

headache (but you love me anyway)

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headache (but you love me anyway)

by [Alitomy](#)

Summary

“Shane,” Ilya groans as soon as the line connects. “*I feel terrible.*”

“Ilya,” Shane exasperates. “You worded that text message in the worst way possible. You gave me a heart attack. I’m almost glad you’re sick and not bailing for another reason.”

“*I wouldn’t. I really wanted to come to your very expensive cottage on lake, but headache is too much and flying is probably no good for it,*” Ilya says, and Shane can hear the sickness in his voice.

“How long have you felt sick?”

“*I don’t know, got bad maybe two days ago?*”

OR

Ilya cancels his trip to the cottage.
Shane flies to Boston instead.

Notes

title is from JADE's song Headache

here's a sick!Ilya fic! enjoy!

Lily 21:49

Shane

I cannot come to the cottage anymore

The text comes through on Shane's phone as he's typing out a message to Rose, and his heart drops to his stomach. They've been planning this for weeks now; Shane had had the cottage deep cleaned and personally restocked the place with enough food, toiletries, and ginger ale and coke to last at least a month, and now Ilya was cancelling the night before he was meant to fly in?

He deletes his unsent message to Rose, and starts typing a new message.

Shane 21:50

Rose, he's just cancelled.

He just texted me saying he's not coming anymore.

The night before he fucking lands.

Rose Landry 21:51

OMG! youre kidding

no way would he do that to u

youve just spent an entire paycheque on getting that place sorted!!

Rose Landry 21:52

text him rn, and say Rose mf Landry will be over in boston to kick his ass if he gives u a shit reply lol

my training for this movie will defs be enough to take on a pro hockey player right? xD

Shane can't help but laugh at her last message, the ache in his heart easing slightly as she tries to make him feel better.

Shane 21:52

I don't think you, at 5 feet, could take on a pro 6'1" hockey player who has been strength training his whole life.

Rose Landry 21:53

im 5'5" thank u very much

text that russian mofo rn! im srs!

Lily 21:53

I have terrible headache

I looked it up, a migraine?

Sounds stupid

Lily 21:54

Also tummy hurts :-(

The laugh that escapes Shane's lips surprises him, and he presses the 'call' button on Ilya's contact before he can talk himself out of it.

"Shane," Ilya groans as soon as the line connects. *"I feel terrible."*

"Ilya," Shane exasperates. "You worded that text message in the *worst* way possible. You gave me a heart attack. I'm almost glad you're sick and not bailing for another reason."

"I wouldn't. I really wanted to come to your very expensive cottage on lake, but headache is too much and flying is probably no good for it," Ilya says, and Shane can hear the sickness in his voice.

"How long have you felt sick?"

"I don't know, got bad maybe two days ago?"

Shane sucks in a breath. "You've been in pain for two days? And you said nothing?"

"Thought it was nothing serious," Ilya mumbles, and Shane looks over at the time. Way past his usual bedtime. *"Plus, was hoping it would go away with time."*

"You should've told me," Shane replies while reaching for his laptop.

"You mad at me, Hollander?"

"No, not mad. Never mad at you."

"Liar."

Shane snorts and puts his phone on speaker, placing the device on his knee as he looks up flights to Boston. "Ilya."

"Shane."

"Theoretically, if I was to fly to Boston—"

“Do not come here, you will get sick too and I will never ever hear the fucking end of it,” Ilya groans, but Shane knows he’s just teasing. *“I will be better soon, then I will come to your cottage.”*

“I don’t want you to be sick all alone,” Shane frowns and purchases a flight for tomorrow morning. “Are you looking after yourself?”

“I am lying on bathroom tile to cool down.”

“To cool— Ilya, do you have a fever?”

“Mm, I think so, probably yes,” Ilya mumbles. *“Will be fine, Hollander. You go to cottage with beautiful lake and perfect yoga spot.”*

“What are you talking about? Oh, did you watch that program?”

“Yes, was very boring. Very you.”

“Oh fuck off, Rozanov,” Shane grins. “Can you at least get up off the bathroom floor and go to bed?”

“Bed is too far. Will stay on floor until world stops spinning,” Ilya sighs.

“Ilya—”

“What are you doing right now?”

“Don’t change the subject,” Shane tuts, but indulges Ilya for a moment. “I booked a flight.”

“Shane—”

“Do I need to call Svetlana to look after you until I get there?”

“You do not have her number. Also, she is back in Russia. She would kill me for being stupid.”

“Oh yeah? You think I won’t?”

“You wouldn’t.”

Shane grins. “You wanna bet, Rozanov?”

“Mm, yes. You like me too much to murder me.”

“Yeah, I do.”

There’s a stretch of silence, and Shane puts his laptop away and settles into his bed.

“I will see you tomorrow?” Ilya whispers, and Shane wishes he could teleport to Boston right now.

“I’ll see you tomorrow. Please get off the floor, Ilya.”

“No promises, Shane.”

~

Rose Landry 02:47

OMG im so sorry i got stuck on set

pleeaaasssee tell me you texted him!!

Rose Landry 02:53

okay i guess it makes sense ur not replying

its literally 3am

Rose Landry 02:56

i want all the details tho!

as soon as u wake up!!

and i KNOW WHAT TIME U WAKE UP SHANE

ill be waiting!! Xx

~

Shane 05:31

I’m going to Boston.

Ilya’s sick. Like, really bad.

I probably won’t text much, will be on the plane then looking after him.

~

Shane lands in Boston at 9:00am and immediately gets a taxi to Ilya’s address, only lugging a small backpack with him carrying a few essentials. Ilya never minded Shane wearing his clothes – in fact, he definitely preferred it when he did – only if to tear them off as soon as he could.

Boston passes by in a flicker of buildings and trees, and soon he’s standing in front of Ilya’s big, white front door. Shane presses the doorbell and waits maybe ten seconds before he is reaching for his phone to grab the code to unlock the door. It clicks open and Shane walks through, dropping his bag and toeing off his shoes before walking through the house.

“Ilya?” He calls as there is no sign of the Russian in the kitchen or living room. He thinks back to their phone call last night and curses as he walks to the bedroom, and after seeing the absence of a body in Ilya’s bed, he rushes to the ensuite.

“Ilya,” Shane says and drops to his knees beside the other man, passed out cold on the bathroom floor in nothing but his boxers and a t-shirt shoved under his head as a pillow. Shane presses the back of his hand to Ilya’s forehead and frowns. “Ilya? Can you hear me?”

Ilya mumbles something incoherent before he cracks his eyes open slowly, hissing at the bright light that swept in from the bedroom. “Bright.”

“Sorry, sorry,” Shane rushes to close the bathroom door, shrouding them in darkness again. “You’ve been here all night?”

“Mm, yes.”

“Ilya..”

“Sorry,” Ilya mumbles. “Too tired to move last night.”

“Hey, hey it’s okay. I just wanted you to be comfortable,” Shane smiles softly. “How are you feeling?”

“Like shit,” Ilya replies, then after a moment, adds; “Honestly, a little better since last night.”

“Really? After sleeping on the hard tiles?”

“Mm.”

“Do you think you can get up and move to the bed?” Shane asks. If need be, he could always carry Ilya a few metres to the bed. “Hey.”

“I feel gross,” Ilya says. “Don’t want to move just yet.”

“Should I run you a bath?”

“Will you get in with me?” A cheeky grin crosses Ilya’s lips.

“If you’re lucky. C’mon, a bath sounds like a good idea,” Shane says as he leans down to press a chaste kiss to Ilya’s lips before reaching over to turn the water on in the tub, allowing it to get warm before pushing the plug in. Turning back to Ilya, he begins to help him sit up and eventually stand, not without leaning heavily on the counter. “I’m taking your boxers off now.”

“Mm, you don’t usually announce it,” Ilya smirks half-heartedly as Shane looks at him exasperatedly. “Take off your clothes too.”

“Let me get you sorted first, okay?” Shane pushes Ilya’s boxers down and holds him steady as he kicks them off, and then guides him over to the tub, turning the taps off. He tests the

water before helping Ilya step into the water and settle down into the warmth, a soft sigh escaping his lips.

Once Ilya settles, Shane makes quick work of taking off his clothes and folding them neatly in a pile on the counter. He turns back to the tub and Ilya's watching him intently.

"I was hoping for more of a show, Hollander."

"Maybe next time, when you haven't spent ten hours lying on hard floors," Shane huffs and steps into the tub, settles behind Ilya, and pulls the Russian back so he's leaning against Shane's chest in between his legs.

"This is nice," Ilya sighs and rests his head back on Shane's shoulder. Shane hums in response and gently massages Ilya's scalp as he runs a hand through his curls.

"Very nice," he agrees. "I'm going to wash your hair now."

"Mm?"

"Your hair. It's all sweaty, so I'm gonna wash it for you," Shane reaches for the empty jug Ilya keeps close to the tub that he'd made a joke about the first time he saw it, but now he's thankful for Ilya's weird object placement.

Ilya mumbles something in Russian.

"What was that?"

"Ya tebya lyublyu," Ilya sighs as water washes over his hair, and Shane is careful to not let it run down his face.

"You'll have to tell me again in English once you're more coherent," Shane grins before reaching for the bottle – he grimaces at the fact it's a two-in-one shampoo and conditioner – and lathers it in Ilya's hair.

Shane can buy Ilya nice, *separate*, shampoo and conditioner later.

Right now, he just wants Ilya clean, then fed, then asleep.

"I will fall asleep if you keep massaging my head," Ilya mumbles and pushes his head into Shane's hands more, eliciting a chuckle from the Canadian's lips. Shane picks up the jug and rinses the product from Ilya's hair, using his other hand to shield his eyes.

"You can sleep later," Shane says as he puts the jug down and picks up the body wash. Shane can feel the heat radiating off Ilya's body as he washes what he can reach, gently massaging the muscles around Ilya's neck.

"You are making me hard, Hollander. Do not start if you won't finish," Ilya turns his head and presses a soft kiss to Shane's hand as it crosses the front of his chest and gives his pec a gentle squeeze.

“You’re an asshole,” Shane says in Ilya’s ear and pulls his hands completely away from the Russian’s body. “C’mon, up.”

They maneuver out of the tub slowly, and Shane quickly wraps a fluffy towel around Ilya’s waist and sits him down on the closed toilet lid. “Stay.”

“Mm, bossy,” Ilya grins up at him. “I told you not to start something. Now here you are giving me a show.”

“Ilya,” Shane sighs as he wraps a towel around his waist and reaches down to pull the plug, allowing the water to drain from the tub. “I’ll find you some clothes to put on.”

“Just boxers.”

“No.”

“Ugh, you are so boring.”

Shane laughs and kisses the top of Ilya’s head before walking to the dresser, returning quickly with clothes for the two of them. “Do you need help getting dressed?”

“Shane.”

“It’s a fair question,” Shane says as he dries the rest of his body and pulls on the oversized sweatpants and Ilya’s Raiders shirt. “Well?”

Ilya looks at him with a certain glint in his eyes. “You’re wearing my Boston shirt?”

“Yeah?”

“Whatever will the Montreal Metros think of star player and *captain* wearing a rival team’s shirt?” Ilya teases and reaches for the sweatpants on the counter.

“Good thing I’m not leaving this house for a while then, isn’t it?” Shane asks, watching as Ilya slowly dries off and gets dressed. “How are you feeling?”

“Will you leave if I say ‘better’?” Ilya pouts.

“I will leave if you keep being insufferable,” Shane replies and presses the back of his hand against Ilya’s forehead once more. “You’ve cooled down a bit.”

Ilya grabs Shane’s hand and kisses the palm before nuzzling his cheek into it. “Thank you for coming here.”

Shane melts at the words and cups Ilya’s cheeks, tilts his face up, and presses their lips together. “Of course. I wasn’t gonna let you suffer on the bathroom floor by yourself.”

“You would have six months ago.”

“No, I don’t think I would’ve.”

~

“Do you need me to spoon-feed you?” Shane asks as he sets a bowl of pasta on the table in front of Ilya, sitting down next to him. Ilya glares back at him.

“Is pasta. You use spoon for pasta?”

“Fuck off,” Shane laughs and picks up his fork. He had thrown a bunch of vegetables he found in Ilya’s fridge that looked a little worse for wear and blended them into the pasta sauce for more nutrients, hoping it would help get Ilya back to normal quicker.

“Is good, at least.” Ilya’s voice is muffled as he chews on a forkful of food. “You are not hopeless in kitchen, is good to know.”

“I’m not about to become your housewife, Rozanov,” Shane replies.

“No, no, not housewife. House*husband*.”

The hand holding another forkful of pasta freezes halfway to Shane’s mouth, and he turns to look at Ilya with wide eyes.

“What?” Ilya asks. “You are man. You will be husband, not wife. Unless you want to wear pretty dress and makeup like pin-up dolls?”

“No, no, I- What?”

“I am not judging. Do not get your underwear in a knot, Hollander,” Ilya grins and continues eating.

“The phrase is ‘*don’t get your panties in a twist*’,” Shane mumbles, but his mind drifts to the thought of wearing a dress for Ilya and Ilya only.

A thought for another time.

“Eh, same thing, no?”

“God you’re annoying,” Shane says with a smile on his lips, and he gets a wide smile in return. They sit and eat in silence until their bowls are empty, and Shane gets up to put their dishes in the sink to be dealt with later. “C’mon, bed now.”

“It is only noon?” Ilya looks at him in confusion, and Shane thinks he looks adorable in his oversized long sleeve.

“Yes, but you are unwell and have laid on your bathroom floor all night. You’ve got to be sore.”

Ilya pauses, and then nods. “You are right. Maybe you can massage me again like in bathtub.”

“Only your neck and shoulders, no lower,” Shane says and gives Ilya a pointed look when he protests. “No funny business until you’re one-hundred percent.”

“Have I told you you are boring?” Ilya groans.

“Yes, many times.”

“Good. Please remember that.”

“Let’s get you to bed, asshole.”

~

“Will you tell me what you said earlier, in the bathtub?” Shane asks as Ilya settles against his side, head resting gently on Shane’s bare chest.

“Mm, which part? That you made me hard? Or that I will fall asleep if you run fingers through my hair?” Ilya says as he coaxes Shane’s hand up to his curls, long fingers immediately massaging his scalp gently.

“No, the other part,” Shane replies. “You said it in Russian.”

Silence hangs between them for a moment; Shane gives Ilya the time to remember.

“Oh.”

Shane raises an eyebrow, and presses a soft kiss to Ilya’s forehead. “Oh?”

“Yes, I remember what I said.”

“And?”

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” Ilya whispers, and moves his head up so they are looking eye to eye. “I love you.”

“Holy shit. Ilya.”

“I mean-”

“I love you too,” Shane says softly, and cups Ilya’s cheek before pressing their lips together.

“Really?”

“Of course.”

Ilya’s face scrunches up with emotion and he leans in again, connecting their lips with more intent. Ilya moves to straddle Shane’s hips and deepens the kiss, tongue swiping along Shane’s lips, who opens his mouth to let him in.

Shane feels Ilya’s hands slowly creep down his torso and he reluctantly pulls away, which earns him a groan of protest from the Russian. “Not now.”

“Shane,” Ilya whines and rests his forehead on Shane’s shoulder, pressing a kiss to the skin there. “We haven’t since-”

“You’re sick,” Shane reasons, and runs a comforting hand down Ilya’s arm.

“Then I get you to do all the work,” Ilya teases, to which Shane rolls his eyes.

“How about this; we go to sleep right now, and if you feel better when we wake up, then maybe.”

“Maybe?” Ilya lifts his head to look at Shane, and he puts on his best pout.

“Maybe.”

“For you, ‘maybe’ is a yes. I am irresistible.”

“Then you better go to sleep and get better.”

Ilya whines but rolls off Shane and settles against his chest once more; Shane’s hand immediately finds Ilya’s curls. “I hate you.”

“No you don’t,” Shane’s smile is hidden in the soft, golden ringlets as he kisses the crown of Ilya’s head. “You love me.”

“Mm, it is impossible not to.”

Shane sucks in a breath. “Will you say it again in Russian?”

“Ya.” Ilya kisses Shane’s chest. “Tebya.” Another kiss. “Lyublyu.”

“Ya tee-baa loo-blue,” Shane repeats in such an awful accent that Ilya giggles and Shane grins, a chuckle escaping his lips.

“We will practice that. You will be perfect, no accent, in one week,” Ilya says and stifles a yawn. “We start with that phrase only.”

“Okay, we can begin lessons tomorrow,” Shane agrees and begins to massage Ilya’s scalp again, goading him into falling asleep quicker.

“Mm, tomorrow,” Ilya sighs, and soon his breathing evens out and Shane follows not long after.

~

Shane wakes, hours later, to a room enshrouded in darkness and Ilya’s body still pressed against his chest. He smiles, thinking about their conversation hours ago, and exhales in content.

Ilya loves him.

As he loves Ilya.

Shane wants to check the time on his phone badly, but didn't want to wake Ilya. The man needed his rest, and Shane was not going to wake him up before he was ready. He'd never hear the end of it.

He lies awake with his hand back in Ilya's hair, and thinks about their entire decade-long relationship, and how stupid the both of them had been. Well, really, it had been him and his own stupidity, but he likes to think Ilya has had his fair share of moments over the years.

"You think too loudly," Ilya's gravelly voice floats into Shane's ears and startles the man.

"Hey, sleepyhead," Shane says softly. "How are you feeling?"

"Better. One-hundred percent," Ilya replies and kisses Shane's chest while his hand roams Shane's torso before pausing low on his hips. He lifts his head to look at Shane with a look in his eyes that Shane knows all too well, one eyebrow raised as he silently asks the question.

"You just woke up," Shane weakly protests.

"And yet you are interested," Ilya grins, and slowly moves his hand lower. "You have nursed me back to health, and you said 'maybe' earlier. What is your answer now?"

Shane places the back of his hand against Ilya's forehead and pretends to think about an answer. Ilya's forehead was considerably cooler than earlier, and the man did not seem as sick in his demeanour.

Ilya pouts but doesn't stop his hand until it grazes over Shane's half hard bulge and trails down his thigh instead, earning a sharp inhale from the Canadian.

"So?" Ilya asks.

"You're terrible," Shane grins, and Ilya knows his answer before he says it. "Come here."

Ilya pushes himself up and connects their lips together firmly, pushing Shane's legs open and settling in between the strong thighs. Shane's hands fly to Ilya's broad shoulders, pressing the Russian closer and he moans at how Ilya's body completely covers his own.

A comment made by Ilya pops back into his head.

Shane pushes Ilya onto his back and straddles his hips, earning a surprised grunt from the Russian though his hands quickly find Shane's hips. Ilya looks up at him with hooded eyes, another question silently being asked of Shane.

"You said earlier, that you'd get me to do all the work," Shane reminds Ilya, gently squeezing his pecs as he gives his hips a slow roll.

"Ah," Ilya nods as his eyes flutter at the sensation. "Then you had better start, yes?"

~

i havent heard from you all day!!

how is ilya??

Shane 23:12

Hey, Ilya is feeling much better, thanks.

Sorry for not replying. I've been.. Busy.

Shane 23:14

image attached

He won't let me move.

Rose Landry 23:16

gasp! Shane Hollander awake at this hour??

who r u and what have u done with shane??

Rose Landry 23:17

omg wait

no way

Shane you sleaze!!!

~

[image description: a selfie taken from Shane's POV. Shane is lying on his side, his face is flushed pink, and he has a sheepish smile on his face. Unruly golden curls poke out from behind Shane's shoulder, and a cheek sporting an infamous mole can be seen.]

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