

(Love) Sick

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/78300726) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/78300726>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Harris Drover
Additional Tags:	Hurt/Comfort , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Sickfic , Fever , Crying , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Sharing Clothes , Pet Names , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Established Relationship , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-25 Words: 1,889 Chapters: 1/1

(Love) Sick

by [captainwithnoship](#)

Summary

“Are you still cold, moya lazan'ya?” Ilya asks, gently touching his hand to Shane’s thigh to get his attention.

“Your what?” He lifts his head from where he’d been resting it against the airplane window, blinking blearily. “Lasagna?”

“Yes. Look at you, with all the, uh...” The English word he’s searching for eludes him, so he simply gestures at his husband, clad in a T-Shirt, a hoodie and two jackets, both his own and Ilya’s. The latter is slightly too big even on Shane’s muscular frame, and being wrapped up in it almost makes him look small.

While on the airplane on the way home after a series of games with the Ottawa team, Shane is hit hard by the flu. The fever makes him emotional, and Ilya has feelings about that. Incredibly soft feelings.

Notes

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

“Are you still cold, moya lazan'ya?” Ilya asks, gently touching his hand to Shane’s thigh to get his attention.

“Your what?” He lifts his head from where he’d been resting it against the airplane window, dozing in and out of sleep, blinking blearily. “Lasagna?”

“Yes. Look at you, with all the, uh...” The English word he’s searching for eludes him, so he simply gestures at his husband, clad in a T-Shirt, a hoodie and two jackets, both his own and Ilya’s. The latter is slightly too big even on Shane’s muscular frame, and being wrapped up in it almost makes him look small.

“Layers” Shane provides helpfully. “And it’s better now.”

“You sure? You are still trembling.”

Ilya shifts closer, lifting his hand from his thigh to press it to his forehead. It's a gesture he's repeated several times already since they have boarded the plane, and much like the last time, he finds Shane's skin uncomfortably warm. There's been some sort of flu making its way through the Ottawa team - he can hear the occasional hushed cough coming from Luca Haas up in the front, and Troy's congested snoring from where he's sitting a few rows behind them, head pillowed at an incredibly odd angle on Harris' shoulder - and while Shane had only been suffering from a slightly sore throat this morning, it's now becoming increasingly clear that he is the newest victim.

It's a small mercy that they're on their way home from their latest series of games, but Ilya wishes they were there already, not several hours away in American airspace, so that he can bundle Shane up in a proper, cozy blanket and cook him some soup.

He looks so miserable; hunkered in on himself, body pressed as tightly against the wall as it will go, like he's trying to melt into it, a few strands of hair clinging to his forehead with sweat. His bronze skin has gone pale, save for the deep, feverish flush on his cheeks, the one that makes every single one of his lovely freckles stand out even more than usual. And he really is shaking, has been doing so ever since they'd sat down in the air-conditioned cabin.

Of course, he’d been trying to hide it at first. Had taken off his jacket and neatly folded it away like he always did, had tried to simply tense against the shivers running through him. Ilya had seen it anyway. He always saw these things, because he was always looking at Shane, could barely tear his eyes away from him when they were together. He’d bullied him into putting the jacket back on, then, and had given him his own to wear on top of it a little later. Only that it still doesn't seem to be enough is a little worrying.

“Want me to ask the flight attendant for a hot drink? Ginger tea, maybe?” he asks. He figures that Shane might like that one, given his obsession with ginger ale, and it’d warm him up. Yet he shakes his head in response.

“No need to bother anyone.”

“No one is going to be bothered. Is their job, yes?”

There'd been a young woman in a flight attendant's uniform walking around earlier, serving drinks, and Ilya is about to stand up to flag her down when he is stopped by Shane's hand weakly encircling his wrist.

“I don't want anything” he mumbles, refusing to meet his eyes. Ilya frowns.

“Why not? Don't be stupid, Hollander. Drink some tea.”

He expects Shane to take the bait, to argue back. It's how they work - Shane will get stuck in his head about something, and Ilya will tease and prod until he snaps, revealing what is bothering him so they can fix it together. But he doesn't, this time, just shakes his head and turns back to the window, inching even further towards it, away from him. Ilya doesn't like it, hates every bit of space separating them from each other. He wants to be close, always, as close as physically possible, wants to make whatever this is better. And while he knows he can't miraculously cure the flu, he could try to make it more bearable, if Shane would only stop being so stubborn.

“Look at me, moya lyubov” he murmurs, pleading. His hand gravitates towards Shane's face again, but he's unsure if he would welcome the touch right now, withdrawn as he is, fingers hesitantly hovering over his cheek. It's enough, at least, to make Shane's eyes flick towards him for a second, just long enough for Ilya to see the tears glistening in them.

His heat melts in his chest, painful and fond.

“Hey. Sweetheart. Is okay, whatever it is.”

“It's nothing. I'm fine” he whispers, even as a fat tear slowly starts to roll down his face. “Don't tell anyone I'm sick.”

Ah. Things make sense to Ilya then, from the way Shane had been pretending that nothing was wrong at first to how he is trying to become one with the wall, making himself as small and unobtrusive as possible now that Ilya has found him out. He's noticed this before, in the months since Shane had joined the Ottawa Centaurs, how he seems to be convinced that he has to prove himself to them. Like he has to be perfect to deserve his place on the team.

Ilya doesn't know how it had been with the Montreal Metros - only that they had not treated Shane well in the end, which still makes him furious - but here, no one would be faulted for being ill. The guys were great that way, and Ilya as a captain would make sure it never changed.

“Is okay” he repeats softly. “The team will not care.”

Besides, no one is even paying attention to the two of them right now. Boody is sitting across the aisle with headphones on and eyes closed. Even Wyatt Hayes is quietly keeping to himself for once; everyone caught up in their own private misery.

More tears join the one on Shane's cheek, dripping down into his lap. Ilya cannot keep his hands to himself any longer at the sight, cradling his face between them, thumbs carefully wiping away the wetness, again and again as the tears won't stop falling. Shane is not even actively crying, no noise leaving his lips but shaky, congested breaths; they're just spilling out on their own accord, one after another.

His skin is hot underneath Ilya's touch. Maybe he's imagining it, but it feels worse than a few minutes ago when he last checked his forehead - it can't be helping that he is getting so worked up.

He weakly tries to bat away Ilya's hands to wipe his face himself.

"I'm sorry."

"Fever is really cooking your brain if you think you have to apologize" Ilya replies, not budging an inch. His tone is completely devoid of the teasing edge he thought he intended it to have; he sounds nothing but soft. Mushy. Well, Shane definitely knows he is, and the team has probably figured it out as well, so even if someone does overhear, it doesn't matter.

Shane makes some sad little noise, maybe a laugh, maybe a cough. Maybe a sob, after all.

"I don't feel well."

"I know."

He shifts his hands again, moving one of them to run his fingers through Shane's hair, in the way he knows he likes best, fingernails scratching at his scalp.

"I know, moya lyubov. Let me make it better, yes?"

"Don't want to get you sick too" he protests, though in the same moment he finally allows Ilya to pull him close, leaning heavily into his side as he wraps an arm around Shane's shoulders.

"Russians do not get sick. Not like weak Canadians."

Realistically, he is most likely doomed already. Ilya spent the past few days around his flu-stricken teammates. He slept in the same bed as Shane last night. If he is going to get sick, he is going to get sick. He isn't too worried about it though, and Shane shouldn't be, either. Worst outcome is, they both spend some days in bed together to recover.

To prove just how un-worried he is - and because he really wants to do it, because it feels like such luxury to be able to do it out in the open where people can see - he presses a kiss to Shane's lips. They taste of the Chapstick he uses, and a little salty from the tears.

"Do you want me to ask for tea now? And tissues for your cute nose, malen'kiy krolik?" he questions when Shane snuffles thickly, scrunching up his nose in a bunny-like manner, which really is fucking cute. "I can say is for me, if that helps."

"Can you just stay? You're warm."

“Okay.”

He will never say no to cuddling his husband. Never. Even when two seats on an airplane isn't the most comfortable place to do so. Even if his arm is definitively going to fall asleep. Even when Shane does need to hydrate himself, sooner or later. They'll just have to make do with later, then. For now Ilya is glad that he has stopped crying, and that his body heat seems to lessen Shane's shivering. If he weren't so sick, he would look perfectly content there in his arms, with his eyes slipping closed.

Ilya shuts his eyes as well. The flight will be over faster if they both get some sleep.

*

Hours later, Harris catches up with him while he stands in a secluded area of the airport, waiting for Shane to come back from the bathroom, where he probably only went to blow his nose in private, which is as ridiculous as it is endearing.

“I didn't mean to intrude on you guys, and of course I won't post it anywhere” the team's social media manager starts, fiddling with his phone. “But I kind of took this on the plane.”

Ilya looks at the screen to see a picture of him and Shane huddled in their seats. He still has his arm around him - which explains why it's still tingling like crazy, the feeling in it only just returning now. Shane is sleeping hard, crease lines from Ilya's shirt worn into his cheek, lips apart with a thin line of drool trailing down his chin. He looks adorable, wearing Ilya's oversized jacket; he should borrow his clothes more often.

Ilya himself is sleeping with his mouth open too - he tends to snore with or without a cold, thanks to his busted nose - and though he is not drooling, he does appear appropriately rumped for an impromptu airplane nap, his hair sticking up in weird directions.

He can't help the huge grin that steals itself onto his face, looking at it.

“Send that to me. I will put it up on the mantle” he jokes, though it does sound like a good idea as he hears himself say it. Shane would hate it, obviously, or at least pretend to do so, but Ilya would make him see reason. A bit of teasing, a few pet names, some kisses, lots of love... just like he had done on the plane.

But that's a plan for later. First, he would finally take his husband home.

End Notes

As someone who routinely calls her girlfriend a lasagna sheet, Ilya using random Russian as pet names is incredibly important to me. So obviously, this fic was inspired by that. Hope you enjoyed!

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