

sun-kissed saturday

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sun-kissed saturday

by Anonymous

Summary

Shane and Ilya decide to spend their day off at the beach under to hot Ottawa sun. Too much sun and not enough water takes its toll on Shane. Cue worried Ilya.

Notes

This prompt is from @Gayobsessedwithgays loved it and had to write about it.

This is my first ever fic so...hopefully it's okay.

The warm sun beams down on Shane's already sun-kissed skin from their day at beach. Ilya is sat next to him, sipping his coke as he listens to the waves crash into the sand.

He rolls his head to the side to glance over at Shane.

"Let's pack up and go get ice cream." Ilya suggests.

Shane turns to him, "Ice cream before dinner?"

"Yes, is beach day, it is mandatory" Ilya smirks.

"Okay, okay fine." Shane agrees. It is the off season after all.

They pack everything into their beach bag before standing up. Shane, tired from the swimming, heat, and sun, pushes his tired limbs up onto his feet. He stumbles ever so slightly. Not enough for anyone to notice. Except for Ilya of course.

Ilya, still crouched down getting the last of their stuff into the beach bag looks up at him, "You okay?" He asks.

"Yeah, just been laying down too long, the sand made me lose my footing."

Eyeing him, Ilya shoulders their bag before standing up, wrapping his arm around Shane's waist as they make their way to the car.

"Where do you want to stop for ice cream? There is Dairy Queen on the way home, or the other place with the good cookies and cream one?" But Shane isn't listening. Maybe he's not even hearing him. There's a faint ringing in his ear and beads of sweat still on his forehead despite being shaded by the trees on the path to the parking lot.

"Shane? Did you hear me?" Ilya says when he doesn't get a response. He glances over his shoulder where Shane is trailing behind him.

His eyes widen and he immediately stops in his tracks, turning around so Shane is in front of him. Shane is pale and his eyes glassy and drooping, looking about ready to topple over. Ilya grabs onto his upper arms to steady him.

"Shane? What is wrong? Talk to me."

"i don't...I feel sick." Shane stammers out, swaying slightly in Ilya's grasp.

Ilya feels Shane's knees start to weaken as he tips forward into Ilya's grasp, "Okay, let's sit down on bench for a minute." he says as he guides Shane the few steps over to the bench.

Shane collapses onto the bench, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees as Ilya crouches in front of him.

"Talk to me *moya lyubov*, what is happening?"

“I’m just- hot. Dizzy. I don’t know.”

Ilya digs the water bottle out of their bag and hands it to Shane, “Is this from the heat? what’s it called?”

“Sun stroke”

“Sun stroke. Yes. you need to drink some water.” Ilya demands as he pushes the bottle into Shane’s trembling hand.

“No. No I can’t. Feel sick.”

“It will make you feel better, I promise” Ilya says as he tries to bring the bottle to Shane’s lips.

Shane turns his head away, “Stop Ilya-“ is all he manages before he lets out a weak gag over his shoulder.

Ilya jumps into action guiding Shane’s head between his knees just in time for his first heave to make an appearance. Ilya’s hand steadying Shane’s shoulder so he doesn’t fall forward with the force of the heave.

“Okay, you’re okay. Breathe Shane. breathe.”

Shane manages to suck in a short breath before he’s pitching forward with a heave, more of his lunch making a reappearance on the ground between his feet.

The dizziness gets stronger with the force of the heaves and the lack of air in his lungs. He tips sideways towards Ilya who’s now sat beside him.

“Woah, hey. Stay with me. Take a breath Hollander.”

The vomiting eases, Shane now focused on taking deep breaths so he doesn’t pass out on the bench.

They sit like that for a few minutes, Shane pressed to Ilya’s side, Ilya rubbing Shane’s back soothingly.

After a few minutes, when Ilya hopes the worst of it has passed, “Can we get you to the car?”

“Sorry, ‘m sorry.” Shane mumbled into his chest.

“You are sick. Nothing to be sorry for.”

“I can’t even handle a day at the beach without something going wrong.”

“Is hot. You are sensitive to heat. Nothing to be ashamed of.”

Shane doesn’t say anything after that. He emerges from where he was tucked in to Ilya’s side. “Let’s get you home *moya lyubov*.”

Ilya gets up first, standing in front of Shane offering his hands to help pull him up. Shane gets to his feet, Ilya helping to keep him steady.

They make it to the car where Ilya guides Shane into his seat before climbing into the driver seat.

Shane's head is already pressed back against his seat, eyes closed.

"How are you feeling?" Ilya asks, eyebrows pinched in concern as he looks towards Shane.

Shane can feel Ilya's hand on his knee but keeps his eyes closed, "Hot. Tired. Still nauseous."

"Here is bag if you need to be sick. We will be home soon, the air conditioning will kick in soon." Ilya reassures.

They sit in comfortable silence for most of the drive, until they are a few minutes from home.

Shane stirs from where his head is against the window, slowly lifting it up and peaking his eyes open despite the blinding sun coming through the car.

Ilya hears the rustling of a plastic bag, when he glances over at Shane who now has the bag open in front of his mouth.

"Oh sweetheart." Ilya says, "We're just around the corner, almost home and we'll get you in bed."

Shane doesn't get the chance to respond before he's choking up the remains of his lunch and some of the water he managed to drink in the car.

Ilya pulls into the driveway, shuts the engine off and circles the car to open Shane's door. He places a hand on his back and whispers comforts to him in russian as he gags again, nothing but bile coming up at this point.

Shane finally lowers the bag from his face, turning towards Ilya, "I think," Shane pants out, "We need a new air freshener."

"Okay, okay, no more ocean breeze." Ilya says as he grabs the small clip from the vent and tosses to the side.

"Let's get you inside."

They make their way inside the house, where Ilya helps Shane sit on the closed toilet seat. "Shower?" he asked.

Shane nods and Ilya help him get undressed and under the lukewarm spray of the shower. Shane lets out shiver as the cool water hits his skin.

"s cold." Shane mumbles.

"I know, it will help cool you down, you will feel better after."

Ilya tries to be efficient, washing of the sand and sunscreen off Shane, doing the same for himself.

He shuts the water off, helping Shane into some shorts before guiding him back into the bedroom to lay down. He grabs a cool washcloth from the bathroom, placing it on Shane's head.

Shane sighs in relief at the cool comfort on his still too warm skin.

"Sleep *moy dorogoy*, you'll feel better when you wake up."

He pressed a kiss to his cheek before climbing in bed next to him, falling into a light slumber.

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