

## love and other drugs

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| Characters:      | <a href="#">Cliff Marlow</a> , <a href="#">Hayden Pike</a> , <a href="#">Yuna Hollander</a> , <a href="#">David Hollander</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
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# love and other drugs

by [goldengalaxies](#)

## Summary

"No, Ilya, stay." The last word came out as a whine.

"Why is he calling you Ilya?" Pike asked.

"Why is he asking you to stay?" Hollander's mom followed.

Ilya shrugged. "How would I know?"

Hollander lifted his arm out, as if reaching for Ilya. "Because I want him to stay." It was said in a tone that seemed to say, 'obviously'.

"Shane," Hollander's dad started. "Um- what's going on? I thought we hated Rozanov." He seemed to realise what he'd said and glanced at Ilya. "Sorry."

"Is fine."

"No, I don't hate him. I love him."

Cliff's jaw was firmly hanging open, and he didn't think it was going to move anytime today. He felt as if he'd been punched in the stomach, all the air ripped away from his lungs.

"Am I dreaming?" Cliff muttered to himself.

Pike let out a strained laugh. "I think someone spiked my coffee this morning."

(cliff, ilya, hayden & shane's parents visit shane in hospital after the incident. a very drugged up shane cannot hide his feelings for ilya)

## Notes

here i am again with yet another reveal fic...who's surprised? anyways, enjoy!

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

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: [【授翻】爱情与灵药](#) by [Krisha0101](#)

Ilya was being quieter than usual and it was freaking Cliff out.

Rozanov being quiet was abnormal on its own, but this was worse because Cliff knew it was his fault.

At first when Ilya had reamed him out for injuring Hollander - that had almost been better. Cliff had understood that. He'd fucked up the game by giving the other side a penalty, and someone had gotten hurt. Cliff had felt horrible about it even before Ilya had laid into him. It was never a nice feeling to see another player unresponsive on the ice, even if they were your opponent's star player. So, Cliff had understood and he'd taken it willingly. He deserved it.

But then the quiet started, and Ilya didn't seem so angry anymore, and Cliff couldn't make any sense of it.

That was why, as soon as Ilya had said he was going to the hospital to check on Hollander and apologise on behalf of the Bears, Cliff said he was going with him, and he wouldn't take no for an answer. Maybe it wasn't the right decision; God knew what would happen if he bumped into Hollander's parents or, God forbid, his teammates - Cliff had no interest in another punch from Pike - but he wanted to see for himself that Hollander was alright. And he was concerned about his Captain; he didn't want him to go alone and have to take the fall for what Cliff had done.

That was what brought him here, to the front desk at Montreal General Hospital.

"Hello, we're here to check on a patient-"

Ilya cut him off. "Shane Hollander?"

The receptionist, a middle aged woman with blonde hair, glanced up at them. She almost did a double take at the sight of them. Clearly a hockey fan. A frown had already been forming on her face at the way Ilya had brusquely interrupted with Shane's name. Then she seemed to realise who they were and the frown deepened. Ah. Clearly a Montreal fan, then.

Off to a great start already.

When she said nothing in response, Cliff spoke. "We just want to check that he's alright, and apologise."

Her lips pursed.

"Please." Ilya said.

Cliff glanced at Ilya out of the corner of his eye, surprised at the emotion in his tone.

"Sorry, I can't allow any visitors that aren't on the pre-approved list."

Cliff sighed. He supposed that made sense. They would have to settle for sending him a text, surely someone would have his phone number. He turned, already walking away from the

front desk. After making it a few paces away, he realised Ilya wasn't with him. He was still talking to the receptionist.

Cliff was now too far away to hear what they were saying. He walked back over as she raised a sceptical brow at his Captain. Then she sighed, and clicked a few times on the computer. Whatever she found seemed to surprise her even more.

"Yes?" Ilya prompted.

"Fine. He's in room 104."

Ilya nodded in thanks, and she turned back to her computer. Cliff hurried after Ilya, who was storming down the hallway.

"Dude, what the hell did you say to her?"

"Nothing."

Cliff scoffed. "Right."

Ilya said nothing in response. They made their way through the halls until they reached Hollander's room. Cliff took a deep breath and knocked. He glanced at Ilya, who was strangely pale.

Cliff glanced in through the window when there was no response, hoping the room would be empty except for Hollander.

No such luck. Both Hollander's parents and Pike were in the room. His parents were sat in the two visitor chairs, with Pike stood behind them.

Pike turned his gaze towards the door, and Cliff reared his head back quickly. Too late. By the immediate glare that had appeared on Pike's face, he'd spotted them.

Pike stormed over, and yanked the door open. "What the fuck do you want, Marlow?"

"Uh—" Marlow got out. Shit. He'd hoped they could be civil about this.

Hollander's mom was also glaring at him, as if she wanted to strike him down with her eyes alone. He recognised both her and her husband from the numerous games they'd been in. Anyone who followed hockey knew who they were.

The only person who wasn't glaring at him was Hollander.

"Hayden, relax. everything is fine." Hollander spoke slowly, every syllable dragged out. Then his face lifted up into a dopey smile, though he winced as his face moved.

Damn, they'd clearly given him the good shit.

Cliff studied him. His arm was in a sling, and the skin around his eyes was basically purple. Not great, but he'd seen worse. Something in his chest loosened at the sight.

"It certainly is not fine!" Hollander's mom said.

Cliff winced. "I'm really sorry, Hollander. I just wanted to check on you, and apologise."

Pike scoffed. "Well, good for you. Now leave before I give you a second black eye."

Hollander just laughed, as if Pike threatening him was particularly funny. "Why is everyone being so *serious*?"

Cliff took that as his sign to actually enter the room. Surely Pike wouldn't actually punch him if Hollander seemed alright with Cliff being there. He ushered Ilya into the room with him.

At the sight of Ilya, Hayden rolled his eyes. "Oh, fuck off. Not Rozanov too!"

Hollander's mom pursed her lips together. "Thank you for coming."

She didn't look like she meant it. To Cliff, it seemed like she was asking '*why the fuck did you come?*'.

"We just wanted to check on Hollander's condition-" Ilya started.

"Ilya!" Hollander said suddenly, grinning dopily. "You're here!"

*What the fuck?*

Why was Hollander happy to see Ilya?

"*Ilya?*" Pike repeated, sounding disgusted.

Cliff glanced around at the others, not knowing how to react. It was pretty weird for Hollander to call Ilya by his first name. Honestly, he'd kind of thought they didn't even know each other's first names the way they obsessively referred to each other as 'Hollander' and 'Rozanov'.

Ilya looked awkward. It wasn't an expression Cliff saw often on his Captain. "Er- Hello, Hollander. We just wanted to say sorry - for the team. We hope you get better soon-"

Hollander frowned. "Okay, why are you being serious too? Everyone needs to calm down, I'm *fine*."

Cliff glanced between the two. He didn't know Hollander that well, but from what he knew this was extremely out of character for him. And from the concerned glances coming from his parents, it seemed likely that Cliff was correct.

It was like they'd swapped personalities; Ilya being awkward, and Hollander being relaxed and weirdly familiar.

Ilya tried to smile but it came out looking more like a grimace. "Anyway, we should go--"

"*No, Ilya, stay.*" The last word came out as a whine.

Cliff glanced at the others in the room. All three had similar expressions of utter confusion. Cliff was sure it was mirrored on his own face.

Ilya let out an awkward laugh.

“Why is he calling you Ilya?” Pike asked. The word Ilya came out of his mouth as if he was trying to spit it out.

“Why is he asking you to stay?” Hollander’s mom followed.

Ilya’s eyes darted between the two of them. Then, he schooled his expression into one of indifference and shrugged. “How would I know?”

Hollander lifted his arm out, as if reaching for Ilya. “Because I want him to stay.” It was said in a tone that seemed to say, *'obviously'*.

“Shane,” Hollander’s dad started. “Um- what’s going on? I thought we hated Rozanov.” He seemed to realise what he’d said and glanced at Ilya. “Sorry.”

Ilya just shook his head. “Is fine.”

"No, I don't hate him. I love him."

Hollander's dad gasped.

Hollander's mom shot up out of her chair. "*What?*"

"You *what?*"

Cliff said nothing. His jaw was firmly hanging open, and he didn't think it was going to move anytime today. He felt as if he'd been punched in the stomach, all the air ripped away from his lungs.

Shane Hollander had just said he loved Ilya Rozanov.

*Shane Hollander had just said he loved Ilya Rozanov.*

*Shane Hollander was gay?*

"Am I dreaming?" Cliff muttered to himself.

Pike let out a strained laugh. "I think someone spiked my coffee this morning."

Only Ilya had said nothing.

Cliff winced, trying to figure out the expression on Ilya's face. Was he about to lose his shit at Hollander for even suggesting feeling something towards him? Personally Cliff didn't give a fuck about who people loved, but he'd no idea what Rozanov thought about all that. They'd never really discussed it. It wasn't something that people like them talked about. Besides, he

was Russian. Cliff didn't know much, but he knew enough about Russia to know they weren't positive towards people like Hollander.

"I don't understand, Shane, I thought you hated each other?" Hollander's dad asked.

Hollander grinned dopily. "Nope. He loves me."

*What?*

Cliff almost broke his neck with how quickly it whipped around to look at Ilya.

Ilya's face was drained of colour. "Hollander-"

"No, you can't take it back. Even though you said it in Russian it still counts!"

"You understood?" Ilya had whispered it, but Cliff still heard.

Hollander had said *'even though you said it in Russian, it still counts'*. Ilya had told Hollander he loved him. In Russian.

Rozanov and Hollander.

Ilya and Shane.

They were *together*?

"No." Hollander frowned. "I looked up how to say I love you in Russian, and it sounded very familiar."

"I-" Ilya started, and then fell silent again.

Hollander grinned, looking too proud of himself, then winced. "Ow."

"Shane, darling, what is it?" Hollander's mom immediately went from looking shell shocked to determined to find out what was hurting her kid. "Where does it hurt?"

"You are feeling pain?" Ilya asked, moving towards Hollander's bedside.

Hollander groaned. "A bit. It's okay. You can kiss it better."

"What the hell?" Pike made a sound as if he'd choked on his own tongue.

"Shane!" Hollander's dad huffed out a laugh.

Ilya's cheeks tinged pink. Ha! Russians never blushed, indeed.

"He does not know what he is saying. Drugs make him loopy, yes?"

"Oh, fuck you, Rozanov." He pouted. *"Please, Ilya."*

Ilya shifted on his feet. "Hollander, you should ask the nurse to lower your drug dosage. You are acting crazy."

Hollander frowned. "Why won't you kiss me, asshole? Please? *Come on*, you always love it when I be--"

Ilya leaped over to the side of the bed, slapping his hand over Hollander's mouth.

Jesus fucking Christ had he just been about to say you always love it when I beg?

*Jesus fucking Christ.*

Ilya looked down at Hollander, and suddenly his whole face shifted, and Cliff didn't need to understand what was happening, because he could see it with his own eyes. Ilya Rozanov loved Shane Hollander. Looking at them now, it was so obvious Cliff wondered how no one had ever seen it.

Ilya moved his hand off Hollander's mouth. His fingers trailed up towards Hollander's cheekbones, stroking the freckles there gently.

"You are going to regret this very much tomorrow morning."

"Don't care."

Then, in a scene that Cliff would come to remember as the time he'd almost had a heart attack, Ilya Rozanov leant down and gave Shane Hollander the most sweet, tender kiss.

Silence.

They broke apart.

"What the hell was *that*?"

"Is called a kiss, Pike, you should know what that is. Don't you have a million kids?"

"Ha!" Hollander laughed.

"Er, Shane!" Pike looked outraged.

"Sorry, it was funny."

Ilya's expression shifted to one Cliff finally recognised: his signature smug grin.

Hollander's parents exchanged a glance. "What exactly is going on, here?"

"We're boyfriends. But don't tell anyone. It's a secret. Shhhh."

Ilya sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose. "I think you let that secret out a few times by now, *moy lyubimyy*."

Hollander grabbed Ilya's hand. "That's a new one. Tell me what it means."

Apparently Cliff had been wrong; it was possible for Ilya to blush harder.

"My beloved." Ilya leant down, trying to keep his voice down as he translated the endearment.

Hollander's smile widened as he tried to repeat the word. To Cliff it sounded absolutely nothing like what Ilya had said, but even his attempt made Ilya's eyes soften.

"What the fuck is happening?" Pike whispered to himself.

Ilya groaned. "Hollander, you are going to ruin my reputation."

"Good."

"Is he serious? You guys are, like - *together*?"

Suddenly, Ilya looked serious. "You tell anyone about this, Pike, and that time I knocked your teeth out will look like nothing."

Hayden just stared.

"Pike! You understand, yes or no?"

"Yes, sorry - no, of course, I would never tell anyone, I swear."

Ilya turned on Cliff. He didn't even need to say anything.

"Of course. I'll keep my mouth shut, no problem."

Ilya nodded, satisfied.

"It's hot when you're protective." Hollander piped up out of nowhere.

Ilya groaned again. "Oh my God, Hollander, *shut up*."

"Make me."

"You are going to be very embarrassed tomorrow and I am going to have lots of fun reminding you of this."

Hollander pouted. "Asshole."

"Well, um-" Hollander's dad started. "I'm happy for you, son."

Hollander's mom still seemed apprehensive. "We'll talk about this more tomorrow when you're sober, Shane." Then she squeezed his hand. "I love you, baby. No matter what."

Hollander's eyes glistened.

"Uh, yeah, me too, Shane. This is super weird, but I'm happy if you're happy." Hayden said.

Ilya turned to Cliff.

“Me too. Course. I’ve never seen Rozy this whipped, except over his Montreal girl-“ He paused. *Jane*. Shane. God, that was so stupid, surely it wasn't actually Shane Hollander's fake name. “*Wait*. Is *Hollander* your Montreal girl? Holy *fuck*, how long has this been going on?”

“Montreal girl?”

“*Girl*? You’ve been calling me your *girl*? Fuck you, asshole.”

Ilya rolled his eyes. “I could hardly tell them it was you, could I? Idiot.”

Cliff was fascinated by how much of their actual relationship was made up of the same teasing and chirping that made up their rivalry. It was pretty funny, actually.

“Wait,” Hollander's mom piped up. “You never answered. How long?”

Ilya hesitated.

“Depends.”

“On what?”

“On whether you count sex only or not.”

Ilya buried his head in his hands. “I’m never letting you have drugs ever again Hollander. You are fucking menace.”

“*Menace*. Wow. Who taught you that word?”

Ilya rolled his eyes. “No one. I had to look it up. Is perfect for you.”

"Whatever." Hollander yawned. “I’m tired.”

“Sleep then, *moy lyubimyy*.”

“Stay till I fall asleep.”

"Okay."

"Okay."

Hollander shuffled lower into his bed.

"Um, I should go. Glad you're okay, Hollander." Cliff said.

Hayden clasped Hollander's uninjured shoulder. "When you're better we are having a *talk*. But I'm really glad you're alright, dude. Jackie sends her love, too."

Hollander smiled back sleepily.

Hollander's parents both kissed their son goodbye.

"Well, it was nice to meet you, Rozanov-"

"Ilya, please."

"Ilya." Hollander's mom nodded. "We should organise a dinner, or something - we want to meet you properly, next time."

It was a little awkward, naturally, but Ilya seemed happy. "Yes. Okay."

The four of them shuffled out of the room together, leaving Ilya with Hollander. Now they were outside without Hollander and Rozanov it felt weird to be in such company.

Cliff glanced back through the window in the door. Ilya had moved into the empty chair and was resting his head on Hollander's lap as Hollander slept.

As soon as Hollander was out of the hospital, Cliff was going to have the best time teasing his Captain for how *damn* whipped he was.

## End Notes

i had to write this even though it is basically just crack because every tiktok edit of episode five is like being shot in the chest okay bye

as always, i will edit later lol

## Works inspired by this one

[Restricted Work] by [lrytho](#)

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