

sing me softly back to earth

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Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
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Summary

Sometimes Shane can't understand what Ilya is saying. Can't figure out how to get the sound from his ears to whatever part of his brain can translate the sounds he can recognize as English.

Sometimes it's easier when Ilya speaks Russian, when Shane knows he isn't expected to respond.

It's nice. But Shane doesn't think there's anything better than Ilya singing to him, soft and sure.

Notes

First fic kinda nervous. Literally writing this in the Denver airport during a 4 hr lay over hoping the lady behind me isn't reading this over my shoulder. But I don't know I was struck by the hollanov gods, so here you go. not betaed, did a brief reread but #yolo.

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

Sometimes Shane can't understand what Ilya is saying. Can't figure out how to get the sound from his ears to whatever part of his brain can translate the sounds he can recognize as English.

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It happens for the first time because Shane loves not having to think with Ilya. When he gets to just listen and follow direction, blindly falling into something he knows he can be good at. Loves when Ilya tells him so.

But sometimes when it's all over, after Ilya has pressed him down with sure hands, after he has practically driven Shane out of his own body- Shane doesn't always feel necessarily whole right away. Sometimes it feels like his head has been pushed down deep under water, everything muffled and if he's being honest, like he's been deprived of oxygen, but weirdly euphoric. He read somewhere once, that when your oxygen has been cut off long enough your brain floods itself with euphoria right before you go. Wonders if it's the same thing.

Recently though, it has just made him sensitive and whiny. He doesn't know when or why it started, but as he lays across Ilya with his face shoved so far into the crook of Ilya's shoulder that his windpipe was getting slightly crushed by his own force. He could barely feel it. His ears were still slightly ringing when Ilya started to talk.

Shane couldn't make out any of it. It sounded like there was cotton in his ears, distorting Ilya into something that felt out of reach. Shane couldn't get his thoughts together, didn't know how to respond. Couldn't get the energy to open his mouth, doesn't even know what would come out if he could. A sound between a disgruntled groan and a high pitched keen rings out and it takes Shane a second to figure out that it came from him. Even Shane can't figure out how to interpret what it could possibly mean, he couldn't figure out where it came from. Shane's hands felt numb.

Ilya says something again, and this time Shane can register it as a question. Somewhere deep in him he knows what Ilya's saying, his thoughts just won't connect and Shane's stomach drops. He needs to answer, he needs to be good. But Shane can't get his mouth to work, can't work up the energy to apologize. All that comes out is a distressed keen that gets choked up halfway out. Shane's eyes are closed but he can still feel them starting to burn. His skin starts to burn with embarrassment or shame, maybe both, and a hiccup startles him into realizing he's started crying. He doesn't know what is wrong and he can't even begin to figure out how to fix it. Shane is suddenly very afraid.

Then he feels pressure at his back. The arms Ilya had wrapped around his back strengthened until Shane wasn't even sure he could breathe with the pressure around his ribs. He was shocked to realize he hadn't been breathing, and this time it didn't feel good.

Shane was able to breathe in, but it got caught half way down. And suddenly he was gasping and sobbing and he couldn't pull air down before it was forced back out. Shane shoved his face down and against Ilya's throat, where he was trying to turn his head to look at him. Then Shane was in the air.

It was like he blinked. And then Ilya's whole body was pressing him back into the mattress, arms still wrapped behind his back. Ilya shushed him and murmured something that was clearly in Russian right against Shane's ear, "*Solnyshko moyo, dyshi, molya, dyshi. Shane.*"

At the sound of his name Shane could suck in a stuttering breath, and for a second it burned.

"Khorosho ochen' khorosho"

Then he was able to pull in another.

Something was still wrong. He could breathe now but he couldn't slow it down enough. And he was shaking.

His ear was still pressed to Ilya's cheek, at the hinge of his jaw. And he felt it before he heard it, when Ilya started humming.

The vibration against his ear felt like it knocked something loose, and Shane could feel the cotton feeling start to fade.

He was able to slow his breathing but his body was still shaking. Shane was so frustrated about his own inability to calm himself down, while simultaneously needing to fuse his entire body to Ilya and let himself melt until they were one single being. He didn't know how to express it though, couldn't. And his body started squirming in an effort to regain control of his limbs, when Ilya started singing softly.

His voice was low and soft. Russian flowing in what was so distinctly a lullaby that Shane froze in shock or surprise. Maybe wonder. But Ilya just kept singing. And Shane felt himself relax again. The shaking recedes, and Shane's breathing deepens. He can't think still, but he's floating along Ilya's voice.

Shane is surrounded by Ilya's body completely and as feeling returns and as he becomes aware of his limbs, Shane can feel the heat of his body pressed against him. He hums and digs his head against Ilya's shoulder, pressing his ear back to Ilya's throat. As the song comes to an end, Ilya doesn't stop, he just starts going through it again humming.

When he finishes that he starts again, singing out loud this time. Shane lets himself drift to the sound of his voice, sweet and soft, and breathes in the smell of his skin at his shoulder.

It couldn't have been too long, but to Shane it was hours before he could even attempt to pull his thoughts together. Ilya had stopped singing out loud a bit ago, and has just been humming the melody, letting Shane feel the vibrations against his face. He clears his throat once. Twice.

“That was nice.”

Shane comes back to himself a bit, and feels his body flush in what could have been embarrassment. But it also could have just been from the feeling of coming back to reality, he couldn't quite tell yet.

Ilya hums against him once, softly.

“What was it?”

“In Russian, ‘*Spi, moya radost, usni.*’ In English ‘Sleep, my darling, sleep.’ Maybe.”

“What's it about,” Shane thinks his speech might be slurring a bit.

“Hm. I don't know, normal lullaby I think, hush hush do not cry, sleep good,” Ilya pauses for a second, “My mother used to sing it to me as a kid, when I was upset after dinner. When I did not want to go to bed.”

Shane doesn't really know what to say, pushes his lips to Ilya's shoulder and whispers, “It was nice” into his skin.

Ilya hums again and is quiet for a minute more. He leans back after a moment and looks Shane in the eye, “You are okay?”

Shane doesn't want to talk about it really, doesn't know how to explain it. Wants to hide in Ilya's skin until the world stops. So he just hums in a vaguely positive manner. Or he tires. He thinks it might fall a little flat.

“Was something I did?” Ilya's arms tightened a bit.

“No,” It comes out muffled, Shane's face back in Ilya's neck, “I think it's just hard sometimes, I don't know. Sorry.”

“Not bad. Just need to know what went wrong, *Zolotse*,” Ilya pets a hand over his hair, “I do not want to do this to you.”

“It's just hard sometimes, having to understand what you're saying. Feels like I can hear the words and I recognize them as English you know, but it's like I can't process what they actually are. I don't know, it sounds stupid,” Shane keeps his face pressed to Ilya, both because he doesn't think he could look at him and keep talking and the hand Ilya has at his nape, “Hard to respond. Feels like I need to, I don't know.”

Ilya hums, lips pressed to his forehead, and Shane sighed.

“Russian is better though, yes” Ilya pauses, “Easier, not difficult.”

Shane hums back, “It's nice.”

His voice is slurring again but this time he thinks he's drifting in the opposite direction. His body doesn't feel like it's sinking, not really, just feels light as he starts to drift into sleep.

Before it all goes dark Shane presses his face the littlest bit closer, lets the tension out of his shoulders and mumbles, “Love you, thank you.”

Ilya hums again, sending Shane off for good with a murmured, “*Ya tebya lyublyu.*”

Shane is floating again, and the world goes dark, warm, and still.

End Notes

chose not to include translations because I liked the concept of it being babble to us and shane? idk maybe im just lazy. thank you for reading! comments and kudos always appreciated. <3

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