

I'm sorry it's so early, but...

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/79109176) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/79109176>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , David Hollander & Yuna Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , David Hollander , Yuna Hollander
Additional Tags:	Sickfic , Vomiting , Hurt/Comfort , Fever , Graphic Depictions of Illness , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Found Family , Texting
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-08 Words: 2,944 Chapters: 1/1

I'm sorry it's so early, but...

by [thatsunkenship](#)

Summary

Ilya was starting to get nervous. At first he was confused, and then annoyed, and then he just felt sorry for himself. But now... the situation was becoming a bit concerning.

Or, Shane is in L.A., and Ilya is in need of some support.

Notes

See tags!

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

Ilya was starting to get nervous. At first he was confused, and then annoyed, and then he just felt sorry for himself. But now... the situation was becoming a bit concerning.

It was 6:34am, and it had been hours since he had jolted awake suddenly, disoriented and clammy, his stomach acid churning and mouth filling quickly with saliva. Ilya had thrown himself out of bed and into the en-suite bathroom, where he barely had time to open the toilet lid before vomiting up most of what he had eaten for dinner that night. After a minute of catching his breath, he stood up, rinsed out his mouth, and went to lay back in bed, perplexed at how the sickness had come and gone so quickly. He hadn't even felt nauseous before he fell back to sleep.

That had certainly changed.

An hour later, it happened again. And then again. And then again.

After either the third or fourth round of violent puking (Ilya had already lost track), Ilya had assumed that he had gotten food poisoning from the fancy restaurant that he and some of the other Centaurs had gone to to celebrate their first win of the season. Ilya had ordered a seafood pasta, and it had tasted fine, but he guessed that his current state was a result of that choice. He had given up on returning to bed, but had managed to quickly grab his phone, a gatorade, and a few towels to separate him from the tile floor that he had been laying on before he had to return to the bathroom to gag into the toilet some more.

At the time, the worst part of it all (okay, maybe not the *worst* part) was that Shane wasn't even home to make him feel better. He had a game and photoshoot out in L.A., and his flight home wasn't even due to take off for another couple of hours. Ilya had pouted for a bit and sent a few pathetic texts.

Lily

4:01 AM

Shane I know you are asleep but you should know I am miserable.

Food poisoning or something else disgusting.

4:04 AM

I am okay do not have panic attack.

4:12 AM

You should maybe send shirtless pictures to help me feel better.

The last text he had sent was maybe a bit of a cover. Ilya didn't need Shane to figure out exactly how sick he was. Shane wasn't really chill about this type of thing, and Ilya wasn't always good at managing expressions of concern or care from other people, even Shane. When there was no response, as expected since it was only 1:00am in L.A., Ilya had pulled a towel around his shoulders like a blanket and frowned before trying to fall asleep leaning against the bathroom wall.

Now, almost two and a half hours after sending the texts, Ilya was starting to worry that maybe he needed to actually let someone know about his condition. Things were not great. He'd had to throw away his t-shirt. His abdomen and throat were sore from all the vomiting, and even though he was no longer bringing anything up other than bile, his body didn't seem to be ready to stop. He was sweating, his hands were shaking, and the tiny sip of gatorade that he had just taken felt like poison in his fragile stomach. He wished he had grabbed some of Shane's ginger ale instead.

Ilya felt his mouth fill with saliva again and he spit into the toilet twice, then dry heaved. Little dark spots started to take over his vision, and he blinked rapidly. He took several slow, deep breaths, and waited for his vision to clear. His stomach *hurt*. It took a minute, and Ilya felt a small jolt of fear run through him when he pushed himself away from the toilet and his heart started pounding uncomfortably at the small movement.

He leaned back against the wall and grabbed his phone.

Yuna answered after only a few rings.

“Ilya?” Yuna sounded confused, which made sense. Despite Ilya having spent more time with Yuna and David since he had moved to Ottawa, Ilya had only called Yuna a couple of times, once when she was picking him up from the airport and once when Shane’s phone had died.

“Yuna, hi,” Ilya said, and winced when his voice came out in a rough whisper. He cleared his throat, which *burned*, and tried again.

“Yuna?”

“Ilya, what’s wrong? Is Shane okay? Are you okay?”

“Shane is okay. I am sorry it is so early, but...” He hesitated, feeling a little bit ashamed, though logically he knew he shouldn’t be. Yuna and David both had told him over and over that he was now part of their family. He tried to trust it. “I am not feeling well. I – I think I need some help.”

Ilya hears Yuna inhale quickly, and then she says, “Okay honey, we’ll be right there.” Ilya feels immediate relief wash over him. He hears David say something in the background, but he can’t quite make out what. He closes his eyes but doesn’t hang up the phone.

“Ilya, we’ll be there in 20 minutes, alright? Do you need help sooner than that? Should we call an ambulance?”

Ilya grimaces, “No, no ambulance. I am okay,” and alright, *okay* was maybe a bit of a stretch, but he had stepped out of his comfort zone enough for now. “I will text door code, I do not think I can answer.”

“Alright. Ilya, honey, we’re getting in the car now.”

He put the phone on speaker, texted her the door code, and then tried unsuccessfully to hold in a quiet moan when he felt the nausea pick up again. He quickly pressed the mute button on his phone, set it next to him on the floor, and then pushed himself back up over the toilet. The movement made his head spin and he felt his heart pound hard again. He gagged and coughed a few times but didn't puke. His eyes were watering from the effort and from the tight pain in his stomach. After a minute, he realized that Yuna was talking to him again.

"Ilya? I need you to keep talking to me honey, you're worrying me a bit. Are you alright?"

He reached down and pressed the mute button again but didn't move from where he was propped over the toilet, "I am here, sorry."

"We'll be there in five minutes."

Ilya heard the front door open and Yuna call his name, but he couldn't quite get himself to respond loud enough for her to hear. He was leaning against the toilet, forehead propped on his forearms, which were resting on the toilet seat. He didn't have enough energy to care about how gross that was, though he was with it enough to be embarrassed at the fact that his hair was damp with sweat and he was wearing only a pair of old joggers. The bedroom door opened and Yuna entered, David right behind her. She turned towards him when she saw that he wasn't in the bed.

"Oh, Ilya, hon," Yuna said sympathetically. She came in and knelt down next to him, gently touching his back and then wincing. "Ilya, you're very warm. Have you checked to see if you have a fever?"

"I am not sure, I did not realize. It is mostly my stomach that is the problem."

"I can see that," Yuna said carefully, "How long have you been sick? Have you been drinking fluids?"

Ilya turned towards her slightly and lifted his head up, but he still couldn't quite move out of his current position against the toilet. "Only since very early this morning. I can't keep down the gatorade." He tried not to let his honesty embarrass him. He hesitated before saying quietly, "I think I have gotten sick too many times. I am very dizzy."

Yuna put her hand on his shoulder and frowned, "Honey, I think you might need to go to the hospital." Before Ilya could protest, she turned to David, "Can you throw some things in a bag, please?" David nodded and disappeared from the doorway.

"You need some fluids and medication, Ilya, and if you can't keep the gatorade down then I think you need to see a doctor," Yuna said firmly. "I'll be right back."

He blinked, and Yuna was already back with a damp cloth and a soft hoodie, one of Shane's that Ilya had stolen and now wore more frequently than Shane ever did. Ilya quickly wiped his face and neck, blushing a bit as Yuna helped him put on the hoodie, which took much more effort than it should have. He had to close his eyes and catch his breath for a bit after. He could smell Shane's aftershave. He curled an arm around his stomach and tried to push against the cramping pain that had started back up. Yuna's eyebrows pulled together in concern and she pursed her lips, but didn't say anything.

David and Yuna both had to help him stand up, and Ilya took a sharp breath as his vision started to white out. He leaned heavily on David, worried he would crush Yuna with his weight.

"Ilya," David said softly, "Are you doing okay? If you think you're going to pass out, you need to let me know."

"Pass out?"

"Faint."

Ilya mumbled an affirmative and tried to ignore the world spinning. He felt David's arm curl tighter around his ribs. After taking only a couple of steps, they had to stop so that he could gag into the sink, and he almost wished he would lose consciousness just to avoid the

embarrassment of the whole situation. They had to stop again on the stairs for a few minutes so Ilya could put his head between his knees until he could handle being upright again. Eventually they made it out to the Hollanders' car. David helped him into the passenger seat, where Yuna buckled his seatbelt and handed him a bucket lined with a plastic bag.

As soon as the car started moving, the exhaustion took hold, and Ilya was out.

The hospital was a blur. In the waiting room, he retched unproductively into his bucket over and over again until a wheelchair was finally brought to take him to the back. David had rubbed his back and Yuna had alternated between reassuring him and pacing around the room impatiently, glancing at the nurses' station.

There were loud voices, bright lights, and Ilya was poked more times than he could keep track of. At one point, food poisoning had been confirmed, and he vaguely worried about his teammates. He asked Yuna to text Coach Wiebe. Then he was in and out of sleep, but even when he was awake the world had taken on a shimmery, dream-like quality, like his body had finally realized that someone else was in charge and decided to shut down. This weird in-between feeling went on for some time, until --

“Ilya?”

It was a familiar voice. Kind, but firm. Like Shane, but not exactly. He felt a hand on his arm.

“Shane?”

“No honey, it's Yuna. Can you hear me?”

Ilya nodded, slowly. English was very difficult right now.

“They’ve given you anti-nausea and pain medicine, and a lot of fluids through an IV. You have a little bit of fever still but we will be able to leave soon. You’re going to come home with David and I.”

Ilya processed maybe a fourth of what Yuna said. He opened his eyes and tried to focus on her. “Я не понимаю? Мне жаль.”

She patted his head gently. “Okay, Ilya. Just get some rest.”

“Where is Shane?” Shane would make everything better. Ilya might still feel like shit, but at least Shane would distract him.

“He’s on a plane. I called him before he got on. He’s coming home.”

Ilya was grateful for the simple sentences.

“Спасибо.”

“You’re welcome, Ilya.”

Ilya groaned as he woke up and opened his eyes. “Fuck,” he mumbled quietly. His throat and his head really hurt. He slowly sat up, wincing at the soreness in his abs. A quick look at the comforter, which definitely wasn’t the one in his room at home, told him that he was in the Hollanders’ guest room. Better than the hospital, Ilya supposed. He was somewhat pleasantly surprised to find that he didn’t feel the overwhelming nausea that he felt before going to the hospital, though his stomach was definitely still a bit uncomfortable.

He only barely remembered leaving. David had helped him into and out of the car, but he had no memory of getting into bed, and he had absolutely lost all sense of time. He could tell from the daylight coming in through the window that it wasn't the middle of the night anymore, but was it the same day? Was it tomorrow? They must have given him some really strong meds.

Slowly and carefully, he got out of bed and stood up. Thankfully, he wasn't dizzy. Exhausted and a bit shaky, yes, but he really needed to pee and wanted to figure out what he had missed. He made his way to the bathroom and then down to the kitchen, where he found Yuna and David. He wilted a bit when he realized Shane wasn't there. David was reading the New Yorker at the table and saw him first.

"Ilya! How are you feeling?" David asked. He was smiling, but Ilya noticed that he also quickly got up and walked over, placing a hand on Ilya's back as if preparing to steady him.

"I am okay," Ilya said, "I feel a little bit better." He was telling the truth. Perfect, no, but he didn't feel like he was going to pass out or throw up, and that was a significant improvement. David guided him into one of the chairs at the counter, Yuna was chopping green onions, but she paused when he sat down. "What, um. What time is it? I am a little bit confused."

Yuna gave him a kind smile. "I'm not surprised Ilya, you were pretty out of it. It's about 5 o'clock now, we got home from the hospital around 2 o'clock." She looked at him a bit closer and frowned, then reached out to put the back of her hand on his forehead. "You don't have much of a fever anymore, which is good, but you're still very pale. Are you sure you're feeling better?"

Ilya felt strangely guilty about being the reason that she looked so concerned. "My throat and head hurt. My head did not hurt before." He tried to smile but was sure it looked somewhat pained. "I do not feel like I will be sick but my stomach does not feel back to normal." He felt a tinge of annoyance at not being able to be more descriptive, but English really was not cooperating with his brain. "I am very tired."

Yuna nodded sympathetically. "Here, I have some more anti-nausea and pain meds for you to take." She poured him a glass of water and then grabbed a paper bag from the counter, pulled out two orange bottles, and passed over a pill from each for Ilya to take. "The doctor said that you were very dehydrated, which is probably why your head hurts."

Ilya took the pills nervously, really not wanting to throw them back up. He took a small sip of water and was encouraged when it wasn't immediately a problem. He was surprised to realize when the water hit his stomach that it felt painfully empty.

As if reading his mind, Yuna said, "I'm making some miso soup. It's Shane's favorite when he's sick. It should be very gentle for your stomach, and it has good electrolytes."

"Thank you, Yuna."

"Of course, honey."

Ilya had moved to the couch shortly after, feeling like he needed to lay down. He had only been able to take a few bites of Yuna's soup. It had been absolutely perfect, warm and savory but mild. Ilya's stomach was not incredibly cooperative, but Yuna had not minded. She had simply said that he could have a little bit more later on.

It was frustrating how exhausted he was, but at the same time, even Ilya knew that he needed to rest and recover. Physically, he was a wreck, but it had been mentally draining too. He had never thought he would rely on Shane's family in a way that he had never been able to rely on his own, especially without Shane being here. If he had been in Moscow or Boston, he would have definitely had to call an ambulance.

He missed Shane.

David, wearing an expression that told Ilya that he was being somewhat of an open book at the moment, brought him his phone.

Jane

9:31 AM

Are you okay?

I just woke up. It's 6:30am here, my flight is at 9. I'll be back soon.

I'm ignoring your last message.

10:00 AM

I'm hoping you're sleeping, looks like you were up early. Text me back when you see this.

11:15 AM

Going to need you to respond soon or I'm going to have my mom go check on you.

I'm boarding soon.

Lily

5:20 PM

I am feeling better. Я тебя люблю.

Ilya was half asleep on the couch when his phone buzzed.

Jane

5:45 PM

Landed. On my way.

I love you too.

End Notes

Translations

Я не понимаю? Мне жаль. I don't understand? I'm sorry.

Спасибо. Thank you.

Я тебя люблю. I love you.

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