

Beck and Call

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/35958421) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35958421>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , JJ Boiziau , Ilya Rozanov , Troy Barrett (Game Changers) , Harris Drover , Original Female Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Canon Compliant , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Post-Canon , where does this fall in the timeline?? , girl who knows you decide , Fluff , Cutesy , Minor Injuries , Concussions , Light Angst , Like its barely there , Coming Out , Troy isn't too stupid in this one , Self-Indulgent , Idiots in Love , Kissing , Soft
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-12-25 Words: 4,608 Chapters: 1/1

Beck and Call

by [Mikhailov](#)

Summary

“... Shane?” J.J. asked, reaching to touch his shoulder. “What— who was that? What’s happening?”

“Ottawa Hospital I— I’m Ily— I’m Rozanov’s emergency contact.” He blinked. He knew he had to get moving, that he needed to haul ass and get to Ottawa yesterday, but for some reason Shane couldn’t bring himself to move. It felt like he was glued to the floor, fear had his limbs locked up, and everything he should be doing wasn’t coming to him. It was only when J.J. placed his other hand on his shoulder that Shane jerked back to the present.

Notes

HII MERRY CHRISTMAS

This story is brought upon by a prompt from the Game Changers discord server so this one goes out to y'all ! I took some creative liberties and some own personal choices that are self-indulgent to me specifically, but I still hope this is enjoyable !

This is edited, but not beta'd (I really wanted to get this out lol) so if you find any typos that might have escaped, don't be too hard on me LMAO. This also might be Out Of Character and sorry if it is ! I'm working on getting my characterizations of these losers down pat. <3 But yeah, this is just my take on how Ilya might come out to some of his closest friends, but GOD am I excited to see how it'll happen in TLG

Enjoy ! Merry Christmas and happy holidays !

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

Shane wasn't aware anything happened until after his game.

He knew Ilya was playing tonight as well, Ottawa and Montreal were only a few hours away from each other and in the same time zone, after all. But where the Centaurs were playing the Guardians ("*Battle of Ontario, ha! Is a funny name.*"), the Voyagers were playing the Admirals. It was as normal as any *Hockey Night in Canada* should be; most of the league was playing a game, and the teams playing on Sunday would probably be overshadowed by football.

Sports were fun like that. Shane was just glad he was playing at home, seeing the sea of red and white jerseys always upped his spirits. It soothed some of his melancholy at the fact that he likely wasn't going to see Ilya that night, seeing as the Centaurs were off to Vegas almost immediately after their game in the capitol. Which was a shame; they hadn't seen each other in a couple weeks and here they were, a couple hours away from each other but still unable to see each other in person.

It was a special kind of hell, loving Ilya, but Shane would never *ever* trade or change anything for or about it. Sometimes, the thought of simply seeing his boyfriend again after a while was what kept Shane going.

They exchanged a couple of bickering text messages, Ilya promising he'd score more goals than Shane did before the game, and Ilya's final "*Love you <3*" before they had to put their phones down made Shane grin like an idiot. No one but Hayden seemed to notice and all he did was roll his eyes at Shane with a bemused expression. "I can't believe no one's found you out yet," he said, bumping his shoulder against Shane's, "from the way you smile at your phone it's like he's your entire world." He lowered his voice at the end, and Shane huffed, shoving at his shoulder.

"Don't distract yourself, Hayd," Shane admonished. He gave Hayden a shit-eating smirk, "if we lose because you're stewing over my text conversations with *him*, I will never let you live it down. *He* won't either."

Ignoring Hayden's indignant sputtering, Shane stepped out onto the ice with a grin.

They played well that night, winning in overtime. Though it meant New York would be getting another point, Shane was just glad *he'd* scored the winning goal. It would give him shit to brag about when he called Ilya later. Speaking of Ilya, he did find it odd when he fished his phone out of his bag and saw nothing from him. He simply chalked it up to Ilya possibly partying in the dressing room after a win.

Shane wasn't sure what the score of Ilya's game was; he hadn't checked. He was busy texting his mom, telling her that it was okay that she hadn't been able to make the game, when he heard heavy footsteps behind him. "*Oi, Shane!*" J.J. called. Shane turned, tilting his head. "*T'a entendu?*"

Shane frowned. What hadn't he heard? "Ah, *non*," he shook his head, peering curiously at J.J. "*Qu'est-ce c'est?*" Shane replied, though when he said it, his more Québécois side picked up, and he mashed the words together. J.J. understood just fine and brought his phone up. There was a news article open, but as Shane peered at it, his phone buzzed in his hands. The alarm almost made him jump.

He looked down at his phone. It was an Ottawa number, if the 343 area code was anything to go by, but he didn't recognize the number. He shared a look with J.J. and frowned. Might be Ilya, for all he knew; maybe his phone had died, and he was calling from someone else's phone.

He answered and brought the phone to his ear. "Hello?"

"*Good evening!*" Came a surprisingly chipper female voice. Shane didn't recognize it. "*Is this Shane Hollander?*" She inquired.

"Yes. Who is this?" He asked. J.J. was looking at him oddly, and Shane just shrugged one shoulder. It wasn't often that people called him like this, but the voice on the other end was oddly professional, and Shane didn't like the sound of it.

"*My name is Mercedes, I'm a nurse at The Ottawa Hospital Riverside Campus—*"

"—what happened?" Shane interrupted, his heart skipping several beats. He racked his brain for the many, *many* reasons why a nurse from a hospital a city away would *ever* be calling him. He only hoped the fear on his face was enough to convey the situation to J.J. because he did not have the words to explain anything.

"*Nothing too serious, I'm only calling because you are listed as Ilya Rozanov's emergency contact.*" She explained.

Shane almost dropped his phone. He *did* drop his bag, though, and brought his other hand up to hold his phone up to his ear with both hands. "I— I'm *what?*" He hoped the terror he was feeling wasn't as present on his face as it was in his voice. He took a deep breath to steady himself and brushed his bangs out of his eyes. "What happened?"

Mercedes' voice was cool and far too calm when she said, "*He took a hit during his game and as such suffered a concussion. It's nothing too serious, if anything it's just a mild one, but we'd like you to come down to the hospital. He can't be released on his own, and has no other family in the area,*" she explained. Shane wanted to laugh, but he felt too frazzled to think of a reply. *No other family*, yeah no shit. "*He's insisting that it has to be you, Mr. Hollander.*"

For a few moments, all Shane did was stare blankly into the mostly empty parking lot. J.J. was gazing at him oddly. He blinked. "I— yeah, I— of course. I'll... be there... as soon as I can." He stammered, his voice oddly distant. He felt like he was viewing this experience from above, as if in third person. Feeling oddly numb, Shane thanked Mercedes and hung up, letting his hands fall limp at his side.

“... Shane?” J.J. asked, reaching to touch his shoulder. “What— *who* was that? What’s happening?”

“Ottawa Hospital I— I’m Ily— I’m *Rozanov’s* emergency contact.” He blinked. He knew he had to get moving, that he needed to haul ass and get to Ottawa *yesterday*, but for some reason Shane couldn’t bring himself to move. It felt like he was glued to the floor, fear had his limbs locked up, and everything he *should* be doing wasn’t coming to him. It was only when J.J. placed his other hand on his shoulder that Shane jerked back to the present.

Terror was thrumming in his veins as he hauled his bag off the ground. As he started making his way to his car, J.J. followed, hovering at his side, concerned. “Shane?”

“Rozanov’s got a concussion, and I’m, fucking *hell*, I’m his *emergency contact*,” he gasped, though his voice was oddly level.

“Shit. You really gonna go?”

Shane gave him an incredulous look and blinked, shaking his head. Thank fuck he and Ilya had showed the world the two of them were friends when they’d launched The Irina Foundation. He never would have been able to explain why he was Ilya’s emergency contact, or why he *was* going to drive two hours to make sure he was okay, if everyone still thought they hated each other. He still would have gone, no matter what people thought of their relationship, but he was, if anything, glad he wouldn’t have to explain why he was his sworn enemy and arch rival’s emergency contact. “What else am I going to do? I’m his emergency contact, I’d... he’s my friend, I’d be *such* an ass if I didn’t.” He told him, and if J.J. heard the frayed, manic edge to his voice, he was kind enough not to say anything as Shane got into his car.

If he pushed the speed limit a little, and maybe if he got lucky, he’d be in Ottawa in under two hours. He was sure he could do it.

Ilya had no fucking *clue* what had happened.

He remembered the sudden feeling of a heavy weight at his back and the split second feeling of the collision with the boards, but everything after was murky.

Well— he remembered doing his best to answer the questions the paramedics had asked him. And he *vaguely* remembered being put on a stretcher, but after that he was pretty sure he had blanked. He must have lost consciousness and had come back to at the hospital, and he didn’t like it *at all*. Ilya had always hated hospitals; he hated the stupid, sterile, white walls and the pity from the nurses and doctors when they told you there was nothing more they could do.

“I’m sorry. It was an accident. There’s nothing more we can do for her.”

“Ilya?” Someone asked, and he turned his head, almost surprised to meet Harris’ eyes. He vaguely remembered Harris’ presence, but next to him was a head of black hair that could belong only to Troy. He must have arrived at some point—the game must be over, he realized

dully. They'd been losing, he hoped they'd come back—and was peering at Ilya with concerned eyes. “Hey. How's uh— how's your head?”

“Hurts,” he grumbled, and he saw someone dressed in scrubs in the corner of his gaze shake their head. “How bad was the hit?” He asked, because he was fairly sure he *had* been hit.

He hoped it had been a good one. Even if it hadn't taken him out, Ilya knew any hit involving him would be all over social media. If a short clip of him getting his shit rocked *was* going to be all over the media, it had better be a good hit. Ilya couldn't look like a wimp.

“—you weren't moving at first, scared the hell out of us all,” Troy said softly. Ilya blinked, he hadn't realized he was speaking. Ilya frowned, just as the person in the scrubs—a *nurse*, he reminded himself—stepped up to the bedside peering at Ilya, a couple of papers in one hand, one of those small flashlights in the other. Vaguely alarmed, he closed his eyes, praying to God she wouldn't be using the flashlight on him while he was conscious. He hated it when they did that. Reminded him of checkups, and he *hated* checkups.

“There were concerns that you'd taken a detrimental hit to the head, but there's nothing to worry about. You've shown us that you're... mostly conscious, and you do have control over your actions, but you *do* have a concussion.” She began with a gentle smile. Ilya noted that she was pretty.

Ilya groaned, and the sound did *not* help his head. He turned to Troy and pried one eye open. “Did we win?” Between his slurred speech and his accent, he wasn't sure if Troy would understand what he was trying to say.

Troy cracked a little smile. “Scored the winning goal myself.”

Ilya's attempt at playfully punching his shoulder was just that; an attempt. It was weak, and just the action itself sent pain thrumming through Ilya. “I could marry you just for that,” he said without really considering his words. Troy sputtered, his face heating up, Harris snorted and shook his head. “There won't be any marriage for you, Mr. Rozanov, at least not tonight. You *can* leave, but certainly not alone. The pain meds we gave you for your shoulder—which was a little swollen—will have you a little out of it for most of the night.” The nurse said, and it sounded like she was trying not to laugh.

He peered at Troy, then at the nurse. “Is fine, I will not marry Troy anyway. Or you. You are very pretty but...” he squinted at the small pride pin next to the nurse's name tag—*Mercedes*—hardly considering his words. “I am not your type, yes? Is not important. Jane is who... I will marry. On the lake.”

Troy looked at him as though he'd lost his mind. “Jane? *Marry*? Have you— you have to propose first to marry someone Ilya.” Troy said, definitely humouring Ilya. Ilya probably should have been annoyed about it, but he was too tired to care. He wanted to see Shane. He wanted his boyfriend.

“On the lake?” Harris piped up, ever the romantic, tilting his head.

“... yes. It will be nice, and I will finally be able to be Canadian citizen,” he laughed to himself and let his head fall back on the pillow, his curls tumbling into his eyes. “Lots of candles and a clear sky, and no fucking... wolf birds...”

“You mean a... loon?”

“*Da*. Yes. Those fucking things.”

Mercedes stifled a laugh. “Alright, big boy,” she said, patting his shoulder, “I think that’s enough marriage talk from you, at least here. You want to continue this at your place? You’ll have to sign your own papers signing you out, but someone will have to watch over you. Do you have any family in the area?”

Ilya looked at her blandly, a look which she returned. Since starting his charity it had become public knowledge his mother had passed, and his father’s death had made its rounds when it had happened. He figured she was asking just out of necessity, though she *had* to know he had no family in Canada, and certainly not in Ottawa. Still, he made a point of laying his accent on thick when he said, “*Net*. There is no one.” Which, in of itself wasn’t a *lie*. There was no one in the area, but it wasn’t as though Ilya was without family. Ilya hadn’t spoken to his brother in years, though.

Mercedes clicked her tongue, giving a good-natured eye roll. “Well, we can’t have you leaving alone. Mr. Barrett and Mr. Drover have offered to take you home, *but* I can call your emergency contact—”

“—yes. Call him.”

The nurse blinked at Ilya’s sudden and complete lack of hesitation, then nodded. “I wasn’t aware you were *that* close with Shane, Mr. Rozanov,” she said with a wink, then she turned on her heels and stopped before a desk.

Ilya peered at Troy, who was watching him with a bemused expression. “Shane? As in—*wait*. As in Shane Hollander?! He’s two hours, away, Ilya! Why don’t you let me drive you home— c’mon.”

“Is fine,” Ilya reiterated, voice slurred as he tilted his head. “You do not want to have to take care of me, yes? He will come.”

“Ilya—” This was Harris now, a hint of concern in his voice.

“He *will*. He has to. Cannot be anyone but him.” He snapped. Only vaguely aware of how that might come across. He didn’t care, he wanted to see Shane. Shane was probably worried. Ilya would text him after games, and he was sure news of the hit would reach Shane pretty fast. He wanted to see Shane; wanted to tell him he was okay, and that he didn’t have to worry.

Mercedes looked back at him with a curious expression but said nothing, turning her attention down to the papers she’d been holding. Without looking away from the paper, she

plucked up a phone, settled into her rolling chair and dialed Shane's number. "Good evening!" She began, but her voice was far too loud and Ilya closed his eyes, tuning her out.

"Ilya..." Harris began, sounding more curious than anything else. Ilya cracked his eyes open and gazed at him. "Why is Shane Hollander your emergency contact? Friends don't... normally do that. Do they?"

Ilya severely fucking doubted it. He winced and covered his eyes with his arm. "M'head hurts, leave me alone." He grumbled.

"Yeah, I don't think so, Rozanov," Troy said, a sudden mischievous glint in his eyes. Ilya didn't like that look; it was too similar to the ones *he* had given Troy early in their friendship; when Troy and Harris hadn't gotten together yet, but Troy had been anything but subtle about his interest in Troy. If Ilya wasn't displeased that that look was turned on *him*, he'd almost be proud of Troy. "You're so buddy-buddy with Shane Hollander that you'd put a man who lives a city away and who you interact with only a couple times a year with as your *emergency contact*? What's all that about?"

Ilya stared at him, trying to school his expression into something blank. Troy might not be the fastest at figuring things out, but he wasn't an *idiot*. If he had even the smallest amount of comprehension, he'd figure out what it meant. Ilya *certainly* wasn't going to tell them.

It was Harris who seemed to get it first. His eyes widened, and he breathed out a shocked laugh. "Holy shit," he whispered, "but— but then? Who's— Who's Jane?"

Troy frowned, looking at Harris. "Kinda rhymes with Shane doesn't it?" He said, almost absentmindedly. Then his eyes went comically wide. And if Ilya wasn't currently in a hospital bed with a mild concussion, he was sure Troy would have hit him with the pillow he had grabbed onto dear life for.

Ilya threw his head back and laughed as Troy let go of the pillow and grasped at Ilya's arm with both hands. "*No*," he hissed, eyes as wide as the moon, his expression completely floored. "You're *kidding*. You're fucking with me right now, *right*? *Shane Hollander*?"

Ilya laughed at him so hard he figured he made his head worse, but at the same time it was just so funny he couldn't help but laugh. It was also a little... freeing. He hadn't said anything, but Troy and Harris had made the connection and suddenly someone *knew*. Suddenly there was someone else who knew about his relationship with Shane and there was a little less weight on his heart. He smiled, he couldn't help it, grinning at Troy's shell shocked expression.

"How... how long has this been a thing between you two?" Harris asked, his voice hardly louder than a whisper.

Ilya sighed. "How long have we been in a relationship, or?"

"*Or*?" Demanded Troy. His reaction was starting to get on Ilya's nerves and also worry him. "What do you mean *or*?" Harris shot him a warning glance, but he didn't say anything. He was curious. Ilya couldn't really blame him.

Fucking hell. He heaved a sigh “If you *really* have to know, we’ve been fucking since we were eighteen; dating since twenty-seventeen.” He informed them, keeping his voice low and quiet, but firm. As freeing as it felt to talk to someone about it with someone who wasn’t Hayden fucking Pike, he was worried one of them might let it slip. He eyed Harris.

“Holy shit,” was all Harris said.

Ilya sat up. “You can’t—” his voice cracked. Ugh. Embarrassing. “You cannot say anything about—”

“Dude.” Troy interrupted, hands held up in surrender. “You really think we’d do that? This is clearly something you and Sh— you and *him* want to keep secret. You kept it a secret when I told you I was gay, and this is clearly really important to you. I won’t say anything, Harris won’t either. Do you... ever plan to tell people about it?” He asked.

Out of the corner of Ilya’s eye, he saw Mercedes hang up the call. His heart skipped a couple beats. He turned back to Troy. “When we are both retired, yes. Right now... is like walking a tightrope.” He murmured.

“You must really love him to keep it secret for so long, huh?” Harris asked.

Ilya’s throat closed up a little, and all he could manage was a nod as, if by magic, Mercedes materialized at his side. He started a little, cursing under his breath. She giggled, and crossed her arms behind her. “I’ve spoken with Mr. Hollander, he’s on his way,” she told him, “but... he is in Montreal, that’s a couple hours away. Are you willing to wait that long?”

“Yes.” Ilya said, without a moments’ hesitation.

He’d wait forever in this cramped, uncomfortable hospital bed, in a sterile room that felt like it was closing in on him, if it meant he’d get to see Shane.

Mercedes’ gaze softened, as if she understood what Ilya was talking about. For his sake, he imagined she did. It would be nice to be understood. Ilya was in a very specific and rather unique situation. “Better make yourself comfortable,” she told him, “if you ever need anything, just let me know.”

Ilya nodded, gave Troy and Harris a coy smile, and then settled in the bed, and leaned his head back.

Ilya was damn near dying of boredom by the time Shane arrived.

He hadn’t been allowed to sleep because of his concussion, and though they’d given him his phone they hadn’t let him use it because of his concussion either. He tried arguing that it was just a minor concussion, and it would just be *so kind of you if you could maybe give me that paperback please*, but nothing. Ilya desperately wanted to devolve into childish mutterings, but Mercedes was just doing her job, and she *had* given him these cool ass sunglasses, though, so he kept his complaints to a minimum.

Troy and Harris stayed at his side, which inexplicably made him feel all soft inside, though that might have been the painkillers kicking in. He felt like the uncomfortable hospital bed he was in was swallowing him and honestly, how was he supposed to stay awake when the meds were making it a struggle to keep his eyes open?

He only really knew when Shane arrived because Harris sat up suddenly, and he heard Mercedes greeting the newcomer, but her words didn't compute in his mind.

"How is he?" He heard Shane say. He pushed himself up onto his elbows. Squinting through the haziness of his vision, he looked toward where Shane stood; he looked distressed, and his suit was a little crumpled.

His heart did a little flip, and he smiled softly when Shane's gaze landed on him.

"Hollander," he croaked.

"Hey..." Shane's voice was gentle as he stepped up to the bedside, a small, distressed smile on his face. He reached out for Ilya, and Ilya took his hand in his own. He was so cold, and then he pulled Ilya close and into a hug, hiding his face in the crook of his neck. "*Tu seras ma mort une journée, je le jure.*" Shane softly.

Ilya choked out a soft laugh and pulled back. "I don't speak French, *moya lyubov.*"

Shane's soft smile vanished, and for a moment, he almost looked *angry*, but then it was gone, and he shook his head. "I'm glad you're okay. Let's get you home." He told him. He helped Ilya out of bed, though it was a bit of a struggle seeing as Shane was smaller than him, but nothing disastrous happened. Ilya murmured his goodbyes to Troy and Harris, thanked Mercedes, and let himself drift off, though he made sure he didn't fall asleep. Shane signed him out, and led them to his car. From there Ilya shook him off and clambered into the passenger seat.

If there had been reporters or anyone of the likes who saw them, he didn't know. He didn't care.

He stayed quiet, even as Shane got in, started the car and began the drive to Ilya's home.

"Why am I your emergency contact?" Shane asked a moment, and the clipped, almost harsh edge to his voice made Ilya wince and drop his gaze. He didn't like that tone of voice; felt like he was being lectured.

"I..." he began, surprised at the hesitation in his voice.

Shane glanced at him, sharp eyes narrowed. "Was there no one else? We live two hours away from each other, Ilya! We're supposed to be smart about this, not give ourselves away!"

"Who else was I supposed to put?" Ilya snapped, surprising even himself with his outburst. Shane blinked, shocked, then turned his gaze back to the road. "My mother is dead, my father is dead, and I haven't spoken to my brother in *years*. There *is* no one else. I just— I thought it wouldn't *matter* because I *don't* get injured. It's not something that happens to me. I didn't think it would ever come to the point where it would be needed." He felt stupid having to explain himself. Shane was his boyfriend, why *wouldn't* he be his emergency contact?

He looked down at his lap, wringing his hands. “M’sorry if I made you mad.”

“You *scared* me,” Shane said, something raw and vulnerable in his voice. Ilya’s head snapped up to look at him, swallowing hard. Shane was peering at him, his freckles looked like they were dancing on his face under the coming and going of the lights outside. The red lights of the cars in front of them painted him in soft, almost ominous light. “I’m sorry I snapped, that wasn’t fair of me. I’ve been terrified ever since I got the call from Mercedes and... I... I just wish you’d *told* me.”

Ilya didn’t know what to say, so he said nothing.

“I love you, Ilya, you mean the world to me. You know that right?” He asked softly, and Ilya’s entire world felt like it was falling under him. He would have swayed had he been standing, the power behind Shane’s words hitting him with so much force it took his breath away.

Ilya reached over the center console and grasped for one of Shane’s hands. Softly, Shane laced their fingers and brought their hands up to kiss Ilya’s knuckles. Ilya knew he was imagining it, but it felt like his concussion lessened with each butterfly kiss. He relaxed into his seat. “I’m not mad at you. I just wish you’d talked to me before making me your emergency contact.”

“You still came for me,” Ilya croaked, snorting at his own words. Shane rolled his eyes, but he nodded.

“Of course I did,” a smirk, “nothing could keep me from you, you know that.”

Stopping at a red light, Ilya glanced around at the surprisingly empty streets, and he huffed a soft laugh before tugging on their laced fingers, leaning over the center console and pressing his lips to Shane’s. Shane kissed back immediately, relaxing, and Ilya could feel him smile against the kiss. He pulled back, a flush on his face and Ilya smirked at him. “Sorry I worried you,” Ilya told him, kissing him again. “I love you too.” He added, because he knew it always mellowed Shane out.

It did just that, Shane relaxed a little more, leaning back in his seat as the light turned green. “You might not after a couple weeks of being under my care.” He mused, giving Ilya a sly smile.

He rolled his eyes. “I am not letting you help me piss.” He told him simply.

Shane burst out laughing, and the sound made Ilya’s heart sore. He squeezed Shane’s hand, and kept the fingers laced for the remainder of the car ride home. They said nothing else, though. There was nothing *to* say. They’d worked everything out even though his head was going to be an issue, it was fine, Ilya thought. As long as he had Shane.

End Notes

Comments, questions, concerns?

Leave me some ! I'm always open to feedback !

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!