

Soup for a sick Ilya

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75965111) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75965111>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anyia , Ilya Rozanov's Dog , Anyia Hollander - Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Ilya is sick and Shane makes soup , Chef Shane , More domestic love because why not , I don't proofread or edit much still lol , Hollanov - Freeform , Theyre always so cute!
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-18 Words: 1,296 Chapters: 1/1

Soup for a sick Ilya

by [EndlessSunsetRose](#)

Summary

Ilya gets sick and Shane cooks him chicken noodle soup. Shane overreacts to Ilya's sickness but he just loves his husband. Just another domestic Hollanov fic <3

Notes

I write these fics in one go so I apologize that they're not very polished. I just love writing little fluff pieces and letting them go off into the wind. I hope you enjoy!

LONG GAME SPOILERS

“Shane, this is the 5th time you’ve taken my temperature this hour. Medication takes time. It is a small fever, yes?”

Shane ignored his husband, rolling the thermometer in his hands. 100.5. Not bad by any means. But he hated sickness. And he hated that Ilya was the one who was sick.

“It’s small,” Shane mumbled back. “But it’s not nothing. This tylenol better kick in soon. You’re sweaty. You can’t be feeling good.”

Ilya, despite being slick with sweat and looking exhausted, was as beautiful as ever.

Ilya rolled his eyes playfully. “Well yes Hollander, it comes with the territory of being sick. But it’s ok. I will be better before you know it.”

Shane, even though he knew Ilya would be better within a few days, wanted his husband to feel better now. So, he was going to cook.

“You are going to lay there and relax. I am going to go make you soup.”

“Sweetheart,” Ilya said with a smile. He knew what petnames did to Shane, the way they tugged at his heart. “Do you even know how to make soup?”

“No but I really should. Besides, I have practically all the ingredients already. How hard could it be?”

Before Ilya could counter with some teasing bullshit about how Shane was no master cook, Shane put his hand up. “Let me take care of you tonight.”

Ilya’s eyes softened.

“Ok, Hollander,” he replied, his voice a soft whisper.

Shane was no cook. He had a few basic meals he knew really well that fit in his once restrictive diet, but he had yet to venture into new territories. He was taking his relationship with food slow. While he had grown more comfortable with ordering different foods while out, the kitchen was still a difficult place for him. But soup, that was something he could do, especially for his sweaty husband.

For a moment, he pondered if there was such a thing as tuna soup, but decided that he should stick to the classic chicken noodle.

As he began the prep, all-recipes open on his phone, he felt his mind wander.

Ilya had been pushing himself a lot at practice. He wanted the Centaurs to win. He took such good care of his team, especially the younger players like Haas. Did Ilya push himself into sickness?

Shane wasn't stupid. He knew sickness was part of life. But the idea of Ilya pushing himself to the point that led him to illness? Shane had been so oblivious in the past to his husband's mental health struggles that he didn't want to miss a beat in his health ever again, and that included physical health.

With all the ingredients in the pot, he just had to let it simmer for a while. Something about flavor absorption and other fancy cooking terms. The things he would do for this husband. As he gave the pot a stir, he felt arms come around his waist.

“Smells good,” Ilya whispered into Shane's ear, his head now resting on his shoulder.

“What happened to resting while I take care of you,” Shane quipped, feigning annoyance when in all honesty he wanted his husband to stay right where he was.

“I was getting sicker, y’know being so far away from you. *My nurse*,” Ilya replied and though Shane could not see his face, he had no doubt that Ilya wore a massive smirk.

His husband's teasing never failed to redden his cheeks. He could blame his flush on the simmering pot of soup but he and Ilya both knew it would be a lie.

Shane Hollander was hopelessly in love.

Shane felt Ilya plant soft, gentle kisses on his neck. Normally, Shane would shoo him off to avoid getting sick, but honestly he craved his beautiful husband's touch and decided the risk was worth it.

Ilya must have realized that he shouldn’t be so close to Shane and began to detach himself, which Shane would not have. He spun and pulled Ilya into a hug.

“Stay with me, sweat and all”

“You have got to stop calling me sweaty. I glow with hydration,” Ilya chirped, not moving from Shane’s embrace.

“My glowing husband. Who is also sweaty,” Shane let out a small laugh.

Before they knew it, the soup was ready. Now nestled on the couch, Anya sleeping peacefully on the floor below them, Ilya took a sip of the broth, Shane intently watching him.

“Is good. Tastes like love,” Ilya said, taking another sip. “I feel healed already.”

Shane, doubtful of that, took a sip from his own bowl. It wasn't phenomenal by any means but it was flavorful enough where Shane felt a sense of accomplishment.

"As a first time soup chef, it's not bad. But try the rest," Shane said, his gaze returning once more to his husband.

Shane knew making soup wouldn't magically fix Ilya. Nor would it absolve him of the guilt he felt for the ways he hadn't been there for Ilya in the past. But if he could help his husband feel even the slightest bit better? Then it was all worth it.

Ilya, glanced at him with such a tender smile, Shane almost thought his heart would stop from all the love.

After taking a full bite of his soup, Ilya put down his bowl and, before Shane could even process, launched himself at Shane.

"My gorgeous husband made me the BEST soup in the whole wide world," Ilya said, his arms now encompassing Shane as he launched a flurry of kisses on his cheeks.

"Ilya," Shane protested. "How was it actually? Was it any good?"

Ilya stopped his kisses and gently cupped Shane's face with both his hands.

"It could be the worst soup in the whole world and it would still taste good because you made it," Ilya murmured quietly. Shane felt his cheeks flush as his husband planted a kiss on his forehead, still holding his face with such tenderness.

"So it was terrible?" Shane asked, his voice garbled as Ilya continued to hold his face.

"Oh Shane, it was good, ok. I enjoy your soup," Ilya said with a chuckle. "Thank you for taking care of me."

Ilya let his forehead press into Shane's. Shane couldn't tell who was warmer anymore. He savored the moment a little longer before gently pushing Ilya off.

"Finish your soup before it gets cold," Shane demanded, though he could find no force in his tone. He couldn't stop the grin on his face from softening his voice. He felt like mush.

"As you wish, my love."

After finishing their soups, they snuggled with Anya and threw on Kung Fu Panda. Unironically, it had become one of Ilya's favorite movies. While Ilya was engrossed in the film, Shane took the opportunity to shove the thermometer back into his mouth.

"Under the tongue," Shane insisted, Ilya squirming for a moment before accepting defeat. The thermometer read and flashed a bright 98.9.

"See, you healed me, Hollander. Tylenol has nothing on your soup," Ilya said, a fondness in his voice as he rested his head on Shane's chest.

"Yeah, it was definitely my soup that healed you," Shane said sarcastically. But deep down, he was so relieved. Ilya was on the mend. He may not be able to take away all of Ilya's pain, but he would always be there for him. How lucky he was to be present in the life of the one he loved so dearly.

Shane pulled Ilya into him, caressing his hair.

"Whenever you need me, I will be here. I promise," Shane whispered.

“I know, my love. Thank you for being here with me. I love you.”

“I love you too, even when you’re sweaty.”

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