forgive my northern attitude (I was raised out in the cold)

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forgive my northern attitude (I was raised out in the cold)

by Nickies_Nonsense

Summary

Fuck, he couldn’t let Hollander see him like this.

An echo of his fathers voice played in his head, “ты слаб, Ilya.” You are weak.

———

Ilya has a hard time accepting help from anyone, especially when he’s sick. Good thing Shane Hollander doesn’t take no for an answer.

Ilya arrived at the cottage before Shane. His boyfriend had one more game in the afternoon before he could get there for their long weekend getaway so Ilya had packed for both of them and made the drive himself.

It was weird being in the cottage by himself, he thought as he put their bags down and stared out the window admiring the view of the lake. Then his stomach churned and he groaned walking away to sit down heavily on the couch.

He'd started to feel…not well this morning but he insisted that Shane go to his game and he'd powered through the long drive to get here. The cold, clean air of the cottage would be good for him, he thought, and anyway it's not like Ilya ever got really ill.

Shane was a different story with his weak stomach and frequent migraines that he'd inherited from his mother but Ilya was always healthy. A workhorse, his father had said once. Strong, Capable, Dependable.

But maybe, he could just take a little nap now he thought to himself as he lay down on the couch and closed his eyes. That way he'd be ready to ravish his boyfriend when he showed up.

He woke up hours later to darkness and a pounding in his head. Ilya squinted, grabbing for his phone. It was already six pm. Fuck, Shane would be here soon.

It took too much effort to swing his legs off the side of the couch and he swayed as he stood up, holding onto the back of the couch for support.

"Blyat," he cursed under his breath as his head throbbed and his vision blurred dangerously.

His stomach lurched and he remembered why he'd woken up in the first place. He rushed to the bathroom and made it just in time to fall to his knees on the tile and puke up his meager lunch. Trembling, he stood up and hastily brushed his teeth with shaking hands.

Fuck, he couldn't let Hollander see him like this.

An echo of his fathers voice played in his head, "ты слаб, Ilya." You are weak.

Ilya carefully made his way back to the couch, trying not to irritate his stomach or his head anymore than he already had.

He sat perched on the edge of the couch, head in his hands, until he heard a knock on the door. Shane let himself in and Ilya stood up, trying to muster up a proper greeting.

"Hi," he breathed.

He must have failed because Shane's smile faltered and his hands came up to cup Ilya's cheeks.

“Are you feeling okay?” He said, his brow furrowing in concentration like Ilya was another puzzle for him to solve.

Ilya pouted at him, “now you say I look bad.”

“No, no, not that it’s just…you're really pale, are you sure you're okay?”

Ilya sighed, “I was a little sick before, I’m fine now.”

Shane looked like he didn’t believe him so Ilya pressed forward, crushing their mouths together and raising one hand to grip the back of Shane’s head, running his fingers through his hair. At the small noise his boyfriend made in response Ilya instantly felt better.

He stepped back, pulling them both towards the couch when a sudden sharp pain went through his head. It felt like someone punched him in the skull and Ilya dropped Shane’s hands, swearing and sitting down on the couch as the room spun.

“-lya?” Shane was saying, his fingers tugging at where Ilya had his head buried in his hands.

“Are you okay?” Shane said.

All he could do was shake his head carefully in response.

Shane sat down next to him on the couch, rubbing comforting circles on his back until Ilya was able to speak again.

“Sorry.”

ты слаб

“No,” Shane insisted, “don’t be sorry, fuck its my fault, I thought you looked sick this morning and I left anyway.”

“I’m-” he started to say before Shane cut him off.

“If you say you're fine, I swear to god Ilya.”

“Okay,” he muttered, a small smile curling at his lips, “Mr. Nurse.”

“Whatever,” Shane huffed, he pressed the back of his hand to Ilya’s forehead and Ilya leaned into it despite himself, the cold felt so good. “You're burning up,” Shane pointed out.

Ilya hummed in response.

“Okay, let me see what meds we have here,” Shane said, standing up and walking away towards the kitchen. Ilya missed him immediately.

He returned a moment later with a glass of water, a handful of little red pills, and a thermometer.

“Open,” he said, holding up the thermometer.

“Sexy,” Ilya smirked, opening his mouth and holding eye contact with Shane as he slid the thermometer under his tongue.

His boyfriend rolled his eyes, “you must not feel too bad if you can talk like that.”

After the thermometer beeped and he pulled it out of his mouth Ilya responded, “I could be on my death bed and I’d still make you blush Hollander.”

It shouldn’t have felt so much like an omission but it did. They both paused for a beat before Shane looked down at the thermometer and said, “38.5 degrees, not too bad yet.”

He handed the pills and the water to Ilya, “take these.”

Ilya swallowed them then said, “if I die now is medical malpractice Mr. Nurse.”

Shane smiled, running one hand through Ilya's blonde hair, “I knew you’d been watching those hospital soap operas when I’m not there.”

He shrugged, “All the doctors are very hot. Not you as nurse of course, but fictional doctors are good.”

“Of course,” Shane said.

He stood up and grabbed the tv remote, flicking the lights off. He sat back down on the couch and pulled Ilya until he was laying with his head on Shane’s lap. Ilya swallowed hard, trying to remind himself that this was okay. He closed his eyes and gritted his teeth against the thoughts that threatened to pull him away from Shane.

“You need to rest, what do you wanna watch?” Shane asked softly.

“I don’t care,” Ilya said, already drifting off to sleep as he felt Shane’s fingers carding through his hair and his other hand wrapped protectively around Ilya’s shoulders.

“Okay,” Shane murmured, pressing a kiss to Ilya's forehead before he fell asleep.

“Hey, wake up,” soft words and even softer hands tugged Ilya gently out of sleep.

He felt like crying, what had he done to deserve all this, this perfect man?

He might have said that outloud, slurred and half in Russian, but Shane seemed to understand because he chuckled.

“I don’t know but it's time to take more meds,” he said.

The back of his hand pressed against Ilya’s forehead again and worry darkened Shane’s expression. “You're really hot now,” he said.

Ilya didn’t have it in him to make the obvious joke, his head felt fuzzy and wrong, he couldn’t think straight.

Ilya sat up, pushing off the blanket that Shane had covered him with. He just needed- he couldn't-

"Ilya, where are you going?"

He could hear Shane's footsteps following behind him distantly, like a dream. Everything was foggy as he stumbled toward the bathroom. He felt Shane's hand close around his elbow, trying to help him, to steady him, but Ilya didn't want- couldn't accept his help.

"Оставь меня в покое," He spat. Leave me alone.

He shrugged Shane off and pushed past him, collapsing to his knees and hurling into the toilet once more.

Gentle hands rubbed soothing circles and patterns onto his back as he hunched over the toilet. Shane was murmuring something in English but Ilya was too exhausted to do the work of translating it in his head. He didn't understand why Shane stayed with him when Ilya had told him to leave, he didn't deserve Shane, Shane could find a better (more normal) boyfriend anywhere.

Once he was done throwing up he sat back on the floor and to his horror hot tears began to stream down his face. He turned away from Shane, tried to stand up, to get away, only to find that his legs wouldn't cooperate.

Shane grasped his chin gently, tilting Ilya's head to look at him. He was saying something that Ilya couldn't understand and even through the blur of his tears he could tell that Shane looked upset. Ilya had made him upset.

"Мне жаль, Мне жаль" he muttered over and over. I'm sorry.

"Простите меня." Forgive me.

Shane cupped Ilya's face in both hands, holding eye contact as he whispered, haltingly, "там нечего делать простить." There is nothing to forgive.

Ilya froze, eyes wide. It took him a while to gather his thoughts through the haze of fever and switch back to English but finally he settled on, "you learned Russian?"

Shane nodded, looking happier now, "I just started a few months ago."

"Why?"

"For you, idiot." Shane smiled weakly and Ilya didn't bother to hide the look of immense fondness that overtook his expression.

"Now let's get you in a bath and try to bring this fever down, okay?" Shane said, standing up and turning on the water.

"Okay," Ilya whispered.

A few moments later the bath was ready and Ilya stripped, trying to ignore how intensely vulnerable he felt. Shane had seen him naked lots of times over the years but this felt different somehow.

He hissed as he sank into the lukewarm water and Shane said, “I know, but it has to be cold to bring your fever down.”

He settled into the bath, letting the water wash over his skin. His head felt very heavy and dull. He knew he should be thinking more about this, about everything, but he was too tired.

“Let me wash your hair,” Shane said.

Ilya jolted a little, he’d almost forgotten that he was there.

“Ilya?” Shane asked, holding up a bottle of shampoo.

Maybe he could see the conflict in Ilya’s eyes because his boyfriend sat down at the edge of the bathtub and simply started lathering up his blonde locks. Ilya didn’t stop him.

Finally, after a long moment of enjoying the feeling of Shane’s hands running through his hair, Ilya murmured, “my father was not a nice man.”

Shane didn’t say anything, just hummed to show he was listening.

Ilya continued, “he didn’t like when I was sick, I was supposed to be strong, always, способный
Capable, especially after my mother died.”

He could feel Shane shake his head, “you were a child Ilya.”

“I know,” he whispered.

“It’s okay to let go Ilya, let me take care of you,” Shane said, his hands never slowing in Ilya’s hair.

“Okay,” Ilya said.

Shane bent down and pressed a kiss to Ilya’s wet forehead, “good.”

And so Ilya let Shane take care of him.

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