

Not Compatible

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77027961) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77027961>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Sickfic , Sick Character , Fever , Vomiting , Stomach Ache
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Heated Rivalry Sickfics
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-03 Completed: 2026-01-06 Words: 5,162 Chapters: 4/4

Not Compatible

by [Leonibaloni](#)

Summary

Following the events at The Cottage, Shane comes down with the stomach flu and Ilya takes care of him

Chapter 1

Ilya was anticipating restlessness. In fact, he was planning on anxiety; residual panic. He had no disillusion surrounding Shane's brave face and he was prepared for the fall back that, no doubt, would inevitably follow this evening's sit down with his parents. No matter how much he and David and Yuna mapped out a working plan for their future, doled out assurances and offered support, the fact still remained: Shane was forced to come out to his parents today. And not in any way he planned or had hoped. Ilya knew there would be blowback. He just hadn't anticipated it to be so ... visceral.

He felt the mattress dip and watched through half-lids as his boyfriend moved to sit, stiffly, at the end of their shared bed.

"Sh'ne?" Ilya yawned, reaching out to the man opposite of him, "what is wrong? Why are you awake?"

"M'sorry," Shane mumbled, not turning his head, "I didn't mean to wake you up. Go back to sleep."

The Russian crawled towards the end of the bed and rested his chin onto his boyfriend's shoulder. "What is wrong?" Ilya reiterated.

"I don't know," Shane shrugged, "I don't feel so good."

Ilya perked up at the confession, craning his neck to search the other's face. "What doesn't feel good?"

Shane wrapped a protective arm underneath his rib cage and leaned forward over his knees, "My stomach."

Ilya pressed a soft kiss at the tip of Shane's shoulder. "What can I do? You want water?"

Shane paused for a moment as if contemplating his choices before nodding.

"Water would be nice," he whispered.

Ilya crawled out of bed and flicked on the small tableside lamp. "Be right back," he said, padding to the adjacent kitchen.

Though the cottage had become more familiar to him during the last week, it still took him a moment to find the cabinet that housed the glasses. He filled the glass up under the tap and made his way back to the bedroom.

He kneeled down in front of Shane and passed him the water. "Here you go," he said, bringing his hand up to Shane's knee. He watched Shane take a slow, tentative sip before

resting the glass in both hands.

“You look white,” Ilya stated, taking in Shane’s pallor underneath the lamp light. “Is this more...,” he paused, trying to find the English word for anxiety. “Is this more freaking out?,” he probed, choosing the same phrasing Shane had used at his parent’s earlier.

“I don’t know,” Shane offered, taking another small sip, “maybe.”

They sat there for a few minutes in companionable silence; Ilya rubbing his thumb across Shane’s knee while Shane struggled with the small sips of water he had swallowed.

Shane pushed the glass into Ilya’s hand before moving to stand. “Think ‘m going to throw up,” He groaned, before running towards the en suite. He sank to his knees and hung his head over the waiting basin in anticipation.

He felt Ilya’s warm hands press lightly on the tops of his shoulders as he took his spot behind him on the bathroom floor. Any arguments he had about Ilya seeing him in this state were lost in the first wave of vomit as it came rushing up into the toilet.

“Sh sh sh,” Ilya cooed, rubbing large circles across Shane’s upper back, “Get it up, Hollander. You will feel better.”

Shane lurched forward, this time bringing his hands up to grip either side of the toilet seat as he brought up more of his pasta dinner. It was sudden and explosive and he struggled to find purchase as his stomach continued to roll and heave. He felt Ilya’s steady hand support his chest as he pivoted towards the bowl. After a few minutes the nausea receded and he found himself taking greedy swallows of air to combat the onslaught of dizziness that had accompanied the nonstop gagging.

He leaned back into Ilya, letting the other hold his weight as he pressed the side of his face into his boyfriend’s chest. “Mom’s spaghetti,” he scoffed, closing his eyes, “ ‘m a freaking rap cliché.”

“Funny,” Ilya smirked. He brought a hand up to cup the side of Shane’s face and found a sweaty heat underneath his palm. He brought the back of his hand to Shane’s forehead and hissed at the welcoming fever. “Fuck Hollander,” he hissed, “This is not freaking out. You are burning.”

Shane looked up at him with glassy eyes. “I have a fever?”

Ilya nodded. “Yes, I think so.”

“Fantastic,” Shane grumbled, digging the heel of his hand into his eye. “You should go. I don’t want you to get sick. You don’t—,” he paused, letting out a slow, even exhale, “you don’t need to watch me throw up.”

Ilya just rolled his eyes. “It is funny you think I am going to listen to silly request.” He kissed the top of Shane’s head. “Today, your father saw us kiss and we had dinner with your parents. I expected vomit from you sooner, Hollander.”

Shane smirked but didn't offer anything in response.

"You done?" Ilya asked, nodding towards the toilet.

"I think so," Shane murmured, curling in tighter against Ilya's chest, "for now."

Ilya brought his hand to Shane's head, securing him to his chest before reaching forward and flushing the toilet. "Come to bed. I take care of you."

"Mmm, you're going to *take care* of me, Rozanov?," Shane teased.

Ilya pulled both of them to standing, pausing to make sure Shane had equal footing. "Get head out of gutter, Hollander."

They walked slowly, in tandem, towards the bed where Shane promptly curled into the mattress. Ilya folded the sheets and comforter over his shoulders. "Do you have temperature thing?"

Shane looked up quizzically, "Temperature thing?"

Ilyna nodded. "The thing that tells me if you have fever or not."

Shane smiled. "A thermometer?"

"Yes," Ilya sighed, growing impatient.

"Bathroom," Shane said, pressing his face into his pillow, "bottom drawer on the right."

Shane closed his eyes, the sickness starting to weigh on him. It was as if his body was playing catch up, now that his brain recognized he was sick. The stickiness that lingered at the nape of his neck, sat on top of sore, tight muscles. A kind of uncomfortable that was only superseded by the twisting, gnawing in his gut and the growing headache behind his eyebrows.

"Hey," Ilya said softly, sinking to the floor next to the bed so they were eye level, "put this under your tongue."

Shane parted his lips so Ilya could slip the thermometer between his teeth. He felt Ilya running his fingers softly through his hair while they waited for the beep. He felt so awful, he almost moaned at the loss of contact when Ilya reached for the thermometer.

"38.6," Ilya sighed, "Definitely a fever."

"I don't feel good," Shane whined.

Ilya climbed onto the mattress and pulled Shane into him. "I know you don't," Ilya whispered. "I am here. I will take care of you." He pressed a gentle kiss on Shane's forehead. "Trashcan is on the floor if you need to vomit again."

“Alright, so you and Mom’s spaghetti not compatible,” Ilya commented as he rubbed Shane’s heaving back.

Shane hovered over the trashcan, waiting for the next wave that he could feel cresting at the shores of his stomach. “Please stop talking,” Shane moaned, reaching over his shoulder for Ilya’s hand.

They both had managed to sleep for 45 minutes — Ilya more restful than Shane — when Shane had to reach for the bedside trashcan. He was grateful that Ilya had the forethought to put it there, though he could do without Ilya’s colored commentary. He felt the impending sick crawl up his esophagus and did his best to let it come. His jaw fell slack and the warning, flood of saliva across his tongue dribbled into the bin. His grip on the trashcan slipped and he felt Ilya’s hand replace its hold as he heaved again, bringing up bright red vomit. A color that would scare him if he didn’t recognize it as the last bit of pasta sauce. *God he was never eating spaghetti again.* A sentiment he realized he must’ve shared out loud as he heard Ilya voice a pinched, “Agreed.”

He set the trashcan back on the floor and rolled carefully onto his back. He felt Ilya leave the bed but couldn’t open his eyes to search for him. He startled when he felt a tissue on his lips.

“It is okay,” Ilya soothed, “just wiping your mouth.”

“I’m sorry,” Shane croaked, “I’m really gross.”

Ilya softly kissed his heated cheek. “Not gross. Sick.”

“Same difference,” Shane grumbled.

“I’m going to get cold cloth for your head,” Ilya said, running his knuckles down Shane’s cheek, “you are very hot.”

Shane tried to offer up the double entendre that rested on his tongue but found he didn’t have the energy. Everything felt too heavy and too sticky.

“Should I call your parents?” Ilya asked, draping the cool rag across Shane’s forehead.

“My parents?” Shane asked, his brain foggy with fever.

“I thought you might want your Mom to take care of you,” Ilya offered, running his fingers through Shane’s sweaty hair.

Shane offered up a weak laugh before muscling his eyes open. “God no,” he said, taking in Ilya’s concerned expression, “I just want you.” “If that’s okay,” he amended, his anxiety taking root. “If you want to leave, I understand.”

Ilya offered him a small smile, “I’m not leaving you. I love you.” He sat down next to Shane and brought the sick man’s head into his lap. “Besides, if you die, I will have to find new opponent. Hockey would become boring.”

“Oh fuck off,” Shane said, though he couldn’t keep the smirk off his lips.

“Sleep Hollander,” Ilya said.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Ilya calls Yuna.

Ilya is content to find the first bits of sunshine as they come through the glass walls of the cabin. It means Shane has slept through the early morning hours without incident. He, himself must have fallen asleep at some point as he is still propped up against the headboard and his hand rests lazily in Shane's crown; his head still laying in Ilya's lap. He chances a touch to gauge Shane's fever and frowns when he is met with the same blistering heat. He will need medicine when he wakes up, if he can stomach it.

Ilya gently lifts Shane's head and moves slowly out of bed. When Shane doesn't stir he lets out a breath he hadn't realized he was holding. He grabs Shane's phone off the side table and tiptoes towards the door. He holds the doorknob tight and slowly lets the door shut behind him as he lets the latch fall silently into place.

He scrolls through Shane's contacts before finding his Mom's number. Taking a deep breath he clicks on the contact and listens nervously to the ring.

"Shane?" Yuna asks, upon answering, "It's early. Is everything okay?"

Ilya glances at the digital clock on the oven and winces when he is met with a glowing, red 5:34.

"I am sorry I didn't realize how early it is. It is Ilya."

"Ilya?" Yuna says, confused, "Is Shane okay?"

"He is sick," Ilya replies, sinking to the couch, "I just thought you would want to know."

He can hear Yuna click her tongue on the other end. "I was afraid of that," she says, "he always gets sick when he is stressed. Ever since he was little."

"So I am learning," Ilya jokes, though it falls flat.

"How bad is it? she asks.

Ilya swipes a hand down his face and rests his head on his cheek before responding. "He threw up a couple times last night but is sleeping now. He has a fever. Was going to try to give him medicine for fever when he wakes up."

Yuna sighs, "My poor baby. Do you need anything?"

“Um,” Ilya hesitates, moving towards the fridge, “I think he got enough food from store for me to make broth. We have ginger ale,” he says, crossing off boxes in his head. “Maybe medicine? Crackers?”

“You are going to make him soup?” Yuna asks, her smile muddled in surprise.

“You don’t think he will want?” Ilya asked, unsure.

“No, no,” Yuna reassures, “I think he will love that.”

He can hear her wrestling with a piece of paper in the background, before she asks “what is your phone number? I can text you and you can send me a list.”

Ilya steps back from the fridge and rattles off his phone number to her.

“Okay, got it,” Yuna says, “text me what you need and I will drop it off later today.”

Ilya settles back on the couch, fatigue weighing at his shoulders. “Thank you, Mrs. Hollander.”

“Of course, honey,” she says, “keep me updated on how Shane is doing.”

“I will,” he nods.

He contemplates checking on Shane but doesn’t want to chance waking him. Instead he makes himself a bowl of oatmeal and settles down on the couch. He turns on sports highlights and keeps the volume at a low hum. He is tired from the long night and the oatmeal isn’t as appetizing as he had hoped. He sets the bowl aside and finds himself drifting off to the monotone voices of the sportscasters.

It isn’t until he feels a warm hand on his shoulder that he realizes he had fallen asleep. “Ilya?” Shane croaks, looking down at his boyfriend with dewy, fevered eyes, “are you okay?”

“Yes,” he says, immediately sitting up. He gestures towards the TV, “These sport shows are so boring sometimes.”

Shane offers him a lopsided smile and sits down next to him, snuggling into his side. Ilya brings his arm up and over Shane’s shoulders and places a kiss on Shane’s forehead; his lips stinging against the heat. “How are you feeling?” he asks, already anticipating the answer.

“Not great,” Shane confirms.

Ilya caresses Shane’s cheek with the pad of his thumb. “Think you can eat something small to take medicine? Your fever feels high.”

Shane hesitates, curling in tighter around his swollen abdomen. “Maybe?”

“Yogurt okay?” Ilya asks, moving towards the kitchen.

Shane sinks lower into the couch cushions and nods.

“Applesauce would be better.” Ilya thinks, mentally adding it to the list.

He spoons a small amount of vanilla yogurt into a bowl and rests it on the coffee table next to his abandoned breakfast. “Do you have medicine?” he asks, rubbing his hand down Shane’s arm. Shane nods, “In the bathroom. Drawer above the thermometer.”

Ilya squeezes his bicep. “Dont eat yet. Need to take temperature.”

Shane nods and moves to sit up against the couch cushions.

Ilya grabs the thermometer and his phone from their spot on the end table and finds the medicine in the drawer Shane said it would be; sandwiched perfectly between a tube of toothpaste and a pink bottle labeled Pepto.

“Here,” Ilya says, handing Shane the thermometer. He works two of the paracetamol out of their blister pack and sets them next to the yogurt.

“38.6,” Shane reads, at the resounding beep, “same as last night.”

Ilya nods and takes his seat next to Shane. “Try the yogurt and the medicine. It will help.”

He sends a text to Yuna: “Fever same as last night. 38.6. Gave him yogurt and medicine.”

“Who are you texting?” Shane asks, taking a small bite of the yogurt.

“Your mom,” he says, setting the phone down.

Shane snorts, “No, seriously.”

Ilya shrugs, “Seriously your mom. She asked for updates.”

Shane looks at him bewildered. “Since when does she have her number?”

Ilya smiles, pulling Shane’s phone out of his pocket, “Since I called her this morning and told her you were sick.”

Shane takes another small spoonful of yogurt, lingering on the cold metal of the spoon.

Ilya continues, “She asked me to text her list. Do you want anything?”

Shane presses the pills into his next spoonful of yogurt and shakes his head. “I can’t believe you called my mom,” he says, laughing. “Was she surprised?”

Ilya laughs and sinks lower into the couch cushions. “About the phone call? Yes.” He wraps his arm behind Shane’s back and pulls him closer, “She is not surprised you are sick.”

Shane nods around his spoon but doesn’t add onto his mom’s suspicions. “Can you turn the volume up?” he asks, nodding towards the television.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

The yogurt only keeps for 30 minutes before Shane finds himself hunched over the large kitchen trash can. Ilya had hoped for longer, if not at all, but is now just hoping 30 minutes was long enough for the paracetamol to digest.

He watches Shane's knees buckle under a harsh gag and wraps a protective arm across his chest to keep him from falling. "This sucks," Shane moans, separating the stringy bile from his lips with his tongue.

Ilya continues to rub small circles in the center of his back and whispers reassurances in Russian. Shane can't understand them but he finds comfort in the soft tones of his boyfriend's native tongue. He pushes off of the rim of the trashcan and does his best to stand, though his head swims under a fog of vertigo.

"You okay?," Ilya asks, tightening his hold on Shane.

"Dizzy," Shane mumbles, trying to steady himself on the kitchen counter. "I think I need to lie down."

Ilya's fingers lightly touch his eyelids, "Close your eyes. I'm going to carry you."

"You are not," Shane starts, before he feels his feet fall out from under him, the backs of his knees landing on Ilya's strong forearm. He feels his stomach pitch with the movement and takes a slow, measured breath to keep from throwing up on Ilya's chest. "I love you," Ilya says, moving slowly towards the bedroom, "but you vomit on me, I kill you."

Shane lets out a shaky chuckle. "Wouldn't dream of it."

Ilya slowly lowers him onto the sheets, his biceps shaking uncharacteristically under the weight. If Shane notices, he doesn't let on. Instead he rolls into the same fetal position he took up last night after going a couple rounds. Ilya grabs the discarded washcloth from the bedding and runs it under the cool tap. Shane initially flinches at the unexpected cold but settles when he finds it soothing against his heated skin. Ilya tucks the blankets around him and whispers something about "being in the kitchen" but Shane grabs for his wrist. "Stay," he begs, "please."

He feels Ilya lift the blankets and sink into the bed so he is flush against him. "I will stay," Ilya says, wrapping his arm around Shane.

Ilya draws slow, lazy circles across Shane's chest until Shane's breathing evens out and his muscles grow slack with sleep. He carefully untangles himself from Shane's warm hold and once again sneaks out of the room without waking him.

He looks down at his phone. "Any updates?" Yuna asks.

He responds. "Yogurt came up. He is sleeping again. Applesauce may be good."

He waits a beat before Yuna's reply pops up: "I had the same thought. I got a bunch of groceries. On my way to you. Be there soon."

He pockets his phone and moves towards the kitchen. Broth may be a big step, considering the yogurt wasn't all that successful, but at least he can make it now and have it ready when Shane feels up to it.

He finds the onion, celery and carrots and falls into a steady rhythm as he chops up the different flavors. At one point he worries the steady thrum of the knife's blade against the cutting board will wake Shane but ultimately decides there is enough distance between the two rooms and reasons the sound is only amplified by his need to stay quiet.

He starts on the chicken when he sees Yuna out of the corner of his eye. She waves at him through the glass, her arms crowded with groceries. He wipes his fingers on a kitchen towel and opens the door. He presses an index finger to his lips, signaling her to be quiet before he takes one of the armfuls of groceries.

"Is he still sleeping?" Yuna whispers, setting down the other set of bags on the countertop.

Ilya nods. "In his room."

She nods before slowly moving towards the master bedroom. She peeks her head in just enough to see her son fast asleep under the covers. His hair peeking out from under the washcloth laying across his forehead. She closes the door softly and walks back towards Ilya.

"He is out cold," she says, bringing her voice to a normal volume, "he won't hear us."

Ilya offers her a smile, unpacking the last of the bags. "He has been sleeping for almost a hour. Is good."

She sits down at one of the stools. "I see you're making soup," she smiles.

"Yes," Ilya nods, bringing his attention back to the chicken, "just started."

He feels sweat bead at his forehead and uses his forearm to swipe it out of his hairline. He dips his fingers into the center of the chicken, and separates the thigh muscle from the bone. It comes off easily into his fingertips and he finds himself a little queasy at the sensation.

He can feel Yuna's eyes on him, though he interprets her gaze as an appraisal; still trying to understand the man her son says he loves.

He half expects her to quiz him, to ask him about his life and his relationship but instead she just leans forward and rests a hand on top of his. "Ilya?," she asks, "are you okay?"

He meets her gaze, a little puzzled by the question. "I am fine," he says, continuing his ministrations, though he tries not to linger on the feeling of chicken fat rolling between his thumb and forefinger.

Yuna rises from her spot and wraps around the counter until she is standing next to Ilya. “You look pale,” she says before resting a hand on his forehead, “and you’re warm.”

He squirms under her touch, unfamiliar with the sentiment. “I was next to Shane. Shane is warm,” he shrugs.

She wraps her hand around his bicep and steers him towards the chair. “Where is the thermometer?,” she asks, once again palming his head.

“Coffee table,” he points, “but Mrs. Hollander I am f—“

“Sit,” she interrupts, not unkindly.

He hesitantly takes a seat and watches her grab the thermometer from the coffee table. She opens up the bottle of Clorox wipes she bought and cleans the metal tip of the instrument. “Just in case you’re not sick,” she says, in response to Ilya’s questioning brow.

She bounces the thermometer, letting it dry before she brings it softly under Ilya’s tongue. “Your color is off,” she says, offering an explanation behind the extra measure.

She pulls the thermometer from his lips at the beep and glances at the number. “37.8.”

She lets her hands rest at the tops of his shoulders before looking him in the eyes, “How does your stomach feel? And don’t lie,” she challenges, “I am a mom. I will know if you lie.”

He hesitates before admitting, “A little bad.”

Yuna places a steady hand on his upper back, “Come on,” she says, “let’s get you set up on the couch.”

“But the soup,” Ilya says, gesturing at the remaining ingredients.

She leads him towards the couch. “It’s okay. I will finish the soup,” she says, gesturing for him to lay down. He lowers himself into the corner of the sectional, unsure how he had let himself be sent here. Yuna reaches for the blanket hanging over the back of the couch and slowly drapes it over him.

“I need to take care of Shane,” he argues, weakly.

Yuna moves the small trashcan in the corner next to his head before rubbing her hand softly down his arm. “You took great care of Shane, sweetie,” she soothes, the endearment falling from her lips, “but now I am going to take care of you and I’m going to take care of Shane, okay?”

Ilya wants to argue but finds he doesn’t have the energy. He just nods.

“Get some sleep, Ilya.”

Chapter 4: Chapter 4

“Shane,” Yuna whispers, gently shaking her son’s shoulder, “wake up, honey.”

“M’m?”, Shane mumbles, “what are you—?” He props himself up against the headboard and takes stock of the room, “where is Ilya? Did he leave?”

“No, no,” she says, placing her hand on his forehead, “I have him lying down on the couch.”

Shane pauses, “You got Ilya Rozanov to lie down on the couch? What is he, si-?” Shane starts before the realization dawns on him, “Is he sick?” he asks, pushing the comforters out of the way in an effort to get out of bed.

Yuna places a gentle, but firm hand on her son’s chest to keep him seated. “He has a fever and an upset stomach. He’s okay. I just thought you might want to wake him so we can try to get some food and medicine into both of you.”

Shane nods and makes his way over to the living room, dragging the duvet behind him. He finds Ilya curled up in the corner of the couch, his loose curls sticking to his forehead. Shane lies down on the opposite branch of the couch, so his head meets Ilya’s. He brushes the back of his knuckles against the Russian’s cheek. “Ilya,” he whispers.

Hazel eyes flit open and meet his before closing tightly. “Fuck me, Hollander,” Ilya grumbles, bringing his knees closer to his chest, “you did not have to share these terrible germs with me.”

Shane rests his forehead against Ilya’s. “I’m so sorry,” he says, “but I think I did warn you.”

Ilya tilts his chin in defiance. “Are you seriously giving me ‘I told you so’ speech right now?”, Ilya counters, “and you say I am asshole.”

Shane snickers, “Yeah well you can run through another round of “Shane Hollander is an asshole” announcements, after my mom leaves.”

“Alright,” Yuna interjects, cradling two bowls of applesauce. “Applesauce and fever reducer for Shane,” she says, setting the bowl on the coffee table in front of her son. “And applesauce for Ilya,” she says, placing the bowl alongside the other. “I figured we will wait and see how you do with the applesauce before we introduce anything else.”

“Worst test ever,” Ilya grumbles, moving to sit up.

Yuna grabs the trash can by Shane’s bedside and brings it to the foot of the couch.

“Hollander,” Ilya quips, using his spoon to point between the two trash cans, “if matching puke buckets is your idea of good couple gift I think I will pass on anniversary gift.”

Shane just rolls his eyes. “Shut up and eat your applesauce, Rozanov.”

When the applesauce doesn't immediately come up and she is content in knowing they have everything they need, Yuna leaves for the night, followed by strict instructions to call if they need anything.

Now alone, the two are enveloped in shared misery. Ilya had initially suggested a wager on who would vomit first but that was short-lived when he realized there were no winners in that competition. (That and Shane told him in no uncertain terms would he be doing that) He had deflated significantly in the last ten minutes; trading his usual snark for cautious inhales and well-timed swallows.

Shane had noticed the shift and wordlessly raked his fingertips lightly, through Ilya's heated curls. He used his foot, that was hanging lazily off the couch, to push the trashcan closer to his boyfriend. He eyeballed his own trashcan and took, what he hoped, was a steeling breath, while he waited for Ilya to be sick.

"You're not subtle, Hollander," Ilya lilts, his head unmoving from its spot on Shane's lap.

Shane offers him a languid smile. "How are you feeling?"

"Like shit," Ilya replies, wrapping his arms tighter around his torso, "applesauce is not sitting well. You?"

"Like shit," Shane echoes, "applesauce is not sitting well."

Ilya slowly moves to sit at the edge of the couch, bringing the small trashcan to rest into his lap. He doesn't immediately bring anything up and instead just spits out the saliva that is accumulating on his tongue. He can feel Shane's fingers splayed at the small of his back and tries to turn his attention to the calming support and away from the foreboding pitch in his gut. Uneasiness washes over his spine and he briefly tastes the bitterness at the back of his throat before he gags and brings up a wave of applesauce and bile into the waiting bin.

He feels the pressure on his low back shift as Shane reaches for his own trash can on the floor but his boyfriend's palm never leaves his skin. He manages a weak "fuck" before his stomach rolls again, bringing with it another round of vomit, albeit a little less than the first.

"You're almost done," Shane coaches, rubbing his hand up and down Ilya's back.

After a few minutes, the heaviness that had taken root in his lower jaw lessens and is instead, replaced with goosebumps that dot his forearms. He leans back to curl into Shane for warmth but is stopped by Shane's rigid hand on his chest.

"I want to hold you," Shane says, clipped, "I just—."

Ilya glances up at his boyfriend's face to find it devoid of any color. His jaw is set and a hard line of muscle spreads down to his neck as he tries to muscle through the newfound nausea.

"Hey," Ilya says softly, squeezing Shane's bicep, "don't fight it."

Shane shakes his head. “Don’t want,” he pauses, breathing in through his nose slowly, “don’t want you to get sick again.”

Ilya’s heart clenches. He moves to sit shoulder-to-shoulder with his boyfriend. “Baby,” he says, the affection finding its voice before he can dwell on it, “I am okay. Stop fighting.”

Ilya feels Shane’s shoulders relax under his own before he moves the trashcan into his lap and heaves, immediately bringing up the applesauce he had been valiantly trying to keep down. Ilya’s own stomach gurgles in sympathy but stays where it’s at. “Very good,” Ilya coos, placing a kiss at the base of Shane’s neck as he pants over the bin.

Eventually, Shane’s stomach calms enough for him to set the can back on the floor. He sits back, and wraps his arms around Ilya so his boyfriend's face is pressed into his chest. He feels Ilya shiver underneath his own fevered skin and pulls the duvet over both of them, effectively cocooning them on the couch.

“Did you,” he pauses, smirking, “did you call me, baby?”

Ilya stills before mumbling, “Probably, yes.”

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