging their sticks against the ice in respect.

All except for Rozanov, who was still stood where the ref had pushed him, hands empty and eyes trained on Shane's retreating form. For some reason Yuna couldn't tear her eyes away from him, Shane now having disappeared down the tunnel out of sight.

Shane's coach sounded harried and stressed on the phone, but assured Yuna that he had been mostly conscious and responsive when they loaded him into the ambulance. The next few hours passed in a blur. Yuna barely remembered David driving them to the hospital, would never forget the feeling of pacing the sterile hospital corridor waiting to hear news. Hayden had arrived at some point a little while after the game had presumably ended, and kept quiet vigil next to David in the hard plastic seating lining the walls.

It was late by the time Shane had been rolled into a private room, tests and scans complete and his doctors happy he wasn't in any danger. The concussion wasn't too bad, they told her,

and his collarbone wouldn't need surgery. The iron vice around her ribcage had started to loosen finally.

Shane was pretty out of it by the time they'd been allowed in to see him; exhaustion mixing with pain and medication leaving his eyes drooping and struggling to make it through a single conversation. She'd squeezed his good shoulder and placed a kiss to his forehead, promising to come back first thing in the morning.

Visiting hours started from 8am. David had to work but had promised to take over in the evening, so 8:35am saw Yuna pulling into the hospital parking lot alone, circling round it three times before finally finding a spot and heading inside.

She turned the final corner to Shane's room to see a large man slipping out of his room backwards, like he was trying to say something into the room as he left. From this distance Yuna couldn't see him properly, and at first she thought it was Hayden, but he was too tall, and his hair was longer; blonde curls pushed back neatly behind his ears.

Was that— Ilya Rozanov sneaking out of her son's hospital room?

He turned and left in the opposite direction to Yuna, not spotting her, but she caught enough of a glimpse of his side profile as he turned the corner to confirm it was definitely Rozanov. Yuna couldn't decide how she felt about that. Not only was he visiting Shane, but he'd got there so early he'd beaten *her* in?

She frowned but didn't call out to him. She'd ask Shane about it.

"Mom! You came back," Shane slurred, a grin overtaking his face as she slipped into the room.

"Of course I did, sweetheart. I told you I would. I would've been here earlier but there was traffic and parking was a nightmare. And your coach called, the team all send their love." Shane just grinned in response, his eyes falling shut and head nodding to the side. "Oh they got you on the good drugs, huh?" She glanced up at the nurse fiddling with his monitors, who shot her a good humoured smile and nod, before quietly retreating from the room to give them some space.

"Mhmm."

"They're working? You're not in any pain?" Yuna asked, stepping forwards into the room to perch on the side of Shane's bed, taking his uninjured hand in hers.

“Yessssss,” He cracked an eye open, scrunching his nose to one side as if to balance his face out.

“That’s good. So I just bumped into Rozanov in the hallway, nice of him to stop by.”

Shane’s face lit up in a way Yuna had never seen before. It was like the drugs had scrubbed off Shane’s outer shell, leaving him an open book.

“Ilya’s coming back?” He asked, almost giddy. And— maybe the meds were stronger than she’d realised.

It was normal for captains of the opposing team to stop by if a player ended up in the hospital, and Shane hadn’t seemed to hate Rozanov the way he had during his rookie season for a few years now; but she still wouldn’t say he *liked* him. Grudging respect, perhaps. Yuna hadn’t really expected Rozanov to bother coming by at all, but if she’d thought about it then she would have expected Shane to be awkward and a little pissed off by it, if anything. But Shane was practically lit up by the mention of him.

“No- he was just leaving. So he came by to see how you’re doing? Did he apologise for Marlow?”

“He was so worried,” Shane said, a tiny furrow appearing between his eyebrows.

“Marlow?”

“No, Ilya! He gets all serious when he’s worried.”

“Ilya Rozanov gets worried? About you?” Yuna had met Rozanov briefly several times over the years but never spoken to him directly, but he always had a devil may care air about him. She couldn’t picture him worried over another player, especially not his years long rival. Though— she thought back to the way he’d just stood there on the ice having been bodily pushed away from Shane, looking small and lost. Maybe the shouting at the paramedics *hadn’t* been in defence of his team.

“Hmm,” Shane hummed happily, eyes slipping closed again.

“And since when are you two on first name basis?” She asked, realising what her son had said.

“Since Boston, kinda,” He answered readily, like he’d been just waiting to be asked. “But then I freaked out. But it’s okay! We worked things out.” He signed happily.

“What? Sweetheart what are you talking about?”

“Tuna melts,” Shane slurred, like it was obvious.

“Okay, you’re not making any sense. Maybe we should talk after the pain meds wear off, hm?”

“That’s what Ilya said,” Shane said, smile stretching across his face again. He opened his eyes and looked up at Yuna, all big and hopeful, brain clearly lagging several minutes behind. “But I’m okay. Because I wanted to ask him. So I did. Now I get to make *him* a tuna melt. Or-” Shane did a little nod with his head like he was physically fishing for the words through the haze in his brain.

“You want to make Ilya Rozanof a tuna melt?”

Shane let out a little noise, somewhere between a hum and giggle. Yuna considered calling the nurse back. Maybe his dose was too high.

“I think I do,” Shane settled on, looking pleased with himself for having reached that conclusion. Yuna tried to picture her son making a sandwich for Boston’s infamous playboy; the skater known for playing dirty and aggressive, and whose chirps landed him in fights more games than not. She drew a complete blank.

“So you and Rozanov are friends now, huh?” Yuna asked, deciding to humour him. She expected him to laugh or deny it, but instead he paused, appearing to mull the question over with complete sincerity.

“I don’t know,” He said seriously, voice suddenly small. “He said we don’t like each other,” A little frown appeared between his eyebrows. “But I know he’s lying.”

There was something in the way he said it, the way his eyes looked faraway from more than just the medication, that finally gave Yuna pause.

“Oh, so you- actually care about him, huh?” She said without really meaning to. Shane’s eyes slid shut, brow still creased, and he let out a long breath through his nose. As if the thought literally pained him.

“Okay, let’s not talk about this now, sweetheart. You look tired, hm? Why don’t you try and get a bit more rest while I go find us some breakfast?”

When Shane opened his eyes again they were glassier than they had been before. He nodded at her earnestly, letting out a tiny “okay” that made him sound years younger than he really was. Yuna was overtaken by a sudden wave of affection, her chest aching to see her little boy curled up in a hospital bed, covered in bruises and arm in a sling.

“Okay. I won’t be long, baby. Any requests?” Shane shook his head drowsily. “Okay. Hey, I’ve still got your phone; Hayden mentioned last night no one else has Rose’s number, do you want me to text her for you?”

Shane looked concerned when he opened his eyes. “Did she see?”

“She’s probably heard the news by now, yeah. Do you want me to let her know you’re okay?”

“Mm, yes please. I don’t want her to be sad.”

“Okay, I’ll let her know.”

She leant forwards to press a kiss to his temple, swiping a thumb across his cheek as she did so. He sighed and leaned into it, eyes sliding closed again and not reopening this time.

Yuna closed the door quietly behind her then turned and almost ran face first into Hayden Pike, who was wearing sweats and a Metros hoodie and a harried expression.

“Oh! Sorry, hey, Mrs Hollander,” He said, sticking a hand out to shake, she accepted smiling warmly. She’d always liked Hayden; his friendship with Shane had always seemed so genuine. Nothing to do with cosyng up to the captain, or wanting to be seen with hockey’s fastest raising star. He just genuinely liked Shane, and put the effort in to go along with all of his little quirks.

“Hayden, I didn’t expect to see you back here so soon.”

Hayden had rushed to the hospital as soon as the game had finished the previous night, beaten by Yuna and David by less than an hour. He’d patiently sat in the corridor outside Shane’s room, fetching coffees and generally trying to make himself useful until they’d been allowed to see Shane. And even then he’d only gotten five minutes with him, bleary and drugged up and confused, before being kicked out as visiting hours ended.

“Yeah, I wanted to stop in on the way to practice. How’s he doing?”

“Better than last night. They’ve got him on the good stuff.” Hayden snorted. “Though I have to warn you he’s not making a lot of sense right now. And he might have fallen back asleep, but feel free to check in on him.”

“Thanks, Mrs Hollander. If there’s anything you need, just let me know. The boys have all been asking about him nonstop, and- oh shit has anyone got in touch with Lily?” He blurted out, then cringed at himself like he hadn’t meant to say that.

“Lily? You mean Rose? I was just about to message her.”

Hayden’s gaze snapped back up to her, and he suddenly reminded Yuna quite a lot of a naughty child getting caught with their hand in the cookie jar. Not that Shane had ever tried to sneak cookies.

“No, uh. Well, yes, she’d probably appreciate that.” He said, shifting his weight awkwardly.

“Who’s Lily?” Yuna asked, fixing him with a flat look.

“Shane’s Boston girl,” Hayden said through a wince. Yuna’s eyebrows shot up. “Not- not his girl. She’s just- a girl in Boston. That Shane texts. I think she usually watches his games, so she probably-” He trailed off, giving the distinct impression he wanted to melt into the wall behind him.

“And how long has Shane been texting this *Lily*?”

“Um. Like, at least four years. Maybe- maybe six.” Yuna was pretty sure she wasn’t holding Hayden at gunpoint for this conversation, but you wouldn’t know it by looking at him.

“You’re telling me that Shane, *our* Shane,” She gestured between the two of them, “the Shane that has never told a successful lie a day in his life, has had a secret girlfriend for *six years*?”

“Um, I don’t think it’s that serious?” Hayden said it like it was more of a question.

Sometimes, Yuna was astounded by the lack of emotional intelligence hockey players were capable of displaying.

She sighed, pinched the bridge of her nose.

“You’d better go say hi before you’re late for practice,” She said, effectively dismissing him. Hayden nodded like someone who recognised the get out of jail free card he’d just been handed, and ducked into Shane’s room.

She heard a muffled “Haydeeeennnnn,” followed by a relieved sounding “Hey buddy,” as the door swung shut behind him, and smiled to herself.

Yuna had intended to head to one of the little cafes in the hospital to see if she could pick up a pastry for herself and some sort of breakfast smoothie for Shane, but the further through the maze of hospital corridors she walked, the more she began to fixate on this *Lily*.

She turned the name round in her head, thinking back and trying to remember if she’d ever heard it mentioned before. She didn’t think she’d ever heard Shane mention her, but she couldn’t even think of a time the name had come up in relation to him at all, either.

Six years. There was no way her son could keep that kind of secret for six years. He’d once broken a lamp swinging his hockey stick round in the house at eight years old - something he had been expressly forbidden from doing - and kept the secret up for all of an hour and a half before coming to her sobbing and grovelling, promising to never lie to her again.

The more she thought about it, the more she just couldn’t picture it. She’d really never been able to picture Shane with a girlfriend. The concept just never really...*fit*.

But even if he did have a girlfriend— or a not-quite-girlfriend, why would he go to such lengths to hide her. Not being forthcoming about the nature of their relationship was one thing, but concealing her entirely was—

And, well. Come to think of it, there were a few reasons Yuna could muster that Shane might hide a partner.

But she was straying into territory she wasn’t certain she should be entering. If Shane had something to share, he would do so when he was ready. And if this *Lily* was important

enough to him to stick around, then Yuna was sure they would be introduced when the time was right.

Yuna found herself at the exit to the smoking area without really meaning to go there, but she realised suddenly just how overwhelmed by the stuffy hospital and its bright fluorescent lighting she was. She took a deep breath of cool air as she exited, feeling her shoulders relax.

There was a wooden bench overlooking the small, slightly sad looking garden. She supposed it was meant to be peaceful, but they were close enough to the road here that the constant sound of cars drifted unrelentingly on the breeze, and all of the plants were dead, rustling dryly against each other. She supposed it might be nicer in the summer months.

There was a man sat on one end of the bench, his back turned to Yuna, shoulders hunched and tense in his dark jacket, a beanie pulled over his ears, and a cigarette hanging limply from his fingers. Yuna wasn't a smoker, but it was the only bench, and wide enough she didn't have to sit right next to him.

She dropped into the seat and began fishing in her purse. She'd confiscated Shane's phone last night when he kept trying to reach for it, whining unintelligibly about needing to text someone. The nurse had been very strict on the no phones for concussed patients policy, so after the fourth attempt, Yuna had snatched it from his bedside and stowed it in her purse like he was a misbehaving child.

She pulled it out now, and the screen lit up with a flurry of texts and several missed calls. Mostly from concerned teammates wishing him well. There was a message from Rose Landry, which was still strange to Yuna even though they'd dated publicly for several months. Yuna opened the message thread.

Rose

jesus Shane, are you okay??

can you please text me when you see this?? I'm worried about you :(

It felt strange texting her back from Shane's phone; he'd said she could but he was high as a kite right now. She hoped he wouldn't be annoyed when he sobered up, but she imagined being in Rose's position right now and knew it was the right thing to do.

Shane

Hi Rose, this is Shane's mom, Yuna. Shane's doing okay, fractured collarbone and a concussion so he can't look at his phone at the moment, but they're expecting a full recovery. I'm not sure if you're in town at the moment, but he's at Montreal General if you wanted to visit.

She swiped out of the conversation without scrolling up to snoop on any of their earlier messages.

She scrolled down until she found the thread she was looking for, and sure enough, there was a string of messages sent last night, around the time Hayden had shown up at the hospital, from a contact saved innocently as ‘Lily.’

She shouldn’t read it, but if Lily was important to Shane— Yuna couldn’t imagine how worried she would be if it were her in that position. She clicked on the thread.

Lily

hsane please tell me syoure okay fuck

they wont tyell me where theyret aking you

fuckf fucfuck fuckc

Бля. Мне нужно, чтобы с тобой все было в порядке, пожалуйста.

Yuna sucked in a harsh breath, and the sound startled the man sat across from her on the bench. Honestly Yuna had forgotten he was there, but at the movement she glanced up, and had to do a double take.

“Rozanov?” She said incredulously, and he froze, eyes wide like he’d been caught. “I thought you would have gone home by now.”

“Yes,” He said slowly. He looked like he was thinking very hard about which words to pick. “I am waiting for car.”

“There are taxis out the front of the hospital,” Yuna gestured in the direction of the taxi rink.

“Yes. But coach is sending car. They wanted me to check on Hollander. Captainly thing to do, yes? Make sure Marlow did not scramble brain.” He seemed distracted, skittish in a way she wouldn’t have expected from Rozanov. Not that she’d ever spoken to him properly, but he always seemed so sure of himself in interviews and clips online.

“Oh. Well it was nice of you to come anyway.” Yuna thought of Shane’s smile when she had mentioned seeing him in the hallway. “I think it meant a lot to Shane.”

If possible, Rozanov looked even more agitated by this. Nervous, even.

“Yes well. I respect Hollander. Is good player. Rivalry is— is good. Is played up for tv. They — I do not dislike him.”

“Oh. Well that’s, um, that’s good to hear,” Yuna said, surprised at just how nervous Rozanov appeared to be. If she didn’t know better she’d say he looked *scared*. Of her? Was he expecting her to be angry with him?

“I am sorry Shane was hurt. Marlow is not bad person, he did not mean—”

“It was a clean hit,” Yuna interrupted. It was suddenly important to her that Rozanov didn’t think she hated him. “I’m not *happy* Shane got hit, but it’s to be expected. Hockey is rough. And he wasn’t looking where he was going,” She mumbled the last part to herself, but Rozanov perked up.

“Da, he should have been paying attention.” Coming from Shane’s rival, Yuna would expect those words to be mocking, to place the blame on Shane, but instead they sounded bitter. Like Rozanov was genuinely upset Shane had gotten hurt. “Should not have looked back like that.” He shook his head frustratedly, eyes fixed on the ground. Yuna got the impression he’d been playing the hit over and over in his head. She wondered if he blamed himself for it.

She eyed him carefully. Honestly, he looked like shit. Heavy bags under his eyes, skin pale. He looked like he hadn’t eaten or slept since yesterday. His hand shook slightly where it held the forgotten cigarette, long gone out. His clothes were smart though, smarter than Yuna could remember ever seeing Rozanov dressed outside of formal events. And his hair was combed back carefully, though it looked like he’d since been running his hands through it.

Yuna thought to Shane’s smile, the way his face had lit up as he’d slurred Rozanov’s first name. As if they called each other by first name all the time.

She thought to a message in Cyrillic on Shane’s phone.

“Okey, I should go now,” Rozanov announced. Dropping his cigarette butt and standing to leave before turning awkwardly back, pausing while he visibly struggled to choose his words. “I hope Shane will be better soon,” He said finally. He hesitated, like he wanted to say more, and then did something that surprised Yuna; he held his hand out to shake. She took it carefully in hers. His grip was firm, but his hand trembled slightly in hers. He dropped it quickly, shoving his hands in his jacket pockets.

“Was nice to meet you, Mrs Hollander. I am sorry again for Marlow. Let me know- uh. If there’s anything I can do.” He ducked his head away and for the second time today Yuna was taken aback at how a big burly hockey player could look so small and young.

“Thank you, Mr Rozanov. Have a safe flight home.”

Rozanov shot her a tight smile as he turned to make his way up the path that would lead towards the taxi rink.

After a moment, Yuna pulled Shane’s phone back out, unlocking it to the text thread with Lily.

The last messages before the accident was visible at the top of the screen.

Lily

I am looking forward to seeing you tonight.

Shane

1919

Lily from Boston, who was in town last night, and had planned on meeting up with Shane after the Montreal v Boston game, when Shane had told Yuna he would be busy. Lily who had panicked when Shane had gotten hurt, and cursed in Russian when Shane didn't respond to say he was okay.

Yuna typed out a careful message, not too dissimilar from the one she sent to Rose.

Shane

Hi Lily, this is Shane's mom. Shane is okay, but he has a concussion so won't be able to look at his phone for a few days. He is at Montreal General if you'd like to see him, or I can pass along a message.

She sent the text and took a deep breath.

In the distance, she watched Ilya Rozanov pull his phone out of his pocket and stiffen as he read a message, stride faltering. He shoved it back in his pocket and kept walking. But Yuna saw him glance over his shoulder at her quickly as he retreated.

Five minutes later, Shane's phone buzzed in her hand.

Lily

Thank you. I am glad he is ok

End Notes

Russian translation:

Бля. Мне нужно, чтобы с тобой все было в порядке, пожалуйста.
fuck. I need you to be okay.

(shout-out to b2b2b2u for the correction!)

I started writing this right after ep5 came out when Yuna made the comment about Ilya visiting Shane in the hospital, I was like so how did you know about that, hm? Then I had a separate idea about her finding out about 'Lily' the way Hayden often does in hurt!Shane fics and it kinda spiralled a bit all into the same fic.

Just a note about Ilya's english in this - by this point his english is generally much better than I've written here but he's not slept basically at all and is **very** stressed out by the situation so I felt like it fit to have his english a little more broken

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