

by the skin of wisdom teeth

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76910176) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76910176>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Dentists , Medical Procedures , Medical Inaccuracies , Wisdom Teeth , ilya hates the doctor , but he's brave , no beta I'm sorry , Idiots in Love
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-02 Words: 3,074 Chapters: 1/1

by the skin of wisdom teeth

by [iffyboy](#)

Summary

Ilya Rozanov hates going to the doctor, but unfortunately realizes he needs his wisdom teeth removed. He's mostly brave about it.

Notes

a little self indulgent fic i wrote because i love these two so much. i'm probably going to put these two through more medical problems just so they can take care of each other.

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

“Well Mr. Rozanov, you definitely need surgery,” the doctor said, giving him an apologetic smile.

Ilya stared apprehensively at the X-Ray on the wall that showed his teeth growing in what was (apparently) the wrong direction. “You are sure of this?” Ilya asked, trying to control his nerves.

“Quite sure, actually positive.” The doctor replied. “In fact, I’m actually surprised this hasn’t been caught before, your wisdom teeth are in bad shape. They’re growing almost directly into your second molars. They should have been removed years ago.” He gestured to the x-rays as he spoke, pointing out where Ilya’s wisdom teeth were indeed growing into his other molars.

“Yes, well. Dentists are more focused on putting teeth in my mouth than taking them out.” Ilya responded dryly, eliciting a chuckle from the doctor.

Ilya’s jaw had been hurting him for a couple months at this point. At first, he had assumed he took a hit while playing and was aching from that, but the pain didn’t go away. It just sat there, constant and aching. He then made the mistake of complaining about it to Shane, who had a tendency to be concerned. He asked Ilya to make an appointment, to which Ilya responded noncommittally, hoping to avoid it. Then Shane started reminding him to make an appointment to get things checked out. Once again, Ilya ignored his remarks, hoping that Shane would either forget or drop the subject. Or better, the pain would go away. His little reminders had ceased, and Ilya thought he was in the clear.

However, Shane decided to go ahead and tell Yuna about Ilya’s pain. Ilya found himself on the receiving end of a lecture about dental care and taking care of his body. David had the decency to pretend not to listen, but Shane had a smug little grin that told Ilya he knew exactly what he did and that it was intentional. Asshole. And now Ilya found himself in the chair at the dentist’s office less than a week later.

Fucking Shane Hollander.

Ilya hated going to the doctor. Any medical care that required more than ice and rest, he avoided like the plague. He begrudgingly got his vaccinations, and went to his checkups with minimal complaint. Ilya still was a frequent patron of the dentist, having his teeth replaced somewhat regularly, they were almost all fake. Such were the hazards of playing hockey professionally. But the idea of him needing surgery, of people digging around in his mouth and taking things out filled him with a sense of dread.

The doctor must have seen the apprehension on Ilya’s face, because he put a kind hand on his knee. “Look Mr. Rozanov, this is a really common procedure. Almost everyone has it done. There’s really nothing to worry about.”

Ilya nodded numbly, accepting his fate. Surgery. Great.

“There’s a bright side to this Mr. Rozanov. You’ll get a week or so off to recover and relax. Hell, eat ice cream for breakfast every day. Enjoy it.”

Ilya almost laughed. He couldn’t see himself enjoying any part of this ordeal. But he was a grown man, and he could do this. Probably.

Thirty minutes later, Ilya was driving home. In the passenger seat was a folder with paperwork to prepare him for surgery. Clipped to the front of the folder was an appointment card for his surgery that was to occur in two weeks time. He kept stealing glances at the folder, waiting for it to jump up and bite him.

When Ilya got home, Shane was on the couch, his attention glued to a book. It was June, one of the precious stretches of time where they were both together for a few uninterrupted weeks. Ilya loved their summers together, and found himself pining for them throughout the year. Though they only lived a couple of hours away from each other most of the year, they rarely had more than a couple days together. Their summers were filled with the domestic bliss he had only recently allowed himself to love, and now his surgery was going to ruin this one.

Ilya threw the folder from the dentist on the counter and grouchy made his way towards Shane. He threw himself onto the couch and landed face down in Shane’s lap in a matter of seconds. Shane’s hand immediately went into Ilya’s hair, absentmindedly tracing the curls with his fingers. Ilya felt himself decompress, but only slightly.

“How did it go, dear?” Shane asked, still focusing on the book.

“I need surgery.” Ilya replied, his voice muffled. He tried not to cringe at the petulance in his voice. He was a grown man, for fucks sake.

Shane put the book down, but his hand continued its soothing pattern. “I’m sorry, Ilya. Wisdom teeth surgery?”

Ilya nodded miserably in affirmation, turning over to look up at Shane. “They’re going to take my teeth and ruin our summer.” Now he really sounded childish.

Shane laughed gently, “It’ll be okay, Ilya. I honestly expected that you needed it when you told me your jaw hurt. Besides, I promise to take care of you afterwards.”

This piqued Ilya’s interest. He perked up slightly. “You will be my sexy nurse?”

Shane fully laughed in response. “You’ll be all swollen and in recovery. I’m not sure how interested you’ll be in sex. Besides, you’re having dental surgery, I don’t think we’ll be able to kiss because of the risk of infection.”

“Swollen?!” Ilya exclaimed in horror, his hand immediately going to his jaw. The doctor did not mention any swelling. The no kissing or sex was cause for concern too. Being in such

close proximity to Shane without being able to kiss him sounded like torture. This surgery sounded like a worse idea every second.

Shane laughed again, a beautiful sound that made Ilya's heart flutter. He pulled Ilya to his face, where he peppered kisses across Ilya's cheeks. "I promise it'll be okay. I know you hate doctors, but you'll feel so much better afterwards."

Ilya looked up at Shane, "You sure this won't ruin our summer?"

Shane gave him a beautiful smile. "We will be together. That's the only thing about these summers that matter to me."

Of course Shane had to go and make it all sappy. But Ilya didn't care, not really. Not with Shane looking at him like that. Everything would be okay.

Hopefully.

Two weeks later, Ilya found himself sitting in the passenger seat of Shane's car. Tired, hungry, and only the slightest bit nervous. But the nervousness was overshadowed by hunger. Ilya wasn't allowed to eat or drink anything after midnight and it was starting to wear on him. Especially staring at Shane's coffee cup in the cup holder next to him. Shane always made the best coffee, and Ilya was never able to replicate it on his own. Peeking at Shane, Ilya tried to sneak a sip but his hand was promptly slapped away by Shane.

"Don't even think about it, Rozanov."

Ilya was not a morning person. Early mornings always threw him off. And on a day like today, Ilya found himself even more frustrated. Realistically, he could have had another 30 minutes in bed, but the surgeon was a bit of a drive from the cottage, and he had decided to love the most punctual man in existence. That was his fault, really. Ilya slouched in his seat, hoping he could disappear before they arrived.

Shane was a chronic morning person. He had no qualms about waking up at the ass-crack of dawn to ready Ilya for the big day. Shane had hummed while pouring (only himself) a cup of coffee, while Ilya sat sullenly at the table. As they made their way to the car, he could swear that Shane was almost skipping. Once again, it was his fault for loving a morning person.

The drive over was quiet, and Ilya watched as dense tree coverage slowly gave way to buildings and city streets. Ottawa was quiet this morning, still waking up. Ilya didn't realize that his fingers were tapping rapidly against his leg until Shane grabbed his hand and squeezed, giving him an encouraging smile.

"Did I tell you what happened when I got my wisdom teeth removed?" Shane asked suddenly, glancing at Ilya.

Ilya sat up, immediately interested. "No."

Shane chuckled. “Oh man, I was 16, I think. I hadn’t been in normal school for years and it was impossible for me to meet girls. But I had started hanging out with this girl whose father managed the rink I trained at- what?”

Ilya must have looked dubious. “You’re telling me about girls?”

“Oh hush,” Shane lightly elbowed Ilya. “It was 10 years ago. So 16 year old me was convinced we were going to marry and have hockey kids. Like at least six. Anyway, that summer I had my wisdom teeth removed, and this girl came by to bring me ice cream that evening. But I was on a lot of pain medicine and so I started telling her how much she meant to me and how I was so excited for our kids to play hockey at her dad’s rink. Let’s just say... we stopped hanging out after that.”

Ilya couldn’t help but guffaw at the story. “Oh my god, Hollander. That’s terrible.”

“The worst part is that she worked at the rink part-time too! We would keep running into each other. She wasn’t mean about it either, but it was so awkward I kinda wish she was. Better than the deer-in-the-headlights look she gave me.”

“Deer-in-the-headlights?” Ilya asked.

“Oh, another stupid English phrase. Means freezing in shock or fear.” Shane answered quickly.

Ilya nodded. “Well Hollander, I’ll make sure not to embarrass yourself the way you did.”

Shane chuckled, and put his hand on Ilya’s leg. “Of course, dear.”

As Shane pulled into the parking lot of the dentist, Ilya stared nervously at the sign. When they got out of the car, Shane gave Ilya’s hand a comforting squeeze. Inside, Ilya walked up to the counter and checked in, then took a seat next to Shane in the waiting room. Shane had already grabbed an architectural magazine from a side table. He put his hand on Ilya’s thigh, tracing circles with his thumb.

Ilya glanced around the room. Currently, they were the only people in the waiting room. There were a couple of TVs, both showing a home renovation show. Like every waiting room in any medical office anywhere.

Ilya tried to calm the nerves that were raging in him. Letting out a slow breath, he reviewed everything he knew about the surgery.

The surgery would only take an hour. He would be kinda loopy afterwards. The recovery would be annoying, but relatively quick. He would probably only be able to eat soft foods for a week.

Shane had taken Ilya on an indulgent shopping spree in order to prepare for his recovery. Shane had filled the cart up with ice cream, instant mashed potatoes, and cans of soup. When they came across the Jello, Shane was shocked that Ilya had never had it before. Shane added multiple flavors to the cart, swearing that it would change Ilya’s life. Later, Ilya would have

Jello for the first time in his life. Shane would take care of him. Shane, the chronic worrier, was not worried about the surgery, which was another thing that brought Ilya comfort.

“Ilya Rozanov?” Said a nurse from the doorway.

Ilya’s face shot up, and he gave Shane a panicked look. Shane gave Ilya a warm smile, and put his hand on Ilya’s cheek.

“It’ll be okay, my love. You’ve got this. I’ll be right out here, waiting.” He gave Ilya a quick kiss on the lips.

Ilya nodded, then stood up and numbly followed the nurse, who led him to a well lit room down the hall. There was a large, reclining chair and the doctor was sitting on a stool next to it. He gave Ilya a welcoming smile.

“Welcome in, Mr. Rozanov. Have a seat.”

Ilya entered the room, avoiding eye contact with the tray of tools next to the doctor. He sank into the chair apprehensively. “Good morning.”

“Are you ready?” The doctor asked kindly.

“No.”

The doctor laughed, “Mr. Rozanov, I’ve done this procedure over a thousand times. I promise you’re in good hands, and that we’ll have you home in no time.”

Ilya nodded, “Okay. Am still nervous though.”

“How about I walk you through it? It might make you feel better.”

Ilya nodded again. “Please.”

“First, I’m going to give you an IV, and it’ll deliver some medicine to help you sleep. You’ll be asleep during the entire procedure, which should take about an hour. When you’re awake, you’ll be a bit loopy for a bit. We’ll get everything set up for your recovery kit, and then we send you home. Does that sound good?”

“Yes, sounds good.” Ilya replied.

The doctor started to prep the IV, his gloved hands carefully setting everything up. “So who’d you come with?” He asked as he lined the needle up to Ilya’s arm.

“My boyfriend,” Ilya replied, wincing as the doctor inserted the needle. “He’s going to watch while I recover.”

“That’s really kind of him. It’ll make this whole process go by quicker, I’m sure.”

The doctor said, “Alright Mr. Rozanov, the IV is in. I’m going to inject the medicine into your line. It’ll take a couple of seconds for it to take effect. Try to count down from 10 for me.”

Ilya began to count.

Shane had been reading a magazine in the waiting room for a little over an hour when a doctor came to see him.

“Are you with Mr. Rozanov?”

Shane looked up. “Yes! How’s he doing?”

“The surgery went well, and he’s waking up. Do you have the release paperwork?”

Shane nodded, patting the folder on the chair next to him. “Right here.”

“Great,” the doctor said. “It’s all pretty self explanatory. He can have his next pain medicine in six hours. He’s probably going to be out of it for most of the day, but should be more lucid tomorrow. If you want to take him home now, you can pull your car to the west door, and we’ll wheel him out.”

As Shane pulled the car around, his fingers tapped on his steering wheel. He peeked around impatiently, trying to catch a glimpse of Ilya. He had been so nervous that morning, and Shane didn’t know what to do. Ilya, for all his bravado on the ice, was out of his element in this setting.

Then the doors opened, and a sleepy Ilya was being wheeled out by a nurse. Getting out of the car, Shane ran around to open the passenger side door. He wrapped his arm around Ilya’s back and helped him stand. Shane guided Ilya to the seat, where he gently sat him down. He made his way to the driver seat and slowly pulled out of the parking lot.

“Shane?” Ilya slurred sleepily, turning towards Shane. The word was muffled, and Shane realized that his mouth was full of gauze. His hazel eyes were cloudy and unfocused, so unlike the way they were most of the time. Ilya’s eyes were always so sharp, both on and off the ice. Ilya began to blink rapidly, as if trying to make sure Shane was still there.

“How are you feeling, baby?” Shane asked, glancing back at Ilya.

“I... I’m okay. Are we already going home?” Ilya asked, turning to look out the window.

“Yeah, the surgery went well. You did great.” Shane said, grabbing Ilya’s hand.

“Really? I did okay?” Ilya asked, his eyes growing wide.

He looked so young, Shane’s heart lurched. Shane knew that going to the doctor was hard on him, and that this was a big day for Ilya. He also knew that Ilya felt bad for taking time out of their summer for the recovery, but Shane didn’t mind. Days like this made Shane look forward to their future and all the sick days with it. This would be the first of many (but not too many), where they take turns taking care of the other.

“Yeah!” Shane said, giving Ilya a wide grin. “Now we get to go home, and you can relax. We can watch a movie if you want.”

Ilya nodded, turning his attention back towards the window. They were still in the city, but making their way towards the outskirts of town, where they would eventually make it back to the cottage.

The drive had been silent for a while, Shane focused on the road, and Ilya looking out the window. “Still doing okay, Ilya?”

“I...I feel weird. I do not know the English word for it. I do not know Russian word for it.” Ilya answered carefully, trying to speak around the gauze in his mouth.

“I can’t speak for Russian, but I’m not sure if there is an English word for it. Everyone reacts differently coming out of surgery.” Shane said with a shrug.

“Like you telling girl that you want to have hockey babies.”

Shane barked a laugh. “Exactly. You haven’t said anything remotely embarrassing, so I think you’re doing okay.”

“Shane?” Ilya said suddenly.

“Yes, Ilya?”

“I want to have hockey babies with you.”

Shane found himself smiling like an idiot. They had discussed kids, but in an offhand “after we retire” kind of way. Ilya had joked about wanting to get Shane pregnant, but that was to get him worked up. The thought of raising children with Ilya felt like a dream. A few short years ago, Shane couldn’t imagine anything more than hasty hotel hookups with Ilya. Those precious hours that kept him sane throughout the season. Now they were talking about children. Well, kind of.

“Yeah?” Shane asked. “How many are you thinking?”

“I would like three. And I want them to be cool.”

Shane laughed. “I can live with three. And of course they’ll be cool, they’re our kids.”

“They’ll be cool because they’re my kids. They’ll be boring because they’re yours.” Ilya replied confidently.

“Cool and boring? However will they manage that?” Shane asked with a laugh, looking towards Ilya. Ilya had dozed off though, unable to answer Shane’s question.

It didn’t matter, they had forever to figure it out.

End Notes

thanks for making it this far! ily

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