

The Yuna Hollander Chicken Soup System

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76660201) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76660201>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	post-Season 1 , Sickfic
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-29 Words: 1,193 Chapters: 1/1

The Yuna Hollander Chicken Soup System

by [calvinahobbes](#)

Summary

Shane is away and Ilya is sick, so Yuna goes to check on him.

Notes

Thank you to Charlotte for beta!!

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

You okay?

Why do you ask?

Uh because you've been quiet
and now you're being weird

Incoming call: Jane

Feel better 

I said I was fine. Is just cold

Just don't go outside
It's freezing

What if I need food? Do you
want me to starve?

I said I'll let my mom know

Do not

?? Why

Do not make her drive two
hours in snow

Sweetheart. It's fine

You sweetheart me?

Yes, darling.
I gotta go, talk later.
Love you

Love you too

Ilya flops back into his pillow and coughs pathetically. Stupid Ottawa team with its stupid Ottawa germs.

He considers trying to compose a text message to Yuna to let her know he doesn't need any help, but expressing himself in a polite way seems impossible to his fever-addled brain. Instead he groans and rolls himself into a blanket burrito. Maybe if he concentrates really hard he can will himself better before he has to go to practice tomorrow morning.

He nods off, of course, and is startled awake by the knock on his door.

Getting up makes him dizzy and it takes him a while to make it to the door. The minute he opens it he feels incredibly crusty and gross.

Yuna seems to agree. Her slim eyebrows rise. “Wow. Shane wasn’t kidding,” she says. She is carrying several brown paper grocery bags and has two additional bags slung over her shoulder.

“I told him I don’t need your help,” Ilya says and guesses, based on the stink-eye he gets in return, that this was a rude way to phrase it. “I don’t want you to catch it,” he explains and gestures at the grossness of himself.

Yuna seems slightly mollified. “Trust me, we have a system. Now let me in and give me some space. You have a fever?” She asks over her shoulder as Ilya steps back and lets her make her way straight to the kitchen.

“I think so.”

He trails behind her, watching as she starts pulling things out of her bags.

She nods, a decisive set to her mouth that makes him miss Shane with a sudden and surprising pang.

“I take it you didn’t shower today,” she says with brutal directness.

“I... you think I smell?” he asks, half offended, half embarrassed.

“No,” she says in that weird drawn out way, the way Westerners sound when they’re lying because they think it’s polite. “Why don’t you go draw a bath and I’ll fix you up my ginger chicken soup.”

“I don’t like soup,” Ilya mutters, but he’s already turning to escape.

“It’s medicinal,” she insists.

“Oh great. Sounds yummy.”

“Are you always this obstinate? I pity your coach.”

He doesn’t know what obstinate means, but he can guess. “My coach very lucky, actually.” He leaves quickly to make sure he gets the final word.

He has to admit he feels better after his bath, less crusty, but also way more noodley and weak. He groans as he lowers himself onto the couch, a respectful number of feet away from Shane’s mom, who has turned the tv on to one of the sports channels.

She gives him an evaluative look while he pretends to care about basketball.

“Better?”

“Better,” he allows.

“Ready for soup?”

He lets his silence be the only affirmative, but when she leaves and comes back with a steaming bowl, his stomach lets out an enormous growl. Thankfully it looks more like a stew, vegetables and chicken and noodles all clearly discernible in the fragrant broth. He gives it a careful taste. The noodles are not slimy, the vegetables crunchy still. He looks at the bowl and feels the heat spread through him.

“It’s good. I like spicy.”

“Good to know,” she says, but there’s a slightly amused lilt to the coolness of her tone.

He glances over. “Thank you.” He has to quickly wipe his nose with the back of his hand as it starts to run.

Her look softens considerably then. “You’re welcome, Ilya.” She hands him the box of Kleenex that has somehow materialized on his coffee table.

He snuffles and wipes and tries not to be too gross.

He eats until he feels full, three heaping bowls. Yuna looks satisfied as she silently clears the bowl and takes it to the dishwasher.

“Do you want the VapoRub?” she asks when she returns from the kitchen, brandishing a blue jar.

Ilya, who had just let his eyes drift closed for a moment, jerks upright. “What? No rub! What is rub? I’m not roast.”

She stares at him. “It’s just a decongestant. You put it on your chest. Helps you breathe.” The look she’s giving him becomes increasingly more pitying as she explains. “Do you not have this in Russia?”

He shrugs, embarrassed for some weird reason he can’t name. “Maybe.”

“Well.” She puts the foreign object on the coffee table next to the Kleenex like a peace offering. “You rub it on your chest and throat so it’s best to do it with your shirt off.”

Ilya smirks. “You Hollanders. Always trying to remove my clothes.”

Yuna rolls her eyes. “Alright,” she says but she beats a hasty retreat to his kitchen. She is a beautiful woman. If Ilya was a little older and not painfully in love with her son, he absolutely would.

He studies the blue jar while listening to the sounds coming from the kitchen. There’s rustling, cupboards opening and closing, even his blender going at some point.

He realizes he has dozed again when Yuna returns to the living room. The TV is showing football now.

“You should go back to bed,” she says gently.

“I will,” Ilya says, not moving a muscle below the neck.

“Alright, then. I’ve made you a few smoothies and juiced some oranges for you, and the rest of the soup is in the fridge. The container goes right in the microwave.”

“Thank you very much,” he says meekly.

“Of course. You’re family.” She shrugs with a casual shake of her long, lovely hair.

He stares at her, unable to think of anything to reply. She seems to become embarrassed by his surprise and glances away, clearing her throat.

“Is there anything you want from the stores? I’ll be heading out but I’ll be back tomorrow to check on you.”

“You do not have to do this,” he protests.

“Ilya.” She holds up a single finger. “Not another word. Groceries?”

Mutely he shakes his head. “I get groceries delivered. Thank you.” He can’t remember the last time he has said thank you this many times in a day, much less in the space of a few hours.

Her gaze softens again. “Well, if you think of anything, you have my number.” Then, with a strange jerky movement, she steps close to him and strokes her hand through his hair, just once. It feels surprisingly nice. “Get some sleep, Ilya.”

She picks up her bags and slips out quietly.

Your mother likes me

Of course she does.

More than you

No way

She brought me soup.
Was good.

She makes a great soup.
Are you feeling better?

Little bit

End Notes

Thank you for reading. I am mostly a Phan blog, but you can still [like/reblog on tumblr.](#)

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