

Hold Me, Console Me.

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Hold Me, Console Me.

by [thesagescribe](#)

Summary

Shane isn't sick. (He definitely is.) Ilya is a good husband who knows what Shane needs.

Notes

I literally haven't written a fanfic in years, but these gay hockey men have taken over my every waking thought. I hope you enjoy reading about sweet, sick, subby Shane as much as I enjoyed writing about him!

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

Chapter 1

“...ne”

“...ane”

“*Shane.*”

Shane’s head snapped up at the sound of his name. Their coach looked at him expectantly, waiting for his input on their performance.

“Um. Great game, guys. Get some rest.” He murmured to the surprise of everyone in the locker room. While Shane wasn’t the captain, his input was always requested and valued, and he never passed up the opportunity for correction- even when they’d won, *especially* when they won.

He could feel Ilya’s eyes on him as he undressed slowly. Shedding his gear piece by piece, noting the unusual soreness in his body and the distinct lack of adrenaline he normally felt after a hard-won match.

Wiebe dropped a shoulder on his hand, grabbing his attention.

“Hollander. Are you okay? You’ve been...quieter than normal today.”

Shane *didn’t* feel okay- but he didn’t want to worry anyone over what was probably nothing.

He mustered a smile that he hoped was convincing and replied, “Fine, coach. Just tired, I think.”

Wiebe was decidedly not convinced, narrowing his eyes at Shane, giving him a once-over. “Are you sure you don’t need to see Terry? I’m sure he’s still here.”

At the mention of the team doctor, Ilya, freshly changed, hair still wet from the shower, appeared- as if summoned by the mere mention of Shane being in distress.

“Are you hurt?” Ilya asked, voice laced with concern as he squatted in front of Shane. “You did not look hurt. What happened?” By now, Ilya had grabbed Shane’s chin, tilting his head so their eyes met, inspecting him for injury.

“ ‘M okay. Just ready to go home.” He leaned into Ilya’s touch, something he normally tried to avoid in public, but since coming to the Centaurs, he’d become more comfortable seeking and accepting affection from his husband when others could see.

Ilya, who knew his husband better than anyone, was immediately alarmed, both by Shane’s clinginess and by the heat he could suddenly feel radiating off his skin. He frowned, noticing the bright flush on his cheeks under his freckles, and the sweat clinging to his brow.

Ilya was suddenly consumed with the need to bundle Shane up and take him home, but he figured his husband wouldn't appreciate being physically carried to their car while their coach and remaining teammates watched.

"Is fine. We will go home and sleep. I think our Hollander has overdone it for the night." He helped Shane unlace his skates, smiling at Wiebe, hoping it'd be enough to convince him to leave it alone.

"Goodnight then boys. You take care of him, Rosanov. See you both next week." Wiebe looked conflicted, watching his star player stare off dazedly as the team captain untied his shoes for him like a child, but he decided to leave well enough alone. In the year since both Hollander and Rosanov had been together on the centaurs, Wiebe realized that the couple had some sort of cosmic understanding of each other that others weren't meant to be privy to. Clearly, it worked for them on the ice, but it was nice to see that the players he'd become so fond of clearly loved and cared about each other.

Shane allowed Ilya to help him dress in the soft clothing he preferred after a game, forgoing his usual shower completely. Ilya pulled a hat down on Shane's unruly, sweaty hair and zipped up his jacket to brave the Canadian weather. He smiled gently at him, brushing his knuckles across Shane's fever-warm cheeks.

They trudged outside together, Ilya carrying both of their duffels, and waving at the handful of their teammates chatting amongst themselves in the parking lot. Ilya ushered Shane into the passenger seat, despite him normally being the driver between the two of them, before making his way to the driver's side for the ride home.

Shane was asleep before they'd pulled out of the lot, and Ilya found himself helplessly endeared by his husband's clearly congested breathing, little huffs falling from his open mouth.

Shane awoke to Ilya unbuckling his seatbelt, unaware that they'd made it back home until he blinked his sleep-crusted eyes open to see they were in the driveway. He took Ilya's hand and allowed himself to be led through the front door. There, Ilya removed Shane's shoes, stacking them neatly on their shoe rack, unzipped and hung up their coats, and left the keys in their bowl by the door. Even half awake, it made Shane happy that Ilya went out of his way to keep things neat, even though when they'd first begun living together, he referred to some of Shane's habits as *excessive*.

"Solnishko, you are warm. You are feeling sick?" Ilya looked so tender, so *worried*, Shane couldn't believe this was the same man he'd spent a decade *so* afraid to fall in love with.

"M not sick." Shane pouted, arms crossed and everything- feeling too poorly to realize how his petulant behavior and his words contradicted each other. Ilya half expected him to stomp his foot next, and smothered a laugh, looking at his *adorable, ridiculous* husband.

"Okay, Mr. Not Sick. We will eat, you will take medicine, and we will sleep, hm? In the morning, we will see if you are feeling better."

"M not *hungry*, Ilya, I wanna go to sleep." Shane was practically whining at this point.

Ilya was extremely familiar with this version of his husband. When Shane was hurt, sick, or overwhelmed, he often struggled to make decisions. As a man who was constantly in charge, always considering what plays to make, what foods to eat, how to improve his score, and how to push his body to its limit, sometimes he needed Ilya to take that weight off his shoulders. At first, this particular dynamic was just for sex, but eventually they both found comfort in taking care of each other this way- Ilya, who'd spent a life with too little control, and Shane, who'd spent a life with too much.

Ilya took Shane's chin between his thumb and pointer finger, for the second time tonight, angling him with a look that brokored no room for argument. "*Malysh*. This is not debate. You have played hard today and played well. You have not eaten since lunch; neither you nor I will sleep without dinner." He took his thumb and pushed in Shane's pouty bottom lip before continuing. "You have fever. I can feel from here, you are not fooling anyone, Shane Hollander."

Shane's eyes were a little glazed at this point, be it from the fever or the comfort he got from his husband taking charge of decisions he didn't, and couldn't, make when he was feeling as terrible as he was. Ilya cupped his face in both hands, pressing kisses to his forehead, and checking his temperature, but Shane didn't need to know that.

"You want to be a good boy, yes? My good boy?" Shane nodded desperately, like a puppet with its strings cut, eager for Ilya to be pleased with him. "Then let me take care of you. Come sit, I will make food. No more arguments. Good boys listen and do as they are told so they can feel better."

Not long after, Shane found himself sat at their kitchen island, spooning leftover miso soup his mom had brought over for lunch earlier in the week into his mouth. Ilya, eating his serving, looked incredibly pleased, showering Shane with praise as he ate and encouraging him to drink his water and take the cold and flu tablets he'd gotten from their incredibly well-stocked medicine cabinet, Shane's doing, of course.

After cleaning up and letting Ilya dress him in his pajamas and tuck him into bed, Shane found himself almost unable to keep his eyes open. He watched, half-lidded, as Ilya got himself ready for bed, smiling softly at Shane when he caught his eyes from across the room.

"Come lay down with me, need you to hold me." Shane asked, voice somewhere between a whisper and a whine, as if he were afraid to admit that he found comfort in his husband.

Ilya, unable to deny Shane anything, especially not when he was fever-sweet and loopy with exhaustion, climbed into bed with him, gathering him to lie against his chest, petting his hair the way he knew was soothing to the other man. He kissed Shane's temple, glad to find him less warm than he had been earlier. "You scared me, lyubimiy. Was so worried." He murmured against his skin, as if he could make Shane understand his feelings more by speaking the words directly into his flesh.

Shane snuffled against his neck, clearly fast asleep, the day and his illness catching up to him. Ilya, drowsy from Shane's warmth and weight, fell asleep easily, hoping Shane would be better in the morning.

Chapter 2

Shane was not better in the morning.

Ilya woke to an empty bed and the sound of retching from the en-suite bathroom. He entered the room to find Shane in a heap in front of the toilet, pajama shirt soaked with sweat, wracked with tremors that Ilya could see from the doorway.

“Oh, Shane.” He murmured gently into the quiet room, not wanting to disturb his husband, who was clearly miserable.

He dropped to his knees next to the other man, rubbing soothing circles into his back and threading his fingers through the hair matted to his forehead.

“ ‘M okay.” Shane insisted, not very convincingly, and Ilya fought the urge to roll his eyes at this beautiful, pathetic man who’d tried to convince him that he was okay to prevent Ilya from worrying.

“Solnishko, you are not okay. You are um... fire, hot, uh, English.” Ilya’s face was scrunched up, nose crinkled as he tried and failed to summon the phrase he was thinking of to mind. English escaped him most when he was tired.

“Burning up.” Shane offered, words echoing from where his head rested on the toilet seat.

“Yes! Burning up.” Ilya affirmed, turning to root through their drawers in search of their thermometer. “You are so smart, always knowing the words I am thinking, but you do not know when you are sick, hm? Explain this.” It was a rhetorical question, but Shane rolled his eyes in response anyway.

His stomach lurched, and he dry heaved into the bowl, nothing left of his dinner to bring up. His stomach seemed empty of even its own bile. He groaned, reaching up to flush the toilet, declaring himself done with the whole ordeal.

Ilya offered him water to rinse his mouth out, seemingly reading Shane’s mind, and stuck the thermometer under his tongue immediately afterward. Ilya squeezed the nape of Shane’s neck as they waited, all of the tension bleeding from him. ‘Scruffing,’ Shane had called it, something done to misbehaving kittens, which Ilya thought suited Shane perfectly.

The beeping of the thermometer disturbed the moment, and Ilya inhaled sharply as he read the numbers, “38.6. We are going to hospital.”

Shane bristled visibly.

Shane Hollander was not afraid of many things. One would imagine that a hockey player, who was liable to break bones, lose teeth, or be concussed on any given day, would be familiar with doctors and hospitals- but Shane Hollander was always exceptional.

Luckily enough, Shane was rarely sick; he seemed to be impervious to broken bones after breaking his collarbone years ago, and he'd been diligent about making sure all of his teeth were in his mouth. He hadn't been to a doctor voluntarily in years, which his mom didn't- and hopefully *would never*- know. But seemingly his luck has run out, with the man who's meant to love him most in the world insistent on dragging him to his doom.

"Nope. Ilya, I can't...I don't need to. That's not even that high!" Shane was spiraling; he'd backed himself up against the bathtub, head buried in his hands, shoulders up to his ears. His breathing was coming fast, triggering a coughing fit that left him winded.

Ilya knew this would happen. In the decade they'd known each other, he could count on one hand the number of times he'd seen the other man sick, but when he was, it was always *serious*. His husband was currently working himself into a panic attack, and Ilya knew he'd have to take him to the root of his panic for his own good, kicking and screaming if necessary.

It made Ilya nauseous to see Shane in such a state, and guilty knowing that he'd triggered it.

"Shane. Look at me," Ilya prompted, coming to sit at his eye level.

Shane looked up obediently, letting out shuddering breaths as his bottom lip quivered and tears spilled over his ruddy cheeks. Ilya wished he didn't have to *ever* subject Shane to things that made him feel like this, weak with terror and *petrified*. It wasn't an option when it came to his health.

"Good boy. I knew you could do it, make me so proud. Look, we take deep breaths together. In...out." Ilya led his husband through deep breathing, something that helped both of them when they'd experienced panic attacks in the past. Shane was on the edge of a meltdown, and Ilya wanted to avoid that altogether if possible.

Shane clambered into Ilya's lap and into waiting arms. Ilya wrapped his arms around him, squeezing tightly- knowing the kind of sensory input Shane needed when he got like this, tucking the smaller man's head under his chin and rocking back and forth slowly. The motion calmed them both, and Shane's breathing became less labored, the hitching and stuttering slowing to a stop.

"Lyubimiy. You are so *good*, you listened to me and calmed down so well, hm?" Ilya made sure to be liberal with praise when Shane was like this, being told he was good was enough to make him loose-limbed and pliant, putty in Ilya's hands.

"You know I will take care of you always. I can do many things, but my superior hockey skills cannot fix fever, baby." Shane let out a wet laugh at that. "I *need* to take you to hospital so you can be looked after. I will be with you for anything scary, hm? And we will call Yuna and David if you want, and then everyone will be there to spoil you." Shane let out a quivery breath and nodded his understanding. "Is my job to take care of you; nothing bad will happen to you while I am there, you know this." Shane *does* know this, has seen it firsthand, and tries to let the assurances wash over him in place of the fear that had just plagued him minutes before.

“Good boy. Let us put on some better clothes, and then we will go.” They unfolded themselves from each other and the floor, Ilya taking Shane's hand into his own and bringing them into their room, depositing him at the end of their bed. He rooted around their closet, holding out a worn Boston Bears hoodie that Shane loved to steal. Shane *giggled*, truly *giggled*, letting Ilya know how far gone he was at this point, and nodded his assent, allowing him to pull the hoodie over his head, along with a beanie he pulled down over Shane's ears.

Ilya dressed himself quickly before getting them both into their coats and heading out to the car. As with the night before, Shane is asleep before Ilya pulls out of the driveway, and has to be woken up when they get to the hospital parking lot.

The reminder of where they were heading and why seems to dawn on Shane as he's getting out of the car. Ilya takes his hand and presses a firm kiss to his knuckles to steel him, and secretly as a tether in case Shane tries to bolt, as he is known to do.

Their local emergency room is rarely busy, a perk of living further from the city, and they are checked in, triaged, and in a bed in less than thirty minutes, for which Ilya is extremely grateful to whichever God is responsible for ER traffic and efficiency.

Shane, his five-foot-ten husband, looked impossibly small, bundled in several thin hospital blankets, looking absolutely miserable- and simultaneously adorable.

This was going almost *too* well, and the minute he'd had the thought, Ilya wished he could take it back.

A doctor entered the room after a light rap on the door, a kind-looking older woman peering at them over the rims of her glasses, and a smile that immediately set them both at ease. “Mr. Hollander, you're running quite the fever today. I'm worried about your temperature and the vomiting. I'm sure you're very dehydrated.” Shane nodded, and he and Ilya described his symptoms to the doctor as she took notes and answered with her own questions and non-committal hums. “So, I'm fairly certain this is the onset of pneumonia. We'll run some labs and do a chest X-ray to be sure, but bacterial pneumonia is going around right now. You're lucky to have such an attentive partner. Looks like we caught this early, and we'll likely be able to send you home with some antibiotics instead of admitting you.”

Things moved fast after that. Shane was sent for an X-ray that confirmed the doctor's diagnosis, and he was wheeled back to the room where Ilya waited for him with a patient smile. A young nurse came in with a handful of vials and a bag of fluids, and Ilya was sure everything would go to hell from here.

“Mr. Hollander, Dr. Long has ordered some blood tests so we can see which strain of bacteria is causing your pneumonia. We'll also run some standard tests to check your blood levels, and lastly,” The nurse said, holding up the IV bag she'd brought with her, “We're gonna run some plain saline to give your body back some of the fluids you've lost today. Will probably help you feel a lot better and help your body fight this off quicker!”

To her credit, the nurse didn't approach Shane with any of her materials; instead, she laid everything out on the table in front of him, explaining what everything was and when she'd be using it.

“Your file mentions that you’re uncomfortable around needles and you’ve fainted in the past. Is that still true?” Shane, who was practically trying to hide himself under the covers at this point, nodded jerkily, looking at the nurse like she’d threatened him with the very question. “That’s okay, I do this every day for other people, but I still have to have my wife hold my hand when I get mine done. Would you like your partner to hold your hand, keep you distracted, maybe? I’m gonna lay your bed back in case you’re feeling faint afterwards, that way no one falls.”

Shane almost whimpered as the nurse reclined the bed until it was completely flat, leaving him staring at the bright fluorescent lights in the ceiling as his chest felt tighter by the minute. Ilya sat on the edge of the bed, pulling the hood on Shane’s sweatshirt over his head, shielding his eyes from the light, and turned his head to look at Ilya instead.

“You’re doing great, solnishko, just relax and look at me, hm?” Ilya held Shane’s hands, both for comfort and restraint. The hand closest to where Ilya sat, he’d brought close to his own chest, pressing kisses and murmuring nonsense in Russian into the skin there. The hand closest to the nurse, he intertwined their fingers and pinned it firmly to the bed, giving her enough space to work, and ensuring that Shane didn’t snatch it away from her.

“Okay, Mr. Hollander. I’m gonna tie the tourniquet, it’ll be tight but not painful, then I’ll wipe your arm with some alcohol, and then the IV, but I’ll let you know before I do it.” She makes quick work of the prep, Shane squirming in Ilya’s hold at this point, begging quietly to go home and be let go of. His eyes squeezed tight, with tears eeking past and wetting his cheeks, any energy he may have had was quickly sapped by his efforts.

“Okay, sharp scratch in 1, 2, 3. All done!” The nurse, who frankly deserved an award at this point for her patience and grace, did not comment on Shane’s strangled yelp and subsequent sobs. Ilya released the hand he’d been holding down to her so she could tape down his IV safely and draw the necessary blood from it.

Shane was looking incredibly pale, breathing slowly until his eyes rolled back into his head. Ilya had seen Shane faint in numerous circumstances at this point, so he knew not to panic, despite the heart-wrenching scene before him. By the time he’d come to a minute or so later, their nurse had already collected all she needed and hung the saline from the IV pole attached to the bed.

“We’re all done, Mr. Hollander. I hope you feel better soon. The doctor will be in shortly to review your labs and hopefully get you home.” Ilya thanked her for them both, as Shane was in no condition to respond at the moment.

Ilya wiped tears off Shane’s cheeks, spending extra time running gentle fingers over his freckles in a way that made Shane crack a boyish smile. “So proud of you. You did so *so* well. What a good, brave boy I have.” Ilya covered Shane’s cheeks and forehead and lips in gentle kisses, hoping they could convey the depth of love and pride he held for him, both in this moment and every day.

“ ‘M not brave, I *cried*,” Shane says like he’s truly ashamed of this fact.

Ilya almost laughs at the earnestness of his boy, “Yes, baby, you cried. But you still did it, this is what bravery means, no?”

Shane seems content with his answer for now and basks in Ilya’s attentions while they wait for the doctor. Eventually, they are discharged, sent home with antibiotics and orders to take it easy for at least a week. On the way home, Ilya calls Yuna and David, who promise to come later in the day with food and puzzles, and all the love that Shane *and* Ilya can handle and then some.

For now, Ilya gets to bring his husband to bed, cradling him to his chest once again, knowing that no harm will befall him as long as Ilya is there to hold his hand.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!! I'd love to read your comments- I need to know if other people are as insane about these two as I am!

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