

our dreams assured

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by [chemicalizes \(obfuscates\)](#).

Summary

Ilya awakes first, on this particular morning.

Notes

this is set around the sunrise or set(?) scene in episode 6. suspend any disbelief of timelines and such, hope you enjoy the diabetes :>

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

He rises first, on this particular morning.

Ilya can't be too sure what day it is, let alone how many days out of the two treasured weeks they have in this place.

As he slowly squints his eyes open, he feels half his body that's still resting atop of Shane, and the other over the sheets. Shane, meanwhile, appears none the wiser, deep in slumber.

The corner of Ilya's lips perk up despite himself. Warmth fills his cheeks as he takes in the sight of Shane – no, the man he *loves*. The ache has given way to something now, like a caged bird now free to fly.

Ilya gently peels himself away from Shane, wary that he might jostle Shane awake. After all, Shane did say he wanted to relax with Ilya, among the other *activities* they'd hoped to do to make up for all that lost time, all those months past.

He finally rises from the bed, continuing to maneuver himself carefully so that he makes as little noise as possible while he moves off from the bed, picking up his shorts that lay askew on the floor from the night before. Ilya takes in a slow inhale, lowering a hand to gently brush against Shane's cheek, over the freckles that he's grown to adore.

The early rays of the sun have already begun to make their presence felt, so Ilya thinks he would be fine just with his sleep shorts and slippers. He's in a bit of a mood to take in the sunrise for a bit, at least until Shane wakes up. Just before he pushes the sliding door open at the back of the house, he picks up his phone to text Shane, in case he can't find him later in the cottage.

Ilya remembers the route that Shane had shown him, a spot where they could sit by the water with an excellent view of the lake and surrounding forests. He is careful as he shifts himself to sit atop the rock. It only pricks him a little bit.

He takes an unhurried puff, followed by another, of his cigarette that he'd lit up on the way down. There's enough light that he can make out the path he needs to take to head down to the spot by the rocks that Shane had shown him earlier.

It doesn't take him too much time to find the large rock next to the expanse of water, bracketed by the Ottawan forests surrounding them. There's little civilization around, save for the storage house that's miles away from their viewing point. Other than that, Shane had been right about it being idyllic and private.

Ilya alternates between puffs of his cigarette, and simply letting himself space out. It's been a while - no, far too long since he could allow himself a moment like this where he didn't need to think about his next move, the next person in his life that he needed to deal with.

Instead, he finds himself preferring by leaps and bounds the stillness of this moment, where there's nothing else for company except the trees, the water and the echoing birdsong around him.

Ilya takes in a deep breath, letting himself take it all in. The two weeks only felt even more fragile now. He swallows, a part of him wishing he could capture it more tangibly somehow. But it was far, far too dangerous at this point.

He doesn't have to turn from his spot to know that he's not alone anymore at the viewing point. Ilya picks up from the periphery of his attention the sound of the shuffle of footsteps, and he's had enough time to recognize the sound and who the source might be.

"Hey." The morning breeze carries the whisper of Shane's voice to Ilya's ears.

A wonderful, terrifying sound.

Shane doesn't say much, eyes transfixed on Ilya with a sleepy grin on his face. The orange rays bring out the pattern of his freckles, and Ilya decides not to resist mirroring Shane's blissful smile. Ilya stretches out his hands, gladly accepting the warm mug that Shane extends to him. Ilya takes a whiff, making a pleased noise when he catches the aroma of strong coffee.

Shane's hands look quite full, armed with his own mug and a large blanket draped over his shoulder. He climbs up to join Ilya, already perched on his spot on the rock. Shane finds a flat spot of the rock to set down his mug behind Ilya, before draping Ilya's shoulders with the blanket.

"It's still a bit chilly out," Shane remarks simply as he carefully adjusts the position of the blanket. Ilya watches him wordlessly, contentment written all over his face. After he's satisfied with how much the blanket drapes over Ilya's body, Shane takes the other half to cover himself. Ilya stretches out a hand, fingers curled into the fabric as he feebly tries to help Shane with the blanket.

"Thank you," Ilya murmurs, once he feels Shane leaning against his side. Shane nuzzles into the touch, their hands meeting to intertwine in the middle.

"The weather's great," Shane remarks, and Ilya wants so much to laugh, but there's something about Shane's unreadable expression that wrests him into temporal silence.

"Great for swimming later, eh," Ilya says with a soft chuckle. "When the sun is up, and sky is more blue."

"Sure," Shane nods, gazing up at Ilya with a soft smile. "Whatever you want."

Ilya's lips stretch into a wide grin. His entire life has always been rich with activity, each scene in vibrant, loud color — but there was just something about this very moment in time that couldn't be described as nothing less than *perfect*, as much as he wasn't too fond of clichéd terms.

Later, Ilya thinks, once they've had their fill of watching the sun go up, he will probably allow Shane to drag him back to the cottage to feed him breakfast. Shane will probably give him two choices as he always does — asking if he would like a hot or cold breakfast. Ilya will probably pick the hot breakfast just so that he can watch Shane attempt to make

pancakes on the grill from scratch, and Ilya will probably heckle him from the side as he pours juice into matching, boring tall glasses that every other ordinary person has in their homes — not the overly ornate, decorative kind.

Boring, yes. But Ilya wouldn't have it any other way, if he could so choose.

Like clockwork, Shane turns to Ilya, with an expression preceding what Ilya knows he's going to ask even before the words come out.

And Ilya's answer would, he thinks, chest aching with emotion, be the same, always.

Anything, anything, as long as you're here.

End Notes

this show/book series has me down very badly, hello new hyperfixation.

title from [dashboard confessional](#) which imo has a place in the hollanov mixtapes

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