

love is a drug

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76095706) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76095706>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Crack , Fluff , Crack Treated Seriously , Drugs , Hurt/Comfort
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Hollanov one-shots
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-21 Words: 1,050 Chapters: 1/1

love is a drug

by [WhatAreDeadlines](#)

Summary

“Someone you really like came to visit you today?” the nurse repeats. “That’s wonderful, Mr. Hollander.”

Never in his life has Ilya blushed. Russians do not do this. If they did, though, Ilya would be doing it now.

“Is it someone special?”

(Shane is high as a kite from painkillers. Ilya lingers after he leaves his room to make sure Shane doesn't give them away. Missing scene from Episode 5)

Notes

the Holland brain rot is all-consuming

Ilya lingers on the bench just outside Shane's hospital room, too worried about how uninhibited Hollander is right now in the presence of his nurse to feel right about leaving just yet.

The things Shane said to him in there, about him wanting Ilya to come to his cottage... the pure joy on Shane's face just at the sight of him...

Ilya tells himself it's just the painkillers. Deep down, though, he knows Shane had meant every word.

That's what has him so frightened.

That, plus the idea that *high* Shane might say things that might mortify both of them later. Ilya has come to terms with lacking the strength to walk away from this wonderful man with the maddening freckles, but no one can know what they are to each other.

If Shane says too much Ilya may have to take immediate action. He doesn't know what that action will be, but he wouldn't be half as good as he is at hockey without being excellent at thinking on his feet. Images of bursting into the hospital room and smothering Hollander with a pillow for real spring to mind.

"So, Mr. Hollander," the nurse begins. Her voice is bright and chipper and easy to make out in the hallway despite the door being closed. Convenient, given the circumstances. "How are you feeling?"

Ilya can hear Shane's mumbled reply but can't make out any of the words. Hollander is always soft-spoken, even when he's not suffering from a concussion or high on painkillers. Even when he's out for murder on the ice. Even when he's underneath Ilya on the bed, moaning and begging for more. Among other things Ilya isn't letting himself think about these days, he's definitely not letting himself think about how much he loves Shane's voice.

"Oh," the nurse says. "That's wonderful news. I'm glad you're feeling better."

Ilya lets out a shaky breath and drags a hand through his hair. Shane said he wasn't too badly injured, but Ilya needs specifics. He hates that he can't simply march up to the doctor who's treating Shane right now and demand these specifics. He hates even more that he has to resort to eavesdropping like this. Anything, though, is better than the hours he'd spent last night completely in the dark. He'd nearly punched a hole in his bathroom mirror last night out of fear and frustration.

Shane is feeling better. He'll be okay. Ilya takes another deep breath, feeling nothing but relief.

"Someone you really like came to visit you today?" the nurse repeats. "That's wonderful, Mr. Hollander."

Ilya's ears perk up.

“Is it someone special?”

Never in his life has Ilya blushed. Russians do not do this. If they did, though, Ilya would be doing it now. Rozanov strains his ears for Shane’s reply, telling himself he only wants to hear the answer to know if he needs to burst into the room and do that thing with the pillow. But all he hears is the nurse's laughter.

“Oh, they have a nice ass?” The nurse laughs. “You... and you like pinching it, because it's so rock solid? That’s... well. That’s good to hear.”

The nurse is starting to sound uncomfortable. Ilya continues to not blush. Because, again--Russian.

“So I need to go over your discharge instructions, Mr. Hollander,” the nurse continues. “Assuming your recovery continues at the current rate you’ll be ready to go home tomorrow. But you’ll have to refrain from certain activities until your regular doctor gives you the all clear.”

This makes sense to Ilya. Shane said he was out of the playoffs, but it would not surprise him if Shane was also placed on significant activity restrictions for at least the next several weeks.

"That's right, Mr. Hollander," the nurse continues. "No screens for three weeks."

Shane makes a noise of protest, and then says more words too muffled for Ilya to make out.

"And that brings me to the next restriction I have. No sex for the next six weeks."

More noises of protest from Shane. Ilya--oh, goddamn it all to hell--is blushing for the first time in Russian history.

"Oh, my," the nurse says, sounding stunned. "Um... no, I'm sorry, Mr. Hollander. But I think that counts as sex. No, no--I'm not going to ask the doctor for you. Anything that involves penetration would---"

The nurse says more words. Shane does too. But Ilya's blood is rushing in his ears far too much to hear any of it.

"Well, either way, I'm glad to hear that you'll be taking some time away at your cottage," the nurse says. Ilya blows out a breath. Thank fuck they've changed the subject away from sex. "And that's wonderful that you'll have your special person there with you. And that you're thinking of birth control. Usually, I'd have your primary physician discuss birth control with you, but it's so rare that men take the initiative with this that I'm happy to answer any questions you might have."

Ilya frowns. Birth control? They have used condoms every single time Ilya has entered Shane. Why does Shane have questions about birth control?

The nurse bursts into uncontrolled laughter. "Oh, Mr. Hollander! Okay, yeah, we definitely need to see about reducing your dose of morphine." More mumbled words from Shane that

Ilya can't make out. More laughter from the nurse. "Yes, Mr. Hollander. No, I don't need to get the doctor. I am quite certain that you cannot get pregnant."

Before Ilya realizes he's even stood up from the bench he's bursting into Hollander's hospital room, his eyes wide and his face the color of a goddamn ripe tomato. But Shane, the asshole, has fallen asleep again, mouth half open, head thrown back against the pillow.

Ilya's eyes dart to the nurse, who's giving him a knowing look that makes Ilya want to find a pillow and use it on himself.

She reaches out a hand and squeezes Ilya's bicep. "Make certain he follows the discharge instructions when he goes home, okay Mr. Rozanov?"

Her voice is barely above a whisper so as not to wake Shane. Her words blow through Ilya with the force of a hurricane all the same.

He swallows, and closes his eyes. Bows his head. "I will."

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