

doped up

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76173006) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76173006>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Married Couple , post-TLG , Medical Procedures , shane is high after general anaesthesia , deeply inspired by the ep5 hospital scene , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , a bit of angst , beta read we dont die like grigori rozanov , semi crack fic if im being honest
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of vignettes in time
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-23 Words: 4,828 Chapters: 1/1

doped up

by [audentis](#)

Summary

Shane stares at him with those wide, brown doe eyes that liquifies Ilya's heart. "Ilya is a pretty name." He says softly. "You're pretty too."

"Am I?" Ilya laughs lightly. He taps on Shane's curled up fingers. Understanding Ilya's intentions, Shane opens his palm up, letting Ilya guide it up to his face. Ilya lets go when Shane's fingers are just shy of contact, dealer's choice. Shane hesitates for a moment before deciding to cup Ilya's cheek.

"Mhm. Pretty eyes." Shane says woozily, fingers gingerly tracing over Ilya's features in a way that prompts Ilya to press into his husband's palm even further.

or the doped-up shane fic no one asked for

Notes

this came to me in a semi-hallucination moment after ep5 after one too many vodka shots and ten too many rewatches of the hospital scene. i then wrote most of this over a 15 hour flight and im currently posting this drunk at 5 pm so who knows if it makes any sense. please imagine shane as his doped up version circa ep5.

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

Ilya glances at his watch for the nth time today. 13:59:33, exactly eighty-one seconds since his last check. Waiting is one thing, waiting in worry with nothing to do but stare at bare, eggshell-white walls is another. Ilya's foot is bouncing off the tile restlessly, an incessant tapping noise reverberating through the waiting room which was thankfully empty despite it being midday. The procedure was supposed to take forty-five minutes with a five-minute buffer time at the beginning for anaesthetic prep. It has been seven minutes past that. Ilya checked his watch again, 14:00:10.

Ilya was just about ready to smash through the office door when the dental assistant stepped into the room. "Mr. Rozanov, apologies for the wait." She said as she gestured for him to follow. "The procedure went well, but your husband insisted he be weaned off the anaesthetics before you came to see him."

Ilya only scoffed in reply. Shane hadn't liked the idea of being on such strong medication for a relatively minor procedure to begin with. But then, while on FaceTime with Hayden and the twins, Shane had apparently learned of all the half-witted things Hayden had babbled on and on about after his wisdom tooth extraction which sent Shane into an inevitable anxious spiral. Ilya thought that it was a skill issue more than a universal medical experience. If it weren't for the official orders from the team doctor, Ilya knew Shane would have rather endured jaw pain than go under the knife.

The door at the far-end of the corridor opens, and a man in scrubs and a white coat steps out. Ilya gives him a quick nod. "Doctor."

"Mr. Rozanov! Everything went smoothly, though he's more sensitive to the general anesthetic than we thought."

Ilya swallows hard against the growing lump in his throat. "Is he alright?"

"Yes, yes, but expect drowsiness, nausea, confusion, memory loss and chills for the next few hours while the medication wears off. After that, he can switch to over-the-counter painkillers. In the meantime, he'll have to follow a 20 minute on/20 minute off icing regiment for the next 24-48 hours."

"Of course." Ilya forces himself to breathe. "Can I see him now?"

"Go right in." The doctor says, pushing the door open.

Shane is lying on the reclined dentist chair, busying himself with inspecting every stitch that made up his navy blue sweater. Even in this state, messy hair, glazed-over eyes and his mouth going slack at the edges, he was the most ethereal thing Ilya has ever seen.

Ilya drags over a chair, sitting so he can be at eye-level with Shane. "Good morning, *moya lyubov*." He whispers, brushing a strand of hair away from Shane's eyes.

Shane frowns, nose scrunching up like an angry little kitten. "That's not my name."

“What is it then?” Ilya teases. His heart is beating a mile a minute, threatening to burst out of his chest at any moment.

Shane blinks at the ceiling for a few moments before answering. “Shane.”

“Very good.” Ilya purrs. “What is my name?”

Shane studies Ilya as if a name would appear written on his face if he willed hard enough. “Mmm.”

“C’mon sweetheart. Is not that hard.”

Shane opens his mouth to answer before closing it again and pausing for what seemed like an eternity. The doctor had said to expect this, but every second Shane did not answer translated into a year’s worth of worry for Ilya. Finally, he responds, his voice an octave higher than usual. “Ilya?”

“Very good, *kotenok*.” Ilya smiles, his lungs filling with air as a weight is lifted off his chest. He wants nothing more than to pull Shane into his arms, and kiss all the uncertainty from his face. But Shane is fragile right now, the sudden onslaught of physical contact would be too overwhelming.

Shane stares at him with those wide, brown doe eyes that liquifies Ilya’s heart. “Ilya is a pretty name.” He says softly. “You’re pretty too.”

“Am I?” Ilya laughs lightly. He taps on Shane’s curled up fingers. Understanding Ilya’s intentions, Shane opens his palm up, letting Ilya guide it up to his face. Ilya lets go when Shane’s fingers are just shy of contact, dealer’s choice. Shane hesitates for a moment before deciding to cup Ilya’s cheek.

“Mhm. Pretty eyes.” Shane says woozily, fingers gingerly tracing over Ilya’s features in a way that prompts Ilya to press into his husband’s palm even further.

“What else?”

Shane’s fingers find their way to Ilya’s bottom lip. “Soft lips.” He murmurs, nudging it as if to test its fullness. Ilya gently grasps at Shane’s wrist, rubbing circles into it with his thumb. Then, Ilya brings each of Shane’s fingers, one by one, to his lips, and places a chaste kiss on each of their tips.

Shane gapes at him as Ilya goes to do the same with his other hand. Ilya can feel Shane’s pulse slow before accelerating again. Ilya realizes Shane is staring at the gold band around his ring finger. “You’re married?”

Ah, of course he wouldn’t remember that part. “Yes.” Ilya says plainly. The look on Shane’s face is somewhere between shock, disappointment and betrayal.

“To who?” He asks hesitantly.

“A short annoying Canadian with a weak backhand.”

“Oh.” Shane says, but not out of recognition. His lips unconsciously orient themselves into a small pout. Shane pulls away from Ilya ever so slightly, fingers curling inward. It is a miniscule change, but it might as well have been a gravitational shift after a planetary misalignment. Ilya’s brain is telling him that a bit more teasing wouldn’t hurt, but his heart is one beat away from twisting itself into an undoable knot. As is often the case with Shane Hollander, he lets the latter take the lead.

“Why are you sad?” Ilya whispers, reaching over to caress Shane’s jaw, careful to avoid the large patch of red spreading across his cheek. Shane doesn’t give a reply, only turning his head so Ilya could no longer see his face.

Ilya strokes Shane’s knuckles soothingly. “Are you sad I am married?”

“No.” Shane snuffles. His husband rarely cried, but when he did, it was as if Ilya’s entire world was coming apart. He wanted nothing more than to put the pieces back together.

“Hey.” Ilya whispered. “Hey, look.” He gently turns Shane’s face back towards him and holds up Shane’s hand, the corresponding gold band shining against the soft sunlight streaming through the window.

Shane’s eyes go wide, pupils dilating. “You’re married...to me?” Shane whispers so soft, it would have been imperceptible if Ilya wasn’t leaning in so close.

“Yes, *solnishko*. No other short annoying Canadian I would rather be with.”

The jab that would normally earn him a glare goes completely over Shane’s head. “I’m married to you.” He repeats, more to himself than anything.

Ilya’s chest hurts from how fiercely his heart has been beating against his sternum. He could sit there all day, watching Shane, his brain swimming in a quart of painkillers, slowly coming back to him. “*I do not deserve you.*”, he wants to say. But there is a fine line between fleeting thoughts and being eaten alive. Instead, Ilya resolves to running his fingers through Shane’s hair.

Ilya hears the office door creak open followed by the rolling of a wheelchair. He taps on Shane’s cheekbone, just above where his cheek is now starting to swell. “Does it hurt?”

“No, no hurt.” Shane murmurs as he twists the ring on his finger, studying how his reflection warps on its surface. “Just happy.”

Ilya gives him a quick kiss on the forehead. His skin is a touch warmer than Ilya would like. “Ready to go home?”

“Home?” Shane abruptly stops turning the ring as he processes the question. Then, a soft smile spreads across his face. “Mhm, home.” He says, nodding eagerly.

Ilya helps Shane into the wheelchair. He’s not as shaky as Ilya had thought, so walking twenty meters to the car was probably achievable. But, Ilya is not taking any chances.

Shane insists on holding onto Ilya the entire way out, clutching at Ilya's fingers with both hands, only letting go to wave goodbye to the receptionist. At one point, Ilya experimentally pulls away which earns him an incredulous whine from Shane who promptly grips his fingers even harder and an amused smile from the dental assistant as she pushes the wheelchair towards the car.

The problem with the Jeep Cherokee, Ilya decides, isn't that it is clunky, boring and ugly. It is that it is too tall and hazardous for small children or overly medicated husbands. After the first attempt of stepping into the passenger's side caused Shane to slip, almost sending Ilya into an early grave, Ilya had resolved to gripping Shane by the waist and hauling him up to the seat. After a quick thank you (and a small bye-bye) to the dental assistant, Shane is finally strapped in.

"Noooo." Shane suddenly yowls which causes Ilya to jump. He frantically inspects Shane to see what the problem is.

"What is wrong, sweetheart? Are you in pain?"

Shane shakes his head. "Don't leave." He says pleadingly.

Ilya realizes, then, that Shane still hadn't let go of his sleeve. He clicks his tongue before pressing a kiss into Shane's forehead. "Is ok, *lipuchka*. I will be only a second."

Ilya peels Shane's hand off of his sleeve, shuts the door and sprints to the driver's side before Shane has time to protest. Ilya hops in just as Shane is reaching for the door handle.

"Hey, *moya lyubov*. Here." Ilya says, offering his hand which Shane very happily takes. They stay like that the entire way home, Ilya's hand on Shane's thigh and Shane grasping onto it with both hands, even after he dozes off.

"Sweetheart, time to wake up." Shane is nowhere near the planet Earth. The whole world is swimming in a gassy haze that makes it hard to even get a thought straight. As he adjusts to the sudden brightness, Shane starts to make out a few things: He is in a car parked outside a massive house surrounded by dense, green forest. There is water rushing over rocks in the distance. It is too warm and too cold at the same time. Someone is nudging him awake, the most beautiful man Shane has ever seen. *Ilya*. A warmth blooms in his gut. Shane repeats the name in his head like a prayer, *IlyallyaIlya*.

"Mfine, I can walk." Shane shifts in his seat, the sudden movement causing his vision to go swimming.

"No." Ilya says in a commanding voice that Shane's body instinctively reacts to. Before he can come up with a response, Ilya is already sliding a hand under his knees. "Come, I'll carry you."

“Don’t wanna.” Shane mumbles as he wraps his arms around Ilya’s neck. Ilya smells of birch and styrax with hints of vanilla. His body is powerful, flowing with raw strength as he carries Shane around like he weighs nothing. And he’s warm, so warm. Shane nuzzles his face into a familiar crook in Ilya’s neck. Shane is safe with Ilya.

Shane is still breathing Ilya in when he is unceremoniously lowered onto a bed, *their bed*. Before he can protest, Ilya is tugging Shane’s clothes off, first his sweater then jeans. A familiar feeling stirs in Shane’s gut, and he allows it to wash over his entire self. He crawls over to where Ilya is folding his discarded clothing, nuzzling into his stomach with his good cheek before drifting downwards. But before Shane can get Ilya’s pants open, Ilya grabs his wrists.

Ilya is staring down at him with a crooked grin, a mischievous glint in his eyes which fizzles out as he slips the grey hoodie over Shane’s head. “Maybe later when you are feeling better.” He says as he taps Shane’s thigh, prompting him to stand so Ilya can get the sweatpants on him. He must have sensed Shane’s hazy disappointment as he gives him a kiss of appeasement. It works.

“Lie down, *moy malysh*. I will go get the ice.”

Shane grabs Ilya’s sleeve just in time to stop him from leaving. “Wanna come.” He says pleadingly. Something ugly stirs in Shane’s gut. *You can’t go. You can’t leave me.*

Ilya kneels down beside Shane, fingers ghosting over his swollen cheek. “The doctor said you have to stay in bed.”

“Don’t leave.” Shane snuffles. Tears well up in his eyes. The thought of being alone, of being without Ilya for even a second, was excruciating.

Ilya shushes him gently, wiping away the single tear that was running down his face. “Okay. You can come.” Ilya puts Shane’s arms around his neck before motioning for Shane to straddle his waist. Ilya then slips his hands under Shane’s thighs and pulls him up. “Okay?” Ilya asks to which Shane replies with a happy nod.

They make their way to the kitchen, Shane hanging off Ilya like an overeager koala bear. Ilya whispers a string of Russian which Shane’s souped-up brain does not have the capacity to process. “What’s that mean?” Shane asks, back straightening a little.

“Nothing, *printsessa*. Are you hungry? You want something to eat?” Shane shakes his head. Ilya hums as he opens the freezer and grabs an ice pack. He carefully wraps it in a thin kitchen towel before handing it to Shane who responds with a small *thank you*. Ilya also retrieves an orange gatorade from the fridge before heading back upstairs.

Ilya sets the gatorade onto a rubber coaster on the bedside table. It had a picture of a derpy-looking dog on its face. *Anya*, Shane thinks. Anya, who his parents are babysitting until Shane is back to proper working order. Ilya lays Shane down onto the bed, pulling the weighted blanket up to Shane’s chin. He then tucks the ice pack into the hoodie, cooling the heat that Shane didn’t realize was building in his cheek and jaw. “I will change. I will be right there.” Ilya says, pointing at what must be the bathroom door. “Be good.”

To his credit, Shane had fully intended on staying in bed. The pillows were soft, and it was cozy under all the layers. But, he felt imbalanced as he looked to the empty side of the bed. So, Shane carefully extracted the ice pack, threw the blankets aside and trudged towards the door that Ilya had disappeared behind.

He was met by the sight of Ilya's toned back as he hunched over the sink, reading what looked to be messages on his phone. As Shane got closer, he could see every dip and ripple in the muscle, the way the landscape shifted ever so slightly as Ilya huffed at something. None of this was helping Shane's already wobbly disposition, but it was as if he was being sucked in by the gravitational force of a black hole. He wraps his arms around Ilya's bare waist (it's smaller than Shane expected) which elicits a surprised yelp.

"I told you to stay in bed." Ilya says, twisting to face Shane. He included a hard inflection at the end of every word, his version of a stern voice, but it was half-hearted.

"Bed's too cold." Shane lies as he presses his face further into Ilya's chest. God, he smells good.

Ilya hummed as he inspected Shane's face. "If you do not put the ice pack, this will hurt very bad later." He says, lightly tapping the skin just above the main area of swelling.

Ilya takes Shane's hand and leads him out of the bathroom, not bothering to put on a shirt. He refluffs the pillows and tucks Shane back in. But this time, Ilya climbs into bed with him. Ilya carefully reapplies the ice pack, making Shane wince at the sudden temperature drop.

"Good night, *moya lyubov*." Ilya says, kissing the side of his head.

"Not sleepy." Shane murmurs even as his eyelids start to fall, heavy with slumber. It all seems like a dream, a dream he does not want to wake up from.

"Really?" Ilya raises an eyebrow while he strokes Shane's head. "Then what do I do to make you sleep?"

Everything and nothing at all. "Sing to me." Shane responds. It's the first thing that comes to mind, a distant memory of a woman, his mother, lulling him to sleep with a language he did not fully understand.

"Sing?"

"Mhm." Shane nods with conviction.

Ilya is quiet for a moment before responding. "What do you want me to sing?" He whispers.

Shane hadn't thought that far ahead. He just wanted Ilya's voice to follow him as he drifted off. "Anything. Just like to hear your voice." He responds, scooting over to Ilya's side of the bed to maximize their body-to-body contact.

"Okay," Ilya has a far-off look in his eyes that Shane does not quite understand. "How about this, close your eyes, and I will sing something to you."

Shane does as he is told. When the room stays quiet, he debates opening his eyes, fearing some form of trickery. However, the sentiment melts away as he hears the deep timbre of his husband's voice.

Spi, moya radost', usni. / V dome pogasli ogni.

Ptichki zatikhli v sadu. / Rybki usnuli v prudu.

Mesyats na nebe blestit, / Mesyats v okoshko glyadit.

Glazki skoreye somkni, / Spi, moya radost', usni.

Shane is out like a light before the verse ends, before he can notice the tears trickling down Ilya's face.

The last time Ilya saw his mother, they were walking on the banks of Lake Valdai. It was a brisk 12°C, temperate for the late summer. He was about five years of age, and she was teaching him how to skip stones across the water's surface. His father had dragged Alexei away to reprimand him for some misconduct he had done the night before. It was just Ilya, his mother and peace.

"Solnyshko, it is time for your nap." Irina says, picking him up to carry him on her hip.

"I am not sleepy, Mama." The last pebble had dissatisfyingly sunk below the muddy surface. He has to throw another one.

She dusts the soil off his pants. "I know, Ilya. But you will not grow if you do not sleep."

Ilya frowns. He does not like the idea of leaving. "Will you sing for me?" He asks instead. "Of course, moya radost'." She settles under the shade of a large birch tree, cradling Ilya in her arms. Even at such a young age, he is already outgrowing her embrace. "Spi, moya radost', usni. / V dome pogasli ogni. / Ptichki zatikhli v sadu. / Rybki usnu—"

She never finishes the song, the morning always arrives before then. Somehow, the unfinished lullaby has echoed through his life. Ilya never finishes it himself, always believing its incompleteness was a testament to the voice that carried it. But the acceptance of grief and the dawn of a new life brings about a sense of resolve. So, Ilya decides then, with a burning throat and his husband cradled in his arms, to close it off. At the final note, he forces himself to breathe. He wipes his tears, careful not to let any drip onto Shane who was now sleeping peacefully by his side.

Ilya loves him in every shape and form, even if said form is drooling onto the pillow with a cheek swollen red and angry. God, if Ilya wasn't worried about waking him up, he would

smother his entire body in kisses to take the pain away. Since it is metaphysically impossible, however, he instead takes out his phone to snap some commemorative photos.

the hollanders + shane

sleepy

[A close-up picture of Shane, hair peeking out from under the hood which partially obscures his eyes. A bit of drool is rolling down his good cheek. The ice pack is tucked into his hoodie.]

Yuna: Oh my heart....

David: Shane isn't gonna be happy when he wakes up.

David: Pls keep the photos coming.

[Another picture with Shane situated in another position. He is on his side, hands splayed out like a walking zombie. One foot is sticking off the bed. The ice pack is haphazardly balanced onto the right side of his face.]

Yuna: I don't know the last time he looked this adorable.

Yuna: How's the swelling? Has he eaten anything since?

swelling not too bad. was not hungry when we came home. will heat up soup when he wakes up 😎

Yuna: Please upload the pictures to the family Google Drive. I'll print these out for the album.

Yuna: Also don't forget, we'll be there with Anya at 6!



As Ilya looks on fondly, Shane shifts again. He doesn't move from his side, but merely swats the ice pack from his face. It rolls onto the sheets leaving a blotted trail of water in its wake, the third time in half an hour. At this rate, Ilya is either going to have to tape the pack to Shane's face (which he is opposed to) or stay by his bedside for the next two days (which he is not opposed to except for the fact that he has chores to do). Ilya is busily readjusting the blanket when the lightning of inspiration strikes.

He remembers Jackie teaching him for fun once before Cassie properly taught him with Milo. First, he starts by collecting the blanket and arranging it flat on the bed into a diamond, folding the top corner down to make a triangle. Second, he lifts Shane and positions him

lying on his back on the left side of the blanket, his arms positioned straight by his sides. Third, he tucks the left corner over Shane's left arm and chest and under his right arm.

"Now is the tricky part." Ilya mutters to himself. He carefully rolls Shane over so that he's essentially faced down, Ilya making sure to hold his head up so as to not put any pressure on Shane's swollen cheek, the blanket pinning his right arm. Ilya then rolls Shane right side up before inserting the remaining blanket into a fold of the swaddle. He then safely tucks the ice pack back into Shane's hoodie and restarts the 20 minute timer.

Ilya stands back to admire his handiwork. Sure, it isn't quite right: Shane's feet are sticking out, and he could still roll to the side and knock out the ice pack. Shane is also very particular about sleeping on the left side of the bed, and will undoubtedly be confused about waking up on the right side. But, Ilya has solved at least the swatting problem with a bootleg burrito wrap!

the hollanders + shane

malysh

[A picture of Shane swaddled in his weighted blanket.]

Yuna: My baby!

David: You did a much better job than I did on my first try!

had practice with Boode's son!

good preparation for Anya and kids!!

Yuna: 

Three hours later....

Shane was sore in places he didn't even know he could be sore in. The jaw he could understand, but teeth? His gums were sore beyond belief, every single one of his teeth feeling like they would fall out with the slightest bit of pressure.

"Nice sleep?" Ilya is sitting on the left side of the bed, seemingly having been scrolling through his phone. *Left side?* Shane thought, blinking at his surroundings to see that he had, indeed, managed to roll over to the wrong side of the bed.

“Ilya? Time is it?” Shane asks, groggily. Every movement of his jaw felt like his gums and cheek were being stabbed repeatedly by a thousand tiny needles.

“Four-thirty.” Ilya says, rolling over to give Shane a kiss on the forehead. Suddenly, the pain wasn’t so bad. “How do you feel?”

“Like I was just punched.” Shane admits.

“Aww.” Ilya is peppering his face sans inflamed cheek with kisses. “S’okay, *kotenok*. Just a bit of digging around your mouth.” He says, pulling Shane into a false sense of security by tugging him towards his chest while going to nibble on the tip of Shane’s nose.

Shane tries to swat Ilya away until he realizes his arms are pinned to his side. “Wha-” Ilya had clearly been up to no good during those lost three hours. He had essentially *swaddled* Shane with his blanket with his feet sticking out from the ends. The image must look absurd.

“How you say, desperate times call for desperate measures?” Ilya smirks as Shane gives him a death-glare. “You would not stop pushing the ice pack off your face. I did not have a choice.” He says, looking a wiggling Shane up and down.

“Let me out.” Shane says in his most demanding voice. But, between the mild residual numbness and the swelling that made it sound like he was chewing cotton, he might as well have been speaking underwater.

“You are cute like this.” Ilya whispers as he nuzzles into Shane’s chest.

“Ilya.” Ilya relents, pulling the tucked piece of cloth out of the swaddle and helping Shane unwrap himself. Almost instantly, Shane realizes how much of a mistake that had been. For how ridiculous it was, the swaddle had actually been extremely cozy and warm. Now, out in the open, Shane felt exposed and bare, like a groundhog emerging from its burrow after a long winter. But, he would jump out a window before admitting that.

“What did I say while I was out?” Shane was mildly aware that his hair was sticking up in a hundred different directions, his cheeks burning fiercely hot. He poked at his swollen jaw, not as bad as he expected. Ilya had done a good job following the icing regiment, he figures.

“Hm? When was this?” Ilya asks, fluttering his eyelashes. He’s doing his little routine of acting all innocent while simultaneously having demonic intentions. Shane sends another death-glare his way, but he was a hundred percent sure Ilya found those endearing (“Is your cute angry kitty face.” He told Shane on one occasion.) “You did not say anything. You were very cute.” Ilya finally responds.

It was just long enough for the memories to start flooding back. The bright light of the dental chair, his body floating away as the drugs coursed through his system. Shane remembers forgetting about them, *their life*, which somehow hurt worse than the holes in his gums. He remembers clinging to Ilya as if his life depended on it, and the moments leading up to his nap. “Oh god, I made you sing.” Shane says mortified.

Ilya blankly stares at him, taking a second to respond. “Yes.”

“Ilya?” Shane shoots him a strange look. Ilya only shakes his head.

“Is nothing. Come here.” Ilya says, gesturing for Shane to curl up in his lap.

Shane doesn’t move. “Mon amour.” He starts, gently.

A small smile tugs at the corner of Ilya’s mouth. He takes Shane’s hand, softly working the tension out. He doesn’t look at Shane. “I sang you a song my mother used to sing for me to sleep. This is the one she does not finish in my dreams.”

“Oh my god.” Shane’s fingers grab at Ilya’s wrist. “Ilya, I’m so sorry.” Their relationship was near perfect, but so far from it at the same time. They had said some choice words to each other over the past few years without truth or intention, spur of the moment in the heat of an argument. Yet this, this was somehow worse than any of those.

“No, no, it was good.” Ilya reaches over to absentmindedly brush hair from Shane’s eyes. “It was, what is the word, freeing?” He says, no vitriol or ill-intention behind it.

“Yes,” Shane affirms. “freeing.” Sometimes, he forgets how good Ilya’s English has gotten. He takes Ilya’s hand and presses it against his good cheek. “*Ya lyublyu tebya. Spasiba.*” He whispers, in his best accented Russian.

Ilya raises an eyebrow. “*Pochemu spasiba?*” (*Why ‘thank you’?*)

“I’m not the easiest person to care for.” Shane laughs.

Ilya doesn’t return the sentiment. Instead, he gives Shane a long, serious look. “It is not hard. Not if it is you.” He says matter-of-factly. *God, what did I do to deserve any of this* is Shane’s final thought before he relents and curls into his husband’s lap.

hollanders + shane

Ohmygod

Yuna: Morning honey! How’s the jaw?

It feels fine unlike my dignity.

favorite son: is lie. says it feels like he got punched

Yuna: Aww, please eat something before you take the painkillers.

favorite son: dw yuna, i will make him something

Yuna: Thank you Ilya ❤️

Yuna: Don’t forget dinner at 6! Your dad is printing out some of the pictures, you can pick which ones make it into the album ☺

Mom...

favorite son: thank you yuna ❤️

(They all made it into the album.)

End Notes

im on twt (@sakuspvce)

translations (google translate, sorry)

1. moya lyubov: my love

2. kotenok: kitten

3. solnishko: little sun

4. lipuchka: clingy

(was changed from 'lipkiy', thank you user arsenicum_33!)

5. moy malysh: my baby

(was changed from 'rebenok', thank you user hiroshimand!)

6. printsessa: princess

7. moya radost': my joy

8. malysh: baby

9. mon amour: my love

10. Ya lyublyu tebya: i love you

also, the lullaby ilya sings is called "sleep my joy sleep",

- lyrics: <https://kcls.org/content/russian-sleep-my-joy-sleep>

- audio: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HNyYPa4a5vI>

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