

A Russian Fairytale

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A Russian Fairytale

by [ladyschrei](#)

Summary

Shane goes to Ilya's house and then gets sick. Ilya, obviously, has to take care of him.

Notes

This is for everyone still at the cottage!

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

Ilya looked like a Greek god as he lifted himself out of the pool. They were at his house in Boston, the air thick with summer heat. His skin was sunkissed, just starting to tan, and his curls were golden in the sun, his swim trunks hugging his hips deliciously so. He grinned down at Shane, who was lounging on a chair out on the patio. A Greek god, Shane thought. Or a Russian one.

That was, until Ilya shook his hair out over Shane, sending water droplets flying. Shane had found that endearing once. Today, he found it downright fucking annoying.

“Asshole,” Shane snapped, throwing up his hands to ward off Ilya.

“You should get in the pool. Water is nice today,” Ilya said, ignoring Shane as he grabbed his beach towel off the empty chair beside them.

“I said I didn’t want to,” Shane snapped again, grabbing Ilya’s towel away to wipe the water off his own arm.

“Fine. Okay,” Ilya huffed, putting his hands up in surrender as Shane gritted his teeth. He’d been on edge all day; Ilya had suggested swimming for a while, insisting that the privacy fence would keep any neighbors from spying on them. Shane hadn’t wanted to swim; honestly, he hadn’t wanted to do much since coming over, Ilya included. But he had agreed to sit outside and watch Ilya swim instead.

Shane clenched his jaw. He felt on edge, not quite sure what was actually agitating him as he threw Ilya’s towel back at him. Shane shook his head. “Look, I’m sorry. I think I’m overheating or something. Can we please just go back inside?”

“Fine, yeah. I’ll dry off, meet you inside in a minute.” Ilya turned his back to Shane, patting himself dry with his towel again. Shane stood up, though a little too quickly, swaying on his feet and grabbing the lounge chair for support. He sucked in a breath, cursing quietly, as Ilya turned to catch his eye.

“Okay?” Ilya asked, and Shane nodded, though even that left him feeling dizzy. His head was starting to hurt, his throat suddenly sandpaper dry.

“Fine,” Shane rasped, turning and heading towards the house. The sliding glass door felt heavy in his hands as he struggled to shove it open, the rush of the air conditioning not doing much to cool his too-warm skin. He walked through the kitchen, pausing beside the island counter as Ilya slid in the door behind him.

Ilya was talking to him, Shane was sure. He could hear his voice in the distance, pitching up at the end as he waited for Shane to answer. Shane gripped the counter, shutting his eyes and sucking in a breath.

“Hollander?” Ilya asked, then, “Hollander!”

Shane didn’t remember the floor being so close to his face. He was falling, he realized at the last second, strong arms catching him around his waist and hoisting him back up again.

“Hollander, what’s wrong?”

“I - I don’t feel so good,” Shane heard himself say, leaning into Ilya’s arms and shutting his eyes as a wave of nausea made his vision spin again.

“Okay. You’re okay. Come with me,” Ilya was saying softly into his ear, leading Shane slowly through the house, into the large bathroom. He eased Shane down onto the floor, and Shane was thankful that everything seemed to have stopped moving, himself included. He let his head fall against the cool tile on the wall, keeping his eyes shut as he heard Ilya start to dig around through the cabinets.

“I know there’s one here somewhere,” Shane heard Ilya mumble, a few curses escaping his lips before he finally found what he was looking for. “Here it is. Shane, hey,” Ilya soothed, his cool fingers cupping Shane’s cheek.

Shane opened his eyes, a look of concern washed over Ilya’s face as a thermometer dangled between his fingers, a first-aid kit propped open on the counter. “Here, put this between your lips,” Ilya said, and Shane couldn’t help but crack a smile.

“That’s the second time you’ve asked me that today,” Shane murmured, and Ilya let out a laugh as Shane slipped the thermometer into his mouth.

“You can’t blame a guy for trying,” was all Ilya said, pushing the thermometer up higher under Shane’s tongue. They sat in silence for a minute, waiting until it beeped and a number flashed on the digital screen. This time, Ilya wasn’t smiling.

“You have a fever,” Ilya said, and Shane tried to shake his head and argue, though he realized at the last second how that was an entirely bad idea.

“I’m fine. It’s probably just a cold or something,” Shane mumbled, feeling sweat trickle down from his forehead. “Really, I’ll be fine,” he tried again, right before he turned his head and threw up.

Shane had no clue where he was after he woke up. The bedsheets were pulled up around him, the room dark and quiet as his vision swam. Was he at home? Was he in a hotel? Shit, was he late for a game?!

Shane sat bolt upright, heaving in a breath as he looked around. But no, he’d recognize this bed anywhere. He was still at Ilya’s house, the events from earlier flooding back through his memories. Shane fumbled around in the dark, trying to find his phone, wincing when his screen lit up too bright. He’d been asleep for about three hours, though how he’d gotten into Ilya’s bed, he wasn’t sure.

When he looked down, there was an empty trash can sitting on the floor beside the bed. A full cup of water sat on the nightstand and Shane grabbed it, sucking down gulps of water until he was sure he’d be sick again. He leaned back against the headboard, shutting his eyes and willing the nausea away. When he was sure it was gone, he stood up on shaky legs, feeling his way through the dark bedroom and out into the hall. He’d been stripped down to

his boxers, suddenly wishing Ilya had left his clothes on as he shivered. The TV was on in the living room, the volume turned down low, and a clattering noise floated in from the kitchen.

Shane followed the noise, wincing at the bright lights as he heard a cupboard close. When he was able to see fully, he watched Ilya chopping onions on the counter, the sharp knife slicing through them with ease. When Ilya looked up, he nearly jumped, Shane jumping back in response.

“Jesus, Hollander! How long have you been standing there?”

“Not long, and ouch,” Shane winced, the loudness of Ilya’s voice rattling around in his brain. Ilya swore, putting down the knife and guiding Shane over to one of the stools by the island.

“You should be in bed. Did I wake you?”

“No, I was just confused when I got up. And cold,” Shane admitted, wrapping his arms around himself, and Ilya put up a finger in warning.

“Stay there,” he said, disappearing into the living room and returning with a blanket. He draped it over Shane’s shoulders, Shane pulling it around himself as Ilya felt his cheeks, then his forehead.

“You’re still hot,” Ilya murmured, and Shane knew he was right. His skin felt flushed, too hot one second and too cold the next. “You should get back in bed. You need rest.”

“I’m fine,” Shane said, rubbing at his temples as Ilya fussed over him. “Really.” But even Shane could hear how unconvincing his voice was, his eyes still heavy with sleep, the rest of his limbs just as tired. He slumped against the counter, gesturing towards where Ilya had just been standing on the other side of it.

“What were you doing when I came in?”

“Oh. I’m cooking,” was all Ilya said, and that’s when Shane noticed the giant pot simmering on the stove.

“Cooking what?” Shane asked, sniffing the air, and Ilya shrugged.

“Soup. Homemade. Vegetables and beef. It’s not ready yet.”

“You’re making me soup?” Shane asked, a little too hopefully, and Ilya rolled his eyes at him.

“You’re sick, Hollander. Yes, I make soup.”

Shane couldn’t remember the last time he’d had homemade soup. Probably from his mom, though he wasn’t sure when that would have been. He racked his brain, taking in the aromas of the kitchen and having the good sense to be slightly embarrassed when his stomach rumbled.

“Are you hungry now?” Ilya asked, and Shane let out a soft sigh.

“I think. I don’t know if I should eat though. I might not be able to hold anything down.”

“Here,” Ilya said, rounding the corner and opening one of the cabinets. He pulled down a pack of crackers, some expensive brand Shane had never heard of, opening the fridge and pulling out a cold can of ginger ale. He set them both down in front of Shane, popping the cap of the soda and fiddling with the plastic sleeve on the crackers.

“I can do that myself,” Shane offered, though Ilya ignored him, setting the crackers down and watching Shane take one out to nibble on.

“We’ll check your temperature again, once you’re done,” Ilya said, and Shane took a sip of his soda, gesturing back towards the TV.

“What are you watching?”

“Basketball,” Ilya deadpanned with another roll of his eyes. “Hockey, Hollander. What else do you think I’d be watching?”

“What’s the score?” Shane asked, sliding off the stool and struggling to keep the blanket around his shoulders as Ilya tsk-ed at him.

“That’s not important. You need to go back to bed. Now.”

“I’m fine.” Shane knew he sounded like a broken record. Ilya continued to ignore him.

“The soup is going to take a little while. Just rest until then. Please?”

Shane knew he was being stubborn, but he didn’t care. A small whine left his lips as he stared at Ilya. “I don’t want to go to bed. Not without you.”

Ilya drummed his fingers on the counter, turning to put the lid on the pot of soup before wrapping his arm protectively around Shane’s waist. “Okay,” he said, and Shane grinned in victory.

Ilya led Shane back to bed, switching the lights on low and tucking Shane back in under the covers. Shane was no longer cold, covered in sweat just from walking from the kitchen. He sighed at the cool sheets against his body, Ilya pushing his sweaty hair back from his forehead. He pressed featherlight kisses to Shane’s cheek, then his collarbone, then his wrist.

“Promise to stay until I fall asleep?” Shane asked, and Ilya hummed in response. He wandered over to the meager bookshelf in the corner. Some of the titles there belonged to Shane, either ones he’d brought before and forgotten, or ones Ilya had bought for him as a gift. They didn’t do much reading in this room, though, and Shane watched with curiosity as Ilya pulled a large book down from the shelf.

“What’s that?” Shane asked, and Ilya flashed the title of the book to him.

“Russian fairytales. I bought it for my brother’s kid. I kept meaning to bring it to Russia, to help them learn English...” Ilya trailed off, sitting gently on the mattress beside Shane and flipping through the book absentmindedly.

“Will you read to me?” Shane’s voice was hoarse as Ilya turned the pages, landing on a story and clearing his throat slightly.

“Eyes closed, Hollander,” Ilya ordered, and Shane did as he was told, letting himself curl up comfortably under the blankets as Ilya’s voice drifted in from beside him, reading the words softly to him.

“Ilya,” Shane sighed, as he drifted off to sleep.

Shane slept soundly for another two hours. When he woke, he pulled on some of Ilya’s clothes, wandering back out into the house to find Ilya talking quietly on the phone to Cliff. When he hung up, he dished out a large bowl of soup for Shane, watching him eat and dip crackers in to soak up the broth.

“This is really good,” Shane said, around a mouthful of carrots, and Ilya smiled at him.

“I’m glad. Are you feeling any better?”

“I feel a lot better. Thanks to you,” Shane added quietly, and Ilya ladled out himself a bowl of soup as well, sitting at the counter beside Shane.

“After we eat, I’m going to fill up the bath for you,” Ilya said, and Shane shook his head in surprise.

“Ilya, you don’t have to do all this for me.”

“Shane, I do. You’re sick. Let me take care of you.”

“Ilya?”

“Hmm?”

“I love you,” Shane said, and Ilya grinned at him in response.

“I love you, too,” Ilya said. “Now, finish your soup.”

End Notes

Sometimes when you can't sleep, you write about your blorbos feeling bad too. I hope you all enjoyed!

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