

A Cure for Everything

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76836696) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76836696>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Sick Fic , ilya is sick , shane makes him drink ginger ale , Post Heated Rivalry , set during the long game but no real spoilers
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-01 Words: 2,208 Chapters: 1/1

A Cure for Everything

by [LawnchairIII](#)

Summary

Shane goes to Ottawa to spend a night with Ilya between games. But when he gets to Ilya's house, he's surprised to find that Ilya's weekend in bed has taken on a different meaning.

Mostly fluff. Set during The Long Game, but no real spoilers.

“Ilya?” Shane called.

It was odd that he’d made it this far into Ilya’s house without being jumped. Normally, Ilya would have Shane half undressed the second the door closed.

“In here,” Ilya called. The call sounded like it was coming from the bedroom.

Did Ilya have some sort of surprise for him? The thought made Shane adjust his pants. A surprise from Ilya could be anything.

Shane jogged up the staircase toward his bedroom, taking two steps at a time. However, when he opened the bedroom door, he did not see Ilya.

“Ilya?” he called again, slightly quieter.

“The bathroom,” he called, which Shane now clearly heard coming from the ensuite.

Weird. Surprises didn’t usually start in the bathroom. Still, Shane pushed the door open.

Ilya curled in the fetal position on the bathroom floor was not the kind of surprise he had in mind.

“Are you okay?” Shane asked.

“The stupid...” Ilya gestured in front of himself, trying to conjure the word from thin air.

“The stupid virus. It took down the whole team.”

Shane's instincts told him to turn and run away from Ilya as fast as he could. Ilya had mentioned a few players being down at their last game with a stomach bug. The last thing Shane needed was their weekend together forcing him to miss games next week.

But then he looked at Ilya. His forehead was soaked in sweat, and his skin looked pallid. There was also a look in his eyes that was screaming *stay* directly into Shane's mind.

Shane hardly ever got sick. His immune system was excellent. He'd run to the pharmacy and grab some vitamin C later, just to be safe.

"Are you still...?" Shane nodded to the toilet.

Ilya shook his head. "There is nothing left in me. My whole soul was taken from me. Come here."

Shane hesitated momentarily before kneeling on the cold, grey tile floor. He couldn't deny Ilya, especially when his voice sounded so needy.

"Hollander, I need you to give funeral speech. Start planning it so I can give it my approval." Ilya flopped his arm and grabbed Shane's wrist with fake desperation.

Shane shook his head. "Idiot."

"Your idiot. At least for the next few minutes. Until I die." Ilya smiled wryly under the curls of hair that fell into his face.

Shane stood, grabbing onto Ilya's arm to hoist him up. "Let's get you to bed."

Ilya groaned dramatically as he stood, but the slight sway when he planted both feet on the floor was very real. Shane put his hands on Ilya's hips to steady him.

“Are you okay?” Shane asked.

Ilya nodded, the playful look gone. “Just dizzy.”

Shane slid one arm around Ilya’s waist and supported him through the doorway to the bedroom. Ilya fell into bed with another groan. He was probably dehydrated.

“Okay, now I will die,” Ilya announced, flopping his arm over his forehead.

Ignoring him, Shane wiggled the blankets out from underneath him, pulling the sheet up to cover him. “Are you cold?”

“Sometimes. Other times hot. I don’t even know anymore.”

Shane sat at the edge of the bed, feeling a bit helpless. How did you take care of someone who had a stomach virus? He tried to remember back to his childhood and what his mother used to do.

Maybe some toast or crackers? Definitely ginger ale. Hopefully, Ilya had some. He usually did when he knew Shane was coming over. But that was if he was even ready to hold something down. It didn’t look like he was quite there yet. Instead, Shane settled on grabbing a wet washcloth from the bathroom and gently cleaning the sweat off of Ilya’s forehead.

Ilya closed his eyes, sighing into Shane’s touch. “Missed you.”

Shane smiled slightly. “Missed you, too.”

“Sorry I ruined our weekend,” Ilya said, nuzzling against Shane’s wrist.

“You didn’t ruin it,” Shane said. “Well, maybe you sort of did. But it’s not your fault.”

That elicited a snort from Ilya. “Thanks for the reassurance. And my forehead is clean enough. Set that down.”

Realizing that he was still holding the cloth to Ilya’s head, Shane pulled it away and set it down on the bedside table. Ilya motioned for him to come closer. Unable to deny him, Shane lay beside him, propping himself up on one elbow. He looked at Ilya again, seeing him better now that he wasn’t curled up on the bathroom floor. His eyes were glassy and exhausted. Shane ran his thumb across Ilya’s cheekbone.

“Do you need anything?” Shane asked.

Ilya shook his head. “Not as long as you are here.”

Shane was certain that he’d never grow tired of the way they could openly say things like that to one another now. It didn’t matter how many times they’d shared something sentimental, he was sure it would always make his heart race.

Giving up the notion of not getting sick entirely, Shane dug through the nightstand to find the TV remote, turned on the TV, and then settled next to Ilya completely. Ilya rested his head on Shane’s chest with a contented sigh.

“Already feeling better,” he murmured.

“If you throw up on me, I will kill you,” Shane threatened hollowly. He ran his fingers through Ilya’s hair, not even minding that it was greasy from his sweat.

Shane flicked through the TV channels, settling on watching highlights from the previous night’s game.

“You like watching yourself on TV, Hollander?” Ilya taunted. A particularly close shot of Shane’s ass as he shot the puck toward the goal flashed across the screen. “I think I like watching you on TV.”

“I just want to analyze the way I played,” he said.

“And when you see me on the TV, do you just analyze the way I play?” Ilya asked, raising a knowing eyebrow.

Shane felt himself flush slightly. “Sometimes. It depends on how you’re playing.”

“Hollander, if I wasn’t close to death...” Ilya threatened. He reached his hand out anyway, playfully grabbing Shane’s side.

“I’m trying to watch this,” Shane said, nudging him. “And you’re dying. You should be resting.”

“If you insist,” Ilya said, wrapping his arm around Shane’s middle. “But only if they don’t show your ass on the TV again. It gets me all worked up.”

This time, Shane managed to ignore him as he watched a particularly good play from the New Jersey team. Their game hadn’t been all that great, but there were a few talented players that Shane had his eye on. He didn’t want to go into the next game against them with too much confidence.

“23 is pretty hot,” Ilya said.

“I thought you were resting.”

“I can look while I rest,” Ilya shrugged. “It doesn’t take that much energy.”

“Well, I guess you don’t need me here, then?” Shane asked.

“No, I need you. I am very sick. Dying. If you leave, I will die alone.” Ilya’s hands grabbed at Shane’s shirt, twisting it in his fists.

“I wouldn’t believe you if you didn’t look so sick,” Shane said.

“What is that supposed to mean?” Ilya asked with mock indignation. “Are you calling me ugly?”

“Never.” He kissed his forehead.

Shane went back to watching the recaps, while Ilya actually fell asleep on his chest. Shane should have been tired, especially after the long drive to Ottawa, but he found himself more content to listen to the sound of Ilya’s breathing. He felt each breath against his neck, eventually tuning into the rhythm like it was hypnotic. Occasionally, Ilya would let out a small snore. Whenever he did, Shane touched him in some way, making sure he was sleeping soundly.

It was well after midnight when Ilya woke up. Shane had been asleep, but awoke instantly when he felt Ilya’s head leave his chest.

“You okay?” he mumbled sleepily.

“Thirsty,” Ilya said. “Hoping I can drink something.”

Shane got up, following Ilya to the kitchen. “Do you have ginger ale?”

“This isn’t about you, Hollander,” Ilya groaned with a slight smile.

“Not for me,” Shane said, shaking his head. “It’s good for upset stomachs.”

“I did buy your stupid ginger ale. I suppose I will drink one.” Ilya opened the fridge, taking one out for himself and another for Shane.

Shane was about to protest, to tell Ilya that it was too late at night for him to drink something with sugar in it, but he just took it instead. He could drink a singular ginger ale with Ilya while he was sick.

“Is not terrible,” Ilya said after taking a sip. “Still don’t understand why you drink it so often.”

Shane took a sip of his own. “It’s kind of comforting. I don’t know. I’ve just always drank it. How does your stomach feel?”

Ilya grimaced. “Like a war is being fought. But this helps.”

Ilya sat down in a chair at the kitchen island. He sipped from the can again, then rested his head on the cool, marble counter.

“Do you need anything?” Shane asked. “Medicine or something to eat?”

Ilya shook his head, his forehead still on the counter. “I never get sick. Russians don’t get sick.”

Shane sat in the chair beside him and rested his hand on the back of Ilya’s neck. “Well, I hate to break it to you, but you’re sick now.”

“And it’s stupid.” Ilya lifted his head just enough to take another slow sip of ginger ale.

Even if Ilya never got sick, there had to be some kind of medicine or something in his house that would help him. Shane got up to explore the bathroom cabinets, trying to remember if he'd seen anything. Unfortunately, his search turned up nothing more than a few packets of ibuprofen that looked like they were taken out of the team's first-aid kit.

Ginger ale would have to do.

"Bring me back to bed, Shane," Ilya said, sounding miserable.

"Finish that first," Shane said, pointing to the can. It was probably only half drunk. "But go slow. You need the hydration, but not too fast."

"Now you're forcing your drink on me," Ilya moaned, willingly taking another sip. "I'm drinking the rest in bed, come on."

That probably wasn't the worst idea, though Shane detested the idea of the drink spilling on the sheets if Ilya fell asleep with it. But Ilya was exhausted, and just sitting up in the chair looked like it was too much work. Shane stood up first, offering his hand to Ilya, who gladly took it, then leaned against Shane as he guided him into the bedroom.

Ilya climbed back into bed. He reached out his hands, opening and closing them, begging Shane to lie with him. Like before, Shane propped himself up slightly on the pillows and pulled Ilya to his chest.

"This is better," Ilya said. "Better than the ginger ale."

Shane closed his eyes, his hands stroking Ilya's arm and back. He helped Ilya take one more sip before he fell asleep, still worried that Ilya was going to get too dehydrated. After, Ilya fell asleep almost immediately. This time, Shane felt the exhaustion pulling him under, but there were still things floating in his mind that kept him awake.

What if Ilya wasn't feeling better tomorrow, when Shane had to leave? Shane would feel awful leaving him if that were the case. He supposed he could call his mom. She was close by and would know exactly what to bring him. Ilya wouldn't mind her company, either, especially if he wound up missing a game.

Even if Ilya felt better in the morning, Shane made a mental note to get his mom to come over and check on him anyway. The last time Shane had gotten a stomach virus, he remembered not feeling quite right for days.

Though he knew his mom would take perfect care of Ilya, it felt like a hand was squeezing his heart. It should be him. He should be the one taking care of Ilya, but he couldn't miss a game. Plus, it would be suspicious if both he and Ilya missed the same night. Would Ilya think that Shane didn't care about him when he left tomorrow?

Before his racing thoughts could get out of control, Shane focused on Ilya's breathing again. He tried to match it and calm his panicked breathing. Ilya would understand. Ilya always goddamn understood.

There was another pull, too. One that didn't come from guilt. This one came from the desire to be there for him. It felt right to hold him when he was sick. Shane hated being around illness, but it didn't matter with Ilya. Ilya could have some deadly disease, and Shane would still let him curl up on his chest like this. This was too important.

Finally, Shane grew too tired to continue to worry, but his sleepy mind still made plans for breakfast. He'd cook for Ilya. He'd make him toast, maybe more if his stomach could handle it. At least they'd have breakfast before Shane left again.

That would have to be enough for now.

He kissed Ilya's head before he fell asleep, his lips against Ilya's hair when his eyes finally closed.

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