

We're Sick like Animals

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76227726) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76227726>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Sickfic , Ilya takes care of sick Shane , Shane is pathetic and Ilya loves it , Pining , Blow Jobs , Pathetic Shane Hollander , Some time in the super sad pining years so like 2014ish idk I don't know the timeline , I haven't finished the books yet , an excuse to write smut and yearning , no beta we die like ilya's dad
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-22 Words: 2,540 Chapters: 1/1

We're Sick like Animals

by [lightningMcWeeb](#)

Summary

“You don't get sick?” Shane asked, accusatory, after a few more seconds.

“Da. Of course not. We are not weak like boring Canadians.” He saw Shane’s brittle resolve crack and crumble, and Ilya grinned in response. He swooped down to kiss him again.

It was *mostly* true; but in reality Ilya was taking a moment to be selfish for himself. He knew he wouldn’t be able to see Shane for a while, and he was already a bit...disappointed? He didn’t need anyone else to come; he was perfectly okay having this bit of fun. Or so he had thought. But there was something tugging at the animalistic parts of his brain that he would regret not kissing Shane Hollander tonight.

Notes

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

“You are looking worse than normal. Nervous you will lose again?”

It was meant to mostly be chirping at Shane, but there was a hint of concern that managed to slide its way into the taunt. Of course, Shane wouldn't see it as the somewhat deliberately blunted jab, only as Ilya yet again trying to get one over him during the game. He always took things way too seriously.

As he waited for his snarky but uncreative response of Shane's signature “Fuck you,” he was disappointed to find it didn't come. He simply coughed a dismissal, avoiding eye contact with Ilya, and skated away from him to position himself for the next play.

Ilya spent some time curiously observing Shane as the game continued. At first, he suspected that he might be avoiding him because of...well, some abrasive thing he probably said. He never knew with Hollander; he was harder to read in bed than he was on the ice most of the time. Ilya would make one forward comment and suddenly Shane was blushing and telling him to fuck himself. He usually fucked Shane, instead.

By the end of the first period, he was sure that Hollander wasn't just looking bad, but he was playing bad, too. That is to say, less bad than normal which was still, admittedly, really good. But Ilya had seen the best of him every time Montreal faced them, and this was not the same steady burning fire and focus that Shane Hollander normally embodied when the two clashed.

By the end of the third period, he was suspecting that Shane had, of all things, a cold. The inconspicuous tissues, the repeated sniffing, the slight purple blushing under his eyes...the signs were certainly there. Ilya almost felt bad taking such advantage of him and his team.

It was a brutal loss for them with Shane not at 100%. His team almost seemed to sense his lethargy, letting obvious plays go untapped and too many missed goals. By the end of the game even Ilya was almost backing off a bit, shrewd eyes tracking Hollander's clunky movements as he gave his team a half-hearted “we'll get them next time” as they headed back into their locker room.

Need some soup?

He texted the contact labeled “Jane” after the game. He half expected to not receive an answer; Hollander was known to do this sometimes. Pout, or whatever.

There is no way I am leaving this hotel for soup.

Fuck, he made it too easy sometimes.

More than soup ;)

The ribbon grin curled the corners of his mouth as he pressed the send button. If he couldn't get that snarky reaction he wanted out of Hollander during the game, text message would do.

Fuck you.

It never got old.

Just tell me your room number. I will make you feel better. Bring soup. And my mouth.

In the steady hum of the car he waited, staring at the soft light of his phone screen. Hollander liked to play these games sometimes where he would take minutes and minutes to respond like he knew Ilya's impatience was exponential. Ilya almost enjoyed it before but lately, with the avoidance he liked to do, it was starting to become a gamble with his expectations.

Instead, an answering bubble popped up on his screen. Ilya picked his head up as if he needed a different angle to process that Hollander had managed to reply back this fast - and with a room number at that.

The curling ribbon grin lifted his face once more, and he headed to pick up some soup.

—

"You actually brought soup?" Hollander asked, a slight nasal tone in his voice after Rosanov was safely in the room.

"I told you." He said simply, tearing open the paper bag for Hollander.

Hollander, just down to boxers and a tshirt, let himself fall into the hotel bed with a pathetic groan.

"What, you are disappointed?" Ilya asked, following him with the container of soup and a plastic spoon that he deposited on the nightstand.

"No I - I don't even know what I expected," Shane stammered, head seeming to get more filled with congestion as the seconds went on. He draped his arm across his face as if to block out the already soft light in the room. Or Ilya. He wasn't certain. But, he saw an opportunity and he latched onto it with his teeth.

"Don't be so sad Hollander, I can still fuck you." Ilya put on his most fake convincing caretaker voice.

"Shut up, Rozanov."

"You don't want to?" He would stop, if Shane wanted.

"I'm disgusting." As if to emphasize his point, he gave a small snuffle.

Ilya sighed, taking Shane's hands with a slightly forceful "give me it" when he protested, and placed the nightstand soup into his hand. He coaxed him into an upright sitting position, handing him the spoon, and looking into his eyes.

"Your face is disgusting," he said with the most sincerity he could muster. "Your cock is not. I can put my not sick face near *that*; I'm sure will be fine."

Shane had the gall to look offended.

"Oh go fuck yourself," he started.

He made it *too easy*.

Shane's protest quickly morphed into a sigh as Ilya carefully placed himself between the other man's legs. His thumbs snaked around to knead into the tender flesh around Shane's hip bones, massaging the small bits of skin he found under his waistband that made the other man turn to putty. He tugged on Shane's hips, directing him into finding a more comfortable position and wordlessly, he submitted.

"You still want my mouth?" He asked, fingers dipping teasingly further and further below the elastic. Shane's eyes when he looked up were dark - especially with the eye bags - as he gave a small, breathless nod.

Ilya felt his grin turn predatory, and he dropped his gaze. Soft kisses contrasted his rough hands palming Shane over his boxers, eliciting a soft moan from the other man. He was sure Shane could feel the smile through his kisses; he loved how fucking responsive he was under Ilya's touch. He never needed the validation that his touch alone could make a person like Shane absolutely write under him, but it made him quite pleased with himself nonetheless.

It wasn't long before teasing gave way to touching, and touching gave way to licking. First it started with soft kisses on Shane's abdomen, but this didn't last long as Ilya was always impatient. Shane's gasp turned into a stifled cough as Ilya licked a long, slow stripe up from the base of his dick.

"Drink your soup," he chided, leaving a heavy lick on the head. "It will make you better."

Shane sputtered through his moans as Ilya finally put his whole mouth around Shane, taking him as deep as he could. He loved being able to catch him off guard both on and off the ice, but the moans that he ripped from him were so much sweeter when they weren't muffled by the face guard of a helmet.

"I am not eating soup while you - *hngggg Rozanov oh my god* -"

"While I what, Hollander?" Ilya took a couple more moments to focus on Shane before achingly dragging his mouth off of his hard length. "I am here to make you better so you don't play like such shit next time we face. So drink your soup - you make me very sad if you waste my effort."

"While you suck me off," Shane hissed quietly, letting his head fall on the pillows. He was so pathetic sounding, Ilya had never heard him with this hint of true defeat before. Even when Shane so willingly bent himself to Ilya, listening to his commands with a hint of eagerness he tried to cover up, there was none of that today. He must actually be feeling awful.

"You don't want to feel like royalty?" Ilya purred, reaching both his palms up to slide under Shane's white tshirt. He left out a slightly choked snuffle when Ilya grabbed a handful of his pecs, a bit gentler than normal, as he laid a trail of kisses back down his navel.

“Indulge, life is for this. Let me take care of you, *Princess Hollander*.” His eyes lifted from his spot hovering just above Shane's cock, looking for the other man's reaction he craved.

It was fucking glorious.

Shane's pupils were blown wide in the low light, head resting as far back as he could so that he was looking at Ilya through his bottom lashes. He could feel Shane's quickened pulse through his fingertips, gently still rubbing the skin on his chest that rose and fell in shallow, noticeable breaths through his slightly open mouth. The sheen on his brow could have been from the cold, but Ilya chose to believe it was simply his hot, hot mouth making Shane even hotter. But speaking of mouths..

Even when sick, Shane managed to draw Ilya in. The way his lips parted (undoubtedly feeling the deeper breaths he couldn't get through his stuffy nose - fuck he was pathetic right now,) drew his gaze and he wanted to kiss him so badly, cold be damned. But no, they both had a job to do.

“Drink and swallow.” Ilya commanded this in a quiet voice, the one using the lower bits of his register that he knew Shane loved. He could *almost* hear the whimper from those lips as Shane carefully removed the lid from the container and took a long gulp. He waited for Ilya expectantly, undoubtedly waiting for a dismissal. Ilya would not grant it.

“More,” he coaxed, making sure his breath tickled Shane's skin as he planted another kiss right below his hip. Shane took a long gulp, hurriedly chewing at some of the noodles.

“Mmmm,” Ilya rumbled deep in his chest. “Good, Princess Hollander.”

A stifled cry sounded from Shane's lips as Rozanov took him in his mouth again, all pressure but no fervor even though he wanted to flip Hollander on his back and pound him until Shane coming to Boston turned into Boston coming in Shane. But he didn't. He tried to be gentler than he usually was, taking time to swirl his tongue around the head, pressing his hands into Shane's hips (Shane's favorite,) then again into his pecs (Ilya's favorite.)

It was excruciating taking it slow, but he didn't want to completely overstimulate Shane with all of the sensations his body was experiencing at this moment. Apparently, he was doing a decent job. Shane's newly free hand brushed against Ilya's own, and he started tugging up his shirt to reveal his bare chest. Ilya hummed in approval, eyes tracking the curve up his body. His gaze landed on Shane's face and *fuck* was it a sight.

His head was tilted back against the headboard, shirt flipped up to just expose the dip in his collarbone. A thin layer of sweat made the muscles in his neck just look so enticing and he wanted to swoop up to taste that saltiness. He wanted to taste every part of Shane Hollander. He resisted, yet again.

“Rozanov, fuck,” he said, voice nasally and high from the whine. Was this pathetic, sick version of Shane Hollander really turning him on that much? The hardness in Ilya's jockers was getting difficult to ignore. Even more so now that Shane's hand had followed the dips and bends of the muscles in Ilya's arm to the blonde curls on top of his head.

Shane's fingers tangled in his hair and pushed him in the smallest of corrections to where Ilya's mouth felt best. It seems like they were always getting tangled in each other. His previous senseless pleas turned into moans and sighs, even their noises getting tangled in each other. The air from their very lungs mingling with each other.

Fuck it. Ilya was already in it.

Before he changed his mind, with a selfish fervor he had been holding back, Ilya moved up Shane's body to capture his lips.

"Roz- what are you doing?" Shane asked incredulously, pulling up away from Ilya's lips. He groaned in disappointment.

"If you are too sick to kiss-

"No!" Protested Shane. "You just can't exactly afford to get sick either is all-

"I am Russian, we do not do this," Ilya interrupted, going back to Shane's skin to leave sloppy, exaggerated kisses and licks on his neck. He tasted exactly like he hoped - like he remembered. He tasted like the much, much longer nights they spent together.

"You don't get sick?" Shane asked, accusatory, after a few more seconds.

Ilya rolled his eyes, taking Shane in his hand and starting to pump.

"Da. Of course not. We are not weak like boring Canadians." He saw Shane's brittle resolve crack and crumble, and Ilya grinned in response. He swooped down to kiss him again.

It was *mostly* true; but in reality Ilya was taking a moment to be selfish for himself. He knew he wouldn't be able to see Shane for a while, and he was already a bit...disappointed? He didn't need anyone else to come; he was perfectly okay having this bit of fun sucking him off. Or so he had thought. But there was something tugging at the animalistic parts of his brain that he would regret not kissing Shane Hollander tonight.

"God Roz-" Shane stuttered, lazily writhing beneath his hand.

"Yes Hollander, come for me," he growled into his mouth. Just as Ilya gave him a last indulgent lick up the curve of his neck, with a low, stifled moan, Shane came into Ilya's hand.

He resisted the urge to stay.

Ilya told himself that it was for Shane's sake. He came here to make him feel better and he did. With a farewell more nonchalant than he was feeling, he made sure Shane finished the rest of his soup and left for home to definitely not come himself to sleep thinking about Shane Hollander.

—

Three days after Ilya visited him in his hotel room, Shane caught a glimpse of a sniffle from the normally stoic Russian. He watched him rather intently a few minutes longer on the TV

in his home, making sure he saw what he saw, confirming that Ilya was indeed plagued by Shane's illness from a couple days ago. He sent the text before the Raiders even cleared the ice.

Room number?

It was a few minutes before Ilya got back to him. Pouting about the game, more than likely.

2525

A second text came in after. It was only a bunch of question marks.

Away games the teams always stayed at the same hotel; he knew which front desk to call for room service. The mischievous grin didn't leave his face as he texted Ilya.

Boring Canadians actually drink ginger ale to feel better.

A few minutes passed. He vaguely wondered if maybe the hotel, or Ilya in his sick delirium, had messed up the room number.

It would be better with blow job. But I will try your boring Canadian drink.

By the next game, Ilya was almost playing as good as Shane again. Almost.

End Notes

This show grabbed me by the throat because this is the first fic I have posted in a couple years let alone my first smutfic since my FFnet days

I haven't finished the books yet so this is entirely the show wheee

Edit: guys my girlfriend got sick with the flu like 3 days after posting this does the AO3 curse happen with one shots too?? Do I risk it all for a lesbian kiss??

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