

russians get sick too

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russians get sick too

by [brainrot_bee](#)

Summary

Ilya closed his eyes. His head was hurting even more. His back too. Had he hurt himself on the ice? “You are a liar.” He felt the couch move as Shane leaned over to flick him in the ear.

“Ow,” he complained.

“Stop being an asshole.”

“Leave me alone.” Ilya ran a hand over his face. Even his own hands were too warm. “I have headache.” He opened his eyes to see Shane looking at him. He had little crinkles above his eyebrows. The one on the right side was deeper than the left. That meant he was worried.

Or

Ilya's feeling under the weather

Notes

I finished this show a few days ago and of course immediately had to write a fic. I am obsessed with this ship and more may be coming (no promises)

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

They had been scrolling Netflix for ten minutes.

“What about a nature documentary?” Shane asked. It was cute how excited he got but also very lame.

“Boring.” Ilya buried his head further into the couch cushions. They were soft, much too soft, and the fabric did nothing to cool his hot skin. “Let’s watch the racing movie.”

Shane crossed his arms, resting them on Ilya’s feet in his lap. “No.”

“Why not?” Ilya tried to sit up to look at him better but the movement made his head hurt. “We have two weeks off, there are eight movies. We can watch all of them.”

“I don’t want to watch 16 hours of cars driving.”

“Why? You are jealous?” Ilya smiled. “You wish you had nice cars like them instead of your terrible one?”

“It’s practical,” Shane insisted. “And it’s a nice car. You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Ilya closed his eyes. His head was hurting even more. His back too. Had he hurt himself on the ice? “You are a liar.” He felt the couch move as Shane leaned over to flick him in the ear. “Ow,” he complained.

“Stop being an asshole.”

“Leave me alone.” Ilya ran a hand over his face. Even his own hands were too warm. “I have headache.” He opened his eyes to see Shane looking at him. He had little crinkles above his eyebrows. The one on the right side was deeper than the left. That meant he was worried.

“Are you ok?” he asked. Ilya let himself look at the forehead crinkles for another moment. They were very cute.

“Calm down,” he said. He rolled over and sighed. “It is just a headache.”

Shane was watching him very intently now. “Yeah, but you never get headaches.”

“You get one concussion and suddenly you are the expert on head-” Ilya gestured vaguely. “-Things.”

Shane set the remote down on the table. The noise was too loud. He leaned over and put his hand on Ilya’s forehead. It was the first cool thing Ilya had felt all day and although Shane’s hands were not soft, they felt perfect. “You’re burning up,” Shane said, chewing on his lip. “Are you sick?”

Ilya gaped at him. “I am Russian,” he insisted. “We do not get sick.”

“Stay right here. I’m getting a thermometer.”

Ilya made an irritated noise as Shane pulled his hand away and stood up. It wasn’t fair. Ilya looked up at the high ceilings and waited. He did feel ill. The ache in his back had moved down into his hips and although he had been overheating a moment ago, he was starting to shiver. Shane came back and stuck the thermometer in his mouth.

“Shane,” Ilya complained.

“Stop talking,” Shane ordered. Ilya raised his eyebrows. He wasn’t used to being bossed around, at least outside of the bedroom. He watched as Shane chewed on the drawstrings of his hoodie, staring at the thermometer. It beeped and he snatched it out of Ilya’s mouth.

“101.2,” he announced. “Definitely sick.”

Ilya groaned. “Fine,” he said, sitting up. “I will go to the guest bedroom and sleep it off.”

Shane grabbed his arms. His hands were like ice but in a good way, a very good way. “Wait, what?”

Ilya shrugged. “I need to—what is it?” His head was fuzzy. “When you be alone.” He snapped. “Ah, quarantine.”

“Why would you do that?” The eyebrow creases were back.

“You will get sick as well.” Ilya looked mournfully at the TV. They would not be watching the racing movie today.

“Who cares?” Shane looked him up and down. “You need someone to take care of you.”

“I’m not dying,” Ilya argued. “I will get better in a few days.”

“You’re so stubborn.” Shane stood up again. “I’ll get some medicine.”

“I do not need you fussing over me like a worried mother,” Ilya called as Shane walked away. He would have followed him if he didn’t feel so bad. “I could be back on the ice tomorrow if I wanted. Watch.”

Shane returned with a glass of water, a bottle of pills, and a strange expression. “I’m not just going to let you suffer by yourself until you feel better.”

“Is normal,” Ilya said, taking the water and pills from him. “I have done this since I was small.”

Shane sat back down again, thank God. It was too cold without him and there weren’t any good blankets nearby. They were stupid decorative ones just like the stupid decorative pillows laying on the floor. “Your parents just sent you to your room when you were sick?” Shane asked quietly.

“Of course.” Ilya downed the pills and rolled his eyes. “Don’t look at me like that. That is what you are supposed to do.”

“My parents didn’t,” Shane said quietly. He pulled Ilya’s feet back into his lap.

“Oh yeah?” Ilya closed his eyes again. The sunlight from the window was blinding him. “What did they do instead: let you cough in their faces and spread your sickness?”

Shane laughed at this. He had such a quiet laugh. Ilya was glad the cottage was silent or else he wouldn’t have been able to hear it. “They didn’t care if they got sick,” he explained. “They loved me.” He scooted closer and began tracing circles on Ilya’s thigh. “They would make me soup and my mom always made this awful tea that she swore had healing properties.” The circles became triangles. “Then they would sit with me and let me watch all the cartoons I wanted.”

Ilya wanted to make a jab but he couldn’t think of anything. “That sounds nice,” he admitted. “You want to do all this then?”

“Of course.” Shane smiled. Such a beautiful smile. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Ilya replied automatically. He looked at the TV and back at Shane. “Does this mean we can watch racing movie?”

“No.”

“Please, Shane,” Ilya begged. He nudged Shane’s chest with his leg and pouted. “I don’t feel good.”

“You were just talking about playing hockey tomorrow.” It only took a few moments for the remote to be back in Shane’s hand. His willpower was not strong enough to resist Ilya’s begging. It never was. A lime green 1995 Mitsubishi Eclipse took up the huge TV screen. It was normally a hideous car—reliable though—but in the movie it looked very cool. Unfortunately, Ilya could barely keep his eyes open to see the cool car. He drifted in and out of sleep but Shane’s hands never left his legs. He woke up some time later to a thermometer being stuck in his mouth again.

“Sorry,” Shane whispered. He was crouched in front of Ilya, their faces inches apart. The credits were rolling and the sun was much lower in the sky. “I was getting worried.”

“Mmm.” Ilya still felt miserable. His throat hurt now and he was shivering slightly. “What does it say?”

“102.”

“Is bad?”

“It’s not great,” Shane admitted. He stood up and reached for Ilya. “Let’s get you up to an actual bed.”

Ilya whined. “I don’t want to move.”

“I know.” Shane squinted at him like he was trying to figure out a difficult math problem. Math didn’t seem to be his strength. He bent down and hauled Ilya up, hoisting him over his shoulder.

“What are you doing?” Ilya asked, too tired to fight back.

“I’ll carry you upstairs.” Shane’s legs were already trembling.

“You will drop me on the stairs. Put me down.”

“No.” Admirably, Shane regained his balance and began walking to the bedroom. Ilya let it happen because he didn’t feel like protesting and he liked feeling Shane’s strong shoulders moving against his stomach. He drew the line at the stairs though. One concussion was enough for the two of them.

Ilya was so happy to see their bed that he wanted to cry. The sheets were cold and even though he was “burning up” as Shane had put it, they showed no signs of warming up. Shane climbed into bed next to him and buried his face in Ilya’s neck. That helped.

“You can go back to sleep if you want,” Shane murmured. “I’ll call my mom. She can bring you some soup and tea for when you wake up.”

“Do not bother her,” Ilya said. He was trying very hard to keep his eyes open.

“It’s no bother,” Shane promised. He propped himself up on his elbow to look at Ilya better. “She needs a second son to take care of. It’d take some of the attention off me.”

“You are so warm,” Ilya said, nuzzling his face into Shane’s arm. Shane laid back down and pressed his body against Ilya’s. It was perfect: warm sheets, warm Shane. If only he could get rid of all the aches.

“How’s your head?” Shane asked. Apparently, he was now a mindreader.

“It would be better if you put your fingers in my hair.”

Shane huffed but still listened. He pretended to be annoyed but he’d told Ilya once that he loved his hair. He said it was fun to play with the curls since he didn’t have any. Ilya was in danger of falling asleep again. But something was bothering him.

“I lied.”

Shane paused. “About what?”

“I said my parents sent me to my room when I was ill. That is not whole truth.”

Shane rolled over so he could rest his head on Ilya’s chest. There was no judgement in his eyes. He had wonderful eyes. “It’s not?”

“No.” Ilya cleared his throat. His voice had become scratchy. “When I was very small,” he began. “My mother did the things your mother did. Except for the tea, she did not like tea.” It

was a sentiment the whole family shared, a Rozanov trait. “She would hold me, sing to me, tell me stories.” Ilya smiled. “There was one about a white duck I liked. She would do funny voices.” He felt Shane smile against his chest. “But when I became older, she did not even have energy to take care of herself.” He blinked as painful memories began to surface: his mother staring off into her space, her lovely face pinched and sad. She never left bed on those days. “So I learned to take care of myself.”

Shane looked up at him. He was sad too. It was strange sharing emotions with him. “You have me to take care of you now,” he said like it was the most simple fact in the world. “And my mom. And Dad but he’s more of a germaphobe than she is.”

Ilya made a face. “Germaphobe. What is this ugly word?”

Shane laughed. “Let’s just say if you throw up on him, he won’t be too happy.”

“I was not planning on it.”

Shane leaned forward to kiss him on the forehead. Ilya smiled until he realized it was because he was getting up. “I’m going to call my mom. Try to get some more sleep.”

“All I have done today is sleep,” Ilya complained. He frowned as he watched Shane walk away. It wasn’t a bad view though.

He did fall asleep again, as much as he didn’t want to. When he woke up, he was covered in sticky sweat but somehow still cold. It did not make sense. Through the ringing in his ears, he could make out soft voices coming from downstairs. He wrapped one of the “throw” blankets (why were they called this; no one was throwing them) around his shoulders and walked shakily down the stairs.

“Ilya,” Yuna said in surprise. He padded into the kitchen where they were sitting and leaned against Shane. “You should be resting, honey.”

“Everyone is telling me to do this,” he replied, his voice deep from sleep and illness. “No more sleep.”

Yuna marched over to him and put her hands on her hips. She looked so much like Shane. Standing on her tiptoes, she put a hand on his forehead. Lines appeared by her mouth. “Definitely a fever,” she said, almost to herself.

“Yeah, we know, Mom,” Shane said. He looked embarrassed. Ilya didn’t know why. Who would be embarrassed of such a wonderful woman?

Yuna reached into a bag on the counter and pulled out two giant thermoses. She handed them both to Shane. “That one is the tea. Have Ilya drink a cup every two hours. Actually, both of you should drink it.”

“My diet-” Shane began.

“It’s all organic, no added sugars. You’ll need the immune system boost.” She pointed at the other thermos. “That’s soup for dinner tonight.” She pulled out her phone and opened her

email. "You have a shoot next week but I've warned them that you might be under the weather just in case."

"You think of everything, Mrs. Hollander," Ilya said, leaning further into Shane. He needed something to keep him warm.

"Call me Yuna," she insisted. She looked at him with sympathy in her eyes. "You poor thing." She glared at Shane, who couldn't stop himself from scoffing. "You need to be nice to him."

"Yeah, Shane," Ilya echoed. "Be nice." He took great joy in Shane's answering scowl.

Yuna smiled at Ilya. "Feel better soon."

"Thank you." What a remarkable woman, very strong.

"Call me if you boys need anything," she called over her shoulder. She shut the door behind her and for a little while, it was quiet. Shane looked up at him.

"Are you ready to drink the grossest tea ever?"

"You exaggerate," Ilya said. He made a noise of complaint when Shane got up to grab a cup. He opened the thermos and poured a dark brown liquid into the glass before handing it to Ilya. "I take back what I said," he spluttered. The tea tasted like grass and garlic.

"I told you."

Ilya downed the rest of the tea like a shot, trying not to grimace. Shane was watching him, like he often did. Ilya did his fair share of watching too. "Let's watch the second racing movie," he said.

"Oh my God." Shane was very good looking when he was annoyed. "You weren't even awake for the first one."

"Yes, I was," Ilya lied. "I know what happened. Come." He stood up and walked shakily over to the couch.

"You need to eat," Shane said. "Then sleep."

Ilya flopped onto the couch. "I will make you a deal." He looked up over one of the pillows at Shane. "You watch second racing movie with me and I will do both these things."

"Food first."

"Food during movie."

"One of us is going to spill," Shane argued.

"Your mom said to be nice," he reminded him. Shane wanted to protest, it was quite obvious, but he didn't. He handed Ilya the remote and went to go get the soup.

“Yes,” Ilya whispered. When Shane returned, they watched as the Universal logo took over the screen. It was perfect: nice cars, nice couch, nice boyfriend. Even though his head pounded and his throat refused to clear, he was beginning to feel better. “Thank you.”

Shane looked at him curiously. “For what?”

“For-” Ilya swallowed. “For taking care of me.”

Shane smiled. “You’d do the same for me.”

“I would.”

Ilya opened his arms and Shane fell into them. He fit perfectly, like a puzzle piece.

They finished the second movie and the third and part of the fourth. They drank their tea and ate their soup until Ilya felt like himself again. And when Shane fell ill, Ilya jumped into action to take care of him as Shane had done for him. He did not think he was very good but Shane had taught him enough and would continue teaching him for the rest of their lives.

End Notes

I love a good sick fic. This is my first time writing these two so apologies if any dialogue feels off. Thanks for reading, y'all!

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