

My Lonely Puck

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My Lonely Puck

by [RzzlieDazzlie](#)

Summary

Shane has been feeling lonely lately, and this ad from a nearby humane society just breaks his heart, this cat looks so lonely and sad. He can't help it!

Or,

Shane is lonely, adopts a cat to make himself feel better after he realized that calling his folks wasn't helping the feeling of loneliness enough. The Pikes come over for dinner, Shane confesses how he's been feeling, gets comforted. Ilya and Shane talk on the phone, and they love each other.

They live happily ever after, because fluff is amazing, THE END

Notes

TIMELINE: No specific timeline, but Ilya is in Ottawa but Shane is still in Montreal. So the Hollanders and Pikes know about Hollanov.

This is probably OOC, and I'm sorry, but I had this idea so I wrote it.

I could've should've written more with the cat, as it's the main idea, but I didn't and I'm sorry.

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

Shane hates to admit it—mainly because it’s very embarrassing—but he’s been feeling... lonely, lately. Very lonely, and even though he’s aware of the sinking and rather depressing feeling of loneliness, he doesn’t want to bother anyone with it. He knows that realistically his parents and Ilya wouldn’t be *bothered* by him, especially if he mentions feeling lonely, but that doesn’t stop that quiet pit in his stomach from forming every time he even thinks about mentioning it to someone.

When he first felt it, first put a name to it, he had called his mom “just to check in”, which is what he told her. He called her or his father frequently, but never just for *nothing*. He always made up a reason. One time he called asking how to make chicken parmesan, he wanted the family recipe, he said. He has the family recipe written but he also has it memorized. Another time he called, he called asking for help looking for a new house in Montreal to buy because he wanted “more room”. He has *plenty* of room.

His mom questioned him once asking why he suddenly started calling so much. He didn’t want to tell her the truth, so he just came up with a lie.

One time he called his dad, he heard Ilya in the background talking with Yuna. He heard them talking and laughing, and it made that feeling of loneliness more noticeable to him. He asked for the recipe for the chicken tacos David makes sometimes. David didn’t think twice about it and immediately—excitedly—explained to his son how to make the tacos. Shane sat in silence on his couch, eyes closed, just listening to his dad talk. It eased that horrible feeling. He knew how to make the tacos, he’s memorized so many different family recipes from both sides of his family. Midway through David telling Shane how to make them, he was stopped when Ilya spoke. His voice was closer, so Shane easily assumed he was now talking to David.

“Who is that?” Ilya asked quietly, obviously trying not to be picked up by the phone but also being nosy.

“It’s Shane!” His dad said happily, a smile probably on his face. Shane knows how much his parents miss him, and he knows how happy it makes them when he calls.

“What is he calling for?” Asked his mom in the distance. Shane knew that she was getting suspicious with his calling frequency.

“He wants to know how to make my chicken tacos.” His dad explained.

“I thought he had the recipe?” Said Yuna. Her voice got closer, she’s likely walking closer to the phone. “I thought you had the recipe?” she says into the phone. Shane was quiet for a moment, quickly thinking of a lie. He didn’t know if it was believable or not.

“I misplaced my recipe book.” He said with a shrug, nevermind the fact they can’t see his shoulders shrugging. “I think it’s in my kitchen box already at the new house.” His mom hummed, though Shane could hear the skepticism in it.

“How did you forget the recipe?” Asked Ilya. “You made it by memory last time I was over.” That *is* true, and Shane didn’t have a lie made and ready to say, so he was quiet for a moment.

“I don’t know.” Shane said softly. “I got that concussion right after that, remember? Maybe it jiggled my brain just a little too much.” He knew his excuse was flimsy, they always are. He *is* a bad liar, afterall. “Uh, anyway, I should keep packing. I love you guys.”

“Love you too.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.” They all three said in unison. Shane smiled softly before hanging up the phone.

After that call, he started calling them less. He knew he was being suspicious when he called them. But he still felt lonely, and it was horrible. The feeling sometimes got so bad that he threw up, sometimes he cried, and sometimes all he could do was sit there in silence and wallow in it.

Sometimes, he called his grandparents, sometimes his aunts or uncles. Recipes were always his go-to. He called and asked for recipes because he knew it was a safe bet, he knew that his family from either side loved talking about their food.

He called his grandma—his mom’s mom—about the miso soup she makes every time he visits. She obviously told him how to make it, but she also asked why. His excuse? “I just haven’t seen you in forever, I miss you and it reminds me of you.” So, not a full lie, not not fully the truth. *But*, she did end up telling his mom, to which he told her the same thing he told his grandma, that he just misses his grandma and wants miso soup.

He stopped overly calling everyone. He knew he was getting suspicious, even though it was just his family, even though he was feeling lonely. The calls had only helped a little anyway, the relief was always only momentary and temporary.

He had *no* solution. And he knew all he could do was accept it.

But then!

But then while he was scrolling through social media one day he saw something. A nearby humane society.

“Domestic shorthair, 5 months old, very anxious, was separated from bonded family.” An ad for a cat, a little tuxedo, and Shane couldn’t help himself. He went to the humane society’s page and found their email. He sent them an email asking if they still had the cat.

They responded the next day, saying that they did still have the cat if he would like to come in and see him. Shane couldn’t believe himself as he walked into the humane society two days later. He walked into their cat section, immediately recognizing him. He was quietly curled into a ball, though not asleep. Shane thought he looked sad, and he just *couldn’t* resist.

He walked out to the main counter and asked how he goes about adopting him.

Shane walked out of that humane society an hour later with a cat. He had bought a few things for the cat on his way home, and set up a small area for the cat in his bedroom. It was in the dark corner, his litter box not far away. Shane made sure to move slowly and made sure not to be too loud and accidentally startle the poor thing.

The cat seemed pretty content with his dark corner.

When Shane went to bed that night, rest didn't really come. The cat was finally brave enough to check out its surroundings, which included Shane's face and body. In the middle of the night, he was awoken to a cat crawling on his body. It hurt a little, but the cat was still figuring things out, so Shane let him.

He was still a little skittish the next day, but Shane didn't expect anything less.

By the third day, the cat was following him everywhere around the house. Shane would wake up in the morning and walk to the bathroom, the cat would follow him in there. Shane would walk into the living room or kitchen, the cat was one step behind him. Shane thought it was kind of cute.

Shane was stuck for a name for a while, he knew just about any name he chose Ilya would make fun of him for. But eventually, he had just given up and named him "Puck", though most of the time Shane called him "Puckie", "Kitty", or "P.K".

Shane *loves* his cat, absolutely adores him, and vice versa. The cat is practically obsessed with Shane.

A month into having Puck, Shane realized *nobody* knew. He only realized this when Hayden came over one day after practice and was surprised to see cat toys.

"Do you have a cat?" He asked, confusion riddling his voice. Shane looked over at him with furrowed brows, obviously confused himself. "There's cat toys everywhere...?"

"I didn't tell you?" asks Shane, who is still confused.

"No??"

“I’m sorry.” Shane apologized. “Yes, I did get a cat. About a month ago.” And as if being summoned, the cat walked over to Shane, rubbing his body along Shane’s legs in greeting. Shane bent down and lifted Puck up. “Wanna pet him?”

“Hell yeah.” Hayden says as he walks over, petting Puck gently. “What’s his name?” a faint blush overtook Shane’s face.

“It’s embarrassing.” Shane mumbled.

“You chose an embarrassing name for your cat *knowing* damn well that Rozanov will make fun of a name he deems stupid?” Hayden asks, unimpressed.

“Yes, maybe.” Shane said with a shrug. “I couldn’t think of a name that wasn’t cheesy or just plain stupid. So I chose one that was cheesy.”

“Is it hockey related?” Hayden asked. He gently scratched behind the cat’s ears. Shane nodded. “Uh, stick?”

“No.”

“Tape.”

“No.”

“Zamboni!”

“No, but that would’ve been pretty funny.”

“Umm... Jersey?”

“What? No.”

“Padding? Goalie? Trick? Score?”

“No, no, no, no.” Shane said with a chuckle.

“What is apart of hockey that I’m missing?” Hayden asks. “Skates? Blade?”

“No, and no.”

“Puck?”

“Yes.” Shane was laughing, Hayden seemed almost distressed at not being able to guess that cat’s name.

“There we go! I’m a genius.” Hayden said, laughing softly. “That name’s not bad, actually.” He said with a shrug.

“You’re just trying to make me feel better about it.”

Shane told Hayden to tell Jackie to come early—she was coming over to pick Hayden up—to have dinner and that she can bring the kids too. Shane was making spaghetti, and he always makes way too much.

He's been cooking and baking a lot recently, it's been a nice way to distract himself. All the cooking and baking just means that the Pikes have been eating well recently. Shane started dropping off food every Monday, either baked goods or some genuinely well cooked meals. He knew that they appreciated it. Having four kids, two of which being below the age of five, was not easy. He also knew that Hayden sucked at cooking and that also having to cook had to have been putting a lot of stress on Jackie.

"Oh, Shane. I love you so much." Jackie said when she came in, hugging him tightly. Shane laughed and hugged her back.

"I have some more for you to take home too." He whispered to her, and she laughed softly.

"You're an angel and a savior. I think I would die if not for you." Shane smiled softly at her as she pulled away.

"I just do what I can to help. You guys are family to me."

"Uncle Shane!" Yelled Ruby and Jade as they ran towards him.

"Hi, girls!" Shane said with a laugh. He bent down and engulfed them in a hug.

An hour later after dinner was eaten and with Arthur and Amber fast asleep and the twins playing on Hayden's and Jackie's phones quietly, the adults talk like they normally do. But then Hayden asks something, something serious.

"Are you good, man?" He asks, and there's a genuine worry in his voice.

"Yeah. Why?" Shane asks. Hayden and Jackie share a look before looking back at Shane.

"It's just, you suddenly started baking and cooking—which I'm *not* complaining about, we're very grateful—but it's..."

“Worrisome. Out of your ordinary.” Jackie finished for him, Hayden nodded.

“We love you man, and we’re worried for you.” Hayden says softly. Shane takes a deep breath.

“I don’t know.” Shane says with a shrug. He does know. He knows exactly why.

“You can be honest with us, Shane. We’ll always be here for you. We’re a judgement free zone.” Says Jackie.

“I know, I do. It’s.- it’s just not something I-.. not something I *like* to admit. You know?” Both of them nod. Shane swallowed thickly.

They just look so worried about him and for him, and they care so much and Shane *really should* tell someone. Dammit, he was breaking.

“Okay, honestly?” He started. He can’t ever keep something for long from the Pikes. “I guess I’ve just been a little- lonely.” He says with a shrug, avoiding eye contact. “My parents and Ilya are over in Ottawa, and I guess being away from them all has started getting to me. So, I adopted a cat and took on cooking to help distract myself.” He admits, and he must say, it feels *good* to admit this all out loud.

“Oh, Shane.” Jackie says softly. She reaches out and grabs Shane’s hand in hers. “I’m glad you told us. You can *always* come over whenever you feel lonely. Hayden, the kids and I all love you and your company.” Hayden nods in agreement.

“You can always just call us if that’s what you need too.” Hayden adds on.

Shane couldn’t be *more* thankful for the Pikes. They’re truly great people, and Shane loves them dearly. He wasn’t lying when he said that they’re family to him.

One night, Shane is laying in bed. The room is dark and Puck is curled up against Shane's chest, who is lying sideways. He feels horrible, like shit, and nothing is making him feel better. He misses his mom, he misses his dad, and he misses Ilya.

The recurring thought that other than Puck right here, he was alone in his house. It was just him and this little cat who adored him. Usually, the thought of Puck would make him feel better, or at least ease the feeling of loneliness. But tonight, it just wasn't working. *Nothing* was.

He laid awake all night, silent tears streaming down his face. He took a deep breath and looked over at his clock. **6.:04 AM**. He sighed heavily.

The feeling had yet to lighten up, it was near torturous.

He reached out and grabbed his phone, quickly unlocking it and clicking on his favorite contact.

Lily

Are you awake yet? >

He took a deep breath and waited for a few minutes. Once the reply didn't come after 6 minutes, he knew that Ilya wasn't awake.

He shimmied away from Puck and got out of bed. He changed into clothes to run in and grabbed his earbuds and phone before slipping his shoes on and leaving. It was still dark out when he left for his run. By the time he returned, it had been light out for a good hour.

The feeling was still there as loud as ever.

He slipped out of his clothes and slipped into the bath. He rarely ever takes a bath, he's more of a shower guy, but he was willing to try just about anything right now. He was in the bath for 17 minutes when his phone started vibrating. He leaned over the edge of the tub, grabbing his phone off the floor. Ilya was calling him. He didn't hesitate to press answer.

"Hello?"

"*You okay?*" he asks.

"Yeah, why?"

"*Sorry I did not reply to your message, I was asleep.*"

"It's okay, I assumed as much."

"*What did you want?*"

"Nothing, just wanted to talk to you,"

"*What about?*"

"Nothing in particular."

"*6 in the morning and you just wanted to 'talk'?*"

“I was missing you.” Shane said with a shrug, the water splashing softly. “I just wanted to talk.”

‘*Hmm..*’ Ilya hummed suspiciously. “*I miss you too.*” he replied with a soft voice. “*What are you doing?*” he asked.

“Taking a bath. You?”

“*Lying in bed. I just woke up..*” Shane hummed. He was exhausted, he just wanted to sleep but he knew his mind would continue to not let him. He had his head leaned back and his eyes shut.

“You guys won last night, congrats.” Shane said quietly. He’s *really* tired.

“*Mm, thank you.*” Ilya still had his morning voice, and Shane has to admit how hot it is.

He hears a splash in the water and opens his eyes. Puck is sitting on the edge of the tub, swatting a paw in the water for no apparent reason. He splashes the water again.

“Stop it.” Shane said, not giving the cat that much mind. But then he did it *again*, looking directly at Shane. “Stop. That’s annoying.” Shane whispered to him. “No, shoo, get out. Go.” Shane gently urged him off the tub and motioned for him to leave the bathroom, though the cat didn’t listen, he just plopped down on the ground and began falling asleep. Shane let out a deep annoyed sigh before shutting his eyes again.

“*Shane.*” Came Ilya’s voice. It was deep, but not sleepy deep, it’s more like ‘i’m warning you’ kind of deep. Hm. Weird. Hot, but weird.

“Yes?” Shane asked.

“Who is with you?” He asked, and Shane could practically hear how tight his jaw was clenched. Shane opened his eyes, his eyebrows furrowing.

“No one?” Shane said, his confusion sincere. “I live alone, and also I’m in the bath, why would anyone be here?”

“Do not lie to me.” His accent thickened in that way it only does when he gets upset.

“I’m not.” Shane said. “No one is here besides me.”

“I heard you talking to someone. Who was it.” If it weren’t for the situation, Shane would totally be turned on with just how hot Ilya sounded.

“Talking to-? Oh.” Shane was talking to Puck. That’s what this is about. Right. Ilya doesn’t know about the cat.

“Oh? Who fucking was it?” Ilya was getting pissed. Shane sighed.

“I got a cat. I was talking to the cat.” Shane said. Ilya was quiet for a moment.

“Prove it.”

“And how do you want me to do that?” Shane asks with some sass to his voice.

“Fucking figure out way.” Shane thought for a moment.

“I’m going to hang up. Video call me, and I’ll prove it.” Shane tells him before hanging up, a minute later Ilya was video calling him. Shane answered quickly. “It’s just a cat.” He says, looking at his phone screen at Ilya’s pissed off face.

“Prove it.” Shane rolled his eyes but moved his phone then flipped the camera so Ilya could see the cat asleep on the floor. Shane watched Ilya’s face as it softened, going from pissed back to okay. *“Okay. I believe you.”*

“I’d sure fucking hope so.”

“Flip camera back around, I want to see your pretty face.” Shane rolled his eyes fondly before flipping the camera. *“Mm. So pretty, my love.”*

“I love you.” Shane says softly.

“I love you too.” Ilya replies just as fondly. *“So, you got kitty?”* Ilya asks, and Shane hums.

“Yeah.”

“When?”

“Huh?”

“When did you get kitty?” Shane swallowed thickly. His hesitance must’ve been obvious. Ilya’s face and voice softened exponentially. *“Why did you not tell me?”* He considers not telling Ilya the truth, but he thinks back to the cottage, thinks about how they promised to be open with each other, to be honest.

“I think I was just embarrassed.” He says with a soft shrug.

“What about? I like kitties, they are cute.”

“About why I got him.” Ilya’s eyebrows furrowed softly, showing his confusion. “I’ve been-... feeling lonely lately. So I got him to try and help with that.” He admitted quietly.

“You should have told me sooner. Why have you not called me?” Now Ilya sounds sad and Shane feels like absolute shit.

“I didn’t want to worry or bother you.”

“Shane, you can not bother me.” Ilya tells him, his voice still soft but it has an edge of sternness to it. *“You could never be a bother. I love you, so so much. And I worry about you anyway, I am your boyfriend, it is my job.”* Shane studied Ilya’s face through the screen.

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner.”

“It is okay. Any time you feel that way, call me, or text me, or do anything but still with it. Okay?”

“Okay.” Shane says with a soft smile

“You are naked, yes?”

“I’m in the bath, so yes.”

“Prove it.” Ilya practically purred.

End Notes

I love you, thank you for reading <333

I've been sucked into Heated Rivalry and can't escape.

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