

Comfort & Care

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75869271) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75869271>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Sickfic , Fluff , Forehead Kisses , No Beta we die like Kyle Tucker , Cuddling & Snuggling , One Shot , Praise
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-16 Words: 1,202 Chapters: 1/1

Comfort & Care

by [mlmcrane](#)

Summary

Ilya Rozanov forgets to take his Zoloft, god the pain. Shane cares for him.

Notes

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

It was stupid. God, it was. But Ilya did not enjoy the idea of admitting he forgot to take his medicine. It was stupid because he had about a thousand reminders on his phone and there was no reason to miss such a small thing. Something that would take up about five seconds of his time. But Ilya had been fucking *exhausted* when he returned home. Something was just taken out of him that day. He was so tired that he and Shane didn't even fuck!

This morning, he felt fucking awful. His limbs ached, his head pulsed an awkward pain, and it felt like his world was crashing down on him. His thoughts were muddled and he felt vaguely nauseous. It was almost amazing how bad he felt.

All attempts at concealing his mistake, though, were voided as he audibly *hissed* when Shane opened the blinds to let the morning light into their room. This was also something aimed at Ilya's shortcomings. Let in a lot of sunlight in the morning, it would help.

"Mm? You okay, Ilya?" Shane noticed, hair still plastered awkwardly across his forehead from sleep in a way that made Ilya melt.

"I am OK," he tried, not wanting to make a scene. But, truthfully, his body ached, his head throbbed, and things in his body just felt *wrong*. He wasn't really sure how convincing his tone had been but Shane's face scrunched up and he figured the attempt wasn't very good.

Shane sat back on their bed, finding the best spot to splay as he entangled his fingers in the other's curls. Ilya hummed in contentment, letting his eyes close again in the comforting presence of Shane's hand.

"Did you forget to take your zoloft?" He asked, softly, not even a whisper, like he knew Ilya was embarrassed he could forget such a simple thing.

Ilya didn't want to answer. It was too stupid. He had basically *begged* to be put on this SSRI and now he had forgotten to even take it. He probably didn't even need it. He was just lazy. He could've functioned without it. These thoughts swirled for a while, until Ilya got so upset he audibly *whined*.

"Baby," Shane pouted, in one of his rare uses of a pet name, "you were so tired last night. I should've reminded you, I'm sorry." The finger movements in Ilya's hair became a hundred times more soothing. All he could really do was hum in satisfaction. He didn't get like this a lot, it was usually Shane who he dropped into a space of pathetic neediness, which they both enjoyed. But this time, Ilya needed to be cared for. He needed all of Shane's little touches, all of the touches so precisely aimed to please him because Shane was all about being the best.

"Well, I'm thinking you should probably take yours right now anyways. It's only-" he checked the clock, "6 o'clock. Then we get you back to bed."

Shane considered his own plan carefully like he's trying to remember everything he's ever learned about SSRIs. But Shane's, of course, right. The doctors all told him to try to take it as soon as possible if missed. He felt stupid for not even considering that as he became frozen in his ill state.

After determining the perfectness of his plan, Shane put it into motion. He, very gently, slipped out from Ilya's grasp, making his way to the kitchen for a glass of water. Pathetically, Ilya already missed him as he lay there under the soft blankets, the room spinning as his brain reeled from the lack of drugs in his system. If it wasn't for the physical discomfort of it all, he felt like it was almost blissful, the out of body feeling he was having. Of course, that wouldn't be very productive when he had things to do, people to see.

The busy schedule was also a thing designed to keep Ilya's depression from taking too much of his life. He liked being busy. His mother used to say that idle hands made for the devil's work, and he laughed to himself as he remembered that silly phrase and let the pang of grief wash over him like it always did.

Before too long of a time with his thoughts, Shane returned, water in hand. Ilya always kept his pill bottle on the nightstand so that part was easy. He guessed it was having water to take it that tripped him up sometimes. Shane didn't just give him the glass though, no. He had to be a thousand times more caring for some reason as he tapped Ilya up into a sitting position, letting his empty hand fall on him in so many comforting ways. His touch was still intoxicating.

"Mmkay," Shane hummed, reaching for the pill bottle. He opened the child lock with ease and pulled out exactly one pill. This was mind-blowing to Ilya, whose mind collapsed with the idea of effort or movement. His limbs felt weird and his mind still hazy.

"Alright, put this on your tongue, thank you." Shane was unordinarily bossy this morning, in a way Ilya was grateful for. In a way that discouraged getting lost in his own thoughts.

When Ilya did as he was told, Shane lifted the glass to Ilya's mouth, not letting him even *touch* the glass. He kept lifting until Ilya had completely swallowed the pill. Water had spilled over him a little, but he didn't really care. Shane was taking care of him.

"Good job," Shane whispered, pressing a kiss to Ilya's head. "I think you should go back to sleep." He certainly agreed with that idea. If this was a different time, Shane would've left him there to drift sadly into sleep. If this was a different time, he maybe wouldn't have been there at all. But it was now, and Shane was all his, and he cuddled in closer to Ilya, caressing the back of his head in a slow, soothing fashion.

"Kiss." Ilya was not asking. Shane smiled dorkily, and gave him a quick peck on the lips. This was not enough! So Ilya pouted.

"Oh, you want more?" Shane teased, hands touching every inch of his body.

"I am ill, I deserve kiss."

"Mm. I can't argue with that logic," and Shane gave him what he wanted. That open-mouthed kiss that felt so tender and pure he could die happy just then. Well, not really. He'd miss Shane. But it was good. It was exactly what he needed, Shane's hands cradling his face as he took in long gulps of the boy he'd loved since age 18.

Then he slowed it down, trying to lull Ilya to sleep with laden kisses not just on his mouth, but his cheek and his jaw and his forehead. And it worked. Completely, it worked. Ilya could forget the odd feeling of his body confused by a lack of medicine, he could forget the feelings of shame associated with the forgetting and the helplessness. And he could drift off into sleep, Shane's body right next to his, cradling him, keeping him warm, safe.

And that's all Ilya needs.

End Notes

Hi guys this is my first hollanov fic I dont know if this is in character! It's based off the ills i faced this morning: forgotten zoloft pill. I am in Hell. Thank u ilya for being projectable

Follow me on Twitter @MLMCRAANE i am a bona fide gay sports poster

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