

As Long As You Need Someone

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As Long As You Need Someone

by [FestiveFerret](#)

Summary

Ilya gets the flu, but Shane has to go back to Montreal to play and can't take care of him. So he calls in reinforcements.

Notes

As usual, my canon is a bizarre mix of show and books. I think this one is a bit more show-ish than book-ish but I'm also not sure it really matters at this point, haha. It's post-HR but pre-TLG and/or post-ep6. If you haven't read any of the books, this has some mild spoilers for things that might be in S2

Thanks to ashy for beta!

Thanks to Jules for helping me not sound like a total idiot when I write hockey! Any remaining idiocy is my own.

Ilya pressed his face into his pillow and willed the pounding in his head to go away.

"Ilya?" Shane mumbled from beside him. The bed shifted, and the blankets tugged to the side as Shane sat up in bed and folded over Ilya. "Are you okay?"

"Is nothing, love," Ilya scratched out. "Just headache."

"Hey, roll over a bit. You sound awful and you're breathing kind of funny."

The idea of rolling over sounded terrible to Ilya, but he couldn't refuse Shane's request. He shifted to the side, a new waft of air coming in under the duvet and setting him shivering. Fuck, it was cold in here.

Shane hooked his hand around the back of Ilya's neck and leaned down to lightly press their foreheads together. He was warm and soft and smelled like home and safety, so Ilya just closed his eyes and basked in their closeness.

"Fuck, you're burning up," Shane said, his fingers gently petting the nape of Ilya's neck. He went to pull away again, but Ilya whimpered and clutched him closer. Shane shifted around, tugging and pushing, until Ilya found himself curled up at Shane's side, head resting on his chest. "I think you have the flu, Ilya," Shane said softly.

"No," Ilya mumbled into Shane's chest. "Is fine. Is headache."

"And fever. And chills. And a sore throat."

"No," Ilya said again, but it sounded more like a whimper than a disagreement.

"It's okay. You'll be okay. Just rest for now. It's only like three in the morning. And when you wake up, we'll figure out a plan."

Ilya didn't even know what that meant, but his eyes were already getting heavy, so he kept them closed, his mouth falling open as he drifted back into sleep.

By the time Ilya woke again, it was nearly eight, and Shane was still in bed, typing on his phone, with Ilya still sprawled out across his chest. He smacked his dry lips together and cleared his throat roughly. It hurt. "Fuck, Shane. You will be late. You need to leave."

"It's okay. I don't need to be back in Montreal until noon. I brought my bag, so I can go straight to the arena."

Ilya tried to push up to sitting, but the room spun and his head throbbed. He sunk back down. "Ugh."

"You're pretty sick," Shane said.

"No shit," Ilya growled into the soft skin just under Shane's armpit.

"I wish I could stay and take care of you."

"I know." Ilya rested his chin on Shane's chest and tilted his head back to meet his gaze. "I know." There were times that being apart felt almost normal and times when it was gutting. Ilya was used to spending a lot of time alone, but he also didn't get sick very often, and he could feel himself getting a little bit desperate at the thought of Shane leaving. But Shane couldn't claim a family emergency because Ilya had the flu. He had a game tonight and he had to play.

Shane bent and kissed Ilya's forehead. "Shit, your temperature must be really high. I'll grab you the thermometer in a minute."

"Is okay. I will take some Tylenol and go back to sleep."

Shane's fingers carded through Ilya's hair for a moment, then he slipped out of bed. Ilya turned his face into the pillow and didn't bother trying to track Shane's movement around the room he'd come to think of as *theirs*. Sure, it was Ilya's house, but Shane had said he'd be happy to retire to Ottawa someday, and Ilya didn't like Montreal very much, so when he'd bought the place, he'd thought about them in it together.

Ilya must have slipped in and out of sleep because what felt like a second later, Shane's hand was on his shoulder, rubbing gently. "Hey, sweetheart."

Ilya squinted open an eye. Shane never called him that. "I am dying. You think I am dying."

Shane snorted. "You're not dying. It's just the flu. You just look really sad and pathetic right now and it slipped out."

"Take care of my little plant for me," Ilya groaned. "I left you all the sex toys in my will."

"Most of those are mine anyway," Shane teased back, rolling his eyes. "And your plant is plastic."

"And make sure Barrett gets the signed picture of me winning the cup. He will want that."

"You're not dying, don't worry. You don't need to start itemizing. Here." Shane handed Ilya two pills and a glass of water, and Ilya propped up on an elbow long enough to take them. "I do have to go now."

Ilya's silly pout turned into a serious frown. "I will miss you."

"I always miss you." Shane bent for a kiss, but Ilya jerked back.

"I will make you sick, too."

Shane snorted. "I think that ship sailed when you had your tongue shoved down my throat yesterday afternoon. And other places."

Ilya grinned, remembering. "You know I am not too sick to -"

Shane pressed a hand over Ilya's mouth until he stopped talking, then pulled it away to kiss him sweetly. "I have to go. I love you. If you're not feeling better enough by next week, I'll come here instead of you coming to Montreal."

"Okay. I love you too."

"Stay hydrated and get lots of rest."

"I will. I will order something for lunch with vitamin C or whatever."

Shane grinned. "Oh, don't worry about that. I have to go, but I called in reinforcements."

**

When Yuna Hollander arrived at Ilya's house two hours later, she came bearing five grocery bags and a tote the size of Ilya's kit bag in Juniors. Ilya answered the door in sweatpants, with a blanket wrapped around his shoulders, anxiety twisting his already unsure stomach, and she pursed her lips at him.

"You look awful," she said.

"Thank you," Ilya replied, shuffling back towards the kitchen. His softest blanket still felt like sandpaper against his skin, but the Tylenol had kicked in and his fever had gone down a little, so he perched on a barstool instead of shuffling right back to bed.

Yuna put a hand on his shoulder. "Oh, honey," she said. "You don't have to stay upright on my account. Do you want to get settled on the couch with some bad TV?"

Something stuttered a little in Ilya's chest. It had been a long, *long* time since someone other than Shane had worried about him like he was family. "Okay, sounds good. Thank you." He got up and followed Yuna into the living room where she fluffed up a pillow and picked up the plates from his late night snack with Shane the night before.

"Don't worry about that, I can -"

Yuna cut him off. "Don't be silly. Lie down."

Ilya was not usually one for following commands from anyone, but Yuna's tone had him plunking his butt right down on the couch. She left his soft throw wrapped around his shoulders, but grabbed the quilt from the other end of the couch and spread it over him, tucking in the edges. She handed him the remote.

"Have you had anything to eat yet, honey?"

Ilya shook his head.

"Okay. I brought you some leftovers. David made sweet potatoes last night. Lots of vitamin C. But I also brought some soup from our freezer if that appeals more. I think it's turkey barley."

"Soup sounds good," Ilya managed, his voice feeling unreasonably small and his throat a little tighter. She was gone for a moment, and Ilya heard the beeps of his microwave starting. Yuna returned with a glass of water and a glass of juice which she set on the coffee table. "You know, Shane did not need to call you. I will be okay. I'm sure you have things you need to be doing."

Yuna pursed her lips at him again, but there was a sad tilt to her brow. She sat on the couch by Ilya's hip then reached out and brushed his curls back from his forehead. She pressed her small, warm palm there, her frown deepening at whatever temperature she felt there. "I'm not leaving until I know you're safe and comfortable," she told him. "You're one of my boys now and that means I'm taking care of you whether you like it or not. There's nothing I have on that's more important than that."

Ilya's eyes prickled, hot and wet, so he dropped them to the carpet. "Not fair to say something like that when I am sick and weak."

Yuna laughed, and her hand moved from Ilya's forehead to his shoulder. "I don't think you're ever weak, but I'll try not to take advantage of your softie heart while your defenses are down."

"I am always weak for your son," Ilya said, his tongue dropping the words between them before he could reel them back in.

She smiled. "I know, honey. I've never seen him with anyone the way he is with you." Yuna's face flickered through several emotions, and Ilya could tell she was trying to decide whether to say something or not. "I know we were sort of...startled. When you two told us. It was a bit of a shock, I won't lie. But you know we're happy for you guys, right? It was just shock, not..." her eyes flickered away then came back, "...disappointment. Or anything like that."

"That is nice to know," Ilya said softly. He'd been pretty sure, after they'd had dinner a few times in the summer, and the Hollanders had come to his first few games with the Cens, that they didn't mind him as their son's boyfriend, but it was also hard to forget the fact that they'd started out hating him, that they'd seen him as a threat to their son's success before they'd ever met.

He supposed he still was, though in a much different way now.

But it hadn't really occurred to Ilya that he was gaining more than just a boyfriend, when he and Shane had finally agreed that they wanted something more than an occasional fuck. They were still a secret, so it hardly felt like it changed anything at all, except opening up their moments together to mean more to each other. It was private. It was caged.

But here was someone else Ilya had gained. Someone who maybe even cared about him outside of caring about Shane.

Yuna patted his knee through the blankets. "Besides, I know the reputation you have for being an asshole, Ilya, but I know you now, and I know it's all a big cover for how much of a sweetie you are."

"Lies. I am definitely an asshole."

Yuna winked then stood, heading off towards the kitchen where the microwave timer had gone off. Soft, homey clinking noises came from the kitchen, and then she returned with a large mug and a spoon. "I prefer drinking it from a mug when I'm sick. Then it has a handle so you don't need to worry about spilling."

Ilya nodded, approving. "Very smart."

Yuna settled at the end of the couch, near Ilya's feet, and picked up the remote. She flicked the TV on. It came on automatically to ESPN and the app automatically restarted playing the Colorado v. L.A. game he and Shane had on in the background last night. Ilya tried very, very hard not to think about why they hadn't finished the game, with Shane's mother only a few feet away.

"Do you mind?" Yuna asked. "I didn't get to watch last night."

"Not at all," Ilya replied. He sipped his soup. It was *incredible*. Sometime, he was going to have to ask David to show him how to cook more things than the basics he and Shane subsided on when they weren't having their food delivered.

Ilya worked his way through the soup while he flicked through his phone, letting the team know he'd be out for a few days - good timing since today was a day off anyway, they had a home game tomorrow against Buffalo, who they wouldn't need Ilya to beat, and then two more days off before a roadie. Ilya was determined to feel better by then.

He gave Shane a quick update, checked his social media, and posted a picture to his Instagram of the mug and a box of tissues with no further explanation.

Ilya finished his soup and put it on the coffee table, stealing a glance at Yuna as he did. Her full attention was fixed on the game, her phone clasped between her hands, and her brow slightly furrowed as she watched Colorado struggle to keep the puck in the offensive zone.

She'd already signed on for helping with the charity, but the first summer had been chaotic, and Shane had been the one coordinating with her. Since Ilya didn't have his Canadian citizenship, most of the charity was actually being legally run by Shane and Yuna, so Ilya had focused on the other side - getting players on board to help, making lesson plans, and figuring out the venue.

But now he wished he'd spent more time with her, getting to know her. He didn't want Yuna to think he wasn't interested in his family growing by more than just Shane. But he hadn't had a mother figure in his life in fifteen years, so he wasn't really sure how he was supposed to make that clear.

"They should move Bogrov up to the second line," Yuna muttered.

Ilya chuckled. "Svetlana would agree with you."

"Is that a friend of yours?"

"Oh yes, sorry. She is my longest friend. I have never known anyone who knew more about hockey than her." Ilya slid a look over to Yuna. "Until I met you, I think."

Yuna laughed. She tucked her thumbnail between her teeth for a moment. "Sometimes I worry I pushed Shane into it."

"I think he is just born to play."

"Really?"

"Yes. It is part of who he is. He can't imagine himself as something else. I don't think you can push someone to that."

Yuna frowned and pulled her attention from the game to give Ilya a considering look. "Was it different for you?"

Ilya half-shrugged. "I love to play. But I could maybe see myself doing other things too. I am lucky to be very good at something I love to do that has made me rich and famous and given me a new home that I love, so." He shrugged again. "Hard to complain."

"Shane said he didn't think you'd be going back to Russia at all."

"I don't know. Probably not. It is much more risky now and there is no reason. My parents are both dead and I do not wish to see my brother."

"I'm sorry."

"Is okay. I am happy here. I want to get Canadian passport. Maybe even get rid of my Russian one."

Yuna gave Ilya's foot a squeeze through the quilt. "If you need help with that process, or references or anything, you ask us, okay?"

"Okay. Thank you."

Yuna scoffed and gestured at the game. "Brennan keeps his glove low. They should be going for the high glove side, but they keep trying for the blocker side."

Ilya grinned. It had been a while since he had last watched hockey with someone as fun as Svetlana. Shane was as boring at watching hockey as he was at - almost - everything else. He definitely got that from his father, because Yuna was incredible.

The puck finally slid into the net, but Yuna shook her head. "Interference. His skates were clearly in the blue paint."

Ilya scoffed. "Was barely any contact. Goalie could still play. Good goal."

Yuna raised one eyebrow and they waited while the play was reviewed. When the ref called goaltender interference she tipped her hand towards the TV.

"Okay, okay. Was close though."

Play continued. Ilya wasn't really cheering for either team, but he also hadn't checked the scores this morning, so it was still fun to see how it would play out. It was tied up at 1 as they approached the end of the second period.

"Such a sloppy change!" Ilya huffed. "Too many men!" But there was no call. "Oh, so Hartfield gets shoved in the crease and bumps the goalie a little and no goal but L.A. has had eight men on the ice for like five minutes and the refs are like this is fine."

Yuna laughed. "I remember a certain someone having a similar problem at World Juniors not that long ago."

"Pff, I do not know who you are talking about. Also that was a lifetime ago." Ilya's head suddenly felt heavy, so he snuggled down deeper on the couch, wishing for a moment that he could slip his feet in Yuna's lap and feel her comforting hand on his foot again, but he knew that would be weird, so he made sure to stay on his side.

What felt like only a moment later, Ilya heard the TV click off and realized his eyes had been closed for some time, and he hadn't heard any of the post-game chatter. He couldn't even remember the final score. But he was warm and cozy, and his headache had faded a little, so he just snuggled down and let his body be still, drifting in and out of wakefulness. At one point he fluttered his eyes open to see Yuna typing away at her tablet, her face creased with concentration. Just...there. Even though Ilya didn't need anything right now. She could have left, but she stayed.

Ilya wasn't sure how late it was when he finally woke enough that he needed to get up and use the bathroom, but the lack of light outside had turned the windows into mirrors and Yuna had put Shane's game on, live this time, with the TV on mute.

She smiled at Ilya when he sat up and stretched. "Hungry?"

"A little, I think." Ilya's meds had clearly worn off and he felt awful again, but he knew if he didn't eat, he'd only feel worse later.

"Okay. I'll be right back."

"You don't need to -" Ilya started, but Yuna cut him off with a stern look.

"Thank you."

Less than ten minutes later, Yuna returned with plates for both of them - roasted sweet potatoes and pulled pork. Ilya picked at the pork, the seasoning a little overwhelming in his current state, but the sweet potatoes were soft and caramelized and perfect, and he ate them all. He texted Shane as soon as he was done.

Ate vitamin C

He was literally watching Shane deke his way around Toronto's defense, so he knew he wasn't going to get a text back, but he enjoyed knowing that the first thing Shane would do

when he got back to the locker room after the game was to check for a message from Ilya. So he added:

Also I love you.

And then, because he couldn't help himself:

Also you are showing off, shoot the puck.

"Shane's overcomplicating it," Yuna said with a huff as Toronto stripped him of the puck before he could get a shot off. "He doesn't need to show off!"

Ilya grinned.

By the time the game was over, Ilya was barely able to keep his eyes open, so Yuna shooed him off to bed.

"You need rest to help you heal. I'll tidy up."

"You do not need to do that. It can wait."

Yuna took the blanket Ilya had been wearing that morning and wrapped it around his shoulders, then wrapped her arms around him, pulling him in against her chest. She went up on her toes and kissed his forehead. "Off you go. Don't forget to take more Tylenol. I hope you feel better soon. I'll be here tomorrow around ten and I'll bring more food."

Ilya didn't even bother arguing this time, just said, "thank you," and hugged her back. He felt five years old again, and wished it wouldn't be weird to ask her to tuck him into bed.

**

The next day was practically a repeat of the day before, except that Ilya woke up chilly and alone in a bed that felt too big. He called Shane as soon as his eyes were clear enough to find the right buttons on his phone.

Shane's breath was short and there was a mechanical hum in the background that told Ilya he was on his stationary bike. "Good morning. How are you feeling?"

"Mostly the same," Ilya croaked out. "Though I think your dad's soup may have healing powers and I will not be sick for much longer."

Shane laughed. "Sounds right. Was it okay having mom there? I told her only to stay as long as you needed someone."

Ilya smiled. "Yes, that is what she did."

"Okay good. She was going to come over again today to bring you more food. Is that alright?"

"That would be nice, yes."

Ilya closed his eyes and balanced the phone on the side of his head, imagining Hollander was speaking right into his ear instead of from two hours away. "You leave for New York tomorrow?"

"No, day after."

"Right, okay. I am forgetting what day it is."

"Alright. I have to go to practice." Shane's breath evened out and the whirl of his bike slowed to a halt. "I miss you."

"I miss you too. Ya tebya lyublyu."

"Ya tebya lyublyu."

This time, when Yuna knocked, Ilya was wrestling with his blender, trying to get enough vitamins for the day into a single smoothie cup so he could tell Shane he was eating right while convincing Yuna they should get McDonald's for lunch, so he just called out, "Come in!" and he heard the door click open a moment later.

"Ilya?"

"Sorry. In here! Just - *blyat!*"

"That sounded like a word you shouldn't say around your mother-in-law," Yuna said, appearing around the corner and depositing a new tote bag on the counter.

"Sorry," Ilya ducked his head sheepishly. Then he rewound what she'd said. "I thought that title was for married only. Unless I misunderstood."

Yuna blushed a little, busying herself with unloading the bag. "I mean, technically. But how long have you been together now? I don't mind if you think of me that way. I mean, no pressure, but I get the impression that Shane thinks about forever when it comes to you."

Ilya's heart did gymnastics in his chest, and he turned back to his blender to hide his stupid grin. "Good," he said gently, "because I do too." He finally got the top of the blender to click in, and if Yuna said anything in reply, it was drowned out by his banana and strawberries being turned into mush.

The rest of the day went by much as the first had. Ilya tucked up on the couch and Yuna brought him soup and water and medication and argued with him about when to pull the goalie and if Pittsburgh had a shot at the cup this year. Yuna also brought a jigsaw puzzle. It was just some random picture of a mountain and a lake, but it was kind of soothing - once Ilya was feeling well enough to sit up - to dig through the pieces and pick out all the edges.

Mid afternoon, Ilya fell asleep to the sound of Yuna typing on her tablet, and he woke up a few hours later, finally feeling ready to take a shower.

"That's a good sign!" Yuna proclaimed. "I'll heat up the chicken for dinner tonight. You need protein."

"Yes, ma'am." Ilya took his shower and then they ate, a random game on mute in the background, their commentary more interesting than whatever the announcers had to say.

After the game, Yuna started the dishwasher then gave Ilya another hug and a kiss and sent him to bed. Where he had fallen asleep almost immediately the night before - a combination of fever and Nyquil knocking him out almost before he'd gotten under the covers - tonight he lay awake for a while. He truly felt like he was already on the mend, but that meant that sleeping for a solid chunk of the day had left him too awake for an early bedtime.

He stared up at the ceiling and tried to figure out if what he was feeling was sadness, or something else he didn't quite have the word for.

He missed his mother, desperately, but his grief also felt distant now, like a rough rock worn smooth by years and years in the sea. But with Yuna around, and taking care of him like this, he couldn't help but think about her. He had a memory, from maybe when he was eight or nine, and was plagued by a recurring nightmare, of his mother sleeping in his bed with him, holding him all night, waking up with him in the morning, keeping the dragons at bay.

But he was an adult now, and he had a boyfriend. He wasn't as thirsty for comfort, for love, as he had been in those first few years after his mother had died. Yet still, since he moved to Ottawa, he was alone more often than he ever had been before. Before committing to Shane, he'd had someone in his bed more nights than not, filling the silence, warming his sheets. He'd gone out, stuffed the silence with noise, with music, with alcohol, with movement.

Now he stayed in, cooked cozy dinners, watched stupid TV. He was alone unless he had a roommate on the road, which he often, or unless he and Shane were able to spend the night, which was often frequent for short periods and then very infrequent for longer, as their schedules mixed and matched.

He didn't exactly miss his old party lifestyle, but there was something he hadn't been missing then that he was now. He wouldn't trade life with Shane for body shots even with a gun to his head, but he was a bit lonely, and hiding was wearing him down. He was making friends with his teammates, but that took time too.

He hadn't considered the Hollanders.

And surely they missed Shane? Perhaps they were in the market for a son who lived a little closer. Maybe sometimes they set an extra place at the table then remembered he didn't live there anymore. Maybe, someday, in-law would be a reality instead of a technicality and Ilya would officially be part of their family.

Maybe they wouldn't mind if Ilya stopped by, once in a while, just to say hi.

**

Ilya blinked awake the next morning at closer to his normal time. His head wasn't throbbing and his throat no longer felt like he'd tried to swallow a puck whole. He stretched out and his hand hit a warm chest.

"Oof."

Ilya sat up and stared down at Shane yawning on his side of the bed. "Hollander, what are you doing here?"

Shane reached up and grabbed Ilya around the neck, pulling him into his arms. "They made today's practice optional so I drove here at midnight so I could wake up with you. I'll go back tonight after dinner."

"Oh, fuck, that was a terrible idea, but I am so glad to see you." Ilya pressed a sweet kiss to his lips. "You will regret this when you wake up tomorrow morning."

Shane grinned at him. "I bet you a million dollars I won't."

"That is a bet you could actually lose and not care."

"Then I bet you ten million dollars I won't." Shane kissed him again.

"I will buy a very silly car with my new ten million dollars." Ilya wrapped his arms around Shane's neck and for a while, all he knew was the firm press of Shane's body against his and the warmth and softness of his fingers, combing through Ilya's hair. "But I am very glad you made this stupid decision."

"You sound a little better." Shane kissed his forehead. "And you don't feel fevery."

"Yes, the fever went away yesterday and did not come back all night. I think I am much better now. I will go to practice tomorrow."

"Don't push too hard."

"I will not. Coach will not let me."

"That's good. I like Wiebe."

"Me too."

Shane yawned and snuggled down further, apparently deciding Ilya was well enough to be the big spoon again. "How'd it go with my mom? I hope it wasn't too awkward."

"It wasn't awkward at all. I had a great time. She is amazing. Makes me think I picked the wrong Hollander."

"Ew! Ilya!" Shane smacked him, making Ilya laugh. "You must be feeling a lot better if you're already being an asshole."

"I am." Ilya curled his hand around Shane's hip. "Seriously, though. Thank you. For sending her. I would not have asked for help myself."

"I know. You've gotta work on that, Ilya. You have people who want to help you. My parents genuinely like you and are happy we're together."

"Yes, I know that now. I am learning. Slowly." He kissed the back of Shane's neck. "I'm glad you are here."

Their room fell silent for a moment while they just basked in each other. "Are you sure you're up for practice tomorrow?"

"Yes. But if you are concerned about my wellbeing, you could give me a get well soon blowjob."

Shane laughed and turned around in Ilya's arms, bringing them face to face. "You know, I could have used one of those when I was in the hospital with my concussion."

"I would have given you one if we would not have startled some poor nurse coming to give you pills and I would have been kicked out."

"Might have been worth it," Shane mused. Then he stretched out to grab his phone, leaving Ilya cold and alone. Shane started typing.

Ilya pouted. "What are you doing? I am cold now."

"I'm texting my mom that she *definitely* does not need to come over today." He tossed his phone aside, then rolled Ilya on his back, shuffling down under the covers and starting to kiss a trail down Ilya's stomach. "Wouldn't want to startle anyone."

Ilya grinned and closed his eyes, threading his fingers through Shane's hair. Yeah, he was feeling much, much better.

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