Emergency Contacts

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Emergency Contacts

by WriteFandomRepeat

Summary

Shane finds out the hard way who Ilya's emergency contact is.

Notes

This isn't set at a particular point in time (in my head it is, but I left it just vague enough), and there are spoilers of nothing. They are out as a couple, and that is all that matters. Enjoy!

Shane couldn’t remember the last time he'd been able to just chill at his parents’ house and watch a hockey game with them. At least, he couldn’t remember the last time it hadn’t involved an injury on his part.

He was enjoying the back and forth with his mom about how well Ottawa was doing. And especially how Ilya was doing. It was nice be able to cheer him on and not hear his teammates comment about rooting for the enemy, or Hayden's gagging sounds when he pointed out a particularly nice play Ilya set up.

“Oh, Barrett is definitely going to have his best season if Ilya keeps feeding him those passes,” Yuna commented as the Centaurs’ goal song played once more that night.

“They work really well together,” Shane answered, a giant grin plastered on his face as they showed a close up of Ilya giving Troy a bear hug, making the often grumpy man crack a smile of his own. As much as he really didn’t love seeing that face when they played against each other, he loved seeing Ilya succeed when it wasn’t against him.

They were almost at the halfway mark in the game, Ottawa leading by 3 goals, all of which Ilya had had a hand in facilitating. He’d be in a great mood to start off the All-Star Break, and that made Shane extra happy too.

Shane was getting up to grab another beer when he saw Ilya on TV start chasing a player from the Columbus team down the ice, towards the Ottawa goalie.

“Come on, don’t do anything stupid, Ilya. Just let it go,” Shane mumbled under his breath, eyes glued to the television screen as he stopped his trek to the kitchen to watch the play.

The guy wasn’t in any kind of scoring position – the puck barely staying on his tape – and this was *Wyatt* for crying out loud. He could stop this one should he got a shot in. This wasn’t a time to take a dumb penalty.

Ilya got ahead of the other player, trying to stretch to grab the puck that had gotten loose. And then everything seemed to go in slow motion in Shane’s mind. Ilya swerved when he got near the boards and the other player seemed to get caught off-guard by the move. He fell, his stick tangling between Ilya’s legs and making him fall too, feet first in the boards.

“No, no, no,” Shane repeated without much thought. “Get up, come on.”

He gripped the back of the couch where he stood, holding his breath as the camera followed the puck for a second or two, the two players forgotten. When the feed cut back to Ilya and the Columbus player, Shane couldn’t see Ilya, as the other player and the Ottawa goalie were bent over him.

“I’m sure it’s nothing,” David chimed in, his furrowed brow and anxious tone betraying the reassuring words.

The commentator’s voice blurred in Shane’s mind, a constant refrain of *please be okay* running through his mind and blocking everything else out.

Wyatt moved enough that Shane got a look at Ilya's face. He was conscious, which was the biggest relief. He looked like he was in pain, which wasn't ideal but at least he was awake. Wyatt waved to the Centaurs bench and soon Troy and Luca were helping one of the trainers out on the ice and towards Ilya.

The logical part of Shane's brain – the part that knew the man writhing in pain on the ice very well and that had been in similar situations himself – knew that the odds of Ilya getting up on his own now were basically non-existent. And yet, the part that was madly in love and wanted no harm to ever come to this man still screamed at him to get up. He was the only person allowed to inflict pain on Ilya – and only in the form of outscoring him, outplaying him, or minor torture of the delayed gratification kind in bed.

Shane was pulled away from his thoughts by a hand gently squeezing his own. His mom was giving him a soft smile and telling him something he couldn't register over the ringing in his ears.

"Shane, he is okay," she repeated – or he assumed she did – her voice sure and strong. "You guys deal with injuries all the time. This is no different. It doesn't look like a concussion at least, and he's talking... or swearing it looks like. Ilya's okay sweetie."

"But- he's not-" Shane turned back to the television and Ilya was just getting up, assisted by Troy and Zane Boodram who'd joined them now, Luca helping the trainer back to the bench just ahead of them. "Mom, he's *hurt*."

"I know, but there is nothing we can do right now. You just usually don't get to see it happen."

Shane watched the last few seconds of Ilya heading to the Centaurs dressing room, and the game resumed.

"Shane, I mean it. There is nothing we can do right now. Whatever is going through your mind, we're not doing it. So go, get whatever you wanted from the kitchen, and we can finish cheering Ilya's team until we hear more."

Shane didn't want to watch hockey right now. Ilya was *hurt*. Ilya needed him! Maybe if he texted Harris? He must be at the game-

"Shane Hollander, sit down. And give me your phone." Shane considered not listening to his mother, but no one ignored Yuna Hollander. Especially not when she used her mom voice (it had been cute the first time she'd used it on Ilya, and he'd thought he could ignore it. It had lasted one whole minute!).

Shane walked around and back to where he'd come from, sitting down on the couch. He quickly checked his phone but handed it over to his mother as she'd asked.

"Don't fight her on this one. She's right. Let the trainers do their job. Beer? Vodka shots?" his dad asked as he got up to go to the kitchen.

“Since when do you have vodka here,” Shane asked, knowing his dad was more a whiskey man.

“Blame Ilya,” he chuckled as he passed by him, squeezing his shoulder.

Shane curled himself in a ball in his corner of the couch, begrudgingly watching the game. He barely let out a noise when Ottawa scored again. He listened intently as the intermission commentators dissected the period, hoping one of them had an update on Ilya, but all they said was the obvious: Ilya wouldn’t return tonight, they were waiting for news from the medical staff, and all the camera angles they had showed he hadn’t hit his head.

The third period was well underway – with two more goals scored by the Centaurs – when Yuna’s phone rang. Shane ignored it, still grumpy he wasn’t allowed to have his own phone. He didn’t even care that he was acting like a petulant teenager right now. She was treating him like one, so he’d act like one.

His ears did perk up when he heard one thing.

“Yes, we can be at the Queensway-Carleton in about 15 minutes, as long as we miss the game traffic.” Shane looked at his mom then. “Thanks Terry, I’ll tell Shane.”

“Who was that?” Shane asked, incredibly confused.

Yuna got up and tossed Shane his phone. “That was Terry, he works with the training staff at the arena. He says to tell you Ilya is doing fine, and he was worried he’d freaked you out. Ilya knew you’d probably be here watching the game with us.”

“Oh.” Shane felt a bit of relief hearing from someone that had been with Ilya, but he felt a bit guilty that Ilya was worried about him when *he* was the one that got hurt. “Why did he call you though? Where’s Ilya?”

Yuna laughed and shook her head like the answer was so obvious. “Your dad and I are Ilya’s emergency contact, Shane. Now hustle, we need to get to the QCH. They had to bring Ilya in for some x-rays.”

Shane quickly got up and followed his mother out of the house and to the car while his dad stayed put at home. Once they got out of his parents’ neighborhood, Shane had to ask.

“Why didn’t he put me as his contact?”

Yuna turned to look at him for a quick beat before returning her eyes on the road. Shane could swear she rolled her eyes at him. “So, it would have been fine if his first season here the Ottawa training staff saw your name on his emergency contact?”

“Well, I guess-“

She smiled and continued. “And you’d have driven the two hours after a game just to sign a couple papers and drive him home, or to the arena to grab his car?”

“You’ve done it for me! Wait, how often do you get calls?”

“And what about when you’re out of town? How does it work then?”

Shane sighed. “I guess that makes sense. I just- it wasn’t fun watching him get hurt like that. I don’t often wish I wasn’t who I am, but tonight I kinda wish I could be his person. Or could be that person all the time for him.”

Yuna reached across and grabbed Shane’s hand. “I know he feels the same about you. I had to talk him out of changing it when you two came out as a couple. It doesn’t mean you aren’t his person though, because trust me, you are. Sometimes it does feel like you only share a couple brain cells between the two of you.”

Shane’s lips quirked in a smile. “Oh, do we now?”

“You have to admit it isn’t the best idea.”

“No, you’re right,” Shane sighed. “It doesn’t make sense. I just hate this. I usually know he’s okay before I see the replays. Or I just don’t hear about it.”

“Mmhmm, welcome to my life.”

Yuna parked the car in the visitor parking and walked Shane to a separate entrance than the one he knew and had used often as a kid. Someone in a Centaurs track suit was waiting for them. After some introductions, they made their way through a few corridors and stopped in front of a regular looking hospital room where Ilya was lounging on a bed, eyes closed, but looking just like himself. His foot was covered by a giant air cast, not plaster, which had to be a good sign. Shane wanted to let him rest and run to him all at once.

Terry handed Yuna car keys. “His car is here, we asked Harris to drive it in for him, figured we’d save you that hassle. Usual paperwork to sign off on. He’ll need to come in this week to be re-assessed, but early estimates say he might be out a month or two.”

“No All-Star game,” Shane breathed out, less a question than it probably could have been, having completely forgotten about the upcoming event.

“He can’t participate, no. He already asked if he could fly, so you might get stuck with him there anyways.”

“Thanks Terry, I think we’ve got it from here,” Yuna told him.

“Thanks. For taking care of him. At the arena. And here.” Shane knew he sounded odd saying it, but he did truly mean it. All the support staff at the Montreal arena and on the team were amazing, and he’d never considered how grateful he now was for the same in Ottawa too.

“He can be an absolutely pain, but we all love him.”

Shane laughed. “I know that feeling well. But really, please thank the staff for me. I really appreciate it.”

“Will do.” Terry squeezed his shoulder and left as a nurse appeared around the corner with a few papers for Yuna, and telling Shane he could go see Ilya.

He didn’t need to be told twice.

Shane opened the door, barely giving Ilya time to register he was there before being at his side. He gently grabbed Ilya’s face in his hands and kissed him. He let out a long breath when their lips finally parted, foreheads resting together, and feeling like he was breathing for the first time since he’d seen Ilya go down.

“I love you so much,” Shane said his thumbs rubbing against Ilya’s cheeks.

Ilya rubbed their noses together, making Shane smile. “I am happy you are here.”

Shane just nodded awkwardly, not ready to move away. “How you feeling?”

“Annoyed?”

Shane huffed out a laugh that pulled him away from Ilya. He sat on the bed next to him, grabbing his hand instead. “Sounds about right.”

“It is not broken. They thought maybe, but no. Just a bad sprain.”

“Does it hurt?” Shane ran a hand in Ilya’s hair and pulled a low hum from him. He looked exhausted, even if he’d never admit it.

“Doesn’t hurt. They have good drugs here,” he smirked at Shane. “Just really annoyed. Was looking forward to this week.”

“Me too. We’ll make it work, don’t worry. I’m not gonna abandon you just cause you can’t walk. Give me a bit more credit than that.”

Ilya put on a serious face. “But all those cute hockey players at the All-Star Game. How will you resist if someone is better than me?”

“Now I wonder who you find cute, but I should be okay.” Shane gave him the fondest smile. “I’ll power through. It’ll be hard, but I think I’ve settled.”

“Settled? That does not sound good.”

Yuna walked in then, a nurse pushing in a wheelchair but not staying in the room with them for now. “Who settled for what?”

“Shane is settling for me. That is not good, correct?”

Yuna gave Ilya a kiss on the forehead. “We both know he did no such thing, and he’s being an ass right now.”

“Mom!”

“Find the lie.” Shane rolled his eyes as Yuna handed him a bag and car keys. “Meds are in there with instructions, they just gave him some, so he should be fine until the morning. I’ll pick up his prescription tomorrow morning, I’m going that way anyways. You boys want to come over for dinner? We can chat and see if this one can still go to Tampa with you for the weekend?”

“Yes please,” Ilya interjected before Shane could agree himself.

“Perfect. Text me what you want for dinner tomorrow morning. And you are good to go.” Yuna gave them each a kiss on the cheek and was out the door.

“She is scary efficient sometimes.” Shane helped Ilya sit on the bed and grabbed the wheelchair they’d brought for him.

“All the time,” Ilya corrected as he manoeuvred himself into the wheelchair the staff had left for him. Shane was thankful he didn’t fight him on it. He worried Ilya was a bit too groggy for crutches tonight. He figured they’d crash in the guestroom on the main floor at home tonight to avoid the stairs. “The first time they had to call, all the Centaurs staff commented. They love her.”

Shane leaned down to kiss Ilya before pushing him out of the room, crutches and bags in hand, where a nurse was waiting to escort them out.

It was a simpler task than he’d expected to get Ilya in the SUV. Before he could close the door though, Ilya grabbed his wrist.

“I am sorry,” Ilya told him, a sad smile on his lips.

“Hey, you have nothing to apologize for. We all get hurt.”

“I did not want you to be worried. I am sorry about that.”

Shane leaned into the car and managed to wrap his arms awkwardly around Ilya. “I worry because I love you. You still don’t have to apologize.”

“Love you too.”

Shane pulled back and smiled. “Let’s go home?”

“Yes. Home.”

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