

the way home

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the way home

by [bagelbite](#)

Summary

After a panicked call to Ilya about a sick delirious Shane, Ilya drops everything to head home to reach him.

Notes

i realized i probably need to write fanfics about them to entertain myself before ep6

“And you are sure you will be okay?” Shane noticed the soft tone Ilya rasped in his ear, voice a bit muffled due to the speaker on his phone.

“I will book first flight home instead of two days. No question.”

Shane sat up a bit and rolled back his shoulders, irritation seeping off of him. He knew he should have never said he had an impounding headache and a small cold after his training, but with Shane's congested voice it was bound to happen. Ilya would be even angrier if Shane was stubborn and didn't want to mention it.

“No. Please don't fly early-” Shane cut off his sentence to swallow back a cough, and to try and soothe his sore throat but even the motion of that felt like glass shards were stabbing deeper into his throat. “I'll be able to take care of myself.” He finished, trying to sound convincing enough, though his voice was squeaked and his words were muffled together.

Ilya made a noise of judgment over the line, but clearly didn't want to fight about it anymore. “Fine. I'll see you soon then.”

Shane rolled his eyes, “please don't worry about me. I'll text you throughout the evening.”

“Better. I look forward to it.”

“I know you do.” Shane replied.

Shane hung up after a bit more concerning words from Ilya, and slumped his head back against his pillow. He felt hot and clammy, not normal for a usual strep throat he would catch, or a random illness that would give him a runny nose.

Something was wrong.

He turned his head to the side and rubbed a hand over his eyes, trying to at least take a nap before waking up to figure out dinner. Even that didn't sound appetizing, the thought of food sitting heavy in his stomach- making him feel queasy and nauseating.

Shane grumbled and flipped onto his stomach to try and relive the ache, and smashed his face into his pillow once again for an ounce of sleep.

Something was buzzing by the side of his arm.

His phone was flipped over so the room was still dark but the soft light from underneath it shining a bit into his face. His sheets were piled at the end of the bed, some fell onto the floor, and Shane was crumpled into a ball. Shane moaned as he felt a shiver rack over his body with his sweatpants damp against his skin and scrambled for a blanket that was on the edge of the bed. The motion made him queasy and dizzy, and he bent over himself to control it.

What is happening?

Shane gripped his fingertips into his knees from where he was leaning over his body, and took deep breaths. After a moment, he slowly turned his head to the side to look at his clock through his hazy vision.

9:03 pm.

Shane mouthed a curse and turned away to look into darkness again.

How did I sleep for that long?

His phone was still buzzing, and he figured Ilya was spamming him with questions. Shane was still trying to compose himself and manage his breathing, but he knew he had to answer Rozanov.

Without turning his whole body he blindly reached behind him to try and find his phone as he clenched his stomach with his other hand. He answered the call and held it up to his ear.

“Shane? Why did it take you so long to answer my calls? I need to ask you something, and you weren’t answering my texts as well.” Ilya’s voice asked, and Shane felt tears glass over his eyes. Maybe he was being emotional that Ilya’s English was so good right now, or hearing the deep voice that cut through his panic.

He tried a few times to speak, but only croaks came out. He had to clear his throat with a grunt to even speak.

“Sorry. I-I’m.. I need you to come earlier than you said. I’m sorry I know you probably can’t and this is so stupid-” Shane was cut off.

“Shane, what’s going on?” The voice that came from the phone was laced with panic.

“I feel more sick. Can’t.. This is so stupid. I’m sorry-” Shane mumbled, and felt himself flush with more embarrassment besides already how hot he was feeling with his fever. He knew Ilya would say he was right, but Shane couldn’t bother with it anymore.

“Shane. Stop apologizing.” Ilya demanded. “Have you called Ilya? Where is he?”

“..*What?*” Shane stuttered out after a moment.

“Have you called Ilya?” The voice repeated slowly, and in an instant Shane looked down and squinted to try and read the contact name.

Dad.

“Fuck! Dad-” Shane yelled out and rushed to try and swipe away the loose tears that were now dripping from his eyes.

“Shane, how sick are you?” David asked, his tone sharp.

“Dad. It’s fine. I thought you were Ilya.” He croaked, and knew he couldn’t just hang up like this. He wouldn’t ever live past it. He heard a long sigh over the line and Shane tried to control his narrow breathing so his father wouldn’t hear his panic.

“I’m concerned. Were you that lucid you didn’t know you picked up the phone to your dad? You didn’t recognize my voice?” David asked.

“No- *No!* I overslept. I just woke up. Ilya said he would be texting me so I thought-”

“You just woke up?” David said. “Shane it’s-”

“God I *know!* O-okay, I just need to hang up and actually call Ilya. Please.” Shane silently gagged after he spoke, and he knew he needed to hang up and go to the bathroom. He would call Ilya in a moment, the panic from accidentally thinking his dad was Ilya was making him more nauseous.

“Kiddo. I don’t want to leave you like this-”

“It’s *fine*. It was an accident.” Shane snapped, and tried to sound more convincing.

“Please call me back.” David asked, but it was more of a command.

Shane hung up quickly and stumbled to the bathroom, blinding working his way through his bedroom with a hand clamped over him mouth.

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When Ilya got the call from David Hollander, he nearly pissed his pants.

He hopped on the next flight out, paying a heavy amount of money but he didn’t really care. Shane still hadn’t answered him even after he landed, and Ilya clenched his sweaty palms

inside of his hoodie in concern and annoyance.

Getting a call from Shane's father on how his son was so sick he thought he picked up the call to Ilya wasn't on his bucket list, but he could add it to bonding moments with Shane's family.

"Hey.. uh. Sorry to randomly call you like this." David said, there was an edge to his tone Ilya didn't understand.

"Called Shane. He's pretty sick, and I'm concerned to leave him alone to tend to himself knowing him. Where are you at right now?"

Ilya hunched in the backseat of the car, scrolling through his spammed texts that he sent to Shane over the hours. He read over them again, trying to distract himself from the worry of his sick Hollander. He knew sending more messages to Shane was pointless, but was concerned about how many he sent and how Shane saw *none* of them.

The sun was close to rising, and the bumpy road had Ilya clutching the seat- mostly in his own anxiety.

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Ilya sighed in exhaustion as he put down his belongings after the long journey, and made his way through the home. The sun reflected off the nice counter tops, and Ilya had to squint through the glare to head over to the bedroom.

He figured that's where Shane was, not hoping he was sleeping on the bathroom floor at this point in his own vomit. The thought of that almost made Ilya gag.

He creaked open the bedroom door, room still dark but a bit of light creeping into the blinds from where it wasn't covered. The bed looked tossed up, and he heard Shane muttering to himself. Ilya had a quick pace to reach him, and noticed a fresh sheet of sweat on his face and goosebumps covering his skin. His hair was a mess, and the phone was on the other side of the bed.

Ilya grunted and laid a hand on Shane's shoulder, gently shaking him. *"Shane."*

Shane moaned and shoved his shoulder to get Ilya's grip off of him.

"Shane. Shane Hollander." Ilya tried again, and shook him more harshly this time with more force to hopefully wake him up.

Shane woke with a gasp and scrambled away from Ilya. He was panting, and his hands were clutching the sheet in fear.

“Ilya?” He croaked, squinting at the person standing before him. Ilya let out a huff at Shane’s voice, he sounded wrecked- and didn’t even seem to recognize him which made him worry even more.

“Is me. Is okay.” Ilya moved closer to the man. “Breathe.”

Shane shook his head frantically. “No. I-” He held a hand up to his mouth, and closed his eyes. “I-” He tried again, but shuddered instead.

Ilya thinned his lips, scared of what to even do right now. Shane looked like he was going to pass out, maybe even throw up on Ilya first. Ilya reached out to grip Shane’s biceps and squeezed lightly.

“Bathroom?” He asked.

Shane nodded, and had his eyes squeezed shut.

Ilya held Shane’s wrist tightly as he helped him get off the bed and move past the pile of sheets to go into the bathroom.

Ilya turned on the light and murmured apologies for the brightness Shane groaned at. He helped him sit down, and Shane gripped the toilet bowl with white knuckles. Ilya sat down next to him, watching with intent eyes as he gave Shane room to breathe. He didn’t want to agitate him or make him more upset than he already was about being in this state.

“How..” Shane took a breath. “Why are you here already?”

Ilya leaned his head against the cabinets of the sink. “Father calls, I appear.”

He saw Shane flush against his pale face and he groaned in embarrassment, and he seemed to be remembering the past couple of hours. “Oh *god*. I remember now. I’m so sorry. I even forgot to call my dad back- and answer you-” He rambled out, and Ilya tilted his head.

“Why sorry? Sorry for being sick?”

“Sorry for making you come here over something so *stupid*.” Shane sighed, and scrubbed at his eyes.

“It is break- we are not missing much and I was worried. This isn’t stupid. You are sick.” Ilya replied bluntly.

“Didn’t mean to worry you,” Shane replied, trying to intertwine a hidden apology into his words. Ilya took notice and cupped a hand over the back of Shane’s sweaty neck, and stroked a thumb. Shane turned his pale face a bit to look at Ilya whose own was scrunched in a bit of sadness.

“No more sorry.”

“I was going to say sorry for being sorry though.” Shane joked, eyes closed.

Ilya felt Shane tremble underneath his touch, and Ilya scooted closer on the tile to be closer to Shane.

“What do you need?” Ilya asked.

Shane shook his head. “So nauseous. I didn’t sleep well- I can’t sleep. I remember getting up once after the call, but the rest is blurry.”

Ilya hummed and rubbed his hand in between Shane’s shoulder blades. “Do you need blowjob? Or nice fizzy drink? Or some.. How do you say..” Ilya lost his train of thought, mouthing some words so he wouldn’t butcher the name.

Shane tsked. “You. This is fine.”

Ilya tapped Shane’s cheek under his freckles to make him open his eyes. “I know. I am great.” He agreed. “But you are more sick. Hollander is weak now. You need medicine.”

“I just want to sleep.” Shane whined and turned to face the toilet bowl again.

“On the cold tile floor?” Rozanov remarked.

Shane groaned. “Maybe. It feels nice.”

“No. I shall carry you like a princess when you are ready to get up.” Ilya argued, and reached up to run his hand through Shane’s dark hair.

Shane huffed. “Romantic. I think I love you even more.”

Ilya just hummed and kept petting Shane's hair for a few minutes as Shane tried to relax. Shane's dotted cheek was smashed against the ceramic lid, and his eyes blinked slowly.

"This can't be comfortable." Ilya said as he watched Shane almost fall asleep again. "Do you feel a bit better now?"

Shane gave a quick nod, and lifted his head up with a sigh. Ilya removed his hand from Shane's head and opened the cabinet under the sink to grab the small trashcan that was in it. As soon as Ilya pulled it out, Shane gave him a glare.

"I'm not going to. *I can't*-" He muttered and was trying to convince himself he wasn't going to throw up.

Ilya just shook his head and stood up. "I'm going to put this next to the couch just in case and I will come back and get you, okay?" He said.

"M'kay." Shane replied softly and crossed his arms over his stomach to put his chin on the lid again, turning his face away from the Russian.

Ilya gave one last glance to Shane before leaving the bathroom to head to the living room. He gathered Shane's blanket off the bed on his way, wanting to make him as comfortable as possible. He figured he should probably raid their storage cabinet as well to find some medicine and maybe make an easy meal to soothe Shane's-

Ilya's thoughts were cut off when he heard gagging echoing off of the toilet bowl on the way back into the bedroom.

He let out a curse and rushed back into the bathroom where he saw Shane vomiting into the toilet.

Ilya scrambled to sit down next to Shane and he rubbed his sweaty back. "You're okay."

Shane just shook his head and whined in annoyance. Ilya knew this is the last thing Shane wants to be dealing with right now, and Ilya was just as upset he was so sick- not wanting to see him like this.

"That's it. Is okay." Ilya murmured some other words in Russian as well, and Shane heaved shortly once again but nothing came back up. The bathroom smelled sweet and sickly, and Ilya clenched his jaw at the scent to comfort Shane.

Shane's back trembled and he reached up to grab some toilet paper to wipe his mouth. He gave one last spit into the bowl before Ilya was leaning him back against the other side of the bathroom wall. Ilya paid no mind to the mess, and flushed it down before lowering the top lid on the toilet.

When he turned back Shane looked dazed, and he was taking deep breaths. "You think you are done?" Ilya asked and crouched down next to him.

"Mm.. Mhm." Shane muttered out. "I need some water."

Ilya nodded and wrapped an arm around Shane's legs and back to hoist him up into the air. "Too much motion?" Ilya asked, and hoped Shane wouldn't throw up on him again.

"Fine," Shane replied. "my stomach feels better now. I'm just hot and just wanna lay down." He couldn't resist the whine behind his voice, Ilya knew he was frustrated.

Ilya trudged through the house with Shane curled in his arms carefully not trying to jostle him too much. He laid him down on the plush couch and instead of letting Shane nuzzle into the blanket, he held it in his arms.

Shane looked up at him with an annoyed glance.

"I know." Ilya said, "you are too hot for my liking when I was holding you. I need the fever to go down." Shane just let out a sad huff as Ilya walked away quickly to grab Shane bottled

water from the fridge and some ibuprofen from the cabinet- hoping he picked the right thing Shane needed. When he came back, Shane looked like he was already sleeping.

Ilya rubbed his shoulder and sat him up to take a sip of the water and to down the pill. Shane put it into his mouth and then held up the bottle with shaky but stable hands and Ilya noticed the squint of his eyes as Shane probably tasted the bitterness that swallowing the water gave him. He gave the bottle back to Ilya and let Shane rest his head on his shoulder.

Ilya grabbed his hand and rubbed and circled into it, feeling Shane start to doze off next to him. "I'll call your dad for you, and if you need me to text anyone else." Ilya said, and he heard Shane snuffle.

"Thank you. Times a million, I owe you forever and always." His voice was still congested and he still seemed shaken up, but Ilya made out the words.

"What do you owe me?" Ilya challenged, and glanced at Shane who seemed to be calming down more.

Shane scoffed. "A big fat kiss and some other stuff later."

"Why not now?" Ilya whined.

"Unless you want me to throw up all over your dick, I would save your questions." Shane sighed on Ilya's shoulder.

Ilya made a face. "..Okay. Hollander is right."

Shane finally shut his eyes, and noticed his breathing was now slowed down as he was finally knocked out. Ilya leaned his head back against the cushion, and blinked the sleep away as he watched Shane curled up beside him peacefully.

Ilya let out a hum and silently promised him he would make him some nice soup and let him watch a movie when he woke up. He let his hand run through the dark hair of Shane, and turned to look out the window.

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