

dude, we're getting the band together

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by [getalittleclosey](#).

Summary

“Still boring Shane.” Ilya disappeared to the kitchen and came back with his bottle of vodka and five glasses. “We play truth, dare, sing. If sing, must drink.”

“My parents-“ Shane started.

“No. Boring. Get you boring buzzer. Bzzz,” Ilya interrupted before he could respond.

~

Shane invites the band to his parents’ cottage for rehearsal and cozy games. The rest of the boys have other plans for their week of freedom.

Notes

They’re only loosely based on the personalities of 1D, but if anyone wants to know...

Shane- Harry

Ilya- Louis

Hayden- Niall

Wyatt- Liam

Troy- Zayn

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

Chapter 1: The Cottage

Shane's parents have let him have the cottage to himself to bond with his brand new bandmates and work on their song for Judges Houses. They've all been texting since they got grouped together, but he hasn't actually spent time with any of them and he's a little nervous. Hayden seems happy go lucky and energetic, Wyatt has given endless suggestions for what song they should sing, Troy throws in surprising responses that make Shane think, and then there's Ilya. He hasn't responded in the group message much; Shane has a feeling he doesn't translate English as fast as the group message moves. But he does often go to text Shane separately, mostly with complaints. "Song terrible. Will not do." "Does Hayden stop talking ever. So annoying. Kick out of band."

Shane is overwhelmed with all the sudden chatter in his phone. He's used to it being quiet besides texts from Yuna wishing him good luck on tests and from David asking if he knows the answer to that day's crossword. Sometimes he manages to calm his brain enough to respond, but often leaves the chain on read. Hopefully it's not this much noise in person, but he has a feeling it will be.

He's laid out puzzles to work on, DVDs to watch, and has old seasons of The X Factor lined up on his laptop for research purposes. He's stocked the fridge with sodas and healthy snacks and simple dinners to make for everyone. He asked a few days ago for everyone's favorite foods, getting terrifying answers such as "pizza" and "cheetos" and "grilled cheese". He doesn't know how any of them are going to stay looking like boy band members if this is what they're eating every day.

Wyatt arrives first, wrapping Shane in a hug that swallows him due to the boy's sheer size. "SHANE! Man, thank you for letting us stay this is going to be so cool. You know I did The X Factor before and didn't make it but now I have SO many ideas about how to make us better! I looked up all the songs previous winners have sung and what the judges liked and I just know we've got this." Shane hasn't even figured out how to respond to all this before Wyatt has zoomed in on the DVDs sitting on the living room table. "Bro you have X Squad?! We have got to watch this! Rose Landry is so cool in it and she judged us and she looks just like the comics. Even though they got so much wrong it's still great. I'll just have to tell you how they could fix it in the next movie to make it comic accurate again."

Behind Wyatt, practically unnoticed due to the vocal and physical volume Wyatt presents, Troy follows in, having carpooled over because the two of them live close to each other. He greets Shane with a wave and half smile.

Shane still hasn't said a word by the time Wyatt's flopped on the couch and is trying to work out how to turn on the TV and get the movie set up. Troy quietly slips his shoes off and follows Wyatt to the couch. Before Shane can go help Wyatt, just as his parents would have wanted him to, the doorbell rings again and Shane pivots from the living room back to the front door.

Hayden comes in like a second ball of energy and about ten bags. He's got a backpack over his shoulder, multiple grocery bags with what looks like mac n cheese, cereal, chips, and sodas. At least one of the bags is holding on by just one handle as the other has ripped through due to the weight. He's holding a loose pair of shoes that he promptly tosses on the ground in the entryway. Shane tries hard not to wince, but he's not quite successful. It's fine, he'll pick up later when they're distracted with a movie. Hayden smiles wide at him, "Buddy!!! Look at your FACE we're definitely getting through to the show." Shane doesn't know what he means by that. Has Hayden even heard him sing yet? How could he know that they'd make it through?

He laughs because he doesn't know what else to respond with and says, "Welcome in Hayden; you didn't have to bring groceries, but thank you we can put them in the kitchen?" He phrases it like a question even though, obviously, the groceries are going in the kitchen. They're not going to eat in their rooms. He's barely grabbed the ripping bags from Hayden when he notices the DVD screen playing on loop by Wyatt and Troy, drops everything right where he's standing, and runs in to exclaim about Rose Landry, "Man she is so hot I can't believe she knows who we are. I can't believe she was even in the same room as us." Wyatt and Hayden immediately launch in to an argument about the best character in X Squad as Troy awards them each points based on seemingly nothing at all.

Shane doesn't know how he's going to get through this week. There are shoes and bags and groceries in the middle of the hallway. They're talking about Rose Landry instead of what song they're going to sing. There's so much noise and energy. The doorbell rings a third time.

Ilya stand at the door with a single bag, shoes on his feet, a bottle of vodka in one hand, and greets Shane at a normal volume, "Shane Hollander. Nice cottage. Many windows. Good, umm, I not know English word. Sound?"

"Acoustics," Shane fills in for him before he can think about it. He wants to hug him hello just for bringing a sense of calm into the cottage, but that would be weird. Even though he was in his arms last time he saw him. Shane blushes thinking about it again. Ilya's eyes focus on his cheeks for a moment, then flick down to his feet where bags lay everywhere.

"Is mess. Will help." Ilya says, then proceeded to gather groceries with Shane and bring them to the kitchen, place shoes under the front hall bench where they belong, and grab one of the many pairs of slippers to wear around the cottage instead of the outside shoes that Wyatt and Hayden were still wearing in the living room. At least Troy and Ilya understand the rules of shoes. Then Ilya gets a glimpse of the TV and groans loudly before flopping on the couch, "X Squad?! Terrible. Watch good movie. Fast and Furious on table put on."

Wyatt has a moment where he looks offended, but then sees the dramatic scene Ilya is putting on and maybe has the same urge Shane seems to have where he needs the older boy to think he's cool, and before he knows it Fast and Furious is playing on the TV and all four boys are sitting quietly on the couch. Ilya catches his eye and smiles, somehow knowing the silence was exactly what he needed. Shane hesitated for a moment before sitting, but then Ilya patted the spot next to him and in seconds Shane was curled up close enough to smell the lingering scent of cigarettes coming off the boy next to him.

Maybe he could make it through the week.



There were pizza boxes on the table, grease stains on the remote, and another Fast and Furious movie finishing up on the screen. Shane wasn't sure which one, but it really didn't matter. The credits were rolling and Shane was preparing to clear his throat and suggest they start talking about what song they want to sing. Maybe even try singing together to see what they all sound like? Shane was dying to hear Ilya's voice. And Wyatt, Troy, and Hayden's, obviously. He's just sure the Russian lilt to Ilya's voice is going to push them over the edge.

"What if we-" Shane started.

"We play game now." Ilya spoke at the same time.

By this point in the day, it was already clear that everyone was happy to do whatever Ilya suggested, but Shane was determined to get some work done tonight. He wanted this band to be good. It's the whole reason Yuna and David even let him have people over to the cottage on his own. Shane was about to fold anyway and start listing off what board games they had in the house, but Ilya had heard him start talking.

"Go Shane."

Shane hesitantly started again, "I really think we should talk about what song we want to sing? Maybe practice singing so we know what we all sound like?" Wyatt perked up, but Ilya rolled his eyes.

"So boring Shane. Game better."

"Yeah bud, we've got all week to sing! Let's bond and get to know each other a bit!" Hayden chimed in. Ilya glared at Hayden agreeing with him and quickly switched it up.

"Maybe boring Shane right. We play game and sing," Ilya added to his plan, possibly just to annoy Hayden, but Shane hoped it was also because he wanted to say yes to Shane.

Shane breathed a sigh of relief; he could work with that. "Okay, I have Uno? Maybe if you win a hand you can choose a song for us all to sing together?"

"Still boring Shane." Ilya disappeared to the kitchen and came back with his bottle of vodka and five glasses. "We play truth, dare, sing. If sing, must drink."

"My parents-" Shane started.

"No. Boring. Get you boring buzzer. Bzzz," Ilya interrupted before he could respond.

"I've never really had anything besides beer, but this could be a good way to see what we all sound like with less pressure." Wyatt seemed hesitant but on board.

"Oh man I usually have tequila but I'll do vodka if it means we can see these guys drunk," Hayden motioned at Wyatt and Shane.

Troy was already grabbing for a glass and the bottle.

Shane sighed, figuring there was no point in arguing with them; Ilya was going to get what he wanted, and at least this way they still got to sing. “Fine, but no one tell my mom or dad we were drinking, okay?” Shane tried to sound stern but had a feeling it just came out as pleading.

“Da. Good boy Shane for mom and dad. All fine.” Ilya clapped his hands together and turned to Shane again, “You have speaker for music?” Shane nodded and went to hook his iTunes up to the cottage sound system. He handed his laptop to Ilya and gave him control of choosing what to play. A techno song started blasting through the speakers, Ilya began pouring glasses of vodka for each of them, and the game was on.



Shane was captivated by purple streaks of light bouncing around on his laptop screen. He could watch this for hours. Is this what cats feel like when they follow laser pointers? Shane would make a good cat. He could curl up in sun beams to sleep all day and randomly meow at nothing at all. Hmm. Maybe cats weren't meowing at nothing. Maybe they were singing. Shane could sing. Or meow. Whichever he was supposed to do. But not right now; right now he wanted to keep being pet because he was a good cat. Shane didn't think he had ever been pet before, but there was definitely a hand in his hair right now and it was very nice. He sighed contentedly and pressed closer to the warmth at his side.

Before he could fall completely asleep, the petting stopped and his shoulder was being nudged. “Shane. Sleep time,” came a soft Russian voice.

“Mmm no. I can sleep here. Cats sleep on couches,” Shane responded sleepily.

“Good boy Shane want brush teeth. Sleep in bed.” Ilya had a good point there. Shane didn't think cats brushed their teeth, but he always brushed his teeth and hated waking up anywhere besides his bed. He grumbled but stood up. The room spun. He was maybe drunk. Do cats get drunk? Is catnip like drinking? Shane looked around to see Wyatt, Troy, and Hayden had already left the living room and it was just him and Ilya left awake. He could hear snoring from one of the three bedrooms, and was glad it didn't seem to be his bedroom. He stumbled towards the second bedroom, planning to show Ilya where he could sleep, but Hayden was sprawled across one bed with his outside shoes still on and Troy was under a mountain of blankets on the other. Wyatt must be the snoring culprit in the other room.

“Is fine. Will sleep on couch,” Ilya had realized the dilemma at the same time as Shane. Maybe Ilya could read his mind. This almost made him spiral into worrying about how much he'd thought about Ilya's eyes, but remembered the current situation and stopped himself before he started overthinking everything he'd thought that whole day.

“No, no Ilya nooooo. Sleep with me. I mean. Sleep in my bed. It's big enough and I will curl up small like a cat,” Shane thought this was a convincing argument. People loved sleeping in beds with cats and he couldn't let his guest sleep on the couch. What if Yuna found out he was that bad of a host!

Ilya laughed, but started walking towards Shane's bedroom. Yesss he had won. He guessed it was possible to get Ilya to be the one folding to someone else's idea. Maybe cats were the

key.

Ilya guided him to the bathroom to brush his teeth, handed him a shirt and shorts to sleep in, and crawled into Shane's bed. Shane stripped right there without thought, and maybe caught Ilya staring at a spot just below his neck. But before he could decide, Ilya's eyes were closed and Shane figured he had just been making sure that Shane remembered how to put a shirt on. Ilya was shirtless, but Shane didn't have energy to think about if that was weird. Guys hung out shirtless all the time, right? He wasn't sure, he didn't really have guy friends, and certainly none of them had shared a bed with him so he had no idea what was normal. He was too tired to decide, so he crawled into bed next to Ilya and tried to shut off his brain.

Before he could fully fall asleep, Ilya whispered towards him, "Boy band will be good, da? We all sing good. We win."

"Yeah I think so? Hayden has a good sense of rhythm, Wyatt knows everything about The X Factor, Troy can hit any note, and you have this rasp that's just so-" Shane cut himself off because he couldn't find the right words to describe Ilya's voice, "and you get us to do anything." Ilya laughed.

"And you Shane. Voice pretty. Take my breath," Ilya might have said, but Shane's pretty sure he dreamt it because he was already fast asleep.



Shane woke up to a heavy arm around his waist and warm breath on his neck. Having never woken up any way besides by alone, he startled, shifted, and lost the arm around him. Ilya groaned awake and stretched his arms above his head. Shane tried very hard not to stare at his bare chest. It was just so much broader than his own; it was natural to look and compare. He suddenly remembered the dream he'd had and nudged Ilya before it slipped away.

"Ilya. We should sing that song. The one you sang last night, it went something like all the things running through my head," Shane whispered over towards him.

Ilya smiled sleepily. Shane subconsciously catalogued how it was different than his other smiles. "Da. Good song. Will win. All the Things She Said."



Chapter 2: Judges Houses

Chapter Summary

loons are scary in all hollanov universes

Chapter Notes

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

It had been a month since the cottage and Shane was eager to see his bandmates again. The Centaurs. Shane still isn't sure how they came up with that name; all he remembers is that Ilya thought it was a good name and everyone immediately agreed and all other name choices were forgotten. Pretty much how things were going in the band so far. Ilya wore leather jackets? Troy decided that was so cool and they should all wear them for their performance so they look more like a boyband. Ilya decided to name the group chat "4 Loser Canadians + 1 Cool Russian"? Hayden thought it was the funniest thing ever and responded with a myriad of laughing emojis. Ilya said that Brandon Wiebe was the best judge? Suddenly Wyatt couldn't say enough good things about the contestants he had mentored in previous years.

Shane yawned as he finished packing his final items. He had done most of it last night, but gotten distracted and stayed up late when Ilya called to complain about "stupid Canadian wolf birds". Apparently at his friend's house where he was staying, loons made noise long after hours they should and the first time it happened, Ilya thought an animal was going to attack. Shane giggled helplessly at Ilya's descriptions and tried very hard not to wish he was staying with Shane instead of his other mystery Canadian friend. It was fine though, he'd see him today, and this weekend they'd get to sing.

Yuna hustled Shane into the car with his weekend bags and drove them to the airport. Shane barely looked up from his phone, where he was getting texts as each of the boys caught their flights to the mystery judge's house. Before he knew it, he was being asked to stow his tray table and turn off his electronic devices. He listened repeatedly to "All the Things She Said" on his iPod and closed his eyes until a flight attendant asked if he wanted a drink. He requested a ginger ale, but they didn't have any so he settled for water.

He landed in Spain and immediately switched his phone back on and listened as it buzzed away. It seemed he was the last of the group to land. There was a sign with his name on it and he was ushered from the airport, to a car, to a very large villa. He stepped out of the car and before he could even look around, he was enveloped in a hug from someone smelling like sunscreen and sweat. Hayden. Shane smiled and hugged him back.

"Hey bud! Get in here, this place is sick you've got to see it all!" Hayden dragged him towards the door to the villa, where Shane could see Wyatt, Troy, and Ilya waiting for him. He still wasn't used to enthusiastic greetings, but a week of living with the boys and another

month of texting them had eased Shane into being more prepared for the energy and love that spilled easily from them. He got another hug from Wyatt, a pat on the shoulder from Troy, and then he was standing in front of Ilya.

Before he could overthink it, he was in Ilya's arms, smelling cigarettes and something spicy and warm. He made the sound of a loon quietly in his ear and Ilya shoved him away with a laugh.

"Oh boring Shane think he is funny man now, da?"

"Well you're the one who laughed!" Shane quickly replied, before he could doubt himself for his joke. Ilya rolled his eyes but didn't argue, so Shane figured he'd won this one. He lifted his chin triumphantly, knowing it wasn't often that he was the one to get Ilya to laugh instead of the other way around.

"So whose house do you think this is?" Wyatt bounced excitedly on his toes.

"I think Rose's would be in LA," Troy responded.

"Vitrova would not visit Spain," Wyatt put in. The Russian judge was not known for liking much other than his home in Moscow and tolerating Canada.

"And there's no way Wiebe would be this over the top," Hayden added.

"Must be Cromwell," Ilya frowned. He was the toughest judge and was not known for mincing his words. But Shane thought that as a group, they could handle it.



They pretended to be surprised for the cameras when it was revealed that the villa belonged to Roger Cromwell and that's who would be mentoring the Groups that year. Shane shook so many hands and received so many hugs from strangers that all he wanted was to shower and sit somewhere alone. He tried his best to remember names and faces of all the other groups, but they started to blur together by the end. Eventually Shane saw Ilya slide out of the packed living space and walk outside, pulling a lighter out of his pocket. Shane took the chance to follow him and finally get some quiet.

Ilya lit his cigarette and pointlessly offered it to Shane. He waved it away and gave Ilya a pointed look, opening his mouth to tell him it was bad for his voice. Before he could, Ilya rolled his eyes, "I am knowing is bad. Try to quit. Last one this weekend." Shane thought yet again about the possibility of Ilya being able to read his mind. Then tried very hard not to think about not thinking about his lips around the cigarette.

"Do you think we'll make it? There are so many groups in there and they've all been groups for ages, and we just met last month." Shane finally let out his fears into the quiet night for just Ilya's ears to hear.

"Da. Yes. They good bands, maybe, but we are best band. Centaurs. Powerful, strong." Shane couldn't help but let loose a smile. Ilya's unwavering confidence in their thrown together

band made this whole crazy thing seem possible.



Shane woke to the sound of shouting, half in a Russian accent and half exasperated Canadian. He stumbled down to the kitchen to find Ilya and Hayden arguing over who got the last of the cocoa pops. He's not sure why they were even bothering; Hayden had to know that he was going to give in to Ilya eventually.

"Ah! Shane! Tell Hayden cocoa pops are cereal of Russia and need to eat or bad luck for band." Ilya was winking at him and Shane rolled his eyes and sighed.

"Hayd, can't you have another cereal? Ilya is clearly connected to the cocoa pops this morning." Shane didn't have a choice but to back Ilya up.

Hayden huffed and crossed his arms, "I was down here first! I poured the bowl already!"

"Da. You pour bowl for me. Thank you," Ilya put on an over the top grin.

"UGH, fine, just take them man I don't even care any more!" Hayden threw his hands up and gave in, then turned to Shane, "Dude, Shane, you could have even pretended to hear me out before taking his side." Shane shrugged and started pulling eggs out of the fridge for an egg white omelette.

The kitchen quickly filled with people and noise and so much food that the different smells began to overwhelm Shane. From the conversations around him, it sounded like they were going to the beach today. He'd been hoping to rehearse in the morning while they were fresh, but at least they'd get a chance later, according to the assistant holding an organizer.

They all changed into swimsuits and t-shirts and hopped into vans to be taken to the beach. Shane, Hayden, and Wyatt had slathered themselves in sunscreen. Troy didn't burn and Ilya claimed he only tanned, despite being Russian. Shane wasn't sure about that one but certainly couldn't force him to do anything.

Once there, Shane went to sit in one of the beach chairs with Troy while the other boys quickly stripped off their shirts and ran to the water. Shane's eyes zeroed in on the spattering of moles on Ilya's back. For some reason it's all he could focus on and he couldn't drag himself away from the span of his shoulders or flex of his arms as he splashed Hayden. Probably had something to do with his constant need to see what cool thing Ilya would get up to next.

"Dude, chill," Troy nudged him and he blinked for maybe the first time in a full minute.

"Hmm? Sorry, think I just zoned out, what's up?" Shane asked, but Troy just looked at him weird and then started up a conversation about his worry that they would have to dance now that they were in a boyband. This topic carried them through as other played beach volleyball and crashed through the waves. Shane was actually feeling calm and not stressing about rehearsal, when a shout came from the ocean.

From one second to the next, Shane has moved from his beach chair down to the edge of the water, where Ilya is now sitting and clutching his foot.

“Sea urchin. Stepped on,” Ilya muttered while wincing.

“Someone pee on it!”

“Hayden, no, that’s for jellyfish stings not sea urchins.”

“No one pee on me. Call help.” Ilya didn’t even roll his eyes at Hayden and Wyatt and that’s how Shane knew he was in pain. He was frozen staring at Ilya, but Troy acted quickly and grabbed the same assistant from earlier and within minutes, Ilya was off to the hospital and the rest of them were brought back to the villa.

Rehearsal that night sucked. They didn’t sound right and they all knew it. Troy was snapping at Wyatt, Hayden refused to focus, and Shane kept choking on his notes. What if Ilya wasn’t okay? What if he had to stay the weekend in the hospital and couldn’t preform with them? What if he lost his foot? He was spiraling and couldn’t calm down without knowing Ilya was here and safe and with them.

He slept fitfully and awoke to the news that Ilya still wasn’t back from the hospital, which was enough to push him into actual panic.

“We can’t do it without him. We’re missing his rasp. We don’t sound as good,” Shane was letting out his frustration for the cameras to catch as they waited to be called on to preform for Roger Cromwell. Every second that ticked by was another second closer to having to sing without Ilya and Shane didn’t think they could do it. Wyatt was biting his nails, Troy was nodding along to everything Shane was saying, and Hayden was staring blankly at his own hands. The Centaurs were a mess without their leader. Their captain.

They were the last group still waiting to go to the pool deck and sing, when Shane heard a car pull up in the driveway. He was running before he could even consider that it might be someone else. The car door opened and out walked Ilya. Shane was in his arms with his head tucked into his neck before Ilya could take more than one step out of the car. The other boys were quick to follow and suddenly they were in a five person group hug that ended with Wyatt and Troy half carrying Ilya towards the pool deck.

“Boys. Boys. Am fine! Relax!” Ilya had the gall to laugh at their panic.

Shane glared at him, “we were worried you asshole.”

“No worry. All good. We go sing now, da?” Ilya spoke and it was like a balm to all their stress. Wyatt grinned, Troy clapped his hand on Ilya’s back, and Hayden started bouncing on his toes. Shane stared at Ilya’s face and saw the confidence in his eyes. They could do this.



They were through to the live shows. Shane was still shaking from the rush of it all- singing in front of Crowell again, singing with his boys for someone else for the first time, wearing a

leather jacket that felt stiff and wrong on his shoulders. It was all so much, but so good at the same time. He needed another break from all the noise.

He walked outside to find Ilya leaning against the wall and playing with his lighter, spinning it in one hand. There was no cigarette to be seen. Looked like he was serious about the last one being the only one that weekend. Ilya had a frown on his face, which Shane couldn't understand after they just did so well.

“What's wrong?” he asked.

Ilya was silent and for a full minute, Shane was sure he wouldn't answer or would say everything was good. But then quiet, “I not sing much. Not sure all English, so was quiet. Annoying.” Shane thought back on the performance and from what he remembered of the blur, Ilya was quieter than normal. There was less Russian rasp to the background vocals and they needed it to push them beyond just good and into unique and great.

Shane reached out and stilled Ilya's hand that was playing with the lighter. He grasped it and turned to look seriously at Ilya, “I will help you. We have one month until the live shows start; we can spend every night until then practicing English songs. We need you to sing, Ilya. We're not as good without you.”

Ilya was quiet for a moment, but squeezed Shane's hand and nodded. “Okay, will work with you. We can do. Together.”

They stood there, still holding hands, until a loud laugh from inside ended the moment of peace. They broke apart and turned to go back in and join the celebration.

Chapter End Notes

They're already obsessed with each other!!!! They are a set do not separate!!! Next up: live shows and a dose of jealousy.

End Notes

next chapter: judges houses

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