

we two boys together clinging

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by [blossominribcage](#)

Summary

At the cottage, one of Shane's post-concussion headaches unexpectedly strikes.

Notes

practically unedited drabble where i make shane deal with my chronic illness... it is pure fluff <3 this is set roughly between the loon scene and the 'i could marry svetlana' one, but there's some wiggle room here timeline-wise

Shane knew the second he opened his eyes, before he was even fully conscious, that he was in deep shit— the sunlight felt far too bright, even with the curtains still drawn. A moment later the pain started to hit, the all-too-familiar icepick embedded in the left side of his skull, and the conclusion that he had a migraine became inescapable. Son of a fucking *bitch*.

He'd been having such a good week, too, maybe Ilya's presence at the cottage was a natural analgesic. He'd even managed to delude himself into thinking that he might've rounded a corner, recovery-wise. As he struggled to sit up, his stomach roiled, violently, and he tried to will the bile back down his throat before he wound up having to run to the bathroom. He hated puking— one of the million reasons, besides a pathological issue with being out of control and the fact that it was a detriment to his career, that he almost never drank. He hated having a concussion and *persistent post-concussive symptoms*, as the neurologist had put it. At the moment, he hated having a body, period, instead of like, some kind of silicon-based thing that he could take out when he needed it and then store safely. This was bullshit.

"Shane?" Shit, now he'd woken Ilya up too. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Shane said automatically, massaging his left eyebrow. It didn't help at all.

"You are making puke noises in the back of your throat. Trust me, I know what *that* sounds like."

"Ilya, I'm *fine*—"

"You don't look fine. You look like a fucking celery stalk or something. All green," he added helpfully, as though Shane had forgotten what color celery was and needed Ilya to enlighten him. Then Ilya, despite Shane giving him precious little to work with, started to put two and two together. "Your head is bothering you again?"

"I said I'm fine, okay?" When he made another valiant effort at sitting up and visibly winced, he knew he had to concede a little. "It's like, a twinge. I just need to walk around— or get a cup of coffee—"

"Maybe I should ask a different way. Why are you lying really badly about your head bothering you?"

Ilya was looking at him with genuine concern, like he was about to disclose some harrowing tale of abuse from a parent or a coach who'd made him play hockey with a broken leg, but Shane was just being a stubborn moron in a way that was uniquely his own. Mom could be a hardass about a lot of stuff— he was one of few guys on the team who had a half-decent education, not just a mess of scattered tutoring sessions between time on the ice— but she always babied the hell out of him when he was sick. He also wasn't the kind of player who— unlike a certain somebody with ROZANOV splashed across his jersey— aggressively toughed out injuries or ignored the advice of doctors and PTs, because he knew that could lead to an injury being the last of your career. It was just—

“I don’t want to ruin today, okay?” He let out a shaky breath and clutched his head in his hands, trying to will the migraine away with sheer determination. It wasn’t listening to him very well, unfortunately, and had a serious issue with reading the room. “We don’t have much time here, and now I’m—“

“Hollander,” Ilya said slowly and fondly, “I do not just like you as a sleeve for my dick. I’m not upset that my sex toy is out of commission for today.”

“I know that!”

And he did, really. They’d moved beyond just entertaining themselves with each other’s bodies years ago, and if Shane was being honest with himself, it hadn’t ever been that simple since he first ran into Ilya sneaking a smoke in Saskatchewan. But it was kind of nice to hear that spoken out loud, too.

“And you hyperventilating is probably not helping, at any rate.” Ilya stood up and started pulling his discarded sweatpants back on. “Where are your pills?”

Shane settled back down against the pillows and let his eyes flutter shut. “On the kitchen counter, in the plastic bag. There’s Red Bull in the fridge, too.” He stopped to think for a moment. “Get the Grapefruit Twist one.”

Ilya was back within the minute, the tab on the can popped and two pills, the abortive and the anti-emetic, in his palm; Shane gratefully took them and swallowed. “Keep drinking,” Ilya said, climbing back onto his side of the bed. “Caffeine is good for your head. Says WebMD, anyway.”

Shane pulled a face. “Don’t tell me what to do.”

Ilya pulled an even sterner one in response, and Shane caved; he wasn’t doing what Ilya told him, so much as doing what he had planned on in the first place, which Ilya happened to agree with. Once he managed to get a few solid swallows in, he set the can back down on the nightstand, and Ilya gave him an approving nod. “Good boy.”

“Don’t call me that, either!”

He was in no condition to be getting aroused right now, but he couldn’t help the flush rising high in his cheeks, or the way his whole body seemed to vibrate at the phrase. Judging by Ilya’s smirk, he’d picked up on it, too. “Come here,” Ilya then coaxed, holding his arms out, and Shane forgave him. “Lie down and close your eyes— is still early. Maybe you will feel better soon.”

Shane was too exhausted and dizzy to protest. Almost worse than the pain was the disorientation, the feeling that the world wasn’t quite right and he couldn’t find a foothold in it, and that was probably what made him scooch over and slump against Ilya’s chest. Ilya pulled him in close and kissed the top of his head, and the tightly-wound ball of anxiety under Shane’s ribs started to loosen. “Shush,” Ilya murmured, though Shane swore he hadn’t said anything out loud— maybe Ilya just had some kind of telepathic ability to read his frenzied thoughts. “You’re not alone now, yes? Just try to unclench, Hollander. The way you

stress the fuck out all the time, I'm surprised it took a concussion for you to start having migraines."

When Ilya started to pet his hair, and Shane purred as he reached the spot around his ears, he realized he was totally screwed. They'd fucked in a million positions in a million different places, but Ilya seeing him like this, too sick to walk in a straight line, felt more intimate and vulnerable than any time he'd had Ilya inside of him. And taking it upon himself to look after him without missing a beat, comforting him, wasn't something Ilya would be doing unless he —

Unless he—

Shane didn't want to be the first one to say it, but he was sure as hell *thinking* it, as Ilya soothed him back to sleep. And maybe it wasn't a sign of more post-concussion brain damage to think that Ilya might be wrestling with those same three words, too.

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