

Time To Chill

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Time To Chill

by [Wolfcry22](#)

Summary

A quick rendezvous after a game becomes anything but when Shane realizes that Ilya is sick. Shane does his best to deal with a clingy Ilya all while enjoying a more domestic side of things he never expected to embrace.

Notes

Once I finished my Scott/Kip sickfic, I knew that Shane and Ilya were next. I just can't get these men out of my mind and I wanted a super soft fic with Shane taking care of Ilya and Ilya being needy and clingy. It's really just a massive flufffest with some anxiety from Ilya but nothing too explicit. I really hope you all enjoy!

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

Shane tapped his foot impatiently as he climbed the floors in the compact elevator. His eyes fell to his watch as he watched the seconds tick away. He checked his phone next, but was surprised to find that Ilya—Lily—hadn't texted him back. They exchanged a few glances on the ice with Ilya whispering his room number at the end. Shane texted him once he showered and changed only for Ilya to never respond.

That wasn't totally out of character, but it certainly was odd when they already had plans to meet up. They only saw each other less than a handful of times every year, and Shane looked forward to these meetups more than he should. There was something about the secrecy that caused adrenaline to course through his veins as if he was actually on the ice playing. Spending his time playing against Ilya didn't quite scratch that itch in the same way these meetups did.

Then again, now that he thought about it, Ilya had been strange to say the least. They didn't exchange nearly their amount of typical banter, nor did Ilya actually seem that focused. He missed an easy goal and was even benched for part of the game. Shane hadn't thought too much of it as he was focused on what he needed to do, but looking back something definitely seemed off.

Shane wasn't given much more time to ponder as the elevator doors dinged open and he stepped into the enclosed hallway. His gaze flickered fearfully back and forth to make sure he was alone before he ventured out. He repeated the room number over and over in his head just in case he forgot.

10th floor, room 47. 1047.

When Shane finally arrived at Ilya's door, he knocked softly and took a faint step back so it didn't seem like he was leaning into the door. Sometime passed, and when Shane didn't hear any movement from the other side, he knocked even harder. A stone of cold dread settled deep in his stomach. What if this wasn't Ilya's room? What if he got the number wrong and was knocking on some random person's room? What if that random person was another of Ilya's teammates and Shane had to quickly explain himself?

Shane was just about to turn around when he finally heard something from behind the door. In fact it was three sharp somethings, one right after another. Shane faintly jumped at the force of the sounds, like sharp barks of command just more respiratory in nature. He was left briefly dumbfounded before the door swung open to reveal a slightly disheveled looking Ilya, wrist pressed hard against his nose, curls wildly out of place. He seemed only faintly surprised to see Shane standing there, hand dropping from his nose.

Clarification rose within Shane, mouth gaped open. "Are-are you sick?"

"Hollander." Ilya glanced quickly out of the hotel door down the hallway before yanking Shane in by the wrist. Shane allowed himself to be manhandled in the room as it usually led to much more. He was left more than a little surprised when Ilya didn't immediately propel himself forward, pinning Shane against the wall to kiss him silly. It was just another sign that something was very wrong.

“Are you sick,” Shane repeated as he didn’t receive an answer the first time.

Ilya looked Shane up and down, eyes alit in a curious hunger. “You came right from game?”

“Well, yeah, after I took a shower,” Shane offered lamely. He frowned as he repeated Ilya’s words in his head. They were deeper than even Ilya’s usual speaking voice, rougher too as though he swallowed gravel. Then there was the faint hint of congestion when he first spoke Shane’s name, which was after Shane heard the strange sound coming from behind the door when it was closed. Everything was starting to fall into place. “Were you sneezing earlier?”

Ilya shoots him an incredulous look. The curiosity that lit in his eyes just a second before morphed into hostility, body angled away from Shane. “No,” he answered simply.

Shane murmured to himself before taking a massive step towards Ilya. The Russian instinctively took a step back against the wall, arm outstretched to push Shane away if he dared come closer. That was all the confirmation that Shane needed if Ilya wouldn’t even allow him to draw closer.

“You are sick. I knew it! That’s why you played like shit tonight.”

Ilya’s face contorted slightly, top lip curled in an extension of his disdain. “No, I did not ‘play like shit’ tonight. You are mistaken.”

“Okay, but you definitely didn’t play well. We beat you after all,” Shane pointed out with a smidge of satisfaction.

Ilya rolled his eyes. “That is because you have star player on your team. That is only reason.”

Shane couldn’t help but advert his gaze under Ilya’s praise. It seemed whenever he offered him a kind word or compliment, Shane didn’t know how to take it. His heart rate would quicken and he would look anywhere else but at Ilya. He wished he could express to him just how much he loved to hear those sorts of things, but he found it impossible to verbalize.

Luckily, he didn’t have long to revel in his own thoughts as Ilya suddenly began to cough. It was light at first, merely a tickle, before morphing into a full body hack that shook his entire frame. The coughs bent him in half, barking and catching in the back of his throat whenever he attempted a deep breath. They sounded downright painful, a harsh wince appearing on his face when the small fit finally ended.

“Ilya, how the hell did you even play? That sounds terrible.”

Ilya’s eyes flashed, a clear warning in his dark gaze. “Hollander,” he warned.

Right, the whole thing with the last names. Ilya had made it clear plenty of times they were not to cross that boundary of first names. Shane wasn’t nearly as strict on it as Ilya was, especially as he saw the usual strong Russian reduced a shivering mass under a much too large sweatshirt. Shane was hardly ever intimidated by him, though he would respect his wishes if this is the hill he wanted to die on.

“Rozanov,” Shane repeated. “You need to get some rest. Did you have anything to eat?”

The suggestion of food caused Ilya's stomach to growl. The Russian looked down in what Shane could only guess was his attempt at looking sheepish. Ilya never asked him for anything, certainly not like that. If Ilya wouldn't downright ask, Shane could step in and offer.

Because it was a hotel, there wasn't much, if anything, that Shane could make. Luckily takeout was always an option no matter the city or time of night. Shane was quick to grab his phone and pull up a list of restaurants that offered delivery this time of night. "What are you hungry for? Pizza? Chinese? Vietnamese?"

Ilya reached out weakly to paw Shane's phone from his hand. Shane grasped it before it could fall, shooting Ilya a look. "You better make a choice or I'm going to choose for you and it'll be something healthy."

For a moment, it seemed like Ilya was going to answer when he suddenly pulled away, head buried into the crook of his elbow. Breath quaking, entire face lit in ticklish misery, abdominal muscles strained as his entire body rocked with the force of the nasal release. "HrtcSH'TcShoo! HrTHcsh'TsChoo!"

"Bless you," Shane exclaimed as he looked around the room frantically. He finally caught sight of his prize, a small square box of tissues and brought it over. He handed it over, relieved when Ilya took the offering and took out a few sheets, stacking them to press against his nose as he blew hard. Shane tried not to grimace at the display as he knew that Ilya couldn't help it. "So, soup?"

The expression that Ilya shot him could only be described by Shane as a pout. Ilya would argue that Russians didn't pout, despite Shane's mounting evidence to argue that wasn't true. Their meetups may usually be reduced to a whole lot of other activities besides merely talking, but Shane felt he knew Ilya enough to be able to understand some of his expressions if they were exaggerated enough.

Ilya suddenly reached for Shane's hand with his free hand. Shane couldn't possibly refuse as he reached out his hand to take Ilya's own, finger trailing over the back of his slightly bruised knuckles. Had that happened at the game or sometime before?

"C'mon," Shane encouraged as he tugged Ilya in the direction of his bed. "No funny business, but we can lay here until the food arrives."

"You do not have to do all this for me."

Shane's eyebrow lifted in confusion. "Why wouldn't I? Wouldn't you do the same for me?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then I don't see what's so strange about it," Shane interrupted before Ilya could continue down that disastrous level of thinking. Usually it was Shane that could be sent down a spiral of his own mind's doing, yet it seemed that Ilya could be prone to the same thing. Maybe it was his illness or something else, though something was clearly going on to make his thoughts run rampant.

Ilya didn't argue further as Shane brought him the rest of the way to the king sized bed. Ilya climbed in first, tissue box tucked under his arm for later use. Shane kicked off his shoes by the side of the bed and climbed in beside him, ignoring the way the sheets felt rough against his skin. His phone rested on his middle as he scrolled through the restaurant options until he landed on one that had a chicken dumpling soup that could be delivered. He thought he remembered Ilya saying he enjoyed it before and hoped it would be to his tastes now. He added a few sandwiches as well so that he would have something he could heat up and eat the next day or on his journey to his next city.

While Shane selected their hotel and room number, Ilya impatiently started to paw at Shane's wrist like an impatient puppy. Shane pushed him away good naturally, a smile breaking out on his face. "Hey, I'm almost done," he chided gently.

"You are not paying attention to me."

"Do you want me to pay attention to you?"

"Yes."

Shane finished and paid, pleased when it claimed that the order would only take twenty to thirty minutes to arrive. He set his phone down and turned his full attention to Ilya, who's head was rested on his lap and eyes staring up at him with pure reverence and affection.

"This better," Shane teased, wishing he could kiss Ilya silly.

Lips parted to allow for easier breathing through his mouth, Ilya replied back, "Always when I'm with you."

Another cough suddenly broke out as Ilya scrambled off of Shane's lap to avoid coughing on him. He lifted a wrist to his mouth with his eyes squinted against each cough, shoulders hunched up by his ears. Sweat collected on his upper lip as he struggled to regain his composure, a flush appearing on his cheeks when Shane stretched over him to rest a hand on his back to rub small, comforting circles. Shane whispered softly until the fit passed, leaving Ilya gulping for breath through his mouth thanks to his clogged nose.

"Have you taken anything for this cold?"

Ilya screwed up his face at the suggestion. "Russians do not get colds."

"Well, have you taken anything for whatever the fuck this is? Because coughing up a lung isn't the picture of health you think it is."

Ilya shook his head in response, nose deciding to add to his plight. Congestion began to leak down his face with Ilya scrambling for the tissues before it could drip onto the mattress. A bundle shoved against his blooming red nostrils, a liquid snuffle doing nothing to alleviate his obvious discomfort.

"Do you have anything you can take? Tylenol Cold & Flu or something?"

Once again, Ilya looked beyond against that suggestion. He instinctually lifted a hand to the back of his neck to squeeze it tightly. "I do not wish to take something that changes mind."

"I don't think cold medicine should do that. It's completely safe," Shane reassured.

Ilya seemed far from convinced. "No, no pills."

"Okay, alright." Sensing that there was more going on that Shane didn't know, he reached out to brush a few unruly curls from Ilya's forehead. "You don't have to take anything if you don't want to. I just thought it might help."

Ilya sniffled, staring up at the ceiling. "I will be fine. Barely sick."

At least now he was admitting he wasn't feeling perfect. It was something small, but Shane would take when he could get when it came to whatever Ilya was to him. He would respect Ilya's wishes and do what he could to care for him in the brief time that they could spend with one another. Hardly conventional by any means, it worked for them in a way that Shane couldn't explain, and honestly didn't want to.

"Let me know if you change your mind and I can go pick some stuff up real quick. Just let me know," Shane encouraged even if he knew that Ilya wouldn't budge.

Ilya nodded as Shane opened his arms back to invite Ilya to lay his head back down again. "C'mere."

Ilya hesitated for a moment before giving in, scrunching his body up into a tight ball on the side of the bed with his head fitting nicely in Shane's lap once more. It was a comfortable position for both of them with Shane's fingers instinctively threading through Ilya's unruly curls, knuckles trailing down the curve of his neck as he applied just enough pressure for Ilya to arch into it like a cat. It was there that Shane could hear the catch in Ilya's breathing. Although it didn't produce another coughing fit like the ones he had earlier, Shane remained on high alert just in case. The position wasn't the most conducive to easy breathing, though Shane doubted that Ilya would listen to him if he suggested a different position.

Shane wasn't sure how long they laid like this, his hand still in Ilya's hair while Ilya's hand found his way to Shane's knee, holding tight. Despite the complete deviance to what they usually did in bed, Shane would be lying if he said he was disappointed. Here he felt connected to Ilya in a completely different way, one that they didn't explore.

Just when Shane himself felt like he might drift off himself, he heard a knock at the door. Stiffly, he straightened further on the bed and brushed the back of his fingers down Ilya's jaw to rouse him into full consciousness.

Ilya awoke with a frightened jolt, propelling himself off of Shane almost instantly. He looked around as though not recognizing his surroundings, eyes wild in fear.

"Hey, hey, it's alright," Shane was quick to reassure with a hand outstretched in his direction.

Ilya took it once again, grasping onto Shane life a lifeline. “It’s just the door, the food, remember?”

Ilya still seemed panicked, something that Shane wasn’t used to. He was the one who freaked out about things, not Ilya. Perhaps whatever sickness he had was worse than he realized.

The knocking continued, which only sent Ilya’s paranoia into overdrive. It took a few knowing glances from Shane to keep him from making a beeline across the room with Shane finally able to coax him into staying on the bed. It wouldn’t help either of them if he bolted out the door the moment Shane opened it for their takeout. Now that would reach headlines in no time flat.

“I’m going to answer the door. Wait right here,” Shane commanded as he threw his legs off the side of the bed. His fingers slipped from Ilya’s own, the dark haired man ignoring the way that Ilya tried to reach for him again, fingers faintly grazing the underside of his wrist. Shane pulled himself the rest of the way off the bed and padded soundlessly towards the door, opening it slowly.

He shared a few quick words with the delivery driver, gave him a generous tip for trekking all the way up to the tenth floor. He took two full bags and carried them inside, door closing and locking behind him. He fumbled with the bags over to the small counter by the microwave and pulled out the monstrous bowl of miso soup. This should last Ilya for a few days at least, even if he didn’t plan on being here that long. Shane would’ve rather purchased too much food than not enough.

“Hrchs’TcSHoo! HRchs’TchsShoo!” Ilya grasped some wilted tissues and blew his nose, erupting into another volley into those grating coughs that left Shane wincing in sympathy. There were so many modern medical advances that would help with that if Ilya would just take something.

“Bless—“

“RHchs’Schoo! HRcHS’TcshShoo!”

“You,” Shane finished as he carried the soup and a plastic spoon over to Ilya. “Don’t drown on your own snot over there.”

Ilya forwent blowing his nose, instead he dabbed at the corners to wipe away the worst of the moisture. He sniffled hard again, face flushed with his hands shoved back into the pocket of his hoodie. His head tipped back for him to breathe out of his mouth once more, which meant that eating and breathing at the same time was about to be a challenge.

Shane handed the bowl over, which Ilya took in shaky hands. His first sip cause pure bliss to pass over his face, the warm material coating his helplessly sore throat. The warmth of the broth caused his nose to run, which interrupted his eating as he kept dabbing at his nose with the tissues.

“Fucking damnit!”

Shane chuckled. "So much for Russians not catching colds, huh? Fucking sucks regardless."

Ilya motioned to his bowl and then to Shane, who quickly shook his head and pulled out a sandwich from one of the carry out bags instead. "That's all yours. I bought something for me."

"Healthy, boring food."

"It's a sandwich so not too healthy but—"

"Boring," Ilya finished for him as he took another spoonful of soup before sniffing miserable. Keeping his runny nose at bay seemed to be his most pressing issue, to which Shane couldn't help but giggle upon seeing. Such a strong man reduced to being frustrated by a runny nose. Who could've seen that coming?

While Shane more or less nibbled on his share from across the room at the desk so not to get crumbs in Ilya's bed, Ilya managed about half of his bowl of soup. He set it aside on his nightstand once he finished, smothering a few coughs into his sweatshirt that he pulled over the lower half of his face. Exhaustion showed on every wrinkle across his brow as another cough tore through him, this time bringing with it a harsh gasp at the end as if ripped from his very soul.

Shane was at his side in a second, his own food forgotten as he grabbed a bottle of water from the mini fridge in the corner and brought it over to Ilya. When the Russian didn't immediately swipe it out of Shane's hands, the Canadian unscrewed the lid and held the water up to Ilya's lips. Ilya glared at him through watery eyes, though he didn't make an attempt to grasp it from Shane's hands.

"Drink," Shane commanded. "Please."

With his plea, Ilya did as Shane requested. He gulped down a considerable amount of the water until Shane pulled the bottle back and set it aside. His gaze didn't leave Ilya, stomach churning in apprehension.

"Why are you looking at me like that, Hollander?"

"Uh because it sounds like you're going to stop breathing at any moment. Maybe that's why."

Ilya didn't appear convinced even as another cough sounded through pursed lips. He swallowed hard against it, yet he was unable to stop it from bursting free. He was a moment too later in covering, the harsh puff of air strong against Shane's leg. Shane hardly felt it, though he could feel Ilya freeze against him before attempting to pull away.

A hand on Ilya's shoulder stopped him as Shane pulled him closer. This time Ilya didn't fight him, much to Shane's relief. He curled back as he was before, head rested more on Shane's chest than his lap this time. Shane couldn't stop himself before kissing the top of Ilya's sweat slicked hair, nose buried briefly into those soft curls. He could detect a faint hint of Ilya's shampoo, the two-in-one that Shane always complained about.

Ilya's hand began to migrate south with Shane quick to batter it away before he could grasp his cock. "Not now," Shane whispered softly. "Not until you're feeling better."

"But there's not time," Ilya pouted around another cough that he smothered back into his elbow that was rested atop Shane's chest.

"There will be plenty of time later. It's not like we're not going to see each other again." Shane let his words trail off. The tension in the air suddenly grew. It wasn't that Shane didn't believe that they wouldn't see each other again as they always did, but it was months or longer at a time. Shane quickly pushed that out of his head or he feared he may be the one to start spiraling. "We will, Rozanov."

Ilya hummed to himself as he dropped like a dead weight on Shane's body, effectively holding him down. Shane found himself playing with Ilya's hair once more. It was as though his fingers knew no other place to be than threaded within those thick locks whether Ilya was fucking him or they were merely sharing space in bed.

"You should leave. Don't get sick," Ilya told him weakly.

Shane shook his head. "M'not going anywhere, not yet. I got time and I want to spend it with you."

"Even if you get sick?"

"I won't get sick. My diet is so much better than yours. I basically can't get sick," Shane teased warmly. "Unlike certain Russians I know."

Ilya looked up, lips pressed forward in yet another pout. Shane couldn't help but laugh at that as he tipped Ilya's chin upwards for better access. Ilya held back hesitantly. "Don't want you to be sick."

"I told you I won't." Tenderly, their lips brushed ever so softly. It was hardly a kiss by Shane's definition, but that was all that he needed, a small taste of Ilya to tide him over until he could have more. Ilya slid back into his place on Shane's chest, a few coughs sputtering from pressed lips once more.

Shane couldn't have cared less, not even when he felt a damp spot appear on his shirt from where Ilya's nose was pressed against him. It didn't take long after for loud snores to sound from Ilya's sleeping form, the faint rise and fall of his chest telling Shane all that he needed to know about how Ilya was sleeping.

He wouldn't be able to stay long, but he could stay long enough for Ilya to have a few hours of interrupted sleep without being truly alone.

After all, who would've guessed that star Russian hockey player Ilya Rozanov turned into a clingy mess when he was sick?

End Notes

Thank you all for reading and I hope you all are staying safe and healthy!

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