

Possible a little sick?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77744996) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77744996>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anyu , Ilya Rozanov's Dog , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Soft Shane Hollander , Sick Ilya Rozanov , Sickfic , Fever , Shane Hollander Takes Care of Ilya Rozanov , Fluff , Domestic Fluff
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-16 Words: 3,877 Chapters: 1/1

Possible a little sick?

by [kauraorah](#)

Summary

"No. I'm not sick," Ilya grumbled. Immediately after, he coughed so hard that Shane was a little worried that Ilya would cough up his guts.

"You have a fever and you sound like you're dying. You're sick," Shane said as he handed the glass of water and ibuprofen to Ilya, who was glaring at him.

or,

Ilya is sick and Shane looks after him

Notes

Yeah I have fever so you know what? So does Ilya.

If only I had my own Shane... *sighs*

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

Shane woke up when he heard coughing next to him. Ilya seemed to be still half asleep, curled up under the blanket. After a few coughs, Ilya laid back down, clearly still asleep. But Shane was now awake and frowned. Just yesterday, Ilya seemed to be completely fine.

Carefully, so as not to wake Ilya, Shane reached out and touched Ilya's forehead with his fingertips.

It was burning hot.

Ilya clearly had a fever and a cough. The first thing that came to Shane's mind is that it was probably the flu. Many players on their team had been sick one after another, and it seemed that now it was the Hollander-Rozanov household's turn.

Shane turned off the alarm on both his and Ilya's phones. With a fever like that, Ilya wouldn't be going to practice even if Shane had to tie him to the bed himself. Tomorrow's game was also out of the question, but that wasn't a big loss in Shane's book. He didn't really want to play against his old team anyway and listen to all the insults they would throw at him.

And if Shane didn't get sick badly himself, he could see Hayden at lunch tomorrow before the game anyway, so he wouldn't even lose the chance to see his best friend.

Next, Shane opened a message thread between himself and Coach Wiebe. They didn't talk much. Wiebe messaged Ilya more, but that was mostly because Ilya was the team captain. And most of the messages Shane had seen on road trips were along the lines of 'Make sure everyone is in bed on time. If even one person is late for morning practice the whole team has to do extra laps!'

Ilya usually relayed the messages word for word to the whole team, and only twice during the entire last season had a player been late for morning practice. Both times it was Troy Bennett. Conveniently, their media rep Harris had also arrived late on those days. So it wasn't much of a mystery what led to these late arrivals.

Although, if you asked Shane, it was just a bad sense of time. Neither he or Ilya had ever been late for practice, even if they had started the morning where they left off the night before...

SHANE

Ilya is sick. Probably the flu. Fever and cough.

SHANE

Ilya is still asleep, that's why he didn't tell you himself.

SHANE

I guess I'd better stay home too? What if I've caught it as well? And to make sure Ilya stays home.

Shane glanced at the messages. Should he have gone to practice after all? But what if he had already been infected? He had slept next to Ilya all night. He didn't want to infect anyone else on the team. But the game tomorrow would be brutal without either of them. Then again, if Shane wasn't sick by tomorrow morning, he could still play. Why wouldn't he?

Shane was about to pick up his phone from the bed to write something to that extent, but Wiebe's reply flashed on his screen before Shane could start typing.

COACH WIEBE

Okay. Keep me updated. If it gets worse, tell Ilya to go see Terry.

Shane put the phone down again. Wiebe didn't say anything specific about Shane, but Wiebe would have said something if Shane had been supposed to go to practice today. Wiebe would have said something. Wiebe was fair and kind, but straightforward about important matters and told things as they were.

Ilya coughed again, and Shane turned his gaze back to his husband. He didn't want to wake Ilya; sleep was the best medicine and all that, but as soon as he woke up, even for a moment, Shane would ask Ilya to take some ibuprofen and measure his temperature. Maybe it would be good if Ilya at least drank a little?

Shane got up and put on sweatpants before heading to the kitchen. Anya trotted happily toward him, tail wagging from side to side. The dog had abandoned the bed at some point during the night, but was clearly happy now to see signs of life, as it meant breakfast and a morning walk for her.

However, after giving Anya her food, Shane opened the back door for Anya, not wanting to be outside in case Ilya woke up in the meantime and thought it was time to start getting ready for the morning practice. Shane would walk Anya properly after he had gotten Ilya to take his medicine.

After Anya returned from her investigation of the backyard, Shane walked into the kitchen and opened the medicine cabinet. It was mostly filled with various strengths of painkillers to treat minor injuries sustained during games. Shane shook a tablet out of one of the bottles and then filled a glass with cool water. With them in hand, he returned to the bedroom, where Ilya was still asleep.

After leaving the medicine on the nightstand, Shane went back to the kitchen and turned on the kettle. Ilya wouldn't appreciate having honey tea instead of his morning coffee, but Shane would force it down Ilya's throat if the stubborn Russian wouldn't drink it otherwise.

Shane had forgotten himself in his emails when he finally heard some kind of sound coming from the bedroom. Even now, the sounds were mostly coughing and cursing.

The next moment, Shane was in the bedroom, just in time to see Ilya trying to free himself from the blanket he had become entangled in during the night.

"Why didn't the alarm go off?" Ilya asked. Ilya's accent was even stronger than usual as he was just waking up. Shane loved the way it sounded. Ilya was clearly grumpy, which wasn't

exactly new in the mornings.

"Ilya, you're sick. I already told Coach Wiebel that neither of us is coming to practice today," Shane sighed and reached for the glass of water and medicine he had placed on the nightstand, offering them to Ilya.

"Ibuprofen and water. I'll bring you some honey tea, the one I made earlier is probably cold by now," Shane mostly murmured to himself the end of the sentence.

"No. I'm not sick," Ilya grumbled. Immediately after, he coughed so hard that Shane was a little worried that Ilya would cough up his guts.

"You have a fever and you sound like you're dying. You're sick," Shane said as he handed the glass of water and ibuprofen to Ilya, who was glaring at him.

When Ilya finally took them, Shane made sure that Ilya actually took the painkillers before heading to the kitchen to turn the kettle back on and dig some honey out of the cupboards. Luckily, his mother had bought some for them once. After hearing with horror that they didn't have any. The jar had hardly been touched before this moment, but at least they had it now.

Returning with the warm mug, Shane found Ilya sitting on the edge of the bed. If anything, he looked even worse now that he was upright.

Ilya's skin looked feverishly red, slightly sweaty. Ilya looked tired, even though he had slept longer than he normally would before waking up. In addition, Ilya's eyes looked glossy.

Shane placed the mug on the side table. It would need to cool down a little before it was drinkable. Shane didn't want Ilya to burn his mouth on top of everything else.

Shane sat down next to Ilya on the bed, and Ilya followed Shane's movements with his eyes. Shane smiled slightly as he reached out to brush a curl that had fallen over Ilya's forehead and eyes back into place.

"Not sick," Ilya said, but even Ilya didn't seem to believe his own words anymore. Shane shook his head.

"Possible a little sick?" Ilya offered next, and it made Shane laugh. Ilya didn't seem to find it funny at all, because he glared at Shane before breaking into a coughing fit.

"Okay, okay. Not funny," Shane managed finally with an almost serious expression.

"I forgot the thermometer, let's take your temperature before you drink the tea so it doesn't raise it."

Shane didn't know if warm tea could even raise Ilya's temperature enough to show a significant difference on the thermometer, but Shane didn't want to waste time thinking about it. He might as well stick the thermometer in Ilya's ear right now, before he drinks the honey tea.

Anya trotted after Shane into the bedroom, jumped right onto the bed, and found her way into Ilya's lap. The sight melted Shane's heart. Anya was a smart dog, maybe she knew that her daddy wasn't well and was sick.

"Has Anya eaten and been outside?" Ilya asked, scratching the dog behind the ear.

"Yes, don't worry. I'll take care of Anya today while you rest," Shane assured him. The backyard was outside, wasn't it? And he could go out with Anya soon. Maybe he could call his mother at the same time and update her on the situation and let her know that at least Ilya wouldn't be playing tomorrow.

The thermometer had confirmed what Shane already knew, and he left Ilya to drink the tea and mutter irritably in Russian while he stepped out the door with Anya.

Putting on his headphones, Shane called his mother. It took Yuna so long to answer that Shane was already half convinced she hadn't noticed the call. Finally, however, the call connected.

"Hi, Shane."

"Hi, Mom."

"Where are you? Don't you have practice right now?"

"Out with Anya—" Shane didn't have time to continue and explain, as his mother interrupted him.

"Why?"

"If you let me finish, I would have answered. Ilya is sick. You know there's been a flu going around the team. I stayed home just to be safe."

"You should have told me right away! Do you still have honey? It helps with the cough. And I can stop by with some soup for dinner later."

Shane sighed. At least his mother still remembered that they had honey. And as for the soup, Ilya was more likely to eat anything Yuna made than anything Shane himself would make. Besides, it would be easier to just let his mother fuss over them than to try to explain that they didn't need anything.

"Yeah, we still have the honey. And soup would be nice."

"What about you? Are you feeling sick? I guess you already told the coach?"

"No, I'm not sick, at least not yet, and we did tell him. Mom, we're adults!"

Sometimes Shane felt that his parents forgot that little fact. But Shane knew that Ilya often secretly liked it. After all, he hadn't had parents fussing over him like this in years.

It took Shane a while to get rid of his mother on the phone, but when he finally did, he headed back inside. Yuna had promised to come over after she finished making soup, but Shane suspected that his mother had sent his dad to the store in the middle of the call so that the soup would be ready as soon as possible. And it was only a fifteen-minute drive between them, so Shane knew to expect guests in a couple of hours.

"Ilya?" Shane called out as he stepped inside. The answer was a vague grunt from deeper inside the house, where Anya had disappeared. Ilya must still be in the bedroom.

"You look even worse," Shane observed immediately. He had only been outside for half an hour and the medicine should have started to take effect, but instead, Ilya, lying on the bed, seemed to be half-asleep and had become even more feverish.

"Thank you," Ilya remarked back. Clearly still awake enough to give Shane a hard time with his choice of words.

Shane put his hand on Ilya's forehead and frowned. Ilya felt burning hot. His fever must have risen even further.

"Did you drink it?" Shane asked, but at the same time he had already turned to look at the now empty cup on the nightstand. If Ilya hadn't thrown it away, he had clearly drunk it. Not that Shane thought Ilya had thrown it away.

Ilya might deny that he was very sick or needed help, but he wouldn't leave his recovery to chance. Ilya would want to get back to playing as soon as possible.

"Mom will bring you some chicken soup later. She wouldn't hang up until she got permission," Shane said, even though Ilya didn't seem to be very awake anymore.

"If you can stay awake a little longer, I'll bring you another medicine," Shane added and turned to hurry to get a new glass of water and medicine.

"Where did you go? Don't leave me alone again," Ilya's words when Shane returned were slurred Russian, and it took Shane a while to even understand what Ilya had just said. When they pierced Shane's mind, Shane's heart broke into tiny pieces.

"Everything is okay," Shane said in the same language as he sat on the edge of the bed. With Ilya's mind feverish, his native language must have been easier for him. Shane was particularly glad at that moment that he had bothered to learn Russian in the first place. And even though he still didn't know it perfectly, it was better than nothing at times when Ilya couldn't seem to grasp English.

"But... you disappeared... again," Ilya's eyes were only half open, but Shane could see that they were glazed over. Shane wasn't even sure if Ilya realized he was talking to Shane or if he thought he was talking to his mother.

"I had to get this. Can you take it?" Shane asked, showing him the white tablet in his hand. Ilya's gaze slowly drifted to it, but after looking at it, he nodded his head slowly.

Shane helped Ilya sit up before handing him the glass of water. Shane kept hold of the glass as well – just in case. Then Shane poked Ilya's lips with his finger to signal him to open his mouth, and as Ilya opened his mouth, Shane slipped the tablet inside.

After Ilya swallowed the tablet, Shane put the glass back on the table and adjusted Ilya's position so he could lie more comfortably. Ilya was clearly ready to sleep, having slumped back on the bed, but Shane was horrified by Ilya's position. And Shane didn't want to listen to

Ilya complaining about a sore neck after he had recovered the flu. Shane tugged the blanket over Ilya.

Shane knew he was looking at Ilya with a stupid, lovesick smile on his face, but it was so strange to see Ilya so out of it. How fragile and vulnerable Ilya suddenly looked. No one could have imagined the fierce captain of the Ottawa Centaurs as the same person as the Ilya who now laid in their bed right now.

Shane ran his fingers over Ilya's cheek and forehead before moving them to Ilya's hair. Shane changed his position to lean against the headboard, which made it easier for him to stroke Ilya's hair. It was tousled from sleeping, but Shane could also feel the moisture from the fever-induced sweating at the roots.

When the fever subsided a little, he could help Ilya take a shower. If nothing else, it would certainly make him feel better.

"Mama."

Shane didn't know how long he had been watching Ilya sleep and playing with his hair, while stroking Anya, who had jumped onto the bed, with his other hand. Usually, if it was up to Shane, he wouldn't let Anya on the bed, but now Shane couldn't blame her at all. Anya also wanted Ilya to be okay; Ilya was Anya's favorite person. Besides, if Ilya woke up while Shane was in the bathroom, for example, he wouldn't be alone but would feel the dog's side against his.

Ilya had said something in his sleep a few times before, but this was the first time Shane had recognized it. Once, Ilya might have said 'sea lion' but Shane wasn't entirely sure if he had heard correctly or if he wanted to know what kind of fever dream Ilya was having if it included sea lions.

However, Ilya didn't seem to be having a bad dream, so Shane let it go. Instead, he looked at the clock. It wouldn't be long before his mom and dad showed up with soup. And even

though Shane didn't really want to wake Ilya, he knew that Ilya would appreciate a shower before that and he was also due for a bite to eat.

And Shane. Shane realized that he hadn't eaten anything himself since his morning bread. Even that he had eaten before Ilya had even woken up for the first time.

"Ilya, *sweetheart. Wake up,*" Shane said softly as he gently nudged Ilya. Slowly, Ilya woke up and blinked his eyes before starting to cough.

"*Shower, then food,*" Shane said after waiting for Ilya's coughing fit to end.

"Mmm, okay," Ilya mumbled in response.

Shane helped Ilya out of bed, and before they could get moving, Ilya was shaken by another coughing fit, during which he leaned on Shane's arm for support.

In the shower, Shane insisted on washing Ilya himself, and since Ilya didn't object, Shane assumed he was still more in the realm of fever dreams than in this world. Shane rubbed Ilya's scalp for a moment before he heard Anya barking downstairs. Mom and dad's car must have pulled into the driveway.

Shane rinsed the shampoo out and then wrapped Ilya in towels before he had time to freeze after stepping out of the warm shower. Shane had already laid out clothes for both of them on the shelf. Simple sweatpants for both of them, but Ilya also had a sweater and wool socks, while Shane put on a Centaur T-shirt. It had the number 81 on the back.

Shane hovered behind Ilya down the stairs — just in case. Yuna had already found her way to the kitchen and started stacking plates on the counter. Shane smiled at his dad, who spotted them first from the kitchen doorway.

"Thank you. This was not necessary," Ilya managed to say. His voice was hoarse and weak.

"Ilya! I was planning on making soup anyway, so it was no trouble at all to make a little extra for the two of you!" Yuna said with a smile. Shane knew his mother wasn't telling the truth.

She had made the soup especially for Ilya. But Ilya didn't need to know that. The less Ilya fretted, the better.

"Here," Yuna slid two plates with spoons in front of Shane and Ilya. "It should still be warm, but not too hot."

The soup tasted heavenly to Shane, and Ilya also managed to eat half of it before pushing his plate away.

"He must really be sick if he's leaving Yuna's food," David joked cheerfully, but Ilya clearly didn't get the joke and frowned at his plate as if it were to blame.

"Sorry."

"Ilya, dear, there's no need to apologize. I'll put the rest in the fridge so you can eat it later," Yuna hurried to say and began to cover the plate with plastic wrap so she could put it in the fridge as she had said.

Yuna and David didn't stay long. Shane knew that they had noticed how Ilya was getting tired again, but despite subtle hints, Ilya had refused to go to bed while they were still having guests.

"No. Only bad hosts sleep when guests."

After that, they had only talked for fifteen minutes before Yuna announced loudly that they had to leave. Apparently, they had a reservation somewhere. David had looked confused before Yuna first glared at her husband and then nodded toward Ilya, whose eyes were already half shut. David had then said that they were already late if they didn't leave immediately.

It had now been several hours since Shane had spent sitting on the bed, leaning against the headboard, while Anya and Ilya slept next to him.

HAYD

Just landed. Still hating Ottawa. Please come back to Montreal.

SHANE

I don't think Montreal wants me back.

SHANE

Besides, don't talk badly about my hometown.

HAYD

They can't hate you for many more years... Maybe.

HAYD

Jackie and the kids miss you. Including even that other one.

SHANE

It won't kill you to say Ilya's name. Or write it, for that matter.

SHANE

And we always visit when we're playing in Montreal. And in the summer and during breaks, it's only a two-hour drive, so come visit.

HAYD

Try explaining to four kids why their favorite uncle doesn't visit almost every week anymore. And unfortunately, I don't mean you. I can't believe they're my kids sometimes.

SHANE

You will be fine.

SHANE

Ilya is sick. You'll be saved from him in tomorrow's game.

HAYD

OH!! How the mighty have fallen finally!!

HAYD

Send me a pic? I can't believe he's sick. Maybe I need to buy a lottery ticket when I get to the hotel.

SHANE

I can't believe you.

It was getting late and it was starting to get dark outside. At some point, Shane had managed to get Ilya to eat some more soup and take another dose of medicine. The fever hadn't dropped much, but it hadn't risen either, which was a victory in Shane's book.

He had also taken Anya for a walk and fed her, only to return to the bed after. Now, however, instead of sitting down, Shane slid down next to Ilya and pulled him closer.

The fever had made Ilya's skin clammy again, but despite that, Shane buried his nose in Ilya's neck and curly hair.

"Shane?" Ilya mumbled, and Shane felt Ilya move slightly before finding a more comfortable position and settling back down.

"Mmhm," Shane hummed into Ilya's hair.

"I like you a lot," Ilya continued to mumble. Shane didn't believe Ilya was fully awake, which made Ilya's words touch Shane even more. Ilya's subconscious, which rarely got to speak, was now making itself heard.

"I was so... lonely before you. You know? You really make me happy."

Shane tightened his grip on Ilya. Maybe Ilya's subconscious would understand what Shane was trying to say.

That he was here. He would always be here. Next to Ilya.

"I love you. More than anything. I want you to know it even if I don't always say it out loud," Ilya's voice began to fade towards the end – clearly drifting back to sleep.

"I love you too," Shane replied quietly, giving Ilya's neck an affectionate kiss.

Shane breathed in Ilya's scent and listened to their breathing – and Anya's. It felt like hours, but Shane didn't lift his head from Ilya's neck to check.

"Stupid wolfbird, always the wolfbird," Ilya's random muffled words sounded hurt even in his sleep, and Shane couldn't help but smile at Ilya's words, his lips pressed against Ilya's neck. The fever must have taken hold of Ilya's dreams again.

Tomorrow would be another long day, but Shane would get to spend it looking after his best friend, his husband, and that would make it worth it.

End Notes

DAY 1 of sick Ilya, may or may not write another at some point.

Like always, English is not my first language so if you see mistakes feel free to point out (but respectfully xx)

Kudos/comment would mean the world to me <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!