

The art of loving

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The art of loving

by [justbeingzsozso](#)

Summary

Ilya has been having a pretty good summer so far. He is captain of an awesome team, who he can count on on and off the ice. He is freshly married to the love of his life and finally out to the world -though not by choice-, meaning he doesn't have to hide away anymore, and can enjoy the off season doing whatever with his husband.

so when he wakes up with aching limbs and school splitting headache, he questions what wrong he did to get this.

or

Ilya is sick, upset and emotional. Shane loves him anyways.

Notes

Hi lovelies! This is my first holllanov fic, they are literally the only thing in my mind 24/7 it's insane. I hope you guys will enjoy this short, fluffy, domestic fanfiction :)

Title is from the art of loving by olivia dean

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

Ilya has been having a pretty good summer so far. He is captain of an awesome team, who he can count on on and off the ice. He is freshly married to the love of his life and finally out to the world -though not by choice-, meaning he doesn't have to hide away anymore, and can enjoy the off season doing whatever with his husband.

And Ilya did have plans. Call him mushy, or lovesick but he *planned* for this summer. Couple weeks at the cottage, doing ungodly things to each other, a long vacation in Cyprus which is technically considered as their honeymoon, then a couple days here and there, spent with the Hollander parents or catching up with friends. Everything is balanced between the perfect amount of relaxation and having fun. Shane might've rubbed off on Ilya (in more ways than one) because this meticulous planning is usually the doing of his other half, but well, love changes you or what the saying is.

This is why the death-like ache in his bones, his entire body freezing and the pounding pain in his head came as an unwelcome surprise on the day of their first trip.

"Ughhhh" Ilya moaned in discomfort as he opened his eyes, the lights offending his eyes. He quickly wants to turn away, into his pillow -or better off, the neck of his husband-, but as he moves he feels even worse, now nausea knocking on his door, with his limbs feeling heavy and almost unmovable. With one final effort, he throws his arms in the direction of Shane, in hopes of waking him up, but his arm lands on the cold mattress. Shane is not in bed.

"Ugghhhh" Ilay lets out another miserable noise, now louder so his husband can hear him, and he waits unmoving till he hears the careful but determined steps of his love, and the opening of the bedroom door.

"Good morning" Shane greets him with a kiss on his forehead, and a hand massaging his head. It feels like heaven.

"Why aren't you in bed?" Ilya asks, or at least he tries to, but with his mouth barely peaking out, from under his blanket, it becomes a bit muffled. Shane understands him regardless.

"It's 11am Ilya." Shane answered him, voice soft, and hand not leaving his hair. Ilya loved him so much.

“That can’t be, silly. We are supposed to get going at 9am.” Ilya says it as a fact, sure that his husband is messing with him.

“Well yeah, but sweetheart you are burning up. We aren’t going to the cottage like this.” Shane says, pulling the blanket impossibly tighter around his already cocooned in husband.

“What?” Ilya shoots up in bed, which turns out to be a bad idea when his head screams at him, and a hard dizzy spell flashes over his whole being. “Oww.” he grabs his head in pain.

“Yeah. I’m sorry Ilya, I know you were excited for this, but I don’t want you to feel even more miserable, it’s a long ride there.” Shane stroked his husband’s back as he spoke.

“But the plan” Ilya whined.

“We have all summer. We will spend so much time in that cottage you will even get sick of it.” Shane said as he helped him lay down again.

“Impossible.” Ilya muttered.

“Okay babe.” Shane smiled at him, and Ilya *melted* at the pet name. “I’m bringing you tea and some medicine. Then you will rest a bit more and if your fever doesn’t go down we will try a cold bath, alright?” He asked, but already started going to the kitchen, so Ilya let out a soft noise of agreement, then got comfortable in bed and a frown appeared on his face.

He was upset. This was supposed to be their first getaway after their coming out. Their first as an out, married couple. And sure, it’s just the cottage, the same one they’ve been to countless times, but still. Both of them were excited for this, and Ilya ruined it, because his stupid immune system can’t fight a stupid cold properly.

'It's not your fault' a voice that sounded like a strange mix of his therapist and Shane said in his head, but he had a hard time believing it.

"Hey, I'm back. I brought you both water and tea, and also crackers if you can keep it down. Here is medicine for- well for basically everything, I didn't know what hurts so I wanted to be sure. And I will close the blinds in a minute so the light doesn't bother you." Shane said in his soft and caring voice, with a tray in his hands that he placed on the bedside table beside Ilya.

He loves him so much. What else could Ilya do at this moment, then start sobbing?

He let out a broken wail as the tears streamed down his face. Shane was frozen in shock for just one moment, then sprung into action, and took his place beside his husband on the bed, and hugged him tight to his chest.

"Ilya, what's wrong?" Shane asked, rocking them back and forth carefully.

"I feel like shit." Ilya sobbed. "I have been waiting for this summer so much, and I ruined it. I'm sick and everything hurts, and I'm hot and cold at once, and I feel bleeeah, and-" Ilya stopped to take in a shuddering breath. "And you are so kind to me, and I love you so much." Ilya finished, taking a deep breath to calm down.

Shane said nothing, just kissed his forehead and pulled him closer, rubbing soothing circles along his back. After a minute, when Ilya's breathing returned to normal, he spoke.

"You haven't ruined anything, Ilya." Shane whispered into his hair. "Yes, we have been waiting for this but my love, we have the whole summer. None of our plans are super strict, we can move them around. We can go later, we can come home sooner, the important thing is that we have fun. And you wouldn't be having fun on a road trip right now. We will go once you feel better, or, if you change your mind we won't go at all. It's all up to us, we can make every choice, *luchik*."

sunray.

“Alright.” Ilya took a big breath, then smiled at his boyfriend. “You are right, Solnishko.”

little sun.

“Well yeah, duh. I’m always right.” Shane patted his arm and Ilya rolled his eyes at him.

“I wouldn’t go that far. Let’s say you are right, like, I don’t know 45% of the time?” Ilya teased him.

“45? Now you are going too far. I would punish you but you are sick so”

“I wouldn’t be opposed to a blow job” Ilya smirked

“How is that a punishment? You love a blow job.” Shane laughed

“But you also love it. Win-win situation. True marriage.” Ilya said as he looked at his husband with nothing but lust and admiration. And maybe with a little bit of shine that appears in your eyes when you’re sick.

“I guess I could be persuaded.” Shane pretended to think about it, but his hands were already roaming, and his mouth left tender kisses on Ilya's neck.

And before pleasure took over him, there was only one thing on Ilya’s mind:

‘I’m so lucky to have you, moya lyubov’.

End Notes

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