

How Todd Bertuzzi actually got mono.

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How Todd Bertuzzi actually got mono.

by [shykylosolo](#)

Summary

I know he didn't actually get it, but if he did. Plus, with Helm saying "He's got mono? Uh, oh! I'm lucky I wasn't kissing him." I can't help but write this okay?

Notes

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

Helmer was known for drinking and eating other people's already half eaten food and drinks. He never really cared about the germs or anything. Bert would always just sigh and shake his head at him and still kiss him later, so Darren thought everything was okay.

And it was. Until Bert contracted "mononucleosis," better known as the kissing disease.

"Look Helmer, I know that it's not exactly your fault, but the only way I could have gotten this is from you!" Helm at least looked apologetic while Bertuzzi shakes him by his shoulders a little bit. Bertie had been going crazy staying inside sick all day. He was tired of sleeping and tired of staying inside and tired of being tired. Helm sighed heavily.

"I'm sorry babe, I didn't mean to get you sick. You know I wouldn't do it if I knew that you would." Darren tried to put his hands on Bert's hips and pull him towards him, but Bert refused to be moved. "You have to promise to take care of me first. Also, you can't kiss me baby, I'm sick, remember?" Bert laughs at Darren's pout and pushes him away slightly. "We have enough players hurt as it is, you don't need to be getting sick on top of having your back hurting." Helm just rolls his eyes and pulls himself out of Bert's grip to go grab gatorade from the kitchen for both of them.

"I assume this means you'll be taking care of me?" Bert grins and collapses onto the couch as Helm comes back out of the kitchen rolling his eyes and throwing a bottle at Bertuzzi. Helmer just sits down next to him and curls his feet underneath him, grabbing the remote from the coffee table and

attempting to ignore Bertie as much as possible. "Hey, don't ignore me, I know your ticklish spots and I'm not afraid to use them." Slowly, Helmer turns his head to glare at Bert, making Bert let out a loud chuckle. "Oh babe."

"Fine," Helm relents, "I'll take care of you. But you can't call me mom!" Bertie just grins at him and grabs Helm around the middle, pulling him closer towards himself. "Thanks baby," Bert says, kissing Darren's jaw, "I'll make up for it when I'm better, I promise. Well...as long as you make me your mom's chicken noodle soup." Helm groans at this and pulls slightly out of Bert's embrace. "Can I just take some from the freezer and heat it up for you? We still have some left over from last time I got sick..." Helm looks at Bert hopefully and Bertie just shakes his head yes. Kissing his boyfriend on the cheek, Darren gets up and heads back into the kitchen to heat up the frozen soup. On his way he looks back to smile at Bert but he blushes and turns red when he notices that his boyfriend had been checking him out on his way.

This whole relationship thing was pretty new to them. It had only been going on for 2 months and they still hadn't had sex, mostly because Bertie insisted on taking it slow and making sure that their relationship didn't become purely physical. Helmer was pretty sure that it was because that's how Bert's ex-wife had treated him, like he was an object for sex, and Bertie probably wasn't really ready for sex again.

Helmer takes the frozen soup out of the zip-lock bag and puts it into a bowl before putting it in the microwave for 7 minutes, taking it out every minute or so to stir it. He grabs a spoon and heads back into the living room and smiles softly when he sees Bert passed out on the couch. He sets Bert's soup on the table and then goes to make his own.

"Bert, babe, you need to wake up and eat." Helm shakes him lightly and presses kisses against his forehead, frowning when he feels the slight burn of a fever against his lips. Bertie groans and lifts his hands to pull Helm down mostly on top of him. He presses his face into Darren's neck and just breathes for a second before kissing his collarbone and opening his eyes to look at his soup. "Thanks Helmer, I'm starving."

Despite being hungry, Bertuzzi can only get down about half his soup before he starts feeling nauseous and wants to take another nap. After rearranging themselves, they end up with Bertuzzi's head on Helm's lap so they can both watch SportsCenter and Helm can continue eating his soup. Helm sets his soup bowl down and runs his hair through Bert's hair slowly, slightly scratching at his scalp and relaxing him. Before he knows it, Bert's eyes are starting to slide shut and he's falling into his dreams while Helm smiles down at him softly.

Darren shakes his boyfriend's shoulder slightly to help him wake up so he can carry him to bed. "C'mon babe, I just wanna go to bed." Bert grunts and starts getting up sluggishly. They make their way to their bedroom and Helm helps Bertie take off his shoes and pants before shucking his own off so that they can get in bed. Bert is always on the left side and Helm is always on the right. They slide underneath the covers and get closer to each other instantly, trying to get themselves warm under the cold sheets. Usually, Helmer is the little spoon, but tonight Bertuzzi lays his head on Helm's chest and falls right back asleep, one of his arms wrapped around Helm's waist like he's going to hold on forever. Helm sighs happily and runs his finger's through Bertie's hair again before kissing his forehead and relaxing into Bert's hold on him to fall asleep.

Okay, I honestly don't know where all this lovey dovey stuff came up, but it happened and I don't regret it.

I kinda wanted to continue but maybe I'll just like, add shit later or make up a sequel/prequel.

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