

take me out to the yard

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take me out to the yard

by [Tizniz](#)

Summary

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But it had been a decade or so of them knowing each other. Learning each other. Loving each other.

And that means Shane picks up on it instantly.

He forces his sick-addled body upright, eyelids heavy as he blinks over at Ilya. “I wasn’t, like, purposely keeping it from you.”

Ilya’s eyes narrow a fraction, his head tilts at a slight angle, “Are you sure?”

Notes

Slowly I am clearing out my completed stories...only one other one and then I'm done hoarding. This one is from beginning of March. I woke up suddenly very sick and it inspired this. A lot of the feelings Shane experiences are pulled directly from my mind.

I also decided to post this now as I'm going to be busy for the next couple of weeks and unable to post (first I have to deal with a very scary thing that I do not want to do but must be done...please send me good vibes...and then I am going on a dream trip of mine to see the Grand Canyon) and I wanted to get another story out of my completed folder.

Thanks for the continued support, y'all. I really do appreciate it and I love sharing stories about these boys with you. It brings me so much happiness to write and read them. I hope it brings you a sliver of happiness as well.

Take care <3

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

Shane swings open his front door and wonders if he took too much cough medicine.

“Rozanov?”

Ilya’s face scrunched up into something unpleasant, “Hm. Yes. Very good I came if you call me that.” He then bullies his way past Shane without waiting for an invitation or saying anything further.

Normally, Shane would protest or make a fuss, but he’s barely managing to stand upright at this moment so he simply swings the door closed behind the other man and sighs. “Who told you?”

“Pike.” Ilya’s hands are on Shane’s hips, guiding him towards the living room. “After I bothered him multiple times.”

“Why were you bothering my best friend?” Shane mumbles, sinking heavily down onto the couch and back into his pile of blankets he’d made through the day.

“Because you were not at hockey game.” Ilya stands over him, arm crossed, a mix of a pout and worry on his face. “And then you call me Rozanov.”

“It’s your name.” Shane groans, flopping sideways and pulling the blankets around himself. This only makes him cough which then makes him sniffle loudly.

He must be incredibly attractive right now.

“You didn’t come here for sex, did you?” Shane asks, reaching weakly for the roll of toilet paper he’s been carrying around with him like an emotional support animal. “Because I don’t think I can manage. I got winded just walking to the door.”

“Oh my god, Hollander.” Ilya tips his head back, staring at the ceiling.

Shane frowns, “You can call me Hollander but I can’t call you Rozanov?”

“Yes.”

“Unfair.” Shane blows his nose, grimaces, and then throws the used tissue in the direction of the garbage can he dragged over at some point to collect all of them. “What’re you doing here?”

“I told you.” Ilya is watching him again, worry spreading rapidly over his features, “You were not at hockey game.”

“Called out.” Shane yawns, “Well, actually, I think I called out three days ago.”

Ilya’s jaw twitches, “Three days ago?”

“Mmm.” Shane’s eyes close as he snuggles further into his blankets. “Maybe four. Can’t remember.”

There’s a hand patting his cheek, “Hollander. *Shane*. Open eyes.”

“Why?” He whines, cracking one eye open. Ilya is very close suddenly.

“How long have you been sick?”

“Few days.” Shane mumbles, “Dunno. Started randomly.”

“And you did not tell me?!”

“You were busy.” Shane’s words are starting to slur together as he feels himself begin to drift off. Which isn’t fair because he wants to be awake and see Ilya. His boyfriend is here. They must have had plans. Did they?

“No,” Fingers comb through his hair gently, “We did not have plans. I was worried.”

“Oh. Sorry.”

“Me too. Sleep, *moya lyubov*, I will be here still when you wake.”

Shane wishes that he could just go to sleep sick and wake completely fine.

Unfortunately, he wakes up feeling like complete and utter shit. Much like he’s been experiencing for the last few days. He’s very much over whatever illness this is.

He shoves himself upwards into a sitting position, a blanket falling away from his shoulders as he does so. He blinks slowly, looking around the room. It’s darker than before but there’s lights on that he definitely didn’t turn on earlier in the day. And even though his sinuses are clogged with disgusting amounts of mucus, he can sort of smell something being cooked.

Did he start cooking something and then fall asleep?

Panic has him jumping to his feet, which only causes his legs to get tangled in the blankets and that has him toppling back down onto the couch.

“Shane?” Ilya’s voice, laced with concern, carries over to him. “Are you alright?”

“Please tell me you’re cooking and I didn’t accidentally fall asleep with the stovetop on.” Shane replies, kicking and glaring at the blankets that somehow refuse to remove themselves from his legs. “Dammit.”

“Relax, sweetheart.” Ilya’s voice is much closer when he speaks next and Shane glances over his shoulder to see his boyfriend has walked over to stand behind the couch, smiling down at Shane. “You have been asleep. Not cooking. Or sleep cooking.”

“When the hell did you get here?” Shane asks, finally managing to free himself from the evil clutches of the blankets, tossing them to the other side of the couch. “Wait, I think I remember you showing up...”

Ilya’s smile is gone, replaced by a frown. He reaches over to press a hand to Shane’s forehead. “I did not think you have a fever.”

“I don’t.” Shane gently swats Ilya’s hand away, “And I haven’t overdosed on cough medicine, before you ask.”

“I didn’t think that. You barely take anything for pain even when entire body is black and purple.” Ilya crosses his arms, hip resting against the couch as Shane climbs to his feet once more. “But you are worrying me. First you call me Rozanov—”

“I literally do that all the time.” Shane grumbles, walking around the couch.

“And now you do not remember me showing up.”

“I’m sick. Leave me alone.” Shane walks past Ilya, hand grazing along one of his arms as he does, a simple and sweet touch. “Bathroom.”

“Leave door open!” Ilya calls at Shane’s back.

“Gross.”

“Oh my god, Hollander. I’ve had your dick in my mouth many times. You can leave the door open while peeing or shitting.”

“Please stop talking.” Shane groans but he leaves the door ajar as he goes in and relieves himself.

Yes, he and Ilya have seen literally every single inch of each other’s body, and yes they’ve shared a shower, but there’s still something weird about using the bathroom in front of someone, even your boyfriend.

When he wanders back into the kitchen area, there’s a bottle of water and some pills that Shane recognizes as cold medicine sitting on the counter. Ilya stares him down until Shane rolls his eyes and pops the pills into his mouth, washing them down with a gulp of water. He winces as it agitates his sore throat and he waves his hand when Ilya makes a small displeased noise.

“It’s just a cold. I’m not dying.” Shane comments before taking another sip of water. “What’re you making?”

“Soup.”

“Soup.”

“Yes.” Ilya stirs the soup in the pot that is bubbling away gently, “We have been together for many years now, Shane, you know I cook.”

“And yet both of us rarely cook for each other.”

Ilya gives him a pointed look, “Because I do not like to make bird food.”

“Are you really harping me about my meal plan right now?”

“Harping?”

“Nevermind.” Shane sits heavily in one of the stools, finding standing to be too exhausting, “I don’t want to explain. Leave me alone.”

Ilya takes pity on him, walking around to wrap an arm around Shane and kiss the back of his neck, “Soup will help you feel better.”

“Nothing will help me feel better.” Shane crosses his arms on the counter and drops his head down so his cheek rests on his arms, “I’m dying. Take me to the yard and shoot me now.”

“You are talking nonsense again. Also you just said you are not dying.”

“I take it back. And I’m speaking stupid English words that you don’t understand. It’s okay. They don’t make sense to me either. English is stupid.”

Ilya hums and leans down, kissing Shane’s shoulder before he straightens and goes back around to the stove top.

For a couple of minutes, they exist like that. Ilya making soft noises as he stirs the soup, the spoon hitting the side, the liquid bubbling quietly. Shane doesn’t close his eyes, just stares blankly and absently across at the wall, relishing in the moment because Ilya came and is here and it’s very sweet of him.

“Shane.”

“Hm?”

“You said few days.”

“What was?” Shane asks, mind groggy. He should sit up, look at Ilya while they talk, but remaining down here with his head cradled is much easier right now. Even if his body aches and his throat hurts and his nose is stuffed and his eyes are dry.

“You have been sick.” Ilya says carefully, cautiously, “For a few days.”

If Shane didn't know Ilya as well as he did, he wouldn't have been able to pick up on the hint of worry and even heartbreak in the Ilya's level tone.

But it had been a decade or so of them knowing each other. Learning each other. Loving each other.

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Ilya's eyes narrow a fraction, his head tilts at a slight angle, "Are you sure?"

Shane opens his mouth to protest, to claim once more that he didn't mean to keep it from Ilya that he's been sick. But the words don't come out, as they both had agreed to not lie to each other (except for trivial things like a surprise gift but Ilya gets too giddy and Shane really doesn't care for gifts so Ilya usually caves and spills. Shane tries to surprise his boyfriend once in a while but Ilya simply knows him too well and sniffs it out fairly quickly), and so Shane's mouth closes slowly.

Ilya nods, drops his eyes to the soup, and stirs it. "Should be another minute. Eat here or at table?"

"Ilya..."

"Is okay."

No, it's not. Shane thinks but he doesn't say it. Swallows and winces because it hurts and keeps the words to himself. Just until he can figure this out because he hadn't realized until right now that he'd been keeping this from Ilya.

Ilya presses his lips together, gives a small nod, and turns to grab some bowls. "Table. Go sit. I will bring soup."

Knowing better than to argue right now, Shane nods and slinks out of the chair and over to the dining table. He keeps his gaze down on the table as he listens to Ilya dish them both out some soup, a meal that he made with love and care, to help Shane get better. Ilya came here to take care of Shane.

And all Shane did was lie to him.

Great.

They move to sit on the couch after they've eaten and cleaned up but neither sit right away. Shane wrinkles his nose at the pile of blankets that he's been existing in. He still feels like

shit, knows he's still very much sick, but he also cannot stand the idea of climbing back into that pile.

"I need a shower. And a change of clothes. And to do laundry." Shane grumbles, rubbing at his face. His clogged nose protests the movement and it somehow makes him cough.

Fuck, he hates being sick.

"I can throw these in while you shower." Ilya offers, gesturing at the blankets. "You have other blankets we can replace with."

Shane's eyes well up with sudden tears. He turns to the side before Ilya can notice, and thankfully Shane has been sniffing grossly since Ilya showed up so it isn't that odd that he's doing it now. "Uhm, no, I...I can do it."

"Hey, hey," There's hands on his face, forcing him back towards Ilya, hazel eyes big and wide with worry, "What is wrong, Shane? It is just laundry. Just blankets."

"It's not about the laundry or blankets." Shane croaks out, crumbling instantly. "It's...fuck, it's *everything*."

Ilya looks startled by the outburst but he's quick to pull Shane into his arms, cautious at first, as if to check if Shane is going to pull away like he sometimes does when touch makes things worse. But Shane presses closer, desperate for the comfort of Ilya, and Ilya tightens his hold when he feels the shift.

It's gross, where Shane's face is tucked into the spot between Ilya's shoulder and neck. The shirt Ilya is wearing is quickly turning slimy and wet with the snot and tears coming out of Shane, his breaths hot and heaving against the skin exposed, Shane completely unable to breathe through his nose at this point. Yet Shane stays. He doesn't find himself caring that it's getting onto his face and spreading nor does he think about Ilya being uncomfortable by it. Shane just clings to Ilya and breaks.

He does, however, think that he's needed this.

Growing up, despite being an only child with very involved parents, Shane was always independent.

That carried through to being sick as well.

More often than not, Shane would do his absolute best to downplay how sick he was or straight up hide it from his mom and dad.

They never made him feel like he *had* to. They tried to encourage him to open up to him, about being sick or stressed or literally anything. But the problem was, and still is, Shane's mind.

It's simply the way his brain is wired. No matter what he does to tell himself, no matter how many times he's told, he finds himself unable to reach out and ask for help or care when he's sick. His brain is set on the fact that he must deal with it alone.

Which is why when Shane had realized he was getting sick a few days ago, waking up with a sore throat that felt like it had been around for three days instead of making its first debut that morning, he had put up immediate walls. That meant not telling Ilya, limiting what he told his coach and team, not letting Hayden linger too long because he'll definitely figure it out and make Shane sit out or tell Ilya. Shane had adapted as much as he could that day at practice, but after only fifteen minutes on the ice, Shane knew he wouldn't be able to do it. The cold of the arena had seeped into his bones, his chest rattled as he gasped for air when before he'd gone a lot longer without feeling winded, and his nose wouldn't stop running. The exhaustion that had set in had almost taken him to his knees and so he'd reluctantly told his coach that he was sick and unable to continue. Theriault had been unsurprisingly annoyed but had waved Shane off of the ice and told him to come back when he could play properly again. Hayden had tried to follow but hadn't been allowed. Shane texted him with shaky hands in the change room, half undressed, telling him not to worry and he'd be back in no time.

Although when Shane got progressively *worse* the last couple days, he didn't reach out to Hayden. Had actually ignored him, which was unfair, and Shane knew that it was, but again, his brain told him to deal with this on his own.

And now Ilya had pushed his way in, stayed even though Shane had fallen asleep on him. Ilya had made him soup and offered to do laundry. He was here, taking care of Shane, not asking but just doing. And Shane had no idea how the fuck to handle it.

"Can we sit?" Ilya asks when Shane calms down a bit.

"Yeah."

"Okay." Ilya shoves the blankets aside and guides Shane to sit on the couch, keeping an arm wrapped around him. "Here you go." Ilya says after he reaches over to the table and grabs the tissue box. "Will help."

"Thanks." Shane blows his nose, the sound loud and obnoxious in the quiet room. He worries, briefly, that Ilya will find it gross. Shane certainly does. But Ilya keeps gazing at him with a steady look of concern. "I'm...glad you're here."

Ilya offers him a small smile, "I'm glad too." The smile fades, "But what happened?"

Shane sighs and slumps heavier into Ilya, "I got sick a few days ago. Obviously."

"Obviously."

"And I..." Shane swallows, "I can't tell people when I'm sick."

“...Can you explain?”

“I’m trying.”

“Thank you.” Ilya kisses the top of Shane’s head. “As long as you need.”

“It’s just...I’ve always been like this? I can’t tell people. I have to...it’s *my* thing to deal with.”

“But when you are sick, it is hard to care for yourself.”

“I know.” Shane goes to turn his face into Ilya’s shoulder again but the cold, slimy sensation has him pulling away. “Ugh.”

“Hold on.” Ilya pulls away and strips out of his shirt, tossing it onto the unoccupied arm chair. “There.” He tugs Shane in again, the warmth from his skin a welcomed delight to Shane.

“I don’t get it either.” He continues, leaning heavier into Ilya. “It’s just this...block in my head. If I tell someone it...” He pauses, trying to think of how to describe it. Shane has never had to put it into words. He also has to make sure Ilya can understand him because while Ilya has come a long way with his English, there are still times he struggles. “I don’t think something bad will happen. But I just *can’t* tell anyone. I physically and mentally cannot.”

“Hm.”

“And you’ve been so busy lately. And you did so much for me by coming to Ottawa. And it’s just a cold, I can manage. You shouldn’t have to drive two hours just to come take care of me. But I also just *want* you here. I want you around all the time.” Shane feels a bit erratic with the words flowing out of him suddenly. “But I can’t be that needy. I can’t ask for that. You do so much as is. I take advantage way too much. And I know you love me. I have never once doubted that but it feels like...like it’s never enough. Even though it *is* enough. *You* are enough and I just—” Ilya’s hand over his mouth cuts off his spiel. Honestly, Shane’s a little grateful. However, his nose is so blocked up that he can’t have Ilya’s mouth there for more than a few seconds before he’s gently tugging it away, breathing heavily through his mouth.

“Please stop.” Ilya says quietly. “I cannot listen to this anymore.”

“So—”

“And do not apologize.” Ilya rushes out quickly. Shane swallows the rest of his apology and nods. “You must be sick if all these words are spewing out.”

Despite everything, Shane can’t help the small huff of laughter that escapes him. Ilya’s right, because this is very much not like Shane.

“I am sorry you feel like this when sick.” Ilya starts, words slower and more careful. So much for talking carefully so his boyfriend could understand him; Shane had fucked that up. It’s clear that Ilya is processing all the words thrown at him so Shane stays quiet, fiddling with

the hand Ilya had over his mouth, now resting in Shane's lap. "It is not fair, that you think you must deal with on your own." Ilya frowns, "You deserve to be treated like the beautiful, precious thing you are. Always."

"Ilya..."

"Is true." Ilya says with a wave of his free hand. "But especially when sick." He sighs, "I was not happy to hear you were out of game because of being sick. Because I did not hear it from *you*."

"I know."

"And then to find out it has been many days?" Ilya shakes his head, "Oh, Shane...*Moya lyubov*."

"I don't want to feel like this." Shane whispers the admission, tears blurring his vision. "Ilya, I don't...I don't want this. I want...I want to tell you when I'm sick and want you."

A secret smile curves up Ilya's lips, "Ah, but you always want me, yes?"

"Obviously." Shane laughs wetly, rolling his eyes, and then he settles back into the somber expression that had been there before. "I want to get better. I want to do better for you. With you."

"Okay." Ilya nods, gently extracting his hand from Shane's so he can cup Shane's cheek, "Then you go shower. I will throw blankets in laundry and get new ones. I will fuss over you and make sure you drink, sleep, take medicine, and are getting better. I will take care of you. I will be here and you can be as needy as you want. Because I love you. You hear me?"

Shane presses into Ilya's hand, "I think I hear you."

"Then I will keep repeating myself until you do." Ilya leans forward, kissing him, uncaring of the sickness racking Shane's body. "Go shower, sweetheart. We start with that, da?"

"Da." Shane sighs, sinking forward and resting against Ilya. "In a minute. First, I just... wanna sit here."

Ilya's arms wrap around him and Shane can easily picture the smile on Ilya's face, "Okay. We sit here first."

End Notes

love you.

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