

What the fuck's wrong with Rozanov

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76551861) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76551861>.

Rating:	Teen And Up 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
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Domestic Bliss , Sickfic , Sick Character , Winter , Christmas , Christmas Fluff , Cuddling & Snuggling
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-27 Words: 2,636 Chapters: 1/1

What the fuck's wrong with Rozanov

by [mjetkind](#)

Summary

Set between Heated Rivalry and The Long Game, Shane takes care of Ilya over Christmas when he comes down with a cold. A little domestic fluff to cure your post cottage hangover.

Notes

I am a sucker for sick fics, I am a sucker for one partner taking care of the other and I am a sucker from fanfiction and this is all of those things. I love writing my indulgent little fics to share with the internet.

Shane: 4 point spread, my favor, it'll be 7 after tonight.

Lily: You'll be down 1 after tonight. You are not winning. Not the points game, not the Cup

Shane: Not a chance Boston is making it. I'm going to score 4 goals tonight.

Lily: you are wrong

Holiday break, can you stay until morning?

Shane: What if I stayed through Christmas, I could get a flight back on the 26th, we could have all day.

Lily: Yes...so much time to have you all to myself. Did you bring your glasses.

Shane: Why

Lily: Come over, find out. I have a present for you

"Already texting Boston Lily?" Hayden asked. "We haven't even gotten on the plane yet, Hollander. It's getting serious?"

Shane sheepishly tucked his phone into his pocket. "I wasn't texting...it was my mom."

"Right," Hayden gave Shane a skeptical side eye. "Your mom."

"Come on," Shane said, they had opened the gate and the team and support staff filtered onto the plane.

Shane put his phone on airplane mode for the short flight into Boston and smiled to himself.

"You and Boston Lily aren't anything?" Hayden checked in again.

“No...” shit, Shane realized he had to figure out an excuse now, that he’d decided to stay instead of going back with the team. “My parents are in New York over Christmas, I decided to go see them over the break, I’m going to fly there instead. I was just working out the details with my mom.”

It was another lie. Now he’d need to actually text his parents the plan just in case someone asked and it didn’t make sense. Not that he and Ilya would leave his house during the break, but it was still something else he was hiding. With such a short break Shane and Ilya hadn’t bother to make plans, but this was a perfect opportunity to see each other. It had been months and those months had been a new sort of agony as they waited for Ilya to move to Ottawa. No longer was seeing each other a rare treat, it was now a reminder of the physical distance in their relationship.

They touched down in Boston and boarded the team bus from the airport to the Garden for morning practice.

Shane: What present? I didn’t get you anything

Shane stared at his phone for the entire bus ride, but Ilya didn’t text back. Shane wasn’t sure if it was because Ilya was still at morning practice or if he was withholding for other reasons. It would be like him to hint at something and then make Shane wait.

It wasn’t until Shane was in the locker room before the game that his phone finally buzzed.

Lily: It’s for your dick.

Shane: Jesus Christ, not before a game.

Lily: You are distracted now?

Shane shoved his phone into his stall. He couldn’t focus on this right now. Anyway, now he had no choice but to beat Boston. There was no way Ilya could send a text like that and Shane not win. He had to outscore his boyfriend.

Shane tried not to watch Ilya during warmups, because he was worried someone would notice and because watching him do groin rocks was too much after that text. But of course, he did catch him a few times and Shane thought he seemed slow. Was he injured? Shane was going to kill him if he was hurt and didn’t tell him.

“What the fuck’s wrong with Rozanov?” J.J. asked Shane early in the first period. “He’s moving so slow.”

“Why would I know.” Shane snapped, both disappointed that he didn’t know and upset that someone would think he had the answers.

By the end of the 1st period, everyone could tell that Rozanov was slow. No goals or assists, he hadn’t done much for Boston at all.

Shane and Ilya went up in the next face off.

“Hey, are you okay?” Shane asked, in the few seconds before the puck drop.

“Fine.” Ilya replied but his voice was gravelly, and his face was flushed beyond the usual exertion.

“You’re...” Shane started but then the ref dropped the puck, and it was back to game play. Shane won the faceoff and then got enough momentum to score the first goal of the night. Shane’s celebration was overshadowed by whatever was going on with his secret boyfriend. Even if people knew, it wasn’t like he could stop the game and ask.

Shane didn’t even get another chance for a face off against Ilya the rest of the night. He was benched after the first period. Something was definitely off.

Ilya felt like shit. His head pounded and he was cold, even though he had already pulled off his suit and was wearing his thickest sweatshirt. He rolled onto his sofa and flipped on ESPN. They were recapping his poor performance ahead of the west coast games.

His phone buzzed

Jane: Here, I’ll let myself in

Ilya shielded his eyes against the bright screen. He hadn’t felt that bad this morning but now he felt like death warmed over.

The door clicked open and then Shane let himself into his house. “Hey, what the hell, Ilya.” Shane said, as soon as he walked in. “What’s wrong with you?”

“Hollander,” Ilya ground out, his voice was rough and scratchy. He let out a loud, whooping cough.

“Hey, hey,” Shane said, kneeling on the sofa. He pressed a hand into Ilya’s cheek. “You played like this.”

“It was not so bad.” Ilya said. “I was okay before game.” It was only sort of a lie, he hadn’t felt as bad as he did now.

“Now I feel bad for beating you.” Shane moved to sit on the edge of the sofa.

“You shouldn’t, I would not.” Ilya laughed, but it just turned into a cough again. “You should go. No reason to stay when you could do better things.”

“I’m not leaving you alone like this. Anyway, I already planned to stay through the holiday break.”

“You’re going to be my nurse, very sexy.” Ilya joked.

“Have you eaten, did you take a Tylenol?” Ilya was a bit disappointed that Shane was so serious.

“Before game, both.” Ilya brushed him off.

“Stay here,” Shane said and then disappeared into Ilya’s house.

Ilya closed his eyes as Shane banged around his kitchen and then his bathroom. The commentary on the TV continued, each word slamming into his skull.

“Take this. Shane returned, thrusting two pills and a cup of water at Ilya. “It will help with the fever.”

“I don’t have…” Ilya said.

“A thermometer, I looked but didn’t see one.”

“A fever,” Ilya corrected and then said “Hey,” as he put his hand out towards Shane and pulled him into the sofa. “I’m okay. Just sit, please.”

Shane flopped onto the sofa. “You really shouldn’t have played.”

“Why, because you wanted to beat me.”

“I’m being serious, and I still beat you. You were benched.”

“That was unfair.” Ilya crossed his arms from where he was laying.

“Do you want tea?” Shane asked.

“Yes, with sugar.” Ilya said.

Ilya closed his eyes and he must have drifted off because it only seemed like a moment had passed when Shane pressed a mug into his hands.

“I hope this one was okay, you didn’t have much tea.” Shane said.

“I don’t drink it much,” Ilya murmured. He didn’t need to taste it before he smelled the familiar notes of lemon wafting towards his nose. He sat up and took a sip, letting the memories play through his head. “This was my mother’s favorite tea. It is hard to get it here.”

“I didn’t mean to use up your tea.” Shane apologized.

“No, this is good. Makes me feel better.”

“Oh...good.” Shane waffled nervously.

“Good enough to beat you now.”

“Shut up,” Shane said and then he sat next to Ilya and pulled him into his shoulder.

“And Rozanov was really having a rough night.” The announcer on TV explained as another recap of the game played. *“He was benched early on by the Boston team. Seems he was having an off night. Certainly, sad to see when they’re playing Montreal and Hollander.”*

“Maybe we should turn this off.” Shane said, grabbing the remote and pressing the power button.

“They are dumb.” Ilya flipped his hand at the TV. “They do not know good hockey.”

“You should probably get some sleep.” Shane stood up and put his hand out for Ilya to take. He led them towards the bedroom of Ilya’s Boston house.

Shane pulled down the covers and then patted the bed. Ilya didn’t argue and instead flopped down into the sheets. Shane joined him.

“Sleep in the guest room.” Ilya said, “You will get sick too.”

“Do you want me to?” Shane asked.

“No,” Ilya said bluntly. “It would be better for me if you missed game, but bad for you.”

“I would rather be here with you.” Shane got in bed next to Ilya and pulled his head onto his chest, gently running his fingers through his hair. “You shouldn’t have played.” Shane scolded once again.

“Da, Da.” Ilya brushed him off. “It was no big deal.”

Shane kissed his forehead and then nestled into bed, pulling close to Ilya. Ilya normally wouldn’t have been able to fall asleep so quickly after the intensity of a game, but between being benched, the unfortunate illness, and being wrapped in Shane’s arms he was asleep within seconds.

Shane’s eyes fluttered open to the weak Boston winter sunlight. Ilya was curled up in one corner of the bed, still in his sweatshirt and buried deep under the covers. Shane rolled over and gently kissed his forehead and then got out of bed, leaving his boyfriend to sleep for as much time as he needed.

He started his morning with a workout in Ilya’s gym and then he showered, made coffee and scrolled through ESPN on his phone.

It was nearly noon by the time Ilya made his way into the kitchen. He silently slid into one of the stools on the island.

“How are you feeling?” Shane asked.

“Maybe better,” Ilya answered and then let his forehead drop on the cool counter.

Shane pressed a hand into the back of Ilya’s neck, and he wasn’t as warm as he had been the night before, but he was still clearly exhausted. Shane thought about what his mom used to do when he was little and sick. Soup, ginger ale, tea, and Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles on the TV.

“I can make more tea?” Shane asked. He kissed the back of Ilya’s head and started filling up the fancy, sleek electric kettle on Ilya’s kitchen counter.

“Yes, please.” Ilya said. “My mother used to make this, when I was child and I was sick.” Ilya raised his head, so it was no longer on the kitchen counter.

Shane reached out and took Ilya’s hand in his own, gently rubbing the webbing between his thumb and his forefinger. Ilya didn’t talk about his mother often and when he did, Shane stopped to listen, to give him as much space as he could for that.

“She...” Ilya paused and Shane waited, knowing he was searching for either the strength or the English words or both to find exactly what he wanted to say. “She cared for me, about me. It wasn’t just my ability to play hockey. She liked me, when I was...useless.”

“You aren’t...you just have a cold.” Shane kept massaging his hand. He turned it over and started tracing across the lines of his palm. “Is that why you played tonight, you thought I needed you to keep playing?” Shane asked, worried.

Ilya sighed, “Maybe, I don’t know.”

“You know, I love you even if you aren’t playing hockey. Our careers won’t...” Shane started, because he both simultaneously knew this was a reality, but retirement felt so far into the future. Thirty was still a few years off and he hoped to play at least until 40. “I want to be with you forever.”

“Me too.” Ilya sipped the tea that Shane had placed in front of them and they drifted into the silence of the morning. Shane was coming to appreciate mornings with Ilya. The first ones they had had been at the cottage. He liked it when Ilya was still sleepy and quiet and contemplative. The tough Russian hockey player faded, and Ilya came to the forefront.

“You should shower, you’ll feel better.” Shane said, after they had been sitting for a while.

“I will feel better if you join me.” Ilya propositioned, wagging his eyebrows.

“Come on,” Shane said, putting out his hand for Ilya and walking him towards the bathroom.

They undressed and Shane turned on the shower. He took care, first lathering Ilya’s hair and later working down his body with the expensive bodywash Ilya had in his shower. Ilya still

seemed unwell and Shane didn't try anything, instead taking pleasure in caring for his boyfriend.

"Better?" Shane asked, as he and Ilya stepped out of the shower and into the bathroom.

"Hmm," Ilya hummed and Shane wrapped his arms around him, their skin pressing together. Shane was sure Ilya's fever had broken.

"Rest on the couch, I'm going to change the sheets." Shane said and then kissed Ilya's shoulder.

They spent the rest of the afternoon, cuddled up on the sofa, watching basketball. The NHL might go on hiatus for the holiday, but the NBA was committed to entertaining North America through Christmas. They ordered in soup, and Ilya fell asleep halfway through a Dallas versus Phoenix game. They called it an early night for the second day in a row, still no sex even though they hadn't seen each other in weeks.

Ilya woke feeling much better, maybe almost 100%. Shane was still sleeping, which was a surprise. Shane usually woke before him.

Ilya reached into his nightstand and pulled out a small package wrapped in Christmas paper. He had been thinking about this ever since the cottage, ever since he inspected Shane's own nightstand to find very little of interest.

Ilya watched Shane sleep and considered waking him up but before he could make a decision either way, Shane's eyes fluttered open.

"Good morning, Sweetheart," Ilya said, wiping a thumb across Shane's freckles. "Merry Christmas."

"How are you feeling?" Shane asked as he stretched and blinked his eyes.

"Much better, I had an excellent nurse."

"I'm glad."

"I got you a present," Ilya said, thrusting the small package at Shane.

"I didn't...we said we weren't" Shane was flustered and Ilya liked that.

Ilya shrugged, "I broke the rules. This can be for both of us."

Shane tentatively opened the packaging and his eyes went wide. "This is a..." Shane stumbled, coyly.

"A cock ring." Ilya said, bluntly. Shane's confusion was adorable. "I can show you how to use it."

“Fuck...yes....wait are you sure you’re up for it.” Shane asked.

“Hollander, it has been months and you’ve been here for two days and we have done nothing, I will die if I do not touch you.” Ilya reassured him, taking the package out of Shane’s hand and ripping into the plastic to free the toy.

“Thank fuck,” Shane said, placing a hand on Ilya’s face. “I’m going to brush my teeth.”

Ilya groaned, rolling back into the sheets and then he pulled himself out of bed and followed Shane to the bathroom. He wrapped his arms around Shane as he brushed his teeth. Ilya already knew, this was going to be his best Christmas ever, now he just needed to get Shane back in bed because he had so much planned.

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