

benched

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by [Tizniz](#)

Summary

So, there is a very small possibility that he's sick.

Which Shane quickly shoves out of his head because no, he can't be sick. There's practice today and then a game tomorrow. Shane has to be okay. He has to be ready to play.

Or Shane is sick and Ilya takes care of him.

Notes

Classic sick fic. What else is there to say?

I love these idiots. Shane is my precious bean.

Xx

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

When Shane wakes up in the morning, he knows instantly that today is not going to be a good day.

He slams a hand down on his phone, fumbling with it to silence his alarm before he curls up as small as possible, hiding his face in his pillow. It does nothing to calm the pulsing ache in his head. Just like pulling the blankets tighter around him doesn't help the chill creeping along his skin. And each time he swallows, there's a low stab of pain.

So, there is a very small possibility that he's sick.

Which Shane quickly shoves out of his head because *no*, he can't be sick. There's practice today and then a game tomorrow. Shane has to be okay. He has to be ready to play.

His phone buzzing drags him out of the dazed sleep he'd drifted off to and he lifts his head, squinting over at it. The message goes ignored though when Shane notices the time.

He's going to be late. Not just by his standards where he's always early, but late by his coach's standards.

"Shit!" Shane throws the blankets off, ignores the spike in coolness along his skin, definitely ignores the way his stomach churns when he rolls out of bed and onto his feet, blinks away the tilting of the world, and scrambles to get his clothes on while he grabs everything and heads out the door all at the same time.

Thank *fuck* he'd talked himself into packing everything last night even though Shane had wanted to do nothing more than climb into bed. Ilya had teased him over text when Shane had grumbled about it, but his little praise at Shane succeeding in the task he'd set out to do had been nice.

They hadn't done anything more than text, which had been...different. Although it was becoming more common lately. The two of them simply texting and talking instead of teasing and taunting until it became an explosion of pleasure.

No longer did they go weeks without speaking only to crash together in a mess of hands and mouths. They talked like...like friends.

Shane secretly loved it. He loved every small piece of Ilya Rozanov he was learning, tucking it away into a small file he kept in his mind on the Russian. Shane knew Ilya was a private person, kept his cards close to his chest, but he was slowly revealing them to Shane and that *meant* something.

A something that Shane would normally linger on and let it seep into his bones and relax him. But he was late and the rushing had made his headache already ten times worse and he nearly had to pull over on the drive from his place to the arena to throw up.

By the time Shane stumbles into the locker room, where the rest of the team is nearly done getting ready, there's a cold sweat along every inch of his body and his legs are barely supporting him.

"Glad you could join us." Hayden teases as Shane all but collapses into his cubby. "Late night?"

"Something like that." Shane mumbles, blinking heavily at his bag. He needs to open it, get his gear and skates on, get ready for practice. He sighs and under his breath whispers *fuck*.

"Shane, bud," Hayden leans forward, trying to catch Shane's eyes without really catching them, "You good?"

"Yeah." Shane plasters a smile on his face and shakes his head, unzipping his bag, "I'm good. Let's get practicing. We've got a game to win tomorrow."

There's a cheer that erupts through the room and Shane has to hide the wince as it agitates his head.

Yeah. Today is going to *suck*.

"You're benched." Coach says to Shane, arms crossed firmly against his chest, staring down at him with a no nonsense expression. "And don't even *try* to fight me on it."

"Yes, Coach." Shane replies, using almost all of his energy to remain sitting upright.

"Can't believe you, Hollander." Coach sighs, shaking his head, "Playing while sick. It's a good thing Pike was there to catch you."

Shane nods shallowly; he doesn't want to think about how the world had tilted sideways, how he'd lost the little control he'd had over his body, nearly collapsing to the ice in a heap. But Hayden had been right there, asking Shane if he was feeling okay, because he'd noticed that Shane had been sluggish and distracted for the majority of practice. He'd been the one to catch Shane when his body had finally given out on him.

"Check in with the doctor before our next game and we'll see if you're allowed to play." Shane's coach says now, disappointment laced through his tone, "Go home, Hollander."

"Yes, Coach." Shane repeats himself, staring at the wall as he waits for the man to turn and leave. The door closes heavily behind him, leaving Shane completely alone. He folds over on himself, squeezing his eyes shut tightly.

His stomach is still churning uncomfortably. His muscles ache way more than they should for how little he did during practice. And there's a thick layer of sweat on his skin that has

absolutely nothing to do with the skating he'd just done.

Shane needs to drag himself upwards again. Strip himself of his gear. And then somehow get home so he can go and curl up in bed. But all of that sounds far too exhausting.

He's still curled over himself when he hears the locker door open and skates walk across the floor towards him.

"Come on, buddy." Hayden's voice cuts through the haze, "Let's get you home, huh?"

Shane sighs and nods, sitting up slowly. Hayden gets rid of his own skates quickly before he focuses on helping Shane to get out of his gear and into his regular clothes. Shane sort of wants to cry over the fact that he can't even do this on his own but he just feels so gross.

"I don't need to tell you that you should have sat out." Hayden mumbles as Shane fiddles with the cuffs of his sleeves, "Would have at least given you a chance to play tomorrow."

"Not happening anymore." Shane rasps, his throat growing rawer with each swallow. "I'm out."

"As much as I hate you not playing..." Hayden lays a hand on Shane's shoulder, "I'm glad. You can't push yourself like this, Shane. You aren't Superman."

Shane gives a grunt in response, slinging his bag over his shoulder.

"I called you a car. Yours will be fine here. I don't want you driving."

"Okay." Shane whispers and then Hayden is guiding him towards the door, leading him down the hall, and waiting until Shane climbs into the waiting car. The two wave and then Shane is on his way home.

He is more than ready to curl up in bed and ignore the world, even if his stomach grows tight with guilt.

A phone buzzing insistently forces Shane from his slumber. He claws blindly across the bed, trying to find the device so he can make it shut up. His head is foggy and his eyes don't quite want to open. He's shivering fiercely despite the pile of blankets on top of him, and he can't remember if the bucket he left beside his bed needs to be rinsed or not.

Finally Shane finds the phone, sighing as he squints blearily, fumbling to answer the call. "Ello?"

"Hollander." The deep Russian accented voice pierces through the haze and Shane sinks further into the mattress. Even just the sound of his name from Ilya's mouth is relaxing.

“What is going on?”

“Wha’ you mean?” Shane can hear the slur in his voice but it’s too much effort to speak properly. He pulls the blankets tighter around him.

“You are not on ice. You are not even at *arena*.” Ilya insists and Shane really is trying to keep up with the conversation but he feels lost.

“No...? M’at home. Where are you?”

There’s silence. Shane wonders if the call disconnected. He’s about two seconds away from drifting off.

“Home?” Ilya’s voice is sharp, “You are at *home*?”

“Mhm.”

There’s a string of curses, a mixture of Russian and English, none of which Shane can catch. He simply lets Ilya rant.

“I will be there soon.” Ilya declares, words carefully spoken in English. But even then, they don’t properly register in Shane’s fever-addled mind. He thinks he mumbles an *okay* but the call has already disconnected. Shane lets the phone fall onto the bed and then he’s drifting off fully.

Shane wakes in bursts through the rest of the night.

He thinks Ilya is there, frowning down at him in concern and worry, pressing a cool cloth to Shane’s forehead. Feeding him sips of water. Rubbing his back when Shane’s stomach forces it back up. At some point Shane thinks he’s in the bath, sitting in water that is hot and soothing against his chilled skin. He remembers sliding back into a bed with fresh sheets, nice and crisp against his flushed skin. There’s fingers carding through his hair. A voice singing softly to him in words he can’t understand but relax him nonetheless. Shane maybe asks about a score at one point, remembering briefly that he was supposed to be playing a game, the guilt twisting his insides into something horrible until a voice soothes him and tells him not to worry. Shane trusts the voice and allows himself to slip away once more.

Nothing tangible sticks from the night. But Shane knows he’s being cared for. That he’s safe and loved.

It’s nice.

Sunlight streams into the room and Shane squints against it, rolling away from the beam of light, blinking slowly up at his ceiling.

He still feels a bit like he's been hit by a truck, but he can keep his eyes open and his thoughts aren't as sluggish. Sitting up doesn't make the world spin violently either, so he considers that a win.

Swinging his feet over the side of his bed, Shane shivers, reaching for the hoodie that is folded at the end of the bed. He doesn't question why as he tugs it on, the soft fabric a balm against his skin.

He shuffles out of the room on sock clad feet, making his way towards the kitchen where he can hear quiet movements.

"Ilya?" Shane questions, voice a rasp from disuse and a lingering sore throat. He's come to a stop on the other side of the island counter, stunned to find the Russian standing over the stove, heating up a pot of soup.

"Good." Ilya says, eyes sweeping across Shane's body, "You are up. And looking better."

"I...what...you're here?"

A frown appears on Ilya's face. He adjusts the knobs of the stove and then rounds the counter, stopping in front of Shane and pressing a hand to his forehead. Shane feels a bit pathetic as he immediately leans into the touch. "I thought fever had broken. You do not feel hot."

"What are you talking about?" Shane sways forward a bit when Ilya drops his hand away, chasing the comfort of the Russian's touch.

"I came here last night." Ilya replies simply. "I called when I did not see you play."

"Oh." Shane blinks. "I was sick."

Ilya lifts an eyebrow, expression screaming *no, really??*

"I didn't..." Shane pouts and frowns at the same time, "You came over?"

"Yes. You were sick. And alone." Ilya moves away, back towards the stove. Shane trails after him, not wanting the distance to exist between them. "I took care of you."

Shane leans into Ilya's back, nuzzling into his shoulder as he wraps his arms around Ilya, "Thank you."

This isn't them. Not really. Although Shane had been hoping for them to become a bit more. It's felt like they were moving in that direction since Florida.

“I didn’t even know you were nearby.” Shane sighs, sinking into Ilya’s firm body. He trusts that the other man can take his weight and keep them both up.

“Thankfully, I was.” Ilya hums, hand resting on one of Shane’s arms that is wrapped around him. “Was able to get here quickly. Told team emergency.”

“I’m really glad you came.” Shane admits, confessing the words into Ilya’s shoulder. “Sorry for worrying you though.”

“Yes.” Ilya squeezes Shane’s wrist, “Next time you are too sick to play, tell me.”

“I thought I would be okay,” Shane steps away from Ilya when he’s tapped on the arm, turning to lean against the counter as Ilya starts dishing out the soup. “But then I played at practice yes—I mean the day before yesterday.” He rubs a hand down his face, “God, I’m messed up. Anyways, when I was playing, I basically collapsed.” Ilya sends him a sharp, startled look. “Nothing serious. I promise!”

“Jesus.” Ilya mutters, resuming his movements he’d paused.

“Hayden caught me.” Shane reaches out, brushing a hand down Ilya’s arm, wanting to take away some of the sudden tension. “Coach benched me. I was so out of it though, I didn’t think to call anyone. I’m sorry.”

Ilya wipes his hands on a towel before tossing it onto the counter. Then he’s crowding Shane, hands resting on Shane’s waist. “Next time, you call. *Da?*”

“Yes.” Shane nods, hands resting on Ilya’s chest. “Next time I call.”

“Good.” Ilya leans in, pressing a kiss to Shane’s cheek, “You get proper kiss when you’re better. Now go sit. We eat soup.”

“Okay.” Shane smiles, but neither move. Ilya returns the smile slowly, leaning in and kissing the tip of Shane’s nose.

“Go sit, Hollander.”

“Okay.”

“I mean it.”

“I know.”

“You need rest. And food.”

“Absolutely.” Shane nods, the smile still on his face. He can’t move since Ilya has him trapped but he isn’t complaining.

“You are the worst.” Ilya mutters, dipping down to press a fluttering of kisses all over Shane’s face, avoiding his mouth. Finally he steps back, giving Shane’s hip a squeeze. “Sit.”

Shane goes and takes a seat, ready for a day of being cared for by Ilya.

End Notes

Tumblr: [Tizniz](#).

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