

## In a Staring Under Heat

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| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
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| Fandom:          | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Sickfic</a> , <a href="#">Mild Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Coming Out</a> , <a href="#">Sick Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Post-Episode: s01e05 I'll Believe in Anything (Heated Rivalry)</a> , <a href="#">Hospitals</a> , <a href="#">Panic Attacks</a> , <a href="#">Pneumonia</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| Series:          | Part 1 of <a href="#">HR/Game Changers Sickfic</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
| Stats:           | Published: 2025-12-25 Words: 1,272 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |

# In a Staring Under Heat

by [Catalogercas](#)

## Summary

Shane hisses through his teeth at the thermometer's reading, and Ilya sees the PR nightmare that they're about to walk through even through his delirious haze.

There's no way the media isn't going to notice Shane Hollander taking Ilya Rozanov to the ER.

## Notes

First fic for the fandom. I have not read the books (but have picked some stuff up from reading fic, but I don't think there's any spoilers for the books)

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

The scent of freshly cleaned linen barely registers against Ilya's clogged sinuses as he drags the sheets over his body, knowing that the wonderful sensation of being propped against his pillows is likely to be short-lived.

Shane reaches down, once Ilya is under the covers and presses his hand to his forehead and frowns.

"Works better with thermometer," Ilya says.

"It's going to be too high," Shane says.

"Is okay. We cross ...bridge when we come to it," Ilya says, impressed with himself for remembering the silly idiom even with a fever. A fever that probably is too high.

He's less impressed, though, with Shane's fiddling and fidgeting. He needs to just get the thermometer and get it over with.

He grips Shane's hand and squeezes it. "Is okay."

Shane's frown deepens. "You shouldn't be telling me that. I should be telling you."

"But you worry," Ilya says. "Call your parents. They'll tell you is okay too."

Shane rubs his hand through his hair and sighs. "Yeah, yeah, okay, but first ..."

He finally grabs the thermometer from the opposite nightstand and presses it into Ilya's ear.

Shane hisses through his teeth at the reading, and Ilya sees the PR nightmare that they're about to walk through even through his delirious haze.

There's no way the media isn't going to notice Shane Hollander taking Ilya Rozanov to the ER.

But it has to be done.

His fever is too high, and his breathing too shallow even after a shower with some decongestant steamers that Shane's parents had brought them.

He'd be lying if he said he's not not worried about the shit show that their life is about to become, but he feels so dreadful that he almost doesn't care.

He can't believe that they had two beautiful days at the cottage before he came down with whatever nonsense this is.

And three days before Shane's mom had walked in on Shane hovering over him on the couch, pressing a cold compress to his burning forehead.

It could have easily been worse. It could have been sometime the prior two days when their activities were a lot less wholesome.

In any case, Ilya learned quickly that Shane's mother (and father) are very understanding and loving people, and he is glad that, of all people, they are the ones that know.

But now, it will be everyone.

And it's not fully their choice.

Which he hates.

Especially after he'd been brave enough to agree to being at Shane's cottage in the first place.

It had seemed like the first step to something bolder. Something he and Shane could do together. Something like what Scott Hunter had done with his boyfriend.

Because that's what he wants.

He muses on all of this as Shane babbles worriedly to his mom, "I have to take him. His fever is over 39 degrees, but ...yeah, yeah, okay, you can handle that...okay ...thanks, mom...yeah, love you too."

He hangs up before squeezing Ilya's shoulder. "Come on. Let's get you better."

Ilya stumbles to his feet as a wave of dizziness washes over him, and Shane holds him steady. "I got you."

And true to his word, he keeps him upright as he steers him to the car and covers him with a thin blanket in the passenger seat.

Ilya thinks he must have fallen asleep in the car because the next thing he knows, Shane is tugging him towards the emergency room doors.

And there's people milling around everywhere and surely one of them will recognize him or Shane.

And this was such a bad idea.

He finds himself shaking so hard his body is overtaken by wracking coughs.

And Shane tries to rub at his back to help.

But it's Shane.

And someone, someone is going to see.

"Ilya, breathe," Shane says, his voice pleading, "please, you've got to breathe. Breathe for me."

He tries. He does.

But it's no good.

Before Ilya even knows what's happening, the triage nurse is beckoning them forward insistently and suddenly he has an oxygen mask on.

He tries again to take deep steadying breaths at the doctor's instruction, but it's still hard.

Apparently panic attacks do nothing to help with what the doctor says might be a pretty bad case of bronchitis or, possibly, pneumonia.

But he does finally get a few deep breaths, and the next thing he knows, they're giving him something for anxiety and taking him to get X-rays of his chest.

Between the fever, the anxiety meds, and the overwhelming exhaustion, he barely registers Shane telling him that he has pneumonia, that they're keeping him overnight, that his mom put a statement out.

Everything is too much so he simply lets what he can of the world fade away.

XXX

Shane reads and rereads the two consecutive Insta posts that his mom, collectively with his PR agent and Ilya's PR agent, put together.

They're blunt and leave little to no room for misinterpretation.

It's a selfie of him and Ilya that they'd taken a few days earlier centered between each of them in their gear.

"MHL Captains Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander announce they are dating."

This is followed by a simple, unrelated statement that Ilya is in the hospital due to a severe upper respiratory infection.

The comments on both posts leave little doubt that Shane has been spotted at the hospital with him. Most of them are sweet and supportive. A few make him want to throw his phone across the room.

Fortunately, his mom is sitting next to him, watching him read and telling him exactly what she thinks of those comments before she gestures at the bed where Ilya is blinking blearily.

It's been awhile since he's been awake since the anxiety meds seemed to have made him really drowsy. Which, honestly, is probably for the best.

Shane doesn't think Ilya's had a full night of sleep since they came to Ottawa.

He reaches down and laces his fingers with Ilya's, thankful in some ways that he doesn't have to hide this, how much he cares. How much this man means to him.

And how much he's scaring him.

"Ilya," he says softly and Ilya meets his eyes and mumbles something incoherent in Russian.

"They gave you albuterol, fluids, cough medicine, and fever reducers. They want to make sure you can breathe without the cannula and get your fever down," Shane says in a rush.

"Say again, say slower. Thinking in Russian," Ilya rasps, tapping a finger at the side of his head.

Shane does repeat all of it and gets nothing but a weak nod in response. Which he hates. He hates seeing cocky, confident Ilya like this.

He hates more that he's going to have to tell Ilya all over again about their collective coming out.

That it's not even fully going to register with him if he tells him now.

He tries anyway, slowly, and Ilya nods and says after a few minutes thought, "Is not secret anymore. Hard for us, now, maybe, but is good in end, probably."

"Yeah," Shane agrees, squeezing Ilya's hand and reaching down to stroke a finger across his cheek with his other hand. "Probably."

He thinks, honestly, that it will probably be a rough couple of weeks with the press, not helped by trying to get Ilya back on his feet.

But, at least, they're in this together.

And, he thinks, as he starts getting calls from both his own teammates and Ilya's, all telling him that they're happy for them and hope Ilya feels better soon that they also aren't alone.

## End Notes

Very much looking forward to whatever actually happens at the cottage which undoubtedly will not be this 😂

Merry Christmas to those that celebrate 🎄

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