A Mom for Measles

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A Mom for Measles

by Catalogercas

Summary

The league sends out a notice at the end of the 2018 All Stars game in Tampa that there's a measles outbreak. Shane isn't too concerned since he knows that he's up to date on all his childhood vaccines, and, he assumes, everyone else in the MHL is as well.

So he thinks nothing of it when Ilya calls him a few hours after landing in Boston to say he thinks he's coming down with a cold.

Notes

1. I have no idea if this is canon compliant because I really have no idea what Ilya meant by being a free agent "next season"

2. This is a PSA for the MMR vaccine because, with herd immunity, the likelihood of this happening would be incredibly slim.

See the end of the work for more notes

The league sends out a notice at the end of the 2018 All Stars game in Tampa that there's a measles outbreak. Shane isn't too concerned since he knows that he's up to date on all his childhood vaccines, and, he assumes, everyone else in the MHL is as well.

So he thinks nothing of it when Ilya calls him a few hours after landing in Boston to say he thinks he's coming down with a cold.

Shane commiserates with him until Ilya insists what would really make him feel better is Shane taking off all his clothes. Shane rolls his eyes fondly before complying.

It's not until Ilya calls Shane again two days later, not feeling any better, that he begins to worry.

"Shane, I am dying," Ilya mutters as Shane appraises him through the video camera.

Ilya is being dramatic, but Shane still sees that his eyes are red and watery, and, more concerningly, some kind of rash is forming across his face.

"I no longer believe this is a cold," Ilya adds.

Shane doesn't think it is either, and, because he's visiting his parents for the day, he calls them over to look at Ilya.

"No, no. This is embarrassing, Shane," Ilya mutters. "Is it not bad enough that you are seeing me like this?"

Shane sighs. "I already told them to look, and this is about your health, okay?"

When they get a good look at Ilya, there's a sharp intake of breath from David as Yuna says, "Ilya, do you have something to put on that rash?"

"It doesn't hurt really. It only looks bad," Ilya says.

"Have you been to the doctor?" David asks. "Because I'm not going to sugar coat it; this looks like measles."

"Measles?" Shane asks incredulously.

"What is "measles"? Ilya asks.

"You should have got a vaccine, um, a shot for it when you were a kid," Shane says.

"Oh, measles, like in the notice," Ilya says. "There was a vaccine, but, I am allergic to part of vaccine."

"Oh, oh no," Shane says, and his mom takes his phone from him as he starts to freak out. He knows measles is no joke.

He vaguely hears his mom telling Ilya to get a doctor's appointment as soon as possible and to call them back.

Once she's hung up, Yuna asks, "Shane, does Ilya have anyone in Boston that can take care of him?"

"Maybe Svetlana?" Shane says, wishing he didn't feel jealous at the mere idea. He should want anyone that could be there for Ilya to be there.

He's starting doing a little research and knows this could end with Ilya having a dangerously high fever or having pneumonia.

Yuna hums thoughtfully but doesn't say anything else.

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Ilya refuses to use video chat when he calls back. "I look so bad, Shane. Even worse than before. The rash -- it is spreading everywhere. Your dad was right. It is measles, and I cannot do anything on the ice for two weeks."

"Do you even feel up for hockey?" Shane asks.

"No, I almost do not feel up to this call," Ilya admits, punctuating the sentiment with a raw, barking cough.

"Hey, get some rest, okay, but do you think maybe Svetlana could come check on you?" Shane asks.

"No, Svetlana is visiting family in Russia. I ...have no one here but teammates," Ilya says a little brokenly before seeming to realize it. "It's okay. Do not worry about it. I will be okay."

"I just wish I could be there for you," Shane says, as he absolutely worries about it, before telling Ilya to get some rest and hanging up.

Then he throws his head in his hands. He hates that Ilya is going through this alone, but it's not like he can go to Boston. He has a game in two days.

"Hey Shane, look up at me, sweetheart," Yuna says as she pads back into the living room. "We aren't going to let Ilya be by himself for this. I've got a flight to Boston booked for this evening."

"You're really going to do that for Ilya?" Shane asks as he pulls his mom into a hug.

"Of course, I am. You two are in it for the long haul, so he's family," Yuna says.

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Ilya barely comprehends when Shane says his mother is coming to check on him. Boston is so far from Ottawa.

She has no reason to do this.

So he's more than a little surprised when she calls him at around eleven in the evening.

"Hey Ilya, I'm just outside. Shane gave me the code so you don't need to let me in or anything, but I didn't want to startle you," she says.

"Very polite," Ilya manages around the tightness in his throat. "Thank you!"

Ten minutes later, Yuna has dropped her suitcase in the guest room and inspected Ilya's kitchen and the detritus surrounding him on the couch.

"Looks like you need more Gatorade and tissues," she says. "I'll run to the store in the morning. You need anything else?"

Ilya blinks his watery eyes at her and still can't believe she's really there. That she really flew to him because he was sick. That she's offering to go grocery shopping for him.

"I ...no," he says because she'd already picked up on the two things he'd known he needed more of. That he wasn't sure how he was going to get because all he wants to do is sleep.

"You did not have to do this," he says weakly.

Yuna drops onto the couch next to him and puts her hand against his forehead. "That's the fever talking. Of course I'm going to take care of my kid."

Ilya thinks he must have misheard her and rolls into the couch.

"Now when's the last time you took something?" Yuna asks.

"I do not know. I slept most of day," Ilya says.

"Well, let me get you some Tylenol and you can go right back to it," Yuna says.

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The next day, Yuna works on her laptop at the bar in the kitchen, watching Ilya sleep out of the corner of her eye.

The rash is covering his whole body. He's red eyed and listless. He's coughing raggedly in his sleep.

Most concerning, though, is that his fever keeps going up.

The last thing Yuna wants to do is drag him to the hospital, but she knows if it gets any higher, she's going to have to.

Shane calls her to ask how he's doing after Ilya lets his own calls go to voicemail, and she reluctantly admits, "he's not great. But don't worry, I promise I've got him."

And she really hopes she's keeping that promise when she calls 911 an hour later because Ilya's fever is nearly 40.

She holds Ilya's hand in the ambulance even though she's not even sure he's aware of anything going on around him.

She doesn't know how she's going to tell Shane, and she's embarrassed that she almost immediately has to call him from the ER because she can't remember what year Ilya was born.

"Shane, they're doing everything they can to get his fever down," Yuna says, trying to radiate a calm to him that she doesn't personally feel.

She keeps looking over at Ilya, and he's listless and so unanimated that it scares her.

"I know," Shane says. "I just hate that I'm not there. But I'm really glad you're there. God, mom, what if you hadn't been?"

"Don't worry about that, Shane, because I was, and he's in the best possible hands right now," Yuna says.

"Yeah, yeah, okay. I have to go back to practice. I'm going to be shit, but it's not like I can just leave... right?" Shane asks.

Yuna hates a little that Shane can't. She doesn't know what she would do if she couldn't drop everything to be at David's side.

But there's so much at stake.

"No, Shane, you can't. You know that," Yuna says. "I'll let you know as soon as I know anything else."

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It's a long couple of hours before Ilya wakes up in earnest. He'd been in and out all afternoon but hardly lucid.

His fever is finally down to a more comfortable 38.8, but they still want to keep him for observation.

When they have him in a room, he blinks up at her before whispering, "you take good care of me for Shane."

"Hey," Yuna says, brushing his curls back from his damp forehead, "this isn't just for Shane. I care about you, Ilya. I don't have it all planned out like Shane probably does, but you're definitely going to be my son-in-law, so you're my kid. You understand?"

Ilya nods with what may be tears in his eyes before quietly admitting, "I do miss having a mom."

"Yeah, I bet you do," Yuna says.

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The next afternoon, Ilya drifts in and out as Yuna watches Shane's game on the hospital TV.

He's awake enough during one play, though to say, "tell Shane your favorite son has stronger backhand."

Yuna snorts before saying, "I take it you're feeling a little better?"

"A little better, yes," Ilya says.

End Notes

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