

How do I help my partner with a migraine?

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How do I help my partner with a migraine?

by [Fluffy_Bacon](#)

Summary

Shane has his first really bad migraine while Ilya is around. His boyfriend is very anxious about it but wants to help.

Notes

The title is Ilya's google search from that day lol.

I am back, in another fandom. The gay hockey just had to get me. It finally got me out of my reading and writing slump and I am very grateful for that.

Should probably mention that I haven't read the long game yet. This takes place after s1 probably somewhere before the second book or during it idk. Please don't kill me.

Got a [playlist](#) for writing hollanov if you want to save it and now please enjoy reading this <3

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

“You look like shit,” Ilya announced.

There was no venom in his voice, nor any teasing. It was more of a statement of fact, accompanied by concerned eyes that scanned Shane from head to toe. Shane had to admit his boyfriend was probably right. The world didn’t feel right today.

“I’m fine, I think.” Shane sighed and opened the refrigerator. Ilya seemed to think about digging deeper on that answer but quickly regarded it, deciding to go with distraction.

“Okay, so I was about to go out with Anya. A little jogging, and I thought maybe we could go to the movies today? The new X-Squad movie is finally out, yes?”

Shane ignored the little flashes in his field of vision as he took cold water out of the fridge. When he exchanged glances with his boyfriend, he saw him raise his eyebrows.

“What?”

“I asked you question.” Ilya deadpanned and then pointed to his face, “Your eyebrows are raised. That only happens when you’re not feeling well.”

Shane swallowed a sigh. He hated that when Ilya wanted to, he could notice all kinds of little details. His instinct was to lie at first. To say that everything was fine and wait until Ilya was gone so he could break down. But they didn’t do that anymore. They were together now.

However, Ilya had never been there when Shane had a migraine. They were quite rare, and even though he had mentioned a few times here and there that he often had problems, he didn’t think his boyfriend knew the extent of it. They made him vulnerable, weak. And a bit of disgusting.

Shane turned to the side to look down at Anya next to him. The dog was panting happily at him, but her tail wasn’t wagging. And as he focused his gaze on her, he realized he could only see half of her.

His field of vision disappeared, surrounded by flashes and strange streaks. It was as if a screen had a pixel error or his glasses were smeared with oil.

“Fuck,” Shane rubbed his eyes with one hand, “I can’t see anything.”

“What?” Ilya’s chair squeaked across the wooden floor.

“Well, not nothing, but only half, as if I were going blind in one eye...” Shane continued talking, and Ilya’s face showed increasing concern.

“Are you having a stroke? Shane—”

“No. It’s just a migraine attack.”

“Migraine? Headache?”

“No, well, yes, but not really,” Shane shook his head, “Migraine with aura. I have neurological problems before I get severe headaches. So I go blind, or see flashes of light, or... have trouble speaking.”

“Okay.” Ilya still didn't seem entirely convinced, but accepted Shane's explanation. “What now?”

“Normally, I go back to bed, turn off all the lights, and take a bunch of painkillers...” Shane began, then trailed off and looked outside with disappointment.

“So... we do that?” Ilya asked, moving his head to the side so Shane had to look at him.

Or rather, what was left of his face. As soon as he tried to focus on a spot on the other's face, it disappeared. It was as if half of the other's face simply didn't exist. It drove him crazy when he couldn't see properly.

“Yes, but,” Shane squeezed his eyes shut, feeling strong hands on his shoulders, lightly squeezing the skin under his clothes, “I was so happy that training was canceled today and we had a day off. And now it's ruined.”

Migraines always chose to appear at the worst possible moments.

Ilya remained silent for a moment, and then Shane felt warm lips press against his forehead. The forehead that was about to start throbbing soon. Until he felt like his head was going to explode at any moment.

“You're not messing anything up, it's not your fault,” Ilya whispered, planting another kiss on Shane's nose. “Go back to bed, I'll bring food and medicine.”

Shane had actually wanted to complain a little more, but Ilya's instructions and gentle affection had made him compliant. He slowly trudged back to the bedroom, darkened the windows, and lay back down in bed with an annoyed snort.

The day had just begun, the sun had only been up for a few hours. Shane was actually much too awake for a migraine. But it would be better if he just went back to sleep. Then he would feel like he could miss the migraine and not have to endure the pain.

Shane had no idea if it really worked, but so far it had.

“Are you sure it's not stroke?” Ilya asked as he stepped into the bedroom.

His footsteps were soft, he had a tray in his hand. It smelled of warm pancakes and Ilya's shampoo. Shane noticed that when he looked at the other man, the aura slowly faded and the throbbing behind his eyes slowly began.

“It's just a migraine. Like every other one I've had before,” Shane tried to reassure his friend and sat up in bed.

He set the tray on the nightstand. Shane reached for the painkillers and stuffed them all into his mouth, which earned a “tsk” sound from Ilya.

“You should eat first,” Ilya scolded, and Shane rolled his eyes as he lifted the water bottle to his mouth.

“I’ll do that now,” Shane promised.

Ilya didn't leave the room, sitting down next to him on the bed. As Shane ate, he felt the other's hands on him. Fingers carefully running through his hair, gently pressing his scalp. He also felt the gaze, could see it out of the corner of his eye.

Like a guard dog with the most concerned and beautiful eyes in the world.

Even when Shane lay down to sleep, Ilya didn't leave the room until he was sure the other man had fallen asleep.

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Several hours had passed. Hours during which Ilya had let Anya do her business in the backyard and stood by the bed several times. Like a psychopath, he had watched Shane as he lay completely knocked out, recovering.

Ilya was very afraid. He didn't like the way Shane had been acting. Even though Shane had emphasized several times that he had been doing this for a while now and that it wasn't a stroke or anything like that. He would need a little rest, but then he would be fine again.

Nevertheless, just to be on the safe side, Ilya took his phone out of his pocket. He opened the chat with Yuna Hollander.

Ilya: Shane is saying he is having migraine.

Yuna: Oh! Are you at home? Is everything okay?

Ilya: Yes, I think. He is in bed. The room is completely dark and he took painkillers, but I am scared.

Ilya: He said something about going blind? Is that normal?

Yuna: Don't worry, it's normal. Shane often feels sick during migraines. So be prepared for him to throw up.

Yuna: Text me if you need anything!

Throw up? Ilya buried his left hand in his hair and pondered. He had to find a bucket or, better yet, a trash can that he could place next to the bed. Then Shane wouldn't have to go downstairs...

A bang on the staircase made his adrenaline shoot up. Ilya dropped his phone on the kitchen counter and practically ran through the house, Anya also on her feet, ears pricked. Before he turned into the hallway leading to the stairs, he heard a soft curse.

And then there was Shane, at the foot of the stairs, holding his head. When Ilya saw small drops of blood on the floor, he swallowed the rising panic, even though his heart felt like it was about to jump out of his chest.

“What happened?!” Ilya had to force himself not to let his voice become shrill and loud.

Shane groaned and Ilya immediately helped him to his feet. His hands clasped the other's body more tightly than usual, squeezing the soft skin. It was warm, but his clothes were wet.

“I wanted to... go to the bathroom,” Shane laughed awkwardly, “I didn't want to bother you, but that didn't work.”

“Fucking obviously,” Ilya replied, lifting Shane's chin so he could examine his face better.

Shane had somehow slightly cut his lip in his fall. A few drops of blood stained his lower lip red as Shane's Adam's apple moved strenuously several times. His boyfriend gave him a weak smile, a pitiful attempt to reassure him before trying to head back to the bathroom.

Ilya didn't let him continue and tried to lift him up, but Shane responded with violent kicking and panic.

“No! No, no, let me down!”

Seeing his boyfriend panic and hearing a sound that very much resembled suppressed gagging, Ilya quickly put him back down on the floor. But his hands still hovered outstretched next to Shane, caressing his clothes.

“Let me help you,” Ilya said quietly, Shane avoiding his gaze.

“Just help me to the bathroom, please.” Shane sounded out of breath and swallowed hard several times before continuing, “If you lift me up, I'll probably throw up on you.”

Shane reached out his hand and Ilya took it without hesitation.

The light in the house was dim. As he guided Shane down the hall to the bathroom, he felt his partner's tension and panic transfer to his own body. They were careful but quick, and as soon as Ilya opened the bathroom door, Shane broke free and sprinted the last few steps to the toilet.

At the first sounds of retching, Ilya grimaced.

Nevertheless, he did not leave the room until the other felt better. He cautiously crept closer, sat down on the edge of the bathtub, and slowly stroked his hand over his back. Ilya knew from movies that the usual thing to do was to stroke circles on the back of the person who was vomiting, but Shane was not like people in movies.

He found slow and gentle up-and-down strokes much more soothing.

At some point, Ilya drifted off into his thoughts. It felt as if his body was present but not his mind. As if half of his consciousness had fallen asleep so that he could take care of Shane

without wanting to hide under the bed in fear.

This state was all too familiar to him. An old friend he had first met when his mother died. When he had lived through weeks and months of grief in a trance because he couldn't bear it otherwise. The same thing happened when his father fell ill and he had to care for him.

It was a bit like beating his fear and all the scary feelings into a closet and locking them away. Because it wasn't convenient at the moment, because he had to pay attention to other people's emotions. Later, he could open that closet again. Or not. It depended.

He hated it.

The repeated croaking of his name helped him back to the present. When he realized that Shane was talking to him, he raised his head and blinked the wetness from his eyes.

“Are you feeling better?” Ilya asked, hoping the other man wouldn't notice the tremor in his voice.

Shane nodded, pressing his forehead against the cool porcelain of the toilet. With a shaky breath, Ilya pushed himself away from the bathtub, shook the thoughts out of his mind, and searched the bathroom cabinet for medicine and antiseptic. At the same time, he filled a glass with water from the sink.

“Sit up straight, солнечный свет.”

Shane obeyed, albeit with sounds of pain, and Ilya returned with everything he needed to treat him. First, he pressed the pills for his headache into one hand and the glass of water into the other. He could imagine that the other man's head must feel terrible.

After Shane had taken the medication and drunk the glass of water, he wiped his face and mouth with a cool cloth. Shane's eyes fluttered shut, his whole face contorted with pain. At that moment, Ilya wanted so much to kiss him, hold him close, curse the world for making his boyfriend suffer so much.

Instead, he pressed light kisses on Shane's nose and cheeks and then dabbed antiseptic on the torn area of Shane's lips.

“Alright.” Ilya took a step back, “Ready to go back to bed?”

“Hmm... but don't carry me,” Shane complained, and Ilya raised his eyebrows.

“Oh, so you want to walk by yourself? Let me see that,” he replied, folding his arms across his chest.

Shane made no move to get up from his spot on the floor. His back was leaning against the toilet as he looked up at Ilya with narrowed eyes.

“Shane.”

“What?” Shane sounded annoyed.

“You wanted to get up.”

“Right.” Shane looked down at the floor, pressed his palms against it as if to support himself, and then sighed. His shoulders slumped in defeat. “I lied. Please carry me.”

So polite, even when sick, Ilya thought with amusement.

Ilya considered for a moment whether he wanted to tease him about it. But a sharp-tongued remark died on his lips when he saw Shane sitting in front of him, looking for help. His arms were slightly outstretched, which looked a little kid-like. His whole heart contracted at the sight. God, Ilya would do anything for him.

He helped Shane to his feet and placed one arm under his legs and the other to support Shane's back. His boyfriend was relatively easy to lift, and Ilya loved doing it. But he wished there was a better occasion for it than this. He really hoped he was doing everything right. That he was helping him well.

He felt so useless.

With Shane in his arms, he trudged up the stairs back to the bedroom. For every step they climbed, he gave him a kiss on the cheek. He would stay with him for a while there. Just to be sure no accidents would happen.

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The evening passed quietly. Ilya couldn't sleep, so he turned on the TV and set it to a low volume. He cuddled up on the sofa with Anya and waited. He wasn't sure what exactly he was waiting for, because it was possible that Shane wouldn't get better until tomorrow.

Shortly after midnight, Ilya started the next season of Brooklyn 99. American comedy series had been his favorite way to learn English, and they still helped. He liked to have them playing in the background while he worked out or was on his laptop.

Anya lay next to him on the sofa, fast asleep. Sometimes her paws twitched in her sleep, and a soft squeak escaped her mouth.

While Shane was completely knocked out in bed, Ilya had been busy finding out everything he could about his migraine. Lost in Google and on various Instagram pages about migraine tips (which had beautifully designed infographics), he had managed to find out a few things.

So he had asked Yuna if she could make miso soup, which had been waiting in the fridge for several hours now. Apparently, food with a high salt content worked well. He had also asked Yuna if she could bring some chips, but he was pretty sure Shane would think they were too “unhealthy.”

Since caffeine was also good for migraines, he had put a few extra cans of coke in the fridge.

Suddenly, something moved in his field of vision. Shane came waddling around the corner, a blanket wrapped around his body. The light in his eyes reflected off the TV, and when their eyes met, he smiled gently.

Ilya could see that life had returned to him. His eyes seemed clearer, his posture was no longer so tense. Even though he was still cautious and moving more slowly than usual.

For a second, he thought about getting up, but Shane seemed pretty steady on his feet. So Ilya patted the empty spot next to him on the sofa, and almost immediately he had Shane's body pressed against his.

"Are you feeling better?"

Shane nodded and watched the show. "Every time I move my head too far up or down, I feel like my brain is banging against the top of my skull. But otherwise, everything's fine, and if I sleep any longer, I'll go crazy."

Ilya pressed his lips together and nodded.

"And I'm a little hungry..." Shane admitted quietly, and Ilya almost jumped off the sofa.

Shane looked after him in surprise as he hurried to the kitchen. Ilya had been waiting for him to say something like that. He had everything perfectly prepared.

"I asked your mother to make miso soup. I'll heat it up," Ilya announced.

A little later, he returned to the sofa. Shane was curled up in his spot, Anya's head on his lap, while he stroked her behind the ears, lost in thought. His glasses sat crookedly on his nose as he scrolled through Twitter on his phone.

"Here's the soup," Ilya said, holding the bowl out in front of him. Shane dropped his phone on his lap and took the bowl, a silent thank you forming on his lips.

When Ilya also pressed a can of Coke into his hand, he looked confused.

"The internet says cola is good for headaches. So you're going to drink it. Miso soup has a lot of salt in it, which is also good for headaches."

He carefully sat back down on the sofa next to his friend. As he snuggled up to him, he tried not to be too hectic or bump into him. It would be stupid if he spilled the hot soup on both of them.

Shane snorted amusedly, "Did you dive into the depths of Google for me?"

"You scared me. I wanted to help and felt totally useless," Ilya explained, somewhat embarrassed.

Shane was silent for a moment, a soft expression settling on his face. "Oh, Ilya, love. You weren't useless, quite the opposite. You were incredibly helpful from the very first second. I love you."

Ilya leaned forward to kiss him on the cheek. In response, Shane turned his head and kissed him on the lips. The kiss was slow, Shane tentatively feeling his way forward with a clear

desire to deepen the kiss. So he took the bowl from his hand and placed it on the small table in front of him before pulling Shane closer, who was impatiently nibbling at his lips.

“I love you too,” Ilya murmured into the kiss.

In response, Shane kissed him again, but this time he grinned into the kiss.

They didn't do much besides make out, really. Because Ilya quickly noticed that Shane was getting a little dizzy. So they just ended up tangled up together on the sofa. Shane sat up straight enough to eat his soup, the open can of Coke resting on Ilya's stomach, who held it in place with one hand.

“Thank you,” Shane said at some point into the pleasant silence.

Ilya said nothing, just reached out his free hand. A small request to hold the other's hand, and when Shane complied, he kissed the back of his boyfriend's hand. It was absurd how much he loved Shane, and he was glad he had been able to help today. Even though he felt like he had just been panicking.

But now he was better prepared. Prepared for the next time Shane had a migraine and he would help.

End Notes

I hope you liked it! If you struggle with migraines too, I hope this was relatable. These are definitely what my migraines can be like hehe. I always love giving my fictional pookies my struggles.

I plan on writing more hollanov so leave a follow if u want. Also say hi to me on [twitter](#) and [tumblr](#).

Please leave a comment or kudos <333

Byeeee

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