

You Will Be Okay Because I Am Here

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You Will Be Okay Because I Am Here

by [remyscomputer](#)

Summary

Shane unexpectedly misses a game, Ilya goes to find out why, and take care of a sick Shane.

aka self indulgent hollanov sickfic

Notes

is this slightly inspired by me being sick with the flu rn and eating some pho? maybe...

also i've never actually watched a hockey game so apologies if terminology is wrong lol

Ilya is lacing up his skates as one of his teammates, Marlow rushes into the locker room with news. “Yo! They’re saying Hollanders out for the game!”

“He is hurt?” Ilya asks, trying to not show any concern. The entire time he’s known Shane, he has never missed a game, even playing through injuries he probably shouldn’t have on more than one occasion. Hockey is his life, he wouldn’t just miss a game for no reason. He was totally fine when he saw (fucked) him last night, the Voyageurs had arrived in the city a day early for a morning practice, much to both of Ilya and Shane’s delight.

“I don’t know, I just heard someone saying he’s not here?” Marlow shrugs. “We’re guaranteed to win now.”

Winning was the last thing on Ilya’s mind now. His brain was instead conjuring up every possible thing that could have happened to make Shane Hollander miss a game. And none of them are good.

Ilya reaches into his bag to get his phone out.

to Jane: are you okay????

There’s only a few minutes before they’re due on the ice, and he spends the entire time glued to his phone screen, waiting for the message to show as read, but it doesn’t.

He reluctantly has to put it away as they head out for the game, Ilya grits his teeth as he puts his helmet on and goes to the rink. He looks out at the Voyageurs players, no sign of Shane.

While on the starting lineup, Ilya is still looking over to the bench for any possibility Shane somehow just appears out of thin air. He’s too distracted at the puck drop, a split second too late, letting whatever dumb Voyageurs player get control.

The coach quickly sends Ilya to the bench with a snide remark that he can’t even care about. He chucks his helmet onto the floor and grunts in frustration. Why would Shane be missing from the game? He seemed fine last night, if maybe a little tired from the travelling. Did he get hurt in the morning practice? Was there a crash on the way to the venue? Is Shane currently lying on the side of the road in pain? Is he lying in a coma in a hospital bed? He would be all alone, even if his parents knew, they wouldn’t have made it by now even if they caught the first flight available. What if his condition has gotten worse while they’re all fucking around playing stupid hockey.

“What the fuck was that?!” Ilya stands up and waves his arms out as one of his teammates misses another shot. He just needs to shout at someone. For all he knows the love of his life is lying somewhere dying and he’s stuck on the fucking bench, unable to do anything.

He looks out at the Voyageurs, angry at how they could just be skating around when Shane, their very own captain, is clearly not well. Aren’t they meant to be his friends? Then again Ilya isn’t sure if his teammates would even stop for a second thought if he was injured and missed a game. Annoyed that they’ll lose out on the goals he would score maybe.

Boston Bears win the game, albeit barely. Certainly not because of Ilya Rozanov. With Montreal's captain - and star player - missing, Boston had a clear advantage, but Ilya couldn't concentrate on the game, missing even easy goals. Even now as he showers off and changes into his post game suit all he can think about is what could have happened to Shane.

His teammates are discussing which bar they're going to celebrate at, but to Ilya it's just white noise. He takes out his phone, begging for a message from Jane reassuring him that all is okay, but no, there's no notifications

"Roz, you not coming?"

"No, uh," Ilya stammers up an excuse. "Family emergency, my brother." He holds up his phone. He hates the idea of using his brother's name for anything, but it was the first thing he could think of.

"Alright, hope it's all good man." The team give him some sorry looks before piling out on to the town. Ilya knows exactly where he's going.

The hotel is only a couple blocks away, so Ilya decides to walk (or more like jog) there. Waiting for a cab would waste time, time he needs to see how Shane is.

He double checks the text from the previous night stating the room number. 208. He repeats the numbers in his head as he enters the elevator. Anything other than thinking about what has happened to Shane.

Ilya releases a deep breath as he reads the number on the door. He knocks twice. No answer. He knocks again. Then again. Oh god, maybe Shane isn't even here? He thinks to himself. What if Shane really is in hospital?

He's about to turn on his heel when the door opens.

"Ilya?" Shane stands there groggily, wearing black shorts and a white t-shirt with sweat stains. He looks, well, terrible.

"You weren't at the game." Ilya says.

"I wanted to," Shane replies, then turns his head and starts coughing.

Ilya pushes him inside and closes the door behind them, suddenly remembering he could be spotted.

"You don't look good," Ilya says, worry clear in his voice.

"Sorry I can't be as sexy as Ilya Rozanov." Shane grumbles, well this sickness clearly hasn't taken away his sarcasm.

Ilya guides Shane to sit back down on the bed, he places his hand on Shane's flushed forehead. "You're hot."

“Thanks, you too.”

“No I mean...” Ilya starts but doesn't finish, he can't think of the proper words in English, his head still fried with the images of Shane lying dead in a hospital bed he'd spent the last two hours thinking about.

“You're wearing a suit?” Shane's voice has a raspy tone to it as he speaks, and Ilya hates how much he likes it.

“I came straight from the game.” Ilya asserts, totally forgetting that yes he is in fact wearing a suit, he loosens the tie and takes it off, he's always hated wearing a tie. “You weren't there, so.”

“So... what?” Shane says, leaning his head back against the headboard as his fever sends a shiver through him.

“I thought you maybe died or something.” Ilya tries to act more nonchalant, not wanting to let Shane know quite how worried he was.

Shane starts coughing again. “Don't you think they would have cancelled the game if I died?”

“I don't know,” Ilya replies. “Maybe they play on in your honour or something, you weird Canadians and your hockey.”

Shane starts to say something in return, but bursts into another coughing fit.

“You never replied to my text.” Ilya states, a slight pout coming through.

“I was sleeping.” Shane retorts. “Been out cold for a few hours probably. Until some asshole started knocking on my door.”

“Shut up. You want me here.”

“I do.” Shane replies softly, barely audible, sniffing and reaching over to his nightstand for a tissue. Only now does Ilya notice the clump of at least 30 used tissues piling on the floor next to the bed. He takes some time to look over the scene. Shane is sitting on top of the wrinkled white hotel sheets, his skin flushed red and his eyes tired and puffy, beads of sweat on his forehead.

Ilya walks to the bathroom and dampens a washcloth, he returns and places it on Shane's head. “Shhh, will help,” he says before Shane can protest.

“Cold.” Is all Shane says.

“You have been eating, yes?” Ilya strokes Shane's hair as he holds the cloth in place.

“At lunch,” Shane offers. It's now well into the evening, so it's probably been a while.

“No good.” Ilya replies. He reluctantly leaves Shane’s side for a moment to grab his bag. The only snack he finds is a protein bar, probably not ideal. There is an almost full bottle of Gatorade though. “Drink this.” He pops off the cap and holds it to Shane’s lips.

“I can hold a bottle.” Shane says, but makes no attempt to lift his arms to take it, instead just sipping as Ilya brushes his thumb gently along his chin.

“You wait here and I will get you food.” Ilya says as he takes the drink away from Shane’s lips. He pulls the covers up over Shane. “You rest. I will be twenty minute.”

Shane looks sad about Ilya leaving, but is too tired to say anything as he walks away, picking up the keycard from the table to take with him, save him from knocking and disturbing Shane again.

Despite living in the city for many years now, Ilya doesn’t really know that many places in Boston. The nightclubs, sure he’s familiar with them, but shops and restaurants around here? He’s lost.

First he appears upon a CVS, and finds his way to the aisle with the cold and flu remedies. He picks up one of almost everything. He doesn’t know what works best, but something has to, right?

“Wow, you’re really preparing for flu season,” the cashier attempts to chat as she scans the items.

“Yes.” Ilya replies, matter-of-factly, he has no time to make conversation with the older woman, he needs to get back to Shane.

Back on the street, the first food outlet he sees is a Vietnamese place, it’ll have to do.

“You have the soup with the noodles?” Ilya asks the young man at the counter.

“Yeah, pho- wait, are you Ilya Rozanov?” The college kid replies. Well this was the last time Ilya wanted to get recognised.

“Yes. I will have two big bowls of the soup and noodles to take away.” Ilya states.

“Oh, we’re quite busy, it may take a little while,” the cashier says apologetically. Ilya looks around, there are quite a few diners eating at tables, and he can just see into the back kitchen where people are cooking.

“You can maybe be quick if Ilya Rozanov gives you autograph?” He offers. He picks up a pen he spots sitting on the counter.

The kid tries to hide the excitement in his face. “Uh, um...”

“And this of course,” Ilya slaps \$200 on the counter. Much more than the food costs, but he would pay that and more to get back to Shane quicker.

The cashier's eyes widen. "Yes, Ilya, uh I mean- yes sir, we will get your order ready as soon as possible." He answers before running back into the kitchen.

While he waits, Ilya leaves his signature on a couple of menus that are sitting there. He always thinks his handwriting looks like an ugly scribble, especially compared to perfect Shane Hollander and his perfect signature, complete with a little smiley face at the end.

It's not long before he returns with an older man holding a bag with two containers in it. "Two bowls of pho for our hockey star." The older man says as he puts the food on the counter.

"Thank you," Ilya grabs the bag and dashes out.

When Ilya returns to the room Shane is lying on the bed where he left him, staring up at the ceiling, flannel still on his forehead.

"I hope this is okay." Ilya offers as he sits down on the bed, placing the two bags down also. First he opens the pharmacy bag and takes out a few different boxes and bottles of medicine. "I didn't know which one was best for you."

Shane sits up in bed, wincing a little as his body aches from moving. "You didn't have to do all that."

"This one says is good for fever." Ilya offers as he holds up a bottle with a blue cap. "This one says pain relief." He holds up a green box of capsules. "Maybe should take both just in case," he says, more to himself, as he opens the box.

"Open," Ilya says as he places his hand in front of Shane's mouth, and Shane does it instantly, as if hypnotised to his control. Ilya pops two of the pills into Shane's mouth and then reaches for a water bottle to help wash it down.

Shane swallows, then grunts, his throat hurting. "Thank you." He says quietly.

"Try this one too." Ilya twists the cap off the bottle and pours some of the liquid into it, before bringing it to Shane's lips, to which he accepts.

Ilya goes back into the bag, "There is this--"

"I don't think you're meant to take all the medicines." Shane says. "I think this was enough."

"Okay," Ilya bites his lip. "But these help with sore throat, you should take it too." Shane takes the packet of lozenges from his boyfriend and places it on his bedside table, making a hum of agreement.

"And you will eat," Ilya continues "I had to pay extra, he was a fan." He opens the takeaway bag and takes out the food. "Is noodles from Vietnam."

"Pho?" Shane supplies.

“Fuck you too” Ilya replies. “Now eat, you will feel better.” He scoops up a spoonful of pho and brings it up to Shane’s mouth.

“I can feed myself,” Shane grumbles.

“Hollander, you are shaking,” Ilya observes. Shane’s fever has caused him to shiver a little. “Let me feed you.”

Shane manages to roll his eyes, but opens his lips and takes the food. He can’t argue, he is in a lot of pain, and he (maybe not so) secretly likes Ilya taking care of him.

They sit in a peaceful silence, apart from when Shane has to cough or sniffle. Ilya is gentle and doesn’t tease him like he usually would, he can see how sick Shane is. He whispers some sweet Russian phrases to Shane, even though he doesn’t understand them.

Ilya has fed him most of the bowl when Shane stops him. “I don’t think I can eat anymore.” He grumbles, pushing the spoon away from his mouth, before turning his head to cough yet again.

“Okay,” Ilya agrees, putting the food aside. He passes over some more tissues as he can see Shane’s nose running from the hot food.

Ilya sits next to Shane on the bed, leaning against the headboard, to eat his own bowl of pho. It’s mostly cold by now, after the time it took to return to the room and to feed Shane, but he doesn’t really care.

“How are you feeling?”

“A little better now I’ve eaten, thank you.” Shane smiles at Ilya. “But you probably shouldn’t sit so close, I don’t want you to catch it.”

“I will be fine.” Ilya responds, nudging closer to Shane as if to prove his point. “Russians are strong, we do not catch this.”

Shane rolls his sleepy eyes again.

Once Ilya finishes eating (including loudly slurping up the remaining broth from the bowl) he tidies away the takeout containers and collects up Shane’s pile of tissues into the trash also. He gets a brand new freshly dampened washcloth from the bathroom and places it again on Shane’s forehead, encouraging him to fully lie down.

“Are you in pain?”

Shane considers lying, but answers honestly. “Yeah, a little.”

Ilya strips off his suit til he’s just in his underwear and joins Shane under the covers.

“I know you’re always horny, but I don’t think I can do anything right now.” Shane says.

“I know. Is okay. I just wanted to stay next to you.” Ilya lays on his side facing Shane, and brushes some loose strands of hair from his boyfriend’s face. “In case you get any worse during the night.”

“I’ll be okay,” Shane replies. But as if on cue another coughing fit starts. He grabs the lozenges off the nightstand.

“You will be okay because I am here.” Ilya wraps his arm around Shane’s shoulders, giving them a little rub. “I promise to take care of you.”

“Thank you,” Shane closes his eyes as he’s close to tears. Between the pain and sickness he’s feeling in his body, and the love he feels for the man lying next to him, he suddenly feels like he could cry. “I am okay because you are here.”

Ilya kisses the crown of Shane’s head. “Now go to sleep, you will feel better after sleep.”

Shane nods and closes his eyes. He will feel better now he has Ilya next to him.

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Four days later:

ESPN BREAKING SPORTS NEWS!

Boston Bears are a player down for this weekend’s match against New York, as star center Ilya Rosanov is to miss the game after coming down with the flu.

A bug must be spreading throughout the league, as just a few days ago Montreal’s Shane Hollander also missed a game due to sickness. Hopefully all the players are taking their vitamins and getting a flu shot!

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