

Not Alone (I Promise You)

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Not Alone (I Promise You)

by [Allrise407](#)

Summary

“You can’t die first.”

“What?!”

“You can’t,” Ilya rasps, “I can’t.”

“Ilya..”

“I buried my mom,” he coughs a little, body rattles—it hurts, “..then, my dad. I don’t have any, if I need to see you—too.”

Or,

Ilya's sick, and his fever talking just breaking Shane's heart.

**

Updated with part 2 <3

Notes

Ilya’s english is probably better than me, but I promise you, tho I love em dash, I’m not using AI—fuck AI.

Chapter 1

Shane's heart lurches with concern, when he's back to their bedroom, and to see Ilya looks so vulnerable, almost helpless—pale fingers grasping the sheets weakly. Hastily, Shane puts down the glass of water and plate of crackers on the bedside table, and moves his body to reach out his boyfriend.

“Ilya, hey baby..” He calls softly, “anything hurt? What do you need?”

“Feel..feel like, I'm gonna throw up again..” Ilya murmurs miserably, then swallows hard, trying to tamp down the discomfort on his throat.

Shane nods, “It's okay, I'll help you,” he helps him up, “..or do you want me to get the trashcan?”

“No.” Ilya shakes his head, and regrets the action half second later—he groans.

“Sshh, you're okay,” Shane rubs Ilya's nape—noting the fever goes up again, then supporting his weight. “Lean on me,” he urges gently, guiding Ilya toward the bathroom for the fourth time that afternoon.

The bathroom is only a few steps away, but each one is an ordeal. It's a repeating episode, but Shane can feel the weakness from Ilya's body, much more than an hour ago. And it's alarming.

Ilya wakes up with a cough, dizzy spells, and a bit of temperature this morning, but both convinced it just a flu—so Shane made him a healthy breakfast, forced him to rest, and a dose of tylenol. Yet, hours later nothing is going better. The fever is rising, the constant nausea turns into a vomit party, and the cough just make everything worst.

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Hours later, Shane wakes with a familiar rustling of the sheet and a pain whimpers, in a daze he looks at his side, while also rubbing his eyes, to chase away the sleepiness. Ilya is whimpering as he twist and turns, his eyes shut tight and his hair damp with sweat. A pained look is plastered across his face.

He kneels beside him, lay a hand on his forehead—it's definitely much hotter than before they're asleep a few hours ago. Shane peers over at the clock; it's slightly past two in the morning.

“Ilya, baby...hey, wake up. Look at me, hey..”

Ilya groans and pulls his head to the side, opens up his glassy eyes, with all his might.

“Hey baby, I’m here, okay? What’s happening? What’s hurt?”

Another groan from Ilya’s lips, and Shane can only murmurs a sweet rambles. He slips his hand under Ilya’s body, and moves him gently, so his back lean on their layered of pillows properly. Trying to make the love of his life comfortable.

“Let me check your temperature.” Shane mumbles, while reaching out the digital thermometer from the bedside table, put it into Ilya’s ear, and wait. “It’s okay baby, it’s okay..”

The thermometer beeps, and Shane’s stomach tightens.

“39,7..” He reads the number, “oh Ilya..”

For Ilya, everything is hurt, the pounding on his head is relentless, his skin is hot but also cold, and his already empty stomach is still churning—the thought of another vomiting is enough to make him want to cry.

“Ilya, hey...can you hear me?”

Ilya tries to nods, but his head feels so heavy.

“Okay, okay..” Shane puts his thumb on Ilya’s cheek, then kisses his temple tenderly, “I’ll grab the meds and cold compress, wait for a minute yeah, I’ll be—“

“Don’t.”

“I’ll be back, okay? It just in the bathroom, just a few steps, I’ll run, okay?”

“No.”

Shane feels helpless. He intertwines their finger, “Your fever is so high, I need to make you better baby..”

“Am I dying?”

“What?! No, no...” Shane’s trying to soothes him, “no one’s dying, I will not let anything bad happen to you, okay? You’re not dying, let me make it better, yeah? I will not let you dying or die or—“

“You can’t die first.”

“What?!”

“You can’t,” Ilya rasps, “I can’t.”

“Ilya..”

“I buried my mom,” he coughs a little, body rattles—it hurts, “..then, my dad. I don’t have any, if I need to see you—too.”

“Oh, baby.”

“Yes, so please, yes?” Ilya doesn’t know it makes sense or not, his brain is soupy now. “It’s selfish, and I don’t want to be selfish, no if it is mean to leave you or make you sad, but I can’t. So we’ll be together till we’re grey and old and more boring than this, but I need to go first, yes? I’ll wait for you, let’s hope it just like, I don’t know, five minutes? No, it’s too long, uhm..two minutes? You can, yes?”

He’s rambling. Eyes wets, and cloudy with fever. But he can’t stop.

“Loneliness is hard, yes? I know it, all too well. And I don’t want you to feel it, but—but life without you, after all of this. After you, Yuna, David, and the boys. But especially you. I can’t, Shane. Please, yes?”

He’s begging. To Shane, who’s ready to call the 911, who’s trying so hard to be the brave one, for now.

“You—have all of them, too. And, I know, you shared it with me. Your family. Always the nicest. And, I’m so thankful, grateful. But sometimes, it still not easy, to be really alone. Home is you, yes? Not Russia, and not yet here. It’s you. When you’re not here, it just me, without home. All alone, and it’s stupid—stupid mind, stupid me, but lately, I don’t really know how to manage the feeling,” Ilya tries to see Shane, yet everything starts to blur in dizzying way, “..I’m so—sorry.”

“Baby,” Shane whispers desperately, touching Ilya’s scorching hot skin—trying to hold him steady, “Ilya, can you hear me? Baby—”

Ilya’s body slumping forward, sags againts Shane, head drooping. Everything turn into black, like someone turn off the light—just like that.

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Shane glances at the end of the hallway, seeing his mom in serious talk with the doctor—because of course Yuna is Ilya’s emergency contact, the one and only, in paper with the Irina Foundation; it makes sense, but now in this chaos, with the way Shane’s still shaking, David being an anchor beside him, maybe every eyes in this emergency room could read it clearly.

But the hell with that.

David squeezes his arm, “I’m worried too, but he’ll be okay. He’s strong. You did good, son.”

“I know,” Shane leans into David’s side, buries his head in his dad’s shoulder, “It just—he’s so delirious, and he said a lot of things. An honest confession, I guess. And, it breaks my heart, dad.”

David pulls him into a hug, “You want to talk about it?”

“Maybe later,” Shane mumbles, “I think, I should talk about it with him first.”

“Okay, it’s okay.” David says, “Just remember, both of you are not alone, okay? You and Ilya have our support, forever.”

Alone. Shane’s stomach clenches a little. Maybe yeah, he’s not—but Ilya, and his brutal feverish talk, said the opposite of it.

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“Did I say something stupid?”

Ilya's tilting his head, a little smile on his lips, and Shane looks at him with those sad eyes, despite his clear relieved with Ilya’s recovery.

“No..”

“Shanee..”

“Hush—“

“Sweetheart,” Ilya whispers softly, hand trying to reach Shane, “it’s scary, yes? I know, and I’m sorry. So sorry. Stupid weak body.”

“Don’t insult my boyfriend like that,” Shane chides him, being serious but also warm, he grabs Ilya’s hand and kisses the knuckles lightly, “and no more sorry, okay? You’re sick, it happened. More importantly you’re better now.”

Ilya beams at him, his tired eyes softening at his words.

“I have an idea,” Shane rubs Ilya’s cheek, “how about we invite your team for lunch this weekend?”

A flicker of surprise clearly showing on Ilya’s eyes, and it shatters Shane’s heart all over again.

“My team?”

A little nods, but firm. “Yes, the centaurs boys, I’d like to know your friends. They’re a good ones, right?” He moves his hand, to smooths Ilya’s hair, “they like you, and maybe they will like me too—and support us?”

For almost a minute, Ilya says nothing—only looking at Shane, as if searching something. And find nothing. Because Shane says it all earnestly.

“I love you.” Ilya says at last, nearly choking with the certainty of it. Of the love and being loved.

“I love you too,” Shane replies, “now, you rest. I’ll be here, mom and dad will be here too. We’re here, okay. For you, with you.”

Ilya nods, with a biggest smile on his face. And maybe he's really forget, or maybe later he'll remember his rambling—but Shane doesn't care, they will need to talk, Shane needs Ilya to really understand that he can't burn himself to be the light for others. But for now, to have the smile back is enough. To have the chance to love him equally like the way Ilya loves him, is enough.

END.

Chapter 2: Two

Chapter Notes

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

Ilya is sighing softly, glancing down to his phone, counting in his head—he's probably only has less than half an hour for this quietness. Which is kind of ironic, because quietly nowadays he's struggling so much with being so alone—but when two days ago he's being discharge from hospital, there's not a second pass without the others hovering over him.

It's Shane, then of course Yuna and David.

Even fifteen minutes ago, he's basically begging for Yuna and David to head back to their home—because yes, Shane's on the way to come back here from Montreal, and yes, he's not so dizzy anymore and will just lounging on his couch, so yes, everything will be okay. He promises.

Not that he's ungrateful, he loves them with his everything. But he needs this—a space, to think. About the way Shane's eyes looking at him since he wakes up on that hospital's bed.

It looks sad, but different sad. Not about Ilya's condition, because after all, it just a stupid strong virus and he's gonna be okay again soon. Or about their secret, because up until now, nothing's being spilled or leaked, thanks for the oath of Medical confidentiality.

So it's really bugging Ilya's mind. Something must had happened—and it kills him to not know anything to make it better.

A soft sound of opens up door, draws Ilya out from his scattered mind.

“Hey,” Shane greets him, tender eyes and loving smiles, also two big paper bags on both of his hand, “let me put this on the kitchen, wash my hand, then I'll be with you.”

Ilya chuckles at that. He waits for another minutes. As patient as five years old kid.

“So long..” He teases, “where's my kiss?”

Shane rolls his eyes while walking closer to the couch, he leans down, cups Ilya's face with his cold hands, then gently presses his lips to Ilya's. He holds back a smile and deepens the kiss, till the softest little moans escapes from Ilya.

“I miss you..” Shane pulls back and smile.

“I know,” Ilya flashes away his grin, “miss you too.”

He drags Shane to be closer, to sit beside him, then burrying his face into Shane's shoulder, while Shane just go along with the act, keep holding Ilya's hand, rubs his thumb over the back of them.

“You bring a lot..”

“Nah, tomorrow we’ll host lunch for a bunch of hockey players,” Shane says, “in fact, I doubt it’ll be enough, maybe we still need to order from your favourite place, just for an alternative, a plan B.”

And suddenly Ilya’s overwhelmed with emotion, again. Like these past few days, when they’re talking the details about this. As if, he’s still waiting for Shane to cancel the plan, to forget it, to act like he never proposes the idea. It still surreals.

“Ilya..”

“Ugh..sorry..” Ilya shakes his head, trying to clear out the negative that’s not happening, to believe in reality.

“Are you feeling dizzy again?” Shane peers down, so he can see Ilya’s face, “Oh baby..” His thumb moves to brush the wetness on Ilya’s cheek. *Oh.*

“Damn,” Ilya mumbles, when he realizes the tears, he snuggles to Shane’s neck, “the meds makes me so sensitive and boring.”

Both know that’s a total lie, but Shane only gives his temple a soft kiss, and Ilya keeps leaning on him. Their love to each other is as easy as breathing—but it’s another story to let the others to be in their bubble, especially for Shane.

Ilya knows that well, too well. And he still in the dark, for what’s making Shane take the initiative step, because if all of this is a dream—still in his fever dream, Ilya really doesn’t want to wake up.

Thankfully, is not a dream. Because Ilya just drags himself from the bedroom to the kitchen, where the noise and chaos happens—to see Shane, two pans on the stove, slices of different vegetables on the small bowls, an open tub of cream cheese, ground beefs already on round shape ready to be cooked, and all the madness.

“Are you panicking?”

“No,” Shane’s shaking his head, eyes laser focus, not even a slight glance at Ilya, “maybe later, or maybe not.” He chuckles at himself, then stirs the sauce in front of him.

Ilya’s looking at him still, “You sure? I..can always cancel, yes? Tells the boys something’s up and—“

“No, silly.”

For the first time since Ilya stands on his side, Shane’s eyeing him—and it appears again. The moist, loving, but sad eyes.

“Everything’s on the schedule,” Shane tells, finger points out at the paper on refrigerator, with his own neat writing, a detail lists to the dots, “will be ready before they come, and you,” he pecks Ilya’s lips, “go eat your breakfast, and your meds, then you can sit around here, and be a good boy.”

Ilya smiles at that, “a good boy..”

“My good boy..” Another kiss, a warms smile, then Shane back on his current activity—the dish, not Ilya.

**

It’s awkward, but not uncomfortable.

Ilya has Shane on his arm, side by side, glued to each other, while also trying not to laugh with the way his teammates looking at them with various kind of stares, but mostly in an awe. They knew the invitation was from Ilya and his partner, but—*holy fuck*.

“He’s Jane,” a whispers from Hayes breaks the stillness, “of course he is.”

Shane feels his cheeks flush, and his heart races, but Ilya’s here with him, ground him, and so far no one give him disgusting look, so he smiles, “Yes, uh..hello, I’m Shane Hollander.”

“Three times Stanley cups winner yeah,” Bood replies amusely, “we know you, Hollander. Nice to meet you.”

“Hey, I’m a winner too!” Ilya barks at them, “and we will too!” He winks at his boys. And suddenly there’s a cheers, a banter, a hollers.

Shane relaxes and breathes on ease. He looks around, and he can’t believe it is so easy like this. It’s only just five minutes or less, but everything’s already so different from his own team. It feels good—great.

They move to the dining area, and Ilya’s basically boasting, “My boyfriend making all of this since early morning, so all of you say thank you, and be grateful, yes?!”

A chorus of thank you, and Shane can only laughs at that. He reaches out to hold Ilya’s hand—again, and squeezes it gently. Ilya’s smiling, brighter and oh, it’s beautiful sight. Shane can see his eyes still in disbelief that this is happening for real. And his heart clenches in guilty, for not understanding the longing sooner.

“Thank you,” Ilya murmurs to him while also kissing his temple softly, “thank you so much for this, I love you.”

“I love you too.” Shane says back easily. And by the corner of his eyes, he can sees everyone also feeling the happiness that spread widely in the room.

It just getting easier, and for the first time, Shane also gets a glimpse of Ilya’s side he only knows now. A quips here and there with Dykstra—it’s fun to see they’re in sync. The way he attacks but also protects the baby of their team, Luca Haas—who after two hours still looking

at Shane with so much shyness, it's cute. He's really looking out for his team, and it's clearly not an unrequited relationship.

"So, the move to Ottawa," Barrett glances at Ilya then Shane, "was that the start?"

"Oi, one day one secret spills out, yes?" Ilya retorts cheekily, "So no, we won't answer that."

The rest starts to protest, "but well, it's romantic." Drover adds sheepishly. "Whatever the reason, which's up to you guys to share it later or not, but—it's really the ultimate act of love, I think. Leaving everything behind, then starting again from the scratch. And also, with all these need to be in secrecy, again—so sorry for that, but you deserve more, really. It just a lot, right."

A nods and murmurs of agreement around—but for Shane it feels like another realisation. That Ilya really just, choose him. That everything was so much variables; a winning team, a chance of another cup, a club that drafted him, teammates who grew up with him, and a city that adored him.

Shane really knows Ilya's master of guarding himself, a good pretender—and after all this time, he's confident, he's the only one in this universe who reads Ilya perfectly. Yet, he still misses that one of the things he vows to always fulfill—Ilya's loneliness.

Or maybe even, Ilya's whole happiness.

"You good?" Ilya's leaning on to him. For a seconds, Ilya can sees those lingering sad eyes again—and he starts to despises them.

"Are you happy?" Shane asks back, instead of answering.

"Very much," Ilya says, "are you?"

A quick kiss on Ilya's neck. "Yes, it's a good day."

**

It's a long day, but a beautiful one, and after cleaned up everything, finally they're snuggling into each other on the bed—Ilya closes his eyes, enjoying the way Shane's fingertips soothing his hair.

"Ilya.."

"Hmm.."

"Are you really happy?"

Ilya opens his eyes, "It's one of my happiest day, Shane. Like the day when I met Yuna and David. Will never forget it."

"And...what about the days before today?"

“Huh?” Ilya looks up at Shane, “I’m sick, yes? And made you worry, so no—not happy days.”

“You’re right,” Shane says softly, “but I mean, before that. Since you’re here, in Ottawa, are you happy?”

“Too much questions, Shane..” Ilya mumbles, “is there anything you want to talk with me?”

“I’m talking to you now,” Shane says, “and you’re not answering me..”

Ilya presses a light kiss to Shane’s bare shoulder, “Always happy when I’m with you.”

“And when I’m not with you?”

It’s a simple question, but suddenly Ilya feels heavy. Does Shane knows? Does Shane—

“Your eyes..”

“What?”

“You’re looking me different these days,” it’s a soft whispers, “but I’m okay, yes? Nothing to worry about.”

Shane feels Ilya’s trying to move away, but he’s faster—pulls him closer, draps his arms around Ilya’s waist, and holds him a little tighter.

“Different how?”

A silence.

“Baby..” Shane tries again, “what’s with my eyes?”

“You tell me.”

“Ilya..”

“I thought it was a sad eyes, but no—it’s a pity, right?”

Ilya voices is flat, a tone that reminds Shane of their early twenties, when they’re still unsure, and afraid of honesty about their feeling.

“I’m sorry,” Shane says, “if you feels like that, but no, is not a pity—it’s a guilt. I’m sorry baby, I’m sorry..”

“Shane..?”

“I didn’t even realize it. Before you fainted, you said a lot of things. And God, I’m so sorry, Ilya. For not being here, for making you feel lonely. I’m sorry.”

It’s silence again. Shane gently kiss the nape of Ilya’s neck, their heartbeats in rhythm with one another.

“Hey, can you look at me?” He nuzzles his nose against the spot he’d just kiss, “can you forgive me?”

“Nothing to forgive.” Ilya shivers a little.

“Ilya..”

“I’m really happy,” Ilya swallows the lump in his throat, “Ottawa is nice, I’m honest. Being Yuna’s favorite son, and David’s puzzle mate, are nice. The boys too, it’s better if they can defend and make more goals, yes? But they’re also nice, you met them. It just—some days, a hard some days.”

“And you don’t have anyone to talk about it..”

Ilya nods.

“Look at me, please..”

It’s another minute, but finally Ilya turn his head, and Shane’s expression soften immediately, seeing the welled up tears—a dam ready to break.

And so he kisses those eyelids carefully, caressing his boyfriend jawlines, then leans in closer to drop a soft kiss on Ilya lips. “I’m the luckiest man in this world—to be loved by you.”

A small helpless sound crawls from his, “Shane..”

“You also said, I can’t die first,” Shane says quietly, “and it’s unfair, but I think it’s a deal I’ll try to accept. Just, not soon, okay? Till grey and old, you said it too.”

Ilya is openly crying at that—tears glistening on his cheeks. It’s something he always has in his mind, his small hope—the things he prays quietly.

“You promise?”

Shane’s heart shatters at that softest, uncertain voice, he’s not familiar with, “Whatever happen in the future, I’ll try my best to always be back at you, okay? To be with you.”

“Okay..” Ilya says. “Today—was it because of what I said too?”

“Mostly, yes..” Shane smiles a little, “but I’m so glad, like you said, they’re really nice, and love you, and support us. I can see it. And you deserve that. People who loves you—my family, your boys, we really love you.”

Ilya closes his eyes and forces himself to stop crying, he feels exhausted, “The meds is—”

“Yeah, make you boring, I know.” Shane places a loving kiss on his forehead.

Ilya presses his face in the side of Shane’s neck, and kisses the skin nearest his lips over and over again. Embraces him, and hugging him tightly.

**

Looking down at Ilya who's sleeping peacefully—finally, Shane traces the line of Ilya's face by his eyes, thumb over the cheek softly, and lets out the tiniest smile. He loves this man so much. And he knows, as long as he loves him, he will always have this heart break over and over—the price of loving too much. But it's Ilya. Definitely worth it.

He kisses the top of Ilya's head, loves the way the soft curly hair gives him a familiar comforting scent, “You deserve this, baby. A life where people didn't call your name like a problem or scandal,” he murmurs quietly but with so much deep certainty, “and a family who loves you without calculating your worth. You do, Ilya. Please believe it.”

END.

Chapter End Notes

So, I'm not yet reading the books, and just writing it by the series, the screenshots of tiktok, and fanfics here—hope I still deliver the vibes xx please do leave me some comments (or just be a friend)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!