

through every fall

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through every fall

by [Tequila1989](#)

Summary

All important conversations are happening in bed, under the cover of the night.

Chapter 1

They were lying in bed hugging. It was pretty late; they both were ready to sleep. Ilya was scrolling through social media on his phone, and Shane was just cuddling into his husband's body.

"I love you so very much," Ilya said suddenly and kissed Shane on top of his head.

"I love you, too? Why?"

"I just saw this stupid edit of your fall from 2016. Very slow-motion, very dramatic." Ilya tried to sound like he was not bothered by it at all.

"Oh, Ilya, I'm fine, it was years ago! I've fallen like a million times since then and was on concussion watch and had some injuries here and there," Shane kissed his husband's peck. "Stop scrolling, we have to wake up early tomorrow."

Ilya put the phone away and enveloped Shane with his both hands.

"I was going to break up with you that day," Ilya almost whispered. "I was so in love with you, and it was horrible, and I was already depressed, and you were so perfect, and I couldn't believe that someone like you could take a chance on someone like me," Ilya's voice trembled by the end.

"Oh, my love, I guess we are both lucky I took that hit." Shane still couldn't believe sometimes how much Ilya felt.

"Don't say that, it was also horrible. I barely slept that night, couldn't wait to get to your hospital."

"Do you remember what we talked about?" Shane looked up at Ilya's face.

"You don't?"

"No, I never remembered, I was still concussed and on painkillers!"

"I held your hand. You invited me to the cottage again. I wanted to go so much, but couldn't imagine how I could. But also, maybe if you never mentioned it then, I wouldn't have taken your invitation seriously at all."

"I'm kind of mad that you wanted to break up with me without telling me. That's not how we operate. I was also in love with you by then, you should have known. Aren't you the perceptive one?" Shane tried to keep his voice light.

"I think I knew, but I was very lost. And confused. And that's not how we operate now, but it was years before we got here. Don't be mad. I love you even more now."

"Yeah?" Shane smiled.

“I think I was in love with the idea of you and bits I gathered about you. Now I get to know all of you. Get to fall in love with all the little things you do, your habits and routines, everything. Is different.”

Now Shane felt like Ilya’s words made his bones melt. Ilya continued, “It was a really tough year, with my father dying. I didn’t even like him that much and didn’t rely on him for years by then, and yet...”

“Have you talked to Andrei ever again?”

“Not really. He tried to call at first, but then I moved countries, changed contacts, agents, everything. I don’t think he can reach me now. I guess he could reach out through social media, but I would miss it most likely.”

“If you feel like it, you can reach out, you know that, right? You shouldn’t rule against it out of principle.”

“No, I don’t think I want to. I still see some comments in Russian here and there on social media. They do not like me there. Not all, but some. I think Andrei would not like me any more than he did before I got myself a husband.”

They lay in silence for a little while.

“I think I wouldn’t have let you break up with me then. I tried every time for six years, and it never worked. At least I hope I would have tried my hardest to keep you.”

“That would be very forward of you,” Shane didn’t think Ilya believed him, but for what it was worth he thought he would find it in himself to stand up for his feelings. Or maybe his thoughts were clouded by knowing how happy he is now.

“Do you want me to be a big spoon for you tonight?”

“Maybe,” Ilya turned on the other side.

Shane put his arm around him and peppered Ilya’s back with light kisses. “Sleep. You are the most emotionally available husband in the world.” Ilya chuckled at that, took a deep breath, and relaxed his body. “I also love you even more now.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Another very late night conversation.
About how Shane is boring.

Chapter Notes

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

Shane woke up with a startle. The room was dark and quiet, but his heart was racing a bit and he had no idea if they went to sleep just an hour ago, or it's closer to the morning. He reached back to check if Ilya was still there. He was, and Shane was relieved to find him there, but now he didn't want to fall asleep right away so he wouldn't slip into the same dream he had a minute ago. He took a couple of deep breaths, but still tossed and turned a little bit when Rozanov scooped him and pressed him into his body.

"Sleep!" Ilya mumbled, voice rough with sleep.

Shane felt a pang of guilt for waking up his husband. He tried to hold completely still, but his body was buzzing with leftover dream, and stillness didn't bring rest. After a while, he sighed again, quieter this time.

Ilya sighed too, clearly awake now. "Why are you not sleeping?"

"Had a bad dream," Shane whispered. "Needed to get out of it."

"What was it about?" Ilya asked tiredly.

"You left me."

A pause.

"Why?"

"I don't remember," Shane said. "Just remember that you were gone. I think... because I'm boring, and you didn't want to deal with that anymore."

There was a small huff of breath from Ilya, and then his arm tightened around Shane. He pressed a kiss on the back of Shane's head.

"I'm here, you can sleep."

"I don't want to fall asleep into the same dream."

Ilya was quiet for a bit. "I would never leave you for being boring, Shane," he said very convincingly.

Shane turned in Ilya's arms so they were face to face and on the same pillow.

"No? You always complain that I'm boring."

"I love boring," Ilya said with a smile that Shane could almost feel in the dark. Their noses almost touched. "I don't complain, I just tell the truth."

"Since when do you love boring?" Shane asked.

"Since always, sweetheart," Ilya's voice was soft. "Boring is good. Boring is when I know what comes next."

"Predictable?"

"Yes, is like I don't need to think what will happen if I do something, or say something. We are not going on a two hour drive to some special place at 3 am to see the sunrise without planning, yes, but also, I don't have to... tippy toe?"

"Tiptoe around," Shane corrected automatically.

"Yes, this, tiptoe around you. Like you know, when I lived with my father, and you never know what comes next, or if I can ask for new skates, or should I wait for better mood? Was not good. Boring is good."

Shane was silent for a long moment. He felt for Ilya so deep it ached.

"Well," he said finally. "That's good that you don't need to tiptoe around me. You can ask me for new skates any time."

Ilya chuckled. "Ok, nerd."

"And hey, we can go see the sunrise somewhere. Obviously, off-season, and we need to plan it so we have hot drinks and sandwiches, but we can go somewhere nice and romantic."

"Japan?" Ilya said, perking up. "They watch it from a mounting or something."

"Japan sounds good. See? Not boring at all. Very impulsive. Planning a trip in the middle of the night. We can book everything together and I'll plan everything else, and you can tag along and everyday will be spontaneous for you."

Ilya laughed properly now. "You are a little ridiculous."

"But you love me."

"I really do," Ilya said seriously and kissed him. "I would never leave you. Definitely not for being boring. Boring means home."

“I guess you found your forever home,” Shane said with a giggle.

“Yeah-yeah, very witty. Go to sleep now. Your boring run is three hours away.”

“I hope to dream about Japan now,” Shane yawned and turned to be spooned by Ilya.

They fell asleep like that, all tangled and boring in the best way.

Chapter End Notes

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