My world is crushing (you save me from it)

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by VKookies_ot7

Summary

Shane Hollander loves hockey so much, he would play even dying. He is not dying, so it's not surprising he plays.

or Ilya takes care of sick Shane.

Notes

Hi guys!
First things first, I have never written any story that I decided to publish. It's literally the first time I am doing this, so please, be nice to me...
Second, I know nothing about hockey, but I tried to educate myself a bit before writing the way too short hockey scene here.
And lastly, I don't know Russian even a tiny bit, so if I made mistakes down there, please don't hesitate to comment and correct me, I will be very grateful.
Also, there was no beta read, bear with it.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane gripped the edges of the bathroom stall as he took a deep breath, before looking up in the mirror. He was not feeling well. The mirror was showing exactly how red his skin was, cheeks heat up and flushed, a clear evidence that something was wrong.

And Shane had a feeling about that since yesterday, when he had to heat up the entire apartment, because the sheets were not enough to keep him warm at night. Even though, he hadn't done anything about that. Woke up early today, went straight to the gym for a morning workout, then headed to the rink, drinking only ginger ale as a breakfast.

It was a terrible moment to get sick. Shane knew that, that's why he swallowed two pills of painkillers, one before the training and one few minutes ago. It helped. Just a bit, but it did.

For his whole career, Shane have of course played while sick. It was usually just a cold, though. And now it was also that, right? He exhaled, running his fingers through the wet hair.

Somewhere deep down he knew it wasn't.

He splashed some water on his face to cool down the heat.

*

The helmet was making him even hotter than before. He felt suffocated, the noises of his teammates getting ready were making him unable to focus. Shane was sitting on the bench in the locker room, fidgeting with his gloves. His vision was blurry, and it was not because of the plastic in front of his eyes.

It's just some kind of a cold.

The meds are going to work in a second, right? He thought to himself.

Because he did great during the training, didn't he? And if he managed this, he can surely beat Boston today.

His phone buzzed, a notification popping on the screen. Shane sighed, picking it up, only to see 'Lily' light up the screen.

Lily: Ready to lose today?

Shane rolled his eyes at the message.

Jane: Nope. We are going to smash you down.

He typed.

“Hey, buddy, you look sick. Everything good?” Shane felt a hand landing on his back with a big force, almost throwing all the air from his lungs away. His hands almost dropped the phone.

“Hayden, what the fuck?” His best friend sent him an innocent smile, sitting on the bench as well, ready for the game.

“No, for real. You look bad.” *I feel bad.* Shane wanted to say. *Like I will pass out any minute.*

“Got less sleep than usually. I’m fine.”

Another buzz of his phone made Hayden slip his gaze onto the notification. He sent Shane a teasing look.

“Sure, feel better for that Montreal girl of yours.” He winked.

Shane wanted to say something, but his stomach twisted and he felt like it was a matter of time and he might end up throwing up, so he just glared on the other.

Lily: 233

That was not a great idea. It was a terrible idea, considering how bad Shane felt. He wasn’t sure how he will even made the game.

Jane: Not today.

He threw the phone into the bag and closed the locker.

*

Shane entered the rink, slowly as for himself. His head hurt, the movements of others were a little blurry as he skated toward the centre. Rozanov was here already. Of course he was. Shane was going to win the face-off. He could do it. He could.

Both of them leaned on, sticks touching the ice.

“Hollander, what do you mean?” Rozanov’s voice pierced thorough the fog in Shane’s mind and he looked at the other.

“What?”

There was something in Rozanov’s look that brought Shane back from the blankness of his thoughts, from the numbness in which he was stuck. The eyes looking at him, almost piercing into him were deep, a trace of curiosity and worry in them.

“Today, we talked about it last-“

“No, Rozanov.” The puck felt on the ice.

Shane won the face-off.

*

Boston won the game 4-3. That was not a big surprise as the Metros’ best player was constantly losing the puck, his movements were sloppy and slow. And he scored two goals in the whole game. Shane couldn’t do anything about it, though. The whole game was a torture, the headache didn’t stop even after the pills. The blur in his vision only made things worse as he couldn’t focus on the puck. His legs felt like jelly and the constant shivers running through his body weren’t helping either.

The lost game was like a final punch thrown at him, the last drop of water that caused the whole glass to spill. There was nothing that could help him fight the sickness now, as the next game was in a week.

The whole world was spinning as Shane got to his apartment, black dots appearing in his vision as he slid against the wall in the hallway. He rested his head on his knees, hands curling into fists in his sweaty hair.

He felt numb. The buzzing inside his head was constant and unstoppable, the drops of sweat rolling over his neck and chest. Every minute he spent on the cold tiles of the apartment was extremely long.

The phone in his pocket buzzed a few times before Shane managed to find enough strange to fish in out and unlock. It took a while for his vision to clear, before he could read the messages.

Lily: You not coming?

Lily: You played so bad

Lily: Jane…

Lily: I know you want this

Shane breathed harshly as he scanned the texts, fingers freezing over the screen, not knowing what to write.

Jane: Not really in a mood for your shit, Lily.

There was a typing animation for a second before Shane shut down his phone and stood up, hands on the wall, securing himself. He knew it was not some stupid cold. Now, when it was hard to move from the hallway to the bedroom, which was only a few meters away, it finally

hit him. Earlier that day, he knew it was not a great idea to play like this. To push his body to its limits just to not miss a game.

Just to win.

But it was important, right?

His phone buzzed again.

Shane felt like his skin was burning, like he was on fire.

The sound of the notifications was not allowing his mind to slip back into the numbness again, though.

Shut up, Rozanov.

But he took out the phone, unlocking it.

Lily: What is wrong, are you not good?

Lily: Are you hurt?

Lily: Where are you?

Lily: Jane…

Lily: Call me.

As if.

Shane was not going to do this.

There was no fucking way.

But the thought of speaking to someone was oddly tempting. Somewhere deep down Shane knew it would be for the best. Maybe he should call Hayden?

His parents were on some kind of a field trip, so he didn't even bother with contacting them, not wanting to interrupt their peace. And Hayden said something about a first date with Jackie in a few years, because the kids were staying with grandparents.

No, he won't call him.

Just then the phone screen lit up, the sound of an incoming call filling Shane's ears.

Lily.

Shane managed to sit on a couch before he stared on the screen.

Fuck it.

“Hollander?” A sharp voice from the other side of the line asked right after Shane took the call. “What is wrong? You seemed not like you on the ice.”

Shane exhaled before he shifted on the couch, lying down.

“I- I’m-“ He licked his lips, the words getting caught in his throat.

“Hollander, fuck, where are you?” Ilya sounded irritated, to say at least. Concerned, almost worried.

“At home. I just- “ Why Shane just couldn’t say it? He closed his mouth, then spoke up again. “I feel sick.”

There was a sigh on the other side, followed by a curse in Russian and sounds of some roaming around.

“But it’s nothing. I will – It happens-” An attempt of Shane’s to not panic was cut by Rozanov’s voice.

“You are in the usual place, no?”

“Yeah, what are you doing Rozanov?” A rational part of Shane’s mind was desperately trying to understand what was happening, but the buzzing in his head was not helping.

“Do not move, okay? Hollander, just stay where you are.”

The call ended and Shane’s phone dropped on the floor. He was totally out of energy to pick it up again.

For the next fifteen minutes, or was it an more? Shane couldn’t tell, he was just lying there, the sound of the air conditioning filling his mind, putting him back into the floating state. He felt like he was balancing between being awake and sleeping.

The thing that brought him back to consciousness was the knocking on his front door. The sound went on for a while, before he heard the password being put in and the door opening, then closing.

Shane’s eyes fluttered open and he looked around, head following the sound of the footsteps.

It was Rozanov, crouching next to him. Shane felt a hand on his head, gently swiping the wet hair away from his eyes.

“*Der'mo*, Hollander, you really are sick.” Ilya’s voice was sharp, the accent hard. Shane’s eyes were unfocused, trying to stay on the guy talking to him.

It was surreal. Some part of Shane’s mind was screaming: *‘It’s not real! You are imagining things!’*.

But here he was, right in front of him, with a frown on his face, eyes squinted a little as Ilya examined Shane’s body in front of him.

He was surely looking like shit. Covered in sweat, hot, his breath hitching from time to time.

But in all of this, there was Ilya's hand running through his hair, gently massaging his head.

"Hollander, you need to get warm." Only then Shane realized he was shivering, his skin red, but covered in goosebumps.

"Fuck, Shane, can you get up?" Rozanov asked, standing up and running a hand through his curls, clearly considering his options as there was no response. He muttered some words under his breath, before he put one hand under Shane's legs and the other curled over the back, as he carefully picked the boy up, carrying him to the bathroom and settling on the toilet stall.

He run the water to the bath and walked back to Shane, who was visibly out of it. His head rested over the shelf, black hair covering his eyes once again.

Ilya bit his lip before sinking down to his knees to stay on the same level as Hollander. There was something breaking in him at the sight of the boy in front of him. The same one who was considered one of the best hockey players, who was a mastermind on the ice, the one Ilya felt something for. Something that made him drive here in the middle of the night, breaking almost every traffic rule. His fingers traced the side of Shane's face, feeling the heat and sweat under them. He stood up eventually, picking up some of the warm clothes from the wardrobe and putting them down near the bathtub.

He checked the temperature of the water, turned it off and glanced over at Hollander, who opened his eyes just a little, and was now following Ilya's movements over the bathroom.

He murmured something silently, so weakly, that Rozanov couldn't hear it.

"What is it?" He asked, hand cupping Shane's face and caressing the skin under his thumbs.

"I feel- my skin feels bad, burns."

Ilya sucked on his breath.

"I know, I know. It will be better in a moment. You just have to get to the bath, okay?" He said, voice soft.

Ilya reached to the hem of the plain white shirt Shane was wearing and slowly pulled it over his head, careful to not hurt the boy's head. After stripping Shane down, he slowly led him to the tube, hands resting on Hollander's back, securing him not to fall.

Shane's breathing hitched as he laid in the warm water, but then slowed down, the bath clearly helping with the fever. Ilya reached over to the soap, squeezing a bit of it on his hand and then reaching to Shane's back, gently massaging the skin under his fingers. The boy flinched on the touch, eyes slipping to Ilya, concerned.

"Relax, I'm just going to wash you up a little."

*

It's such a nice feeling, Shane thought.

He was sitting on the bed, warm clothes on his body making him feel so clean, so calm. Tucked under the covers and another blanket.

The buzzing in his head stopped, the bath helped with the fever and he was a bit better now. He wasn't numb, his mind not trying to slip somewhere far away.

It was a nice feeling.

He heard steps approaching and soon there was Rozanov next to him, holding a cup of water in his hand.

"Drink this. Just water, it will help." Shane took the glass, taking a few shaky gulps before setting it back on the bedside table.

It was strange to have someone help him like this. Care about him like that. His parents cared, of course, but since he moved to Montreal, they weren't there for him in most times like this.

"Shane, go to sleep, *slodkiy*." The Russian word slipped of Ilya's tongue without much of thoughts, but he seemed to not worry about it. Instead he reached to the other, laying him down, making sure he was comfortable. Soon after, Shane's eyes were closing, warmth surrounding him was so, so good. His eyelids were heavy, the illness supported by exhaustion kicking in were enough to make him drift away.

Even so, he opened his eyes for a moment, searching for Ilya. He murmured something softly before speaking up, seemingly considering what to say.

"… stay?"

Rozanov leaned over to Shane, a small frown on his face. He brushed the hair from the other's face, his fingers caressing the skin under them.

"You want me to?" The question hang in the air, heavy with how meaningful it was.

They have never stayed, did they?

But Shane knew he needed that. The idea of someone by his side even when he was at one of his worsts.

"Lay with me."

"Please." He added a second later, moving slightly on the bed, making a place for the other man.

Ilya’s eyes softened, a small spark in them as he laid next to Shane, his arm circling over the other’s body. He felt the warm of skin, the intimacy of the position they were in. And he loved it. How Shane seemed to relax under his touch. How he visibly felt safer with someone around.

Ilya nuzzled his face in Shane’s hair, inhaling the scent of the soap. He murmured something in English and Russian, words mixing together as he brought the other’s body even closer to his chest.

“Не волнуйся, детка, я останусь.” *Ne volnuysya, detka, ya ostanus'.*

End Notes

'Не волнуйся, детка, я останусь.' - "Don't worry baby, I will stay."

Please, leave kudos if you enjoyed this one! Also, feel free to comment, I appreciate each one of them!

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