

no blades

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/41040126) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/41040126>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Eric Bennett & Shane Hollander
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Eric Bennett , Wyatt Hayes
Additional Tags:	Soft Hockey Boys , Sickfic , TLG Spoilers , Justice for Shane Hollander , Fluff
Language:	English
Collections:	GCU Summer 2022 Bingo
Stats:	Published: 2022-08-15 Words: 2,302 Chapters: 1/1

no blades

by [Yoitsmo16](#)

Summary

As the third period got underway, Shane started to truly regret his decision to play that night.

Notes

A very late submission to Summer Server Bingo for sick/illness. Hope you enjoy!

As the third period got underway, Shane started to truly regret his decision to play that night. He'd been feeling off all day - achy, headache, slightly sore throat that continued to get worse, the list went on. But he was upright, which was sometimes the only criteria needed to play hockey. Ilya had hovered all day, seeming to be aware of how Shane's condition was deteriorating over the course of the day towards the evening puck drop. He'd looked close to saying something a few times, but Shane would give him a look that said *You'd be doing the same if you were in my shoes*. Ilya's replying expression said something like *You're right, but I don't like it*.

Now though, he was gearing up for his first shift of the final period. The game had gone by in a blur honestly, but Shane had kept up and even squeezed out an assist to Ilya on a power play goal. He didn't want to admit to himself that he'd let Ilya take more of his weight than usual in their post-goal embrace. Ilya's customary elaborate kiss on his cheek lasted a little longer as well, as if Ilya was searching for something.

As Shane's counterpart approached the bench for the line change, Shane blinked to focus. He launched over the boards and joined the play with the rest of his line. This game was really making him realize just how much muscle memory he was using. The Centaurs set up shop in the offensive zone, Shane gaining confidence as he competently worked the puck around the zone. Luca Haas returned his pass and he was poised for a perfect one-timer at the blue line.

Disaster struck instead.

Okay, maybe not *disaster*. Much, much worse could happen. Shane had the puck perfectly in his line of vision and wound up for the shot. Somehow, in between the time it took Shane to bring his stick down to the ice, his vision swam and his brain went a little fuzzy, like a TV going static for a split second. Shane kept his stick moving though, and then felt only a fraction of the puck make contact with his stick. A *whiff* of all things. Worse yet, his momentum, having not gone with the puck on full contact, sent him spiraling towards the ice in a heap.

Play continued around him as he rolled to his back and took in the bottom of the jumbotron and rafters high above. He gingerly but quickly got up and skated to the bench. Wyatt, who was taking the night off, readily opened the door with a concerned look on his face. "You okay, Hollander?" he asked, his eyebrows scrunching together underneath his Centaurs ballcap.

Shane braced himself on the boards as he stepped through to the bench area. "Uh, I don't think so," he replied, looking towards the player tunnel behind the bench. Tristan, the new trainer, scooted in front of the standing coaches and met Shane at the mouth of the tunnel.

"What's up?" Tristan asked, all concern.

Shane started walking down the tunnel with a slight sway, feeling light-headed. "Feel awful. Headache. Cramps in my legs. Dizzy."

Tristan wrapped an arm around Shane's waist in support as they walked in tandem to the locker room. Shane's body seemed to realize the acquiescence his brain was granting him to be fully ill. He was going downhill, quickly.

"We'll get you to rights, take it easy," Tristan replied.

As they turned the corner towards the locker room, Shane distantly thought he heard the sound of his name coming from the direction of the bench.

Shane slowly came to full consciousness not long after when he heard the sounds of voices and hockey equipment being discarded. He took a second to gather his bearings: he'd gotten some fluids and cold meds immediately after leaving the game and was now curled up on a couch in the team doctor Terry's office with his back facing the door. Tristan had helped him out of his gear and he now wore long athletic shorts and a Centaurs t-shirt.

The headache and sore throat was also returning to his awareness as he heard a commotion outside down the hall.

"- in Terry's office, you said?" came a voice Shane knew all too well.

"Roz, no blades! Get some guards," another voice responded. Tristan, probably. Shane wasn't really focused on it at the moment.

A responding grumble and a few seconds went by before the door was quietly opened. Shane peeked over his shoulder and beheld his husband, helmet still on but sans stick and gloves.

"Shane," Ilya said quietly as he approached. "What's wrong? I was on the ice, came back to the bench, and you were gone."

"Sick," Shane responded. Even saying words hurt. A hand caressed his forehead and hair.

Ilya swore to the room. "I knew it. Tristan said you've got a fever. Then the way you went down, I was so worried you hit your head. "

Shane shook his head, each movement feeling like moving a ton of bricks. "Home soon?"

"Yes, I'll go get this gear off and get the car. I'll have Tristan come get you so we can get you straight in the car."

"Okay," Shane said with a sigh and closed his eyes.

Ilya made for the door, his equipment sounding loud in the silence of the room. "See you soon, sweetheart," he said as he closed the door behind him.

A minute or an hour later - Shane wasn't really sure - Tristan came in and helped Shane slowly to his feet. He was escorted to the players' entrance while Tristan rattled off instructions of medicines and hydration. "Most of all," he said, "rest is the best. It's a rhyme, so you know it's serious."

Shane cracked a smile, grateful for the levity given the situation. "You think I'll bounce back quickly?"

"Yeah, just bad timing and trying to push through it. Sometimes the body has to give an SOS signal."

Shane made a sound of agreement and said "Thanks for your help tonight."

"Of course. That's what I'm here for."

The doors slid open to the covered parking garage and Shane & Ilya's Mercedes SUV was parked idling at the curb, Ilya emerging from the driver's seat and jogging over. Shane shuffled over to the SUV and Ilya helped him inside. As he got settled, Shane heard a bit of the ensuing conversation between Ilya and Tristan, mostly repeating the same instructions Shane had received. Ilya thanked Tristan and bid him goodnight. Shane rested his head back as Ilya climbed in and put the SUV in drive.

"Home, Hollander?"

"Home, Rozanov."

The next morning, Shane slowly opened his eyes and cataloged how he was feeling. Marginally better, but still would rather stay horizontal. He heard the sound of footsteps and looked up to find Ilya walking into their bedroom, armed with two water bottles in one hand and a cup of steaming tea in the other. Upon seeing Shane's eyes on him, Ilya quickly yet carefully set down the tea and water bottles. He sat on the edge of the bed and leaned forward, hand outstretched to check Shane's fever. Shane closed his eyes and sighed at the touch, comforted by the familiar, unique *clink* Ilya's ring made with the crucifix at his neck.

"It broke overnight, but you're still a little warm to me," Ilya said in a low, worried voice as he stroked the side of Shane's face. "You'll stay in bed today, yeah? I'll be here - Coach confirmed no practice or anything."

Shane swallowed with a wince. "Good thing we've got two off days before the next game."

Ilya glared at him. "I don't think you'll be ready to play the next game. These types of colds take a lot out of you in a small amount of time."

"We'll see," Shane scooted up in the bed so he could prop up and drink his tea. He looked around the room. "What am I gonna do all day?"

“Well, the first thing you can do is check your phone, it’s been buzzing almost nonstop since we got home. I let your parents and Coach know you’re okay, but others will want to know. I need to take Anya for a walk.”

Shane grabbed his phone and the mug off the nightstand and settled back in. “Thank you for taking care of me, babe. You probably shouldn’t be in here too much, I don’t know how contagious I am.”

Ilya shrugged. “This is what marriage is, right? You would do the same for me.”

Shane felt mushy inside and nodded. “Yeah, I would.”

Ilya kissed Shane’s forehead as he rose to leave. “I will take Anya for a walk and then we’ll need to get some food in you. Maybe that soup you like.”

“Sounds good.” Then Shane had a realization as Ilya started to leave the room. “Hey.”

Ilya turned back. “What?”

“You’re not giving me shit for whiffing?”

Warmth gathered in Ilya’s eyes and a familiar smirk emerged. “Not this time,” he said as he turned around and left the room. Shane sat in mildly surprised silence until he heard a faint laugh, “There will be plenty of other chances for that!”

Shane rolled his eyes and shook his head as he cracked a smile only his husband could conjure. He woke his phone up and faced a deluge of notifications. He waded through the important ones, reassuring his parents and Hayden that he was fine. Multiple teammates, coaches, and Harris had checked in with him as well. He paused when he saw a text from Eric Bennett and opened the conversation.

Eric Bennett (9:39AM): Hey man, saw you took a tumble last night. Hope you’re doing alright.

Shane (11:52AM): Hey thanks for checking in. I’m fine, this cold caught up with me a lot quicker than I thought and knocked me on my ass (literally lol). Should be ok after some rest

Eric Bennett (11:53AM): Glad to hear, been there done that for sure.

Shane (11:53AM): You and Kyle traveling right now? Just trying to gauge how jealous I should be

Eric Bennett (11:54AM): Just back from Paris. At the bar for inventory day, yay.

Attached was a selfie of a smiling Eric in the Kingfisher’s storage room surrounded by a wide range of kegs and bottles. In the background, Kyle was striking a pose in the doorway and had a faux serious face pasted on like a model.

Shane (11:56AM): lol nice, looks like you're having fun at least. Idk what I'm gonna do all day, I feel restless already

Eric Bennett (12:11PM): Kyle suggested this show that I totally binged through. Lakefront Bargain Hunt, it's like house hunting but for lake houses. It's amazing, you never know what people are gonna choose.

Shane (12:13PM): thanks for the rec, I'll check it out! Looks like I have it streaming, this is perfect

Eric Bennett (12:14PM): no problem, I think you'll like it. Hope you feel better soon!

Shane (12:15PM): Thanks, me too. Tell Kyle I said hi. We still on for yoga when the Centaurs come to town?

Eric Bennett (12:15PM): Definitely. Kyle says "helloooOOooo" by the way. I was told to add at least 5 Os and capitalize some so there.

Shane (12:16PM): lol well done. I'll let you know how this lake show goes

As evening rolled around, Ilya was starting to prepare dinner for him and Shane. The soup had gone over well that afternoon, and Ilya had checked on Shane sporadically to monitor for any other symptoms or resurgence of fever. None had occurred thankfully, except for Shane's increased fascination in some show where a family was shown three lake houses and they would pick one to buy. Ilya thought it was a little repetitive, but Shane was tearing through episodes.

Ilya had just pulled out a cutting board when he heard a shout upstairs. "OH MY GOD, ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!" He dropped the board on the counter and raced up the stairs, finding Shane sitting up with his hands in his hair, eyes glued to the television.

"What is it?!" Ilya demanded. He stepped forward and thrust his hand against Shane's cool forehead.

Shane gestured towards the television. "They picked the three bedroom! Why would they do that?! Carol specifically said they were expecting a lot of company at this house *for extended stays*. The four bedroom was *clearly* the right choice. Hold on, I gotta text Eric."

As he watched Shane find his phone amongst the sheets and text his friend, seemingly in all caps if his glance was correct, Ilya was struck with a wave of love for his husband. Happy that he was bouncing back quickly from being sick, at peace with the life they were sharing as teammates and partners, and excitement for the future, house hunting included.

Shane pressed send and looked up, a little flushed with exuberance. “Watch one with me?” he asked as he patted the empty space on the bed.

Ilya pointed backwards over his shoulder. “I just started dinner.”

“Just one,” Shane poked his bottom lip out just enough to pout. “I appreciate you taking such good care of me, but I think I need snuggles and your opinions on these houses right now.”

Ilya pretended to waffle on his decision before launching himself onto the bed next to Shane. Just as Shane had gotten comfortable on Ilya’s chest, Anya ran in and jumped on the bed with them. The three cuddled in bed as the next family started their lake house search and unknowingly faced the rather strong opinions of Shane and Ilya.

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