

Bird Flu

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Bird Flu

by [Leonibaloni](#)

Summary

Shane finds himself having to nurse Ilya through the chicken pox

Notes

I am currently obsessed with Heated Rivalry so naturally I have to let Ilya suffer just a little bit.

Chapter 1

“Oh you hate to see that, Bob,” the announcer orates over the mic, “Ilya Rosanov is throwing up on the ice. You can see he tried to get over to the player’s bench but after that last play he just couldn’t make it past that red line.”

The other announcer tacks on, “And you have Hollander coming up behind him, doing the best he can to shield his teammate away from view and get him over to the sideline. You know, this might explain what we’ve been seeing throughout this first period. He just did not come out onto the ice tonight with that same attack that we’re used to seeing from him.

He can hear skates — presumably his husband’s — skid to a stop behind him. At least he hopes it’s Shane because this humiliation was public enough without intimate, prying eyes. He doesn’t have too much time to dwell on it before he feels his stomach pitch again. He thrusts out his hand, hoping whoever is next to him, gets the hint and takes his stick before it hits the ice. They must, because he doesn’t hear the tell-tale slap of wood against the rink. Instead he just hears a call for a trainer, before he palms his knees and brings up another wave of sour chunks.

“Jesus, Ilya,” Shane curses, as he makes room for the athletic training staff.

The head athletic trainer, Eric, takes the lead, crouching down so he is eye level with the sick player. “What’s going on Rozanov?,” he gauges, “did you hit your head?”

“He wasn’t feeling well before the game” Shane supplies, “said his stomach felt ‘off’.”

Eric nods, “Alright well, let’s get you off the ice and get you checked out. You good to move, Rozy?”

Ilya nods and straightens up, just enough to skate the few feet it takes to get to the sidelines. Eric guides him to the far end of the bench and Shane wordlessly shifts the large, sideline trashcan from its usual spot in the corner, bringing it to rest in front of Ilya.

“I’m going to take off your helmet and gloves,” Shane says softly, reaching for the clasp on Ilya’s chin strap.

“I’m fine,” Ilya protests, batting away Shane’s hand, “just need a minute and then I’m good.”

Shane huffs out an impatient sigh. “Even if they weren’t currently cleaning up your puke from the ice; which they are by the way,” Shane challenges, “there is no way you think you can play two more periods like this.”

Ilya points towards the goal, “I scored goal, yes?” As if that negates his sudden sickness.

Shane gestures back to their previous spot on the ice, “You hurled in the rink, yes?,” he parrots, frustrated.

Eric claps a hand on Ilya’s shoulder. “You’re done for the day, Rozanov,” he intercepts, halting any further arguments.

Ilya grumbles something under his breath in Russian but doesn’t push back when Shane takes off his helmet and gloves.

“We’re going to take him back into the training room,” Eric tells Shane, nudging one of the team’s water bottles at Ilya’s knuckles.

Shane leans down so he is in Ilya’s earshot, “I will come get you after the game. Play nice.”

Ilya gestures to the ice, “As long as you don’t play nice out here.”

—

When Shane finds him, he is curled up, asleep on the far treatment table. He had changed out of his uniform and instead was bundled up in the team sweatshirt; his curls flattened under the hood. A blue emesis bag was hanging lazily from the loose fist against his chest. “*Still nauseous*,” Shane notes.

“Shane,” Eric whispers, waving him into his office

Shane chances one more look at Ilya before moving into the adjacent office. “How’s he doing?,” he asks, sitting down in the chair opposite the trainer.

“He threw up some more about an hour ago but he’s been sleeping for the last, mm,” Eric glances at the clock hanging on the wall, behind Shane’s head, “30ish minutes.”

“Good,” Shane nods.

Eric offers him a soft smile before continuing, “Unfortunately, when he was getting changed out he noticed some red spots on his chest.”

Shane shifts in his chair, “Like a rash?”

“Pox,” Eric corrects, “chicken pox according to the doc.”

“Wait,” Shane pauses, shaking his head, “I thought only kids got chicken pox.”

“Sure,” Eric agrees, “it’s more common in children but anyone who hasn’t received the vaccine can get it.” Eric turns his attention to the chart in front of him, “And according to Rozanov’s medical records, he never received it.”

Shane tents his fingertips, using the pads of his index fingers to pinch the bridge of his nose. “So what does that mean for him?”

“Well, chicken pox comes in three stages,” Eric answers, starting a tally on his fingers, “the red bumps we found tonight are stage one. Over the next 12-24 hours those bumps will become widespread. 4-7 days for them to blister. The blisters should start to scab over around day 10. Unfortunately, in the meantime he is going to be really uncomfortable.”

Shane leans back and idly nods, trying to work out the timeline in his head. “Well we have the bye week, this week. That’s something at least.” He scrubs a hand across the side of his face before continuing, “How can I help him?”

“Oatmeal baths, calamine lotion, and Benadryl to relieve the itch. The Benadryl will help him sleep too.” Eric smirks, “After some time with Rozanov this evening, doc said that could be a win-win situation for both you and Ilya.”

Shane snorts, “No kidding.”

Eric continues, “He will likely develop sores in his mouth so he probably won't want to eat or drink but it’s important to push fluids — water, pedialyte, Gatorade. Especially if he keeps throwing up.”

“Do you have a pen and paper?” Shane asks, using his thumb and forefinger, to draw an imaginary pen in the air.

“I know, it’s a lot,” Eric says, reaching for a stack of papers on his keyboard, “don’t worry I already typed everything up for you.”

“Thanks,” Shane says, taking the offered papers. He scans the first page of bullet notes, reviewing much of the same information Eric had just told him.

“Lastly, Eric adds, “alternate Tylenol and Ibuprofen for the fever. No aspirin.”

Shane nods, trying to take in the information without panicking at the proposition of having to take care of a very sick Ilya. “Is he contagious?” he asks, hesitating.

“Very,” Eric emphasizes, “but only to those who aren’t vaccinated.” He closes Ilya’s chart on the computer and clicks over to Shane’s. “I looked at yours a little bit ago and you’re up to date on all your shots. Just be mindful to keep him away from any younger children or anyone who may not have had the vaccine, but otherwise you are in the clear.”

“*Okay, well at least I can’t catch this,*” Shane rationalizes. “Can I take him home?” Shane asks, rising from his chair.

“Yes, absolutely,” Eric affirms, “I already have him set up with a sick bag, but let me just grab you a couple more for the trip home and then we’ll get you two out of here.”

Shane nods before moving over to the table where Ilya is resting. “Hey,” he says softly, brushing the top of the hoodie’s material.

Ilya’s hazel eyes slowly blink open in response. “Hollander,” he mumbles, moving into the touch, “they say I have bird flu.”

Shane snickers at the misnomer. “You have chicken pox.”

“Same difference,” Ilya grumbles.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Slowly but surely adding new chapters :)

Is the temperature okay?" Shane asks, adjusting the car's heating vents so they are pointed at his passenger.

"Yes, thank you," Ilya mumbles, his cheek pressed up against the window. Since climbing into the car, he had pulled the sleeves of his hoodie down past his finger tips and curled into the side of the seat in an effort to get comfortable.

Shane rubs a slow, comforting hand across his upper back, "It's only a 20 minute drive," he soothes, "bag is in the cupholder in case you feel sick, okay?"

Ilya just nods, tucking his knees in tighter towards his chest. Fatigue tugs at his shoulders and he manages to fall into a fitful sleep, only waking up when he feels the door fall out from under him. Shane's strong hand catches him by the shoulder before he tips over. "Let's get you inside," Shane offers, leaning over him to unbuckle his seat belt.

Shane keeps a steady hand on the small of his back as he slowly brings him to standing. "Take your time," Shane coaches.

"I'm fine, Hollander," he clips.

Shane uses his free hand to shut the car door behind him before wrapping a supportive arm around Ilya's lower back. "I know," he acquiesces, "but I also know you're not at 100% so just humor me."

They make it to the bedroom in a short, tandem shuffle, with Shane's supportive arm proving to be more necessary than Ilya cares to admit. He feels Shane's hand leave his back and watches as his husband pulls back the covers of the bed.

"Do you want to change into something different or are you comfortable in your sweats?" Shane asks.

Ilya shakes his head, already wanting to collapse into the mattress.

Shane pulls at the hem of his hoodie. "Let's at least get your hoodie off. I don't want you overheating."

Ilya lets Shane work the hoodie up and over his head, leaving him only in his T-shirt. Shane folds the hoodie and places it on the bedside table before returning his hand to the small of

Ilya's back, moving him to lie down.

Ilya accepts the push and curls into the mattress. Shane drapes the duvet over his shoulders and he shivers under the contact of the cool sheets. "I need to go to the store and get some things," Shane whispers, stilling his fingers in his husband's scalp, "do you need anything before I go?"

"Just want sleep," Ilya murmured.

"Get some rest," Shane comforts, softly kissing his forehead, "I'll be back."

—

Shane manages to shoulder their front door open without displacing any of the grocery bags in his hands. He checks to make sure that Anya isn't underfoot before making his way to the kitchen and unceremoniously dumping the items on the large kitchen island.

He rifles through the bags for the popsicles and puts them in the freezer before ultimately pushing the rest of the items to the side, to be dealt with later.

He kicks his shoes off and tiptoes towards the bedroom, not wanting to wake up his husband. He peeks his head around the corner and finds Anya lying in front of the door that leads to the en suite; no doubt standing guard over Ilya who — if the empty bed was any indication — definitely wasn't sleeping.

Shane pauses in the doorway, leaning down to pet Anya between the ears, before he sinks down onto the bathroom floor behind his husband. "Stomach still bothering you?," Shane asks, bringing his hand to Ilya's hunched back.

"No, Hollander," Ilya quips, keeping his cheek pressed against the toilet seat, "in your absence I made magic recovery and thought I would sit in front of toilet for hell of it."

Shane lets out a wry laugh, "Right. Sorry. Stupid question." He rubs his hand along the curve of Ilya's spine, before continuing, "How long have you been in here?"

"Since you left," Ilya croaks.

"Oh sweetheart," Shane mewls, absolutely gutted at the realization, "I'm so sorry. I wouldn't have left, if I had known."

"Is okay," Ilya replies, closing his eyes, "don't need babysitter to barf."

Shane leans forward and kisses the base of Ilya's shoulder blade. "Do you think you're done?"

Ilya just shrugs which doesn't exactly inspire too much confidence.

Shane squares off a section of toilet paper from the roll and brings it to Ilya's lips, gently wiping the fluids resting on his mouth and chin. Ilya smiles lazily, "You must really love me if you are willing to wipe my throw up."

“Wouldn’t be the first of your bodily fluids I’ve wiped off,” Shane smirks, “plus I kind of love you a lot.”

“You big sap,” Ilya teases.

“Come on,” Shane says, sliding his hands up either side of Ilya’s ribs, “let’s get you set up on the couch.” He tucks his hands underneath his husband’s underarms and helps bring him to standing. “Go slow,” Shane instructs, when Ilya wavers at the top, “you okay?”

Ilya nods, letting out a tight exhale, “Dizzy.”

Shane steps to his side and drapes Ilya’s arm over his shoulder, looping his other arm around Ilya’s waist so his hip is pulled into his palm. “Just lean on me.”

“Will crush you,” Ilya mumbles, sagging into Shane’s hold

Shane snorts and brings Ilya’s hip closer to his. Anya moves from her spot in the doorway and patiently follows behind their slow, cautious walk to the living room. Shane gingerly lowers Ilya onto the long-L of the sectional and watches as Anya settles next to Ilya’s feet, resting her head on his stacked ankle bones.

“She knows you don’t feel well,” Shane comments.

Ilya crawls his arm down his side and buries his fingers in the soft fur of Anya’s head. “She is a good girl.”

Shane fishes the extra sick bags Eric had given him out of his pocket and places them between the arm of the couch and Ilya’s side. “Just in case,” he says, running the back of his knuckles down Ilya’s heated cheek.

“In case I spew,” Ilya states, sardonically, “Da. I know.”

“Are you cold? Do you want a blanket?”

“A blanket would be nice,” Ilya says, quietly.

Shane reaches for the blanket hanging on the back of the couch and layers it over Ilya. He gently folds the blanket around Anya so she doesn’t overheat underneath the fuzzy cotton and lightly squeezes Ilya’s lower leg. “I’m just going to finish up in the kitchen and then we’ll watch a movie, okay?”

“Lilo and Stitch?,” Ilya asks, hopefully

Shane smiles, “whatever you want.”

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

Shane feels the mattress dip underneath his arm where it had fallen from Ilya's chest. "'Ilya?'" he mumbles, pushing his upper body up from the bed. When he doesn't get a response he leans over and flips on the bedside lamp, blinking away the spots from his eyes as they adjust.

He finds Ilya sitting on the floor in just his boxer briefs, his T-shirt and sweatpants in a haphazard trail in front of him. Shane rounds the other side of the bed and sinks to his knees. "Oh honey," Shane coos, taking in the angry, red bumps that have bloomed across Ilya's entire body, "why are you out of bed?"

"Clothes hurt. Sheets hurt. Feels like unshaved beard on my skin," Ilya moans.

"You mean scratchy?" Shane asks, trying to help bridge the unfamiliar word.

Ilya huffs. "Yes Shane, because with dumb Russian brain I couldn't possibly think of easy English word like 'scratchy,'" he snaps, "it is metaphor!"

Shane stills, wholly unprepared for the bite rolling off of Ilya's tongue. "Ilya, I —" Shane starts.

"I'm sorry," Ilya whines, tilting his head back against the wall, "didn't mean to yell at you. I know you don't think that. I am just very uncomfortable."

"It's okay," Shane soothes." "Can we take a look at your temperature?," he asks, reaching for the thermometer on the end table, "I just want to see where you're at."

Ilya takes the proffered instrument and slips it under his tongue, wincing when the probe finds a sprouting sore in his mouth. He watches Shane lift a comforting hand to his knee, only for his fingers to hesitate over the irritated skin. If Ilya's limbs didn't feel so heavy with fever he would reach out for his hand; if anything, just to still the anxiety rolling off of his husband as he tries to find purchase.

The thermometer beeps and Shane brushes his thumb softly across Ilya's bottom lip as he pulls the thermometer from underneath his tongue. "38.9," Shane winces.

He leans forward and presses a gentle kiss against Ilya's forehead. "Stay here. I'll be right back."

Ilya wants to voice that he isn't going anywhere but his tongue is as fuzzy as the rest of him. He sinks lower against the wall, listening for Shane's footfalls as they move away from the bedroom. His low back aches in the new slouched position but he can't find the energy to slide himself up. *God he is pathetic*. He feels sweat prickle against his chest and brings up a slow hand to counter the itch. He startles when Shane's fingers wrap around his wrist, halting the movement. He hadn't heard Shane come back. "Don't scratch," Shane instructs, against Ilya's moan of protest.

“Here,” Shane says, twisting off the lid of an applesauce pouch, “I brought you some Benadryl. That will help with the itch. I just need you to eat something first.”

He brings the tip to Ilya’s lips who obediently takes a pull of the sweet treat. “Is cold,” Ilya says, smacking his lips.

Shane smiles, “I put them in the fridge. Thought they would taste better that way.”

Ilya just nods, accepting the applesauce again. Once he finishes the pouch Shane hands him two small, pink tablets and he swallows them with a small sip of water.

“I know you’re a little out of it right now,” Shane says, threading his fingers through Ilya’s curls, “but Eric said a bath could help the itching. Do you want to try?”

He *does* want to try but he doesn’t know if he can bring his legs to listen to him and support his weight, even just the few feet to the en suite. “Tired,” he slurs.

“I know,” Shane nods, continuing his massage of Ilya’s scalp, “I’ll help you.”

They sit there in companionable silence for a few moments before Ilya croaks out a thick, “okay.”

Shane squats next to Ilya. “Wrap your arms around my neck,” he says, slipping an arm underneath Ilya’s knees.

“D’nt need carried,” Ilya argues, while wrapping his arms around his husband.

“Sure you don’t,” Shane grunts, lifting Ilya into his arms, “you’re lucky I work out.”

Ilya smirks into the crease of his neck, “Mmm, very lucky.”

Shane adjusts his hold of the larger man and slowly walks them into the en suite. “I’m going to set you down for a second,” Shane says, lowering Ilya to sit on the closed toilet seat, “just so I can run the bath.”

Ilya hears the tap squeak and watches as Shane brings his fingers underneath the free flowing water, toggling between the hot and cold until he is happy with the temperature. He closes the drain and moves to grab a tupperware container on the sink.

“What is that?” Ilya asks

“Oatmeal,” Shane answers, adding the entire contents to the bathwater, “it’s supposed to help with the itch.” Shane dips his hand below the water and swirls it around, satisfied when the water turns a milky white. “I used the food processor to grind the oats into a powder.”

Ilya rolls his eyes. “One time use of expensive food machine is not going to convince me we needed it.”

Shane helps him stand, removes his underwear and slowly lowers him into the warm water. “And I am pretty sure,” Shane says, recalling their months earlier discussion of the food

processor, “that we decided the owner of multiple, expensive vehicles, couldn’t argue what is a ‘need’ and what is a ‘want.’”

“Mmm,” Ilya hums, sinking lower into the tub, “I drive the cars.”

Shane smiles and kisses Ilya’s cheek, “And I use the food processor.”

He watches Ilya’s hands float just underneath the surface of the water. “Is it helping?”

Ilya nods. “I feel like breakfast cereal,” he sighs, “but yes it is helping.”

“Good,” Shane yawns, leaning back against the wall, “let me know when you’re ready to get out and I’ll put some calamine lotion on your spots.”

“That is a lot of spots, Shane,” Ilya pauses, watching his husband’s eyes close, “maybe we do that tomorrow when you are not so tired.”

Shane shook his head against the wall. “I’m fine,” he says, blindly reaching for Ilya’s hand. Ilya gives him his soggy hand and they sit like that until Ilya starts to shiver from the cooling bath water. Shane helps him stand and wraps him in one of their soft, cotton towels, once again sitting him down on the toilet seat. He brings the towel to Ilya’s feet and starts pat-drying him in an effort to not irritate the sores. Once he is dry, Shane uses the same gentleness to apply the medicated ointment. Using a cotton ball, he dabs the pink lotion onto each of Ilya’s spots. It isn’t until he starts on Ilya’s inner thighs that he garners a moan.

“Are you okay?” Shane asks, stopping his ministrations, “did I hurt you?”

Ilya shakes his head. “No, moya lyubov,” he smirks, “just unfair to have you on your knees in front of me for stupid reason.”

Shane blushes and kisses an unblemished portion of the delicate skin before continuing to apply the lotion. “I’ll make it up to you.”

Chapter 4: Chapter 3.5

Chapter Notes

This is more or less just a cute little blurb that came to mind

What are people saying about me?," Ilya asks from his spot on the couch.

"Nothing," Shane dismisses, quickly silencing the notifications on his phone.

"You are bad liar, Hollander," Ilya counters, rubbing absently at his leg.

"Dont scratch," Shane chastises, stilling Ilya's wrist.

"Like I can do anything with these!," Ilya huffs, holding up his oven-mitt-covered hands. The "paws" as Shane had so lovingly nicknamed the mitts had become a necessity when Ilya's idle fingers wouldn't stop itching at the red blisters.

"I can always put you in hockey gloves, if you feel that would be more conducive," Shane smirks.

Ilya grumbles before resting his head on Shane's shoulder. "At least tell me what Twitter is saying," Ilya muses, "Unless of course #RozanovRalphsonRink is trending then don't tell me."

Shane snorts, "Now that is clever. Did you come up with that?"

"No," Ilya pouts, "Hayden. In text he sent me after game."

Shane tries to bite down on the smile curling at his lips but can't help it. He throws his head back against the couch cushions and roars.

Ilya smacks him playfully on the chest before he joins in. "Do not tell him, this is funny!" Ilya insists, in between laughs, "his head is already too big."

"Seriously though," Ilya says gesturing towards Shane's phone, "tell me what they are saying."

Shane clears his throat. "Well," he says, diverting his gaze from Ilya, "I am actually trending."

Ilya looks at him confused, "You throw up on ice too?" he asks, his eyebrows pulling in towards his nose.

“No,” Shane guffaws, “it’s just Harris posted some photos from the game and I—” he pauses rubbing the back of his neck, “I guess I looked very worried about you and people noticed.”

“That is it?,” Ilya asks

“Here,” Shane says, passing him the phone.

Ilya scrolls through, finding multiple tweets and retweets of Shane with the trailing caption: #HubbyHollander. A photo of Shane as he stands next to Ilya hunched over on the ice, a photo of Shane removing Ilya’s gloves on the bench and a photo of Shane standing on the sidelines facing the tunnel as the sports med staff walk Ilya back.

“Unbelievable,” Ilya sighs, shaking his head, “I am sick with stupid bird flu—

“Chicken pox,” Shane corrects.

“Whatever,” Ilya says, waving him off. “I am sick for a week and all internet talks about is,” he looks down at the phone, “Poor Shane looks so worried.”

Shane smirks at the affronted disbelief on Ilya’s face. “Shane is such a good husband,” Ilya continues, elongating the compliments on his tongue to highlight the absurdity, “Shane is sooooo gentle with Ilya.”

Shane snorted, “would you rather a video of you absolutely blowing chunks be going viral?”

“No,” Ilya hesitates, “maybe a little bit.”

“You’re crazy,” Shane chuckles, shaking his head.

“All I am saying,” Ilya says, gesturing animatedly with his “paws”, “if it was you who threw up on TV, everyone would be Twittering, hope you feel better. I get sick and somehow my superstar husband still tops me.”

Shane shifts to sit on Ilya’s lap so he is facing his husband. “Well,” he hummed, kissing the side of Ilya’s neck, “you did marry a superstar.” He pauses, trailing his fingers down Ilya’s chest, “you just do the topping at home.”

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