my head hurts

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my head hurts

by ur_worst_nitemare

Summary

Ilya has a migraine. That's it, that's the fic.

Notes

Just a quick oneshot where Ilya has a migraine and Shane is like "mf I'm taking care of your ass whether you like it or not". Nothing more to add there. Small vomit mention, but it's SUPER small, still thought I'd warn anyone though.

DISCLAIMER: I am a vile hater of generative AI, especially in creative fields. I did not use it to create this. Do not use it on my work.

This is based on my experience as a chronic migraine haver. Even though I'm on meds and stuff now, I still have them quite frequently throughout the month, it's just how they work unfortunately 💔

Prefer tumblr? Got you covered: https://www.tumblr.com/my-worst-nitemare/806814386383683584/my-head-hurts?source=share

Ilya had never been one to admit when he was suffering no matter how much Shane tried to reassure him that it was ok to do so. He was the kind of guy to work through a major injury and treat it as if it was nothing or completely blow off some hospitalizable issue. His definition of what warranted rest was drastically different for himself than it was for the people he cared for.

If Shane had a headache? Lie down, drink tea, and get some rest. You have been working too hard and need a break. Here is some medication. Sit down, I will do XYZ for the day.

But if he had a headache? Don't tell anyone. Drink some water and maybe take some pain medicine if it's bad enough. Keep working, keep going, keep doing. You cannot be lazy Ilya, that would be unacceptable.

On the rare occasions Ilya would let Shane fuss over him, Shane would ask with genuine kindness why he wouldn't let him take care of him more. Ilya would bring up that there was a difference between the two of them and that he wanted to stick by that difference. The difference was that there was no difference, but Ilya would not rest on the fact that there was and that there had to be. Shane had wanted to help Ilya just as much as Ilya wanted to help Shane. He never liked how the other disregarded himself, but knew that the reasoning was much deeper than a surface level issue.

Regardless, no matter how much Ilya fought (even if it was subconsciously), Shane would do what he could for the other man.

"Well you look like you're fucking awful," Ilya turned around abruptly from where he sat on the floor. Why was he on the floor? Why was Shane even here? This made no sense, they had a game today.

"What are you doing here?" He asked, "You have a game today, no?"

"Ilya it's Friday. I already had my game, now are you feeling ok? You look like you're doing terrible."

“‘Am fine, sweetheart. Just a little headache,” In reality, it was the complete opposite of a “little headache”. Ilya had been having these terrible headaches multiple times a day for almost a week at this point. He had no idea where they came from or why they were so intense, but he knew that he hated them and that was enough in itself.

“Mk,” Shane was not convinced in the slightest but knew pushing him would only result in an even bigger push back. He held out his hand, “Come on, let’s get you in bed. I’ll make you some tea and take care of dinner tonight.”

Ilya didn’t even have it in him to protest, signaling to Shane how ill he must have been feeling. He took Shane’s hand and hobbled to their shared bedroom, letting Shane tuck him in under the covers. Shane returned momentarily with a mug of tea, some pasta, and some pain medicine in a little cup. After placing those things down on the nightstand, Shane pulled up the comforter and climbed in next to him, leaning Ilya against him.

“I can see you gearing up to say something my love and I’m not going anywhere. Do you think you should see someone about these headaches? You’ve been getting them all week.”

“That is not necessary,” Ilya said a little too swiftly.

“It’s not necessary because it really isn’t? Or do you just believe that?”

Ilya frowned, “Not a big deal. I will take medicine and eat dinner you have so carefully made for me and then I will take nap and move on.”

“You didn’t answer my question, babe.”

“I told you. Not a big deal, so no doctor. These will go away, probably.”

“Ok, how about this,” Shane sat up, “Today is Friday and you’ve been getting these for…” He motioned to Ilya.

“Since Monday,” Ilya mumbled.

“Right, since Monday. If these headaches don’t go away by Sunday, we’re going to see someone. If not for your sake then for mine.”

“Fine,” Ilya knew that doing something for Shane was a soft spot. Shane would often ask him to get stuff or do stuff “for him” as a way to sort of trick Ilya into taking care of himself. Ilya had caught on at this point, but even so he had a hard time telling Shane no and would go through anyway. Shane had fallen asleep on him by the time he finished his dinner and tea. He had been lying down almost all day and he itched to get up and do something productive, but Shane looked so peaceful and he didn’t dare want to wake him up so he turned off the lights and slept soundly with Shane.

He woke up a few hours later with Shane still glued to his side, but his headache was still there and it was *bad*. It felt worse than it ever had before. It was like his brain seemed to ignore every single effort that Shane had put forth to help him feel better. He felt nauseous, the dinner Shane had made him still sitting in his stomach like pebbles at the bottom of a fishtank. His stomach lurched at the thought of his previously eaten pasta and bile rose in his throat.

It wasn’t long before he was *shoving* Shane off of him to run to the bathroom and vomit everything out.

“Alright, we’re going to the doctor tomorrow, babe,” Shane’s fingers combed through his hair as he continued to vomit, “A headache causing all this isn’t normal.”

“‘M fine,” Ilya tried to reassure Shane through the waves of nausea but was unable to do so. Eventually, his stomach gave out and he stopped, allowing Shane to help him up again and return him to bed. They went to a doctor in the morning despite Ilya’s protests about its importance.

The doctor they had seen had described the intense headaches as migraines. Ilya hadn’t been having the migraines long enough to be diagnosed with anything, but due to their intenseness he was given medication. He was warned to return if they persisted into the next week or if

he ever woke up with one in full action. By the time they got home from the appointment, Ilya found himself exhausted and he clambered back into bed, dragging Shane with him.

“You feeling ok?” Shane asked.

“I…” Shane could tell Ilya was debating on how much he was going to tell Shane. He sat there patiently as Ilya worked out what was going through his mind, “I feel, what is word for bad feeling? Over something?”

“Guilty?”

“Yes. I feel guilty.”

“Why on Earth would you feel guilty?”

“I do not want you to have to do everything with me now that I have this issue.”

“You wouldn’t let me do everything for you if I tried,” Shane pulled the covers over them a bit tighter, “I love you just as you love me. This relationship goes both ways.”

“If these aches are ever too much for you to take care of, promise me you will let me be on my own.”

“Well good thing I’ll never have to act on that. Even if you push me away, I’ll still be chasing after you.”

Ilya felt his eyes well up slightly with tears as he snuggled into Shane's chest. He loved this man so dearly. He pressed a delicate kiss to Shane’s neck before closing his eyes.

“Я тебя люблю,” He heard Shane mutter. He felt a kiss on his forehead before he heard Shane settle.

Even with all his worries, he knew he’d have Shane to take care of him.

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