

lost in the day to day

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by [xogray](#)

Summary

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He silently strips down to his boxers and crawls in behind Shane. Anya picks her head up at the movement, and Ilya reaches over Shane to rub her back for a second before he wraps his arm around Shane's waist.

"Mm," Shane hums, inhaling sharply as he wakes up. "You're back."

- or, a sweet, sleepy moment between husbands

Notes

soft mushy sad ilya i love you so dearly

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

Ilya exhales heavily as he pushes the door to their bedroom open. Therapy today had been rough. It always is when the topics of his father or brother come up. He's surprised to see Shane asleep in bed, facing away from Ilya and curled around Anya. The sheets are low around his hips, exposing his entire back and the waistband of his boxers.

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"Mm," Shane hums, inhaling sharply as he wakes up. "You're back."

"Yes," Ilya murmurs. He slides his other arm under Shane's neck.

"How was therapy?" His voice is still thick with sleep. Ilya doesn't respond, which seems to alert Shane. He tries to turn in Ilya's arms, but Ilya tightens his grip. He's not ready to be analyzed just yet.

"No, stay like this," he says, sliding his palm over Shane's chest. It rests over his heart, the steady beat soothing Ilya. Shane places his hand over Ilya's, instantly settling back against his chest.

"Are you okay?" Shane asks softly.

Tucking his face into the back of Shane's neck, Ilya inhales deeply. "I will be starting medication," he says after a moment. "Galina thinks it is time to try."

Shane squeezes Ilya's hand, humming softly. His chest vibrates with the sound under Ilya's palm. "For your depression?" Shane whispers. Ilya nods once. It's nothing to be ashamed of, obviously, but his chest still tightens at telling Shane. Shane, who has never once made Ilya feel embarrassed about his depression, just laces his fingers with Ilya's and says, "Good. That's good."

Ilya swallows heavily. "I am... scared, I think," he admits. Maybe scared isn't the right word, but it's the only one he can think of right now that's close enough to describing the anxiety swirling through him.

"Why scared?"

He pauses again. "What if it doesn't work?" he says. He presses his forehead into Shane's shoulder. It feels easier to voice these thoughts when he's tucked against the person who makes him feel safest.

Shane takes a slow breath, his thumb running back and forth over the back of Ilya's hand. Ilya focuses on the gentle motion. "There's different kinds of medication for this," Shane says after a moment. "If this one doesn't work, they'll prescribe a different one. Or they'll up the dosage. We'll figure it out."

Ilya digs his teeth into his bottom lip. It would be a process, he knew, but that wasn't the only thing that made him so uneasy. "What if it... takes a long time? To work? Or what if it never works?"

He could almost see the way Shane's brow furrowed, trying to decipher the root of Ilya's worries. Ilya wasn't even sure *he* could decipher that, though. He had yet to mention any of these particular feelings to Galina, because he knew she would instantly unravel them in a way that made Ilya face the lowest of his insecurities.

"Then we'll try something else," Shane finally says. "Like I said, we'll figure it out."

Ilya holds onto that word. *We*.

"You won't get tired of it?"

Shane freezes, his thumb pausing against Ilya's knuckle. "What?"

Ilya holds Shane tighter, preemptively stopping him from turning around like he knows Shane wants to.

"Let me see you," Shane whines, struggling against Ilya's strong hold on him.

"Not yet."

Shane sighs, settling again. He takes Ilya's hand and brings it up to press it against his lips. "I will never get tired of you, or of taking care of you," Shane says gently against Ilya's fingers. "I want you to be okay. I don't care how long that takes or what it entails."

The words are so simple, but so certain, that they manage to push right through Ilya's anxieties. He exhales slowly, letting himself believe what Shane said. They've been through so much, they've spent so long struggling to get to where they were. Why would it be something that Ilya couldn't control that would be the thing to overwhelm Shane? In what world would *that* be what was too much for Shane, after everything?

"Okay," he whispers.

"Okay," Shane echoes. "Can I do anything to help now?"

Just being here, pressed against him, is so helpful. So perfect and comforting. He wants to live here for the rest of his life, in bed with his husband. Ilya feels only a little embarrassed as he asks, "Can we take a picture? Like this."

Shane doesn't respond, but he does reach across the mattress to where his phone is amongst the sheets. He opens his camera app and flips it to selfie mode. Ilya grins instantly at seeing the lines from the pillows indented on Shane's cheek. His smile is hidden, though, behind Shane's shoulder. Their joined hands lift a little higher on Shane's chest to be visible in the photo, right between his collarbones.

"You look so good when you're sleepy," Ilya murmurs against his skin.

“Mm, hush,” Shane mutters, but Ilya can see the light flush of pink on his cheeks in the camera. Shane snaps a few pictures, immortalizing this moment. Ilya watches as Shane texts them to him. He drops his phone back onto the bed, and tries again to turn in Ilya’s arms. This time, Ilya lets him.

Tired brown eyes gaze up at him, searching his face seriously. There’s a touch of worry in there, which makes Ilya frown, but he doesn’t know what to say to make it go away. He doesn’t want to say he’s okay, because he’s not sure if that’s the entire truth. He chooses another very easy truth.

“I love you,” he murmurs. The worry in Shane’s eyes doesn’t disappear completely, but his gaze does soften.

“I love you more.”

“Is everything a competition with you, Hollander?”

Shane grins slowly. “Only when I know I win,” he says. His head tilts up in an obvious request that Ilya grants. He connects their lips in a soft kiss. It feels impossible that Shane could love Ilya more, because he’s not even sure it’s physically possible for someone to love another person this much. It consumes him in every way.

“You do not win this one,” Ilya says between kisses. “But I will let you think that you do.”

Shane grumbles, but whatever he tries to say is lost when Ilya kisses him again.

End Notes

my works for hollanov are either the softest thing possible or literally PWP. which i havent posted..... yet..... but i could..... if thats the vibe?

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