# So Fluffy

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# So Fluffy

by mific

Summary

Ilya has a fever - Shane looks after him.

Notes

Written as I enjoyed Shane in the white fleece Team Canada jacket in s01e02 and even though Sochi wasn't a great time for Ilya, I suspect *he* did as well.

This is set later in the Long Game timeline, so quite a while after the TV show ends (in my head it's future fic for season 1 of the tv show). There's an implied spoiler, but mostly it's domestic fluff and hurt/comfort.

They hadn't gone to practice, not with Ilya running a 103.5ºF fever. Shane had called the team medics and Terry listened to his anxious recitation of Ilya's symptoms then got him to ask Ilya a few extra questions.

"Doc wants me to check a couple of things," Shane said quietly, setting his phone, on speaker, down on the nightstand. The room was shadowy—light hurt Ilya's eyes, and he couldn't handle loud noises either. Anya was curled up at the foot of the bed and she raised her head and gazed at Shane anxiously. He gave her head a reassuring pat.

"Go away Hollander, I have headache," came a muffled voice from under a mound of covers.

"Yeah, I know. Just a couple of questions, okay?" Shane moved closer to the phone. "Should he be under all the covers, Doc? With him running a fever and all?"

"I am *freeezing*," a plaintive voice complained crossly.

"It's the stage of the fever," Terry explained, his voice slightly staticky through the speakerphone. "He's probably got rigors—that's, like, shivering, teeth chattering."

The blanket mound thrashed grumpily. "Am not shivering, am shaking into tiny pieces!"

"It'll pass," Terry said. "Keep giving him the Tylenol every four hours. After a while the fever will break and he'll sweat a lot. You might need to change the sheets."

"Boring reason to change sheets," Ilya muttered.

Shane ignored him, hoping Terry hadn't heard. He glanced at the packet of Tylenol on the nightstand—he'd put a recurring alarm on his phone, set to vibrate so as not to disturb Ilya.

"Ilya, is your neck painful?" Terry asked. Shane repeated the question when there was no reply.

"Everything hurts," Ilya moaned. "Feels like I was slammed into boards by Marleau."

"Yeah, that's normal for 'flu," Terry said. "Okay, Shane. I need you to get him on his back, legs flat, then slowly bend his neck up so his chin's on his chest."

With much careful chivvying, Shane got Ilya into position. Ilya kept his eyes screwed shut, despite the curtains being drawn. He seemed to flinch away from Shane's touch a little, which made Shane's stomach clench. Probably everything was oversensitive, not just his eyes. "Going to lift your head up a little," Shane said softly. "I'll be gentle."

"Is my line. You are stealing my lines," whined Ilya. The phone emitted a snort.

Shane ignored all that and slid his hand under Ilya's too-warm head, the thick curls damp at the base of his skull. He raised Ilya’s head so his neck was bent, chin on his chest.

"Am not pretzel," Ilya complained.

"I bent his head up, Doc. Seems okay."

"Are his legs still flat on the bed?"

"Yeah, he hasn't moved otherwise. Can I put his head down?"

"Yes, slowly back again. Okay, one last test. You'll have to push the covers aside briefly, I'm afraid."

"Nooooo," Ilya moaned, clutching at the bedding as Shane tried to lift it aside. "Is cold, I am *cold*."

"It's not cold; I turned the heating up," Shane said. "Come on, just for a moment, then you can snuggle again."

"Like bedbug," Ilya whimpered. "Want to be bedbug."

"Snug as a bug, yeah," Shane said, grinning. Then Ilya was racked by a full-body shudder, his teeth literally chattering, and Shane felt sick with worry again. "What now, doc?"

"Lift up one of his legs with his knee bent, the lower leg parallel to the bed."

Ilya was wearing sweatpants and an old, soft team t-shirt of Shane's. Shane lifted his leg, bent his knee. "Okay, done."

"Now straighten his leg until his foot's sticking straight up." Shane did that.

"Hollander, I am not in mood right now," Ilya muttered fractiously, eyes still shut. "Anyway, I am top. You do not get to fuck me even in weakened state."

Shane's phone made a startled noise. "Sorry, doc. He's not firing on all cylinders right now," Shane said, blushing furiously.

"*Ce n'est rien*," Terry said quickly. "Ah, so did his leg straighten out fully?"

"Yeah," Shane said. "Didn't seem to bother him." He lowered Ilya's leg and tucked the covers back around him. Ilya huddled into them, shivering.

"Well, that's good," Terry said. "I didn't think it was likely to be meningitis, and there's a 'flu going around causing exactly the symptoms he has, so that's the most likely."

"Anything else I can do apart from giving him Tylenol and keeping up his fluids?" Shane tried to keep the quaver out of his voice. Jesus, he hadn't known it might be meningitis; that was really serious. Once he'd gotten Ilya off to sleep he was going to google it and watch him like a hawk for any symptoms.

"No, just check that his temperature stays in the range we discussed," Terry said. "And call me 24/7 if it goes above that, or if he gets worse."

"I will. Thanks."

"Get some rest yourself, Shane. I've put you both on the sick list until he's well enough to recuperate on his own. Provided you don't catch it, that is. Are you masking like I advised, and using hand sanitizer?"

"Yeah, sure," Shane lied. He was pretty sure he'd already been exposed in the days before Ilya got feverish, and he didn't want Ilya to be unable to see his face. If he got sick next, Ilya would look after him. That was what happened when you were a couple.

Terry ended the call and Shane persuaded Ilya, who'd turned back onto his side, to sit up a little and drink some water. "Anything else I can do?" he asked, stroking Ilya's disheveled hair.

"Get in bed with me please?" Ilya said, squinting pathetically up at Shane where he sat on the side of the bed. "Told you, am freezing."

"Sure," Shane said, standing to undress. Before he could strip off his shirt, Ilya's hand crept out from the blankets and poked him in the thigh.

"Get white jacket."

"White…? Oh, okay. It’s in the second guest bedroom wardrobe. Be right back."

The jacket was in a box of their Sochi stuff. The Russian team had lost to Latvia early on; Ilya had told Shane how his father had berated him and Shane didn't want him coming across the old uniforms accidentally, but sometimes only Shane's Sochi jacket would do, when Ilya was having a bad time.

Shane had been worried after Carter mentioned the risks gay people faced in Russia. He'd been so young and ignorant then; instincts screaming at him to seek Ilya out and make sure he was okay. He hadn't known that doing so might put Ilya even more at risk, hadn't understood the pressures he was under from his family, his coach, the Russian sports apparatus. Shane had thought he was just angry about his medal hopes being dashed and was being an asshole. As usual. He hadn't known then how much the sight of Shane in his white fleece jacket with Canada's maple leaf logo had torn at Ilya's heart, of the bitter longing that had filled Ilya after he'd snapped at Shane to make him walk away.

He found the jacket, shook it out and smelled it. It seemed okay. Shane washed it periodically, just in case.

Back in the bedroom, he stripped to his boxers then pulled on the jacket and slid into bed beside Ilya. Ilya whimpered a little and came into his arms, clinging and snuggling into him, face buried in the soft white fleece. Shane rocked him gently.

"Killed me to see you in this at Sochi," Ilya whispered. "Sweet and fluffy like puffy angel."

"A puffy angel, huh?" Shane said, stroking his hair.

"All bundled up, needing to be hugged," Ilya said miserably. "But I could not touch you. Was not safe."

Shane kissed his hair. "I know. Well, I know *now*. I was a dumb kid back then." He stroked Ilya's back. "Try to sleep. You'll feel better once the Tylenol kicks in."

"Mmm." Ilya already sounded drowsy, on the edge of sleep. "When I am better I will fuck you in puffy jacket. Want to come buried in your ass with my face pressed into angel fluff."

"God, Ilya." Shane swallowed, feeling his hips move involuntarily, pressing his stirring cock to Ilya's leg. "Yeah, I'd like that." It wouldn't be tonight, maybe not for several days, but eventually they were for sure going to use the jacket for purposes very different from those envisaged by the Team Canada uniform designers. Shane already knew it was fully washable.

Beside him Ilya lay relaxed, nose in Shane's fleecy armpit, snoring gently.

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