

i will fix

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by [doorway_\(glossedmouth\)](#)

Summary

Shane threatens to call the handyman to replace their entire kitchen counter. Ilya hurriedly gets to work.

Notes

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

"We need to replace the kitchen counter. I'm gonna call Hayd in the afternoon and ask him for the number of that handyman. Hayd said that man does quality work for a fair price."

That gets Ilya's attention from where he is doing a crossword puzzle at the dining table, a half-full cup of hot chocolate next to his pen and newspaper. Shane has no idea how his husband is 74 and still drinking such sugary stuff with no alarms in his annual bloodwork.

Shane gets up on the stepstool with a bunch of Lysol wipes in his gloved right hand to scrub the top of the refrigerator. Ilya stands up slowly, hand on his lower back and approaches the counter, squinting at it.

"What's wrong with the counter? Nothing wrong with it. Looks perfectly fine to me."

Shane rolls his eyes.

"You don't see the paint is all gone there near the sink? I'm sick of looking at all that peeling paint. We gotta get it replaced."

Ilya's hands rest on his hips.

"Well, that's because you're always scrubbing at it."

Shane shakes his head and matches his glare.

"Then who's gonna scrub it? You? Of course I gotta scrub it!"

"It's cuz you're always going at it with the steel wool!"

"No I don't! I just clean it, I don't scrub."

"Well, it doesn't need to be replaced," Ilya grumbles. He runs a shaky hand over his shock of white hair. "I'm gonna fix it."

Shane tosses the dirty wipes into the garbage. "You said that last month. And the previous month. I'm calling Hayd this afternoon because I can't wait for when you're gonna fix it."

Ilya huffs. "No, you better not waste good money on such silly thing. I'm gonna head over to Canadian Tire and get what I need to fix that tiny spot. You wait and see. Will look as good as new."

Shane folds his arms together and presses his lips to make for an unimpressed flat line.

"Okay, I wanna see it. Go get your stuff, Mr. Handyman."

"Yeah, yeah. I'm going. No calling anyone, okay? I will fix. Forget about new counter. I'm gonna do it myself."

When Ilya is out the door with his car keys and their dog, a four year old corgi named Belka, Shane laughs and sets about to scrub fastidiously at something else.

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Belka whines as she follows Shane around while he continues to clean. Maybe he is obsessive about cleaning, but he doesn't *scrub* like how Ilya accuses him. Someone has to clean this kitchen and his husband isn't the one who is motivated to do it.

Ilya has some empty yogurt cups in which he has squeezed out tubes of artist acrylic paint. Shane settles down at the dining table with a nice steaming cup of tea and his book.

"What's all this nonsense?" Shane comments. "You think you're better than a handyman. This is just an ego thing for you. You know we have more than enough money to replace the kitchen counter."

"Sweetheart, you married a Russian man. We can always fix anything that needs fixing," Ilya murmurs. "Look, I show you how simple, yes? See this colour? It's old gold. I paint the problem area with this tiny paintbrush. And this one, look. After it dries, I will paint Burnt umber all over it."

"It better look good, Ilya. Otherwise, I'm calling the handyman first thing tomorrow."

"You're not gonna do that. I will do good job."

"We shall see."

After the first shade dries out all over the peeling areas, Ilya paints all over again with the burnt umber shade. He has to go slow mainly because his hands have a slight tremor nowadays but also because he has to be so delicate with this tiny paintbrush.

After he is done painting the second shade, Belka is begging him for a walk. So Ilya takes her outside, passing a dozing Shane on his heated futon, covered by a blanket. Probably tired from all of that aggressive scrubbing. Shane never sleeps in their bedroom anymore, claiming the floor is better for his arthritis. Ilya lets him be. He looks cozy with his facemask and an old Oilers vs Leafs game playing on their TV. He covers Shane up more securely with the blanket so his thin shoulders don't get cold. Shane runs colder than usual in old age now. Ilya always has to take Shane's smaller hands in his own to warm them up with a good vigorous rub.

When Belka is happy and tired from her walk outside in the bright yet chilly fall Ottawa sunshine, she goes to curl up at Shane's head.

"Yes girl, you keep his bald head warm," Ilya says dryly. He sighs, and mumbles *told you million times to wear your beanie but do you listen? never!* as he bends down to pull the green beanie lying discarded somewhere near the futon on Shane's head.

Ilya gets to work again. He grabs a rag from one of the drawers and soaks it with strong driveway sealer to varnish the newly painted surface. Once he's done, he steps back to appreciate his work with an appraising gaze and shake of his head.

"Saved us what, 1000 dollars? Not bad, Ilya."

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"Okay, do you need to call anyone now?"

Shane checks out Ilya's work. He takes off his glasses to inspect it. Apart from the slight mismatch in shade on the newly repaired area, it does look like Ilya did a very good job at patching it up.

"Looks fine. I don't need to call anyone."

"I told you. Better keep the steel wool far away from it from now on," Ilya says. Shane mumbles *yessir* under his breath but wears a satisfied smile. Good enough for Ilya. He puffs his chest out and takes Shane's hand to squeeze tight. Pressing a soft kiss to the side of Shane's head, he declares: "I can fix anything in the house. You saw I made birdhouse from scratch."

"Now birdseed is everywhere outside. Yay."

"Don't be sarcastic, sweetheart," Ilya coos, putting an arm around Shane's shoulder. "I will fix everything you need."

Shane grins when Ilya isn't looking his way.

He got what he wanted.

End Notes

twi/bsky: glossedmouth

i just began writing hollanov! but i am also in the process of writing a longer hollanov fic as well so plz anticipate :>

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