

sorry, who are you again?

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sorry, who are you again?

by [Tegami](#)

Summary

Ilya pushed the blanket off and tried to pull his gown up to look at his stomach. “You’re so beautiful,” he said, in case he'd forget. “Why am I here again? Are you single? Hey, did they take my- my- intestines, how do you call-“

“Ilya,” said the man, taking Ilya’s wrists gently but with a strong grip before he could take a good look at the bandages. “Behave. Please keep your clothes on, oh my God. They didn’t take your intestines, just your appendix. You’re fine. Just rest.”

OR: Ilya wakes up fucked up from anesthesia and tries to start an affair with his own husband, as it turns out.

Notes

it's endlessly funny to me how this is the first G rated fic I've written in a decade and it's for heated rivalry of all things.

thank you [jay](#) for beta reading <3

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

Ilya must have fallen asleep by accident. It was too bright behind his closed eyelids and there was this sticky feeling in his subconscious, like he wasn't actually supposed to be asleep right now or maybe like he wasn't supposed to be awake. He could hear things – sheets ruffling and an unsettling low hum – that made him want to wake up even more, trying hard to find the energy to open his eyes.

Then there was a voice, low and without urgency. He went back to sleep before he could think about anything else.

Ilya's eyes were wide open before he realized he was fully awake this time. He had the feeling he'd been drifting in and out of consciousness for a while without really remembering it. Now he felt *very* clearheaded and *very* sick of sleeping.

He was lying on his side in a bed that was kind of high up off the floor, facing a big window that showed nothing but a white, cloudy winter sky. He blinked a bit to try and get used to the light.

"Wow, hey," someone said, sounding startled. "Hey there."

It took a while for Ilya to focus on him. There was a man sitting in a chair next to his bed, near Ilya's feet. He looked less blurry by the second, soft and warm in a hoodie, his hair dark and staticky like he'd just taken the hood off. His eyes were brown and warm and Ilya felt the strong urge to kiss him stupid.

Ilya looked around some more. He didn't think he knew this room, or this bed. Was he in a hotel? The white wall looked so boring, though, almost like a hospital room. He lifted a hand and found his neck and collarbones on the third try, feeling bare and wrong.

"Good morning," the man tried again, getting up and coming closer, which was so fucking great. Hell yes. Ilya really wanted him as close as possible. "Planning to stay awake this time?"

Ilya suddenly remembered that he was in the hospital for something or other, but this realization didn't seem too important. The man had freckles on his nose and cheekbones and then he lifted a hand and stroked it through Ilya's hair, down his neck and over his shoulder in a continuous motion. For a second, Ilya saw God.

Then he realized that he was still lying with his face half-smushed into a pillow in front of God or, like, this seriously very hot guy, so he sat up.

"Wow, no, wait, slowly–"

The man reached for Ilya's shoulder to support him, but he couldn't do that much to help because Ilya was super fast and successfully sitting straight up before he could do much.

Ilya wondered if anyone had ever shaken off anesthesia as quickly as him. He was seriously crushing this getting-operated-on thing.

“Thank you,” he said anyway, staring at the hand now wrapped around his biceps, then back at the man’s face, even closer now. He was softly mumbling about something Ilya couldn’t quite catch while fighting with the remote in his other hand. He looked genuinely worried about something, which was just horrible. The mattress behind Ilya tilted upwards slowly so that he could lean back against it.

“You’re so great,” he sighed. “Pretty and a genius, wow.”

The man looked up from the remote, sighing. “Definitely awake, then. How are you feeling?”

Ilya pressed his head back into his pillow (which the man helped push back under his head, he was so fucking nice, God) and remembered that something in his stomach felt seriously wrong. On his stomach, maybe. It didn’t hurt at all, but it felt like it was trying very hard to do just that.

Ilya pushed the blanket off and tried to pull his gown up to look at his stomach. “You’re so beautiful,” he said, in case he’d forget. “Why am I here again? Are you single? Hey, did they take my- my- intestines, how do you call-“

“Ilya,” said the man, taking Ilya’s wrists gently but with a strong grip before he could take a good look at the bandages. “Behave. Please keep your clothes on, oh my God. They didn’t take your intestines, just your appendix. You’re fine. Just rest.”

Ilya looked at the strong hands around his arms and really, really liked them there. The man had a few stray freckles on the backs of his hands, too. Ilya made plans to hold them once the man let go and kiss him there.

He looked up and got distracted immediately. “Your hair is nice,” he said, since he might not have mentioned it. The man wasn’t meeting his eyes while keeping busy with rearranging Ilya’s blanket until he was covered up to his chest. “Are you single? I have- let’s go on a date? I recover fast. Tomorrow I’ll be fine. I have much to offer. My job is to work out, and I have lots of money. Cars.” He noticed that he was grinning widely at the man’s gentle frown, but he wasn’t really sure how to control the muscles in his face right now.

The man stopped touching Ilya once his hands lay nice and orderly on the blanket again, which was a shame. He was also starting to look at him a bit suspiciously.

“Ilya,” he said with a frown, as if getting ready to scold. The man blinked, as if something in Ilya’s face had made him change his mind. Was Ilya still smiling? Was that weird? “Oh my God, they weren’t kidding. Are you really that high?”

Ilya nodded. “On love,” he said. “You’re single. Yes? Say it.”

The man suddenly looked like he was trying not to laugh, which wasn’t the worst. As long as he wasn’t angry, Ilya still had a chance to turn things around.

The man held up his hand, which sported a band on the ring finger. Ilya couldn’t believe he hadn’t noticed it before. He smiled happily, the fucker. “Sorry, I’m actually already married.”

Ilya nodded. He looked down at his hands resting on the blanket, no ring on them. He looked around the empty room, thinking of the great unfairness that was life. He came to a decision.

“Leave them,” he said. “I will treat you right.”

The man laughed, loud and so prettily that Ilya wanted to reach out and touch all the places his skin crinkled with happiness. “I don’t think my husband would appreciate if I left him.”

A man!, Ilya thought, victoriously. *He’s gay! I can work with that!*

“Oh God, why are you fist pumping?”

“Celebrating every moment I get to spend with you,” he said, smooth as fuck. It made the man laugh again, which Ilya chose to generously interpret as winning him over.

Ilya felt weird suddenly, a bit empty, and realized he was touching his own neck and collarbones again. “Where...”, he mumbled, but the thought floated away as soon as he met the man’s eyes. “How much does your man earn? I make more, I promise.”

“I don’t think so,” he said, smiling again. “He’s doing really well.”

Ilya blinked, wondering for a long few seconds why the words had sounded so weird, until he finally realized that the man had answered in Russian. Ilya couldn’t remember switching to Russian himself at some point, but he might have. Maybe he’d been speaking Russian all along. He couldn’t really remember waking up right now. How long had they been talking? Would the man leave soon? Where had he come from? Was this a dream, maybe?

Getting a bit worried about this whole thing, Ilya leant forward, feeling weird again about how his abdominal muscles didn’t seem to hold him up as easily as usual. He stopped worrying about it when a gentle, firm hand pushed him back by his shoulder, the other pulling his pillow back up so that he could rest his head against it.

“You’re so nice, I love you,” said Ilya, like a reflex. The man did look kind of Russian, like, Eastern Russian, although something about it didn’t feel quite right. He had an accent, too. Ilya concentrated and he was definitely speaking English now. “I love you,” he repeated automatically. “Are you Russian? Leave your husband for me.”

The man laughed again, but before he could agree like he was definitely going to, there was a knock on the door, and it opened carefully. A middle-aged woman poked her head in.

“Yuna!”, Ilya said, which prompted the man to make a strangled noise that Ilya couldn’t place. “Welcome to my hospital room. They took my appendicitis.”

“You’re up already, huh,” said Yuna. She was glancing at the man beside the bed and smiling, probably so fucking impressed by Ilya getting engaged to such a beautiful man minutes after waking up.

“How do you know *her?*,” asked the man, looking at Ilya like he’d done something wrong. His face had gotten a bit flushed at some point. It was excessively pretty.

“Sweetheart,” Ilya said, which wasn’t usually his flirting style, but he barreled past it once it had slipped out. “Don’t be upset. Of course I know her, she is- she’s my- she is *so* important.”

Yuna stood at the other side of the bed and nodded seriously. She stroked a hand through Ilya’s hair, which felt just wonderful. Ilya had to make an effort not to close his eyes because he really wanted to stay awake for this. “I sure am. How are you feeling, Ilya? You look well. What did the nurses say?”

The last part was addressed to the man, who admitted that he hadn’t called them yet, but Ilya wasn’t paying much attention to their conversation. Instead, he felt the traces of Yuna’s hand where she’d brushed through his hair and stared at where it now laid on his hand. Her thumb was rubbing back and forth in a comforting little motion over his wrist, the hair there making the sensation scratchy and comforting. Ilya’s free hand went up to his collar again and he realized that his necklace was missing.

Shane. He grabbed Shane’s hand where it rested on the mattress. “My necklace,” he said. “I lost my necklace.”

“You’re fine, it’s okay, I have it,” Shane said immediately, intertwining their fingers and reaching inside the pocket of his hoodie with his other hand. “I kept it safe while you were in surgery.”

Ilya breathed out slowly, panic subsiding when he saw his golden chain dangling from Shane’s hand. He helped fasten it back around his neck and Ilya’s thoughts raced with ideas on how to turn this into a flirty moment, but then it was already over.

Ilya felt for the chain and held it up, trying to get a good look at the additional weight dangling from it.

Next to his mom’s cross, there was a ring that looked suspiciously wedding-like.

“Oh, do you want to put it back on? I put it there to be safe.”

He looked at Shane. “Sorry,” he said. “Stay with your husband. I cannot marry you. I am taken, I just remembered.”

Shane’s eyes went big and he looked so adorably mortified that it was really very hard for Ilya to not take back what he’d said. But he was suddenly sure that he was so desperately happy in his marriage that he honestly felt a bit sick at the thought of having flirted with Shane, no matter how pretty he looked blushing next to Ilya’s hospital bed.

Yuna just laughed. “Maybe you should sleep some more, huh? What do you think? We can call the nurse next time you wake up.”

“You are so kind,” Ilya told her, maybe sniffing a little bit through his broken heart. “But I am very awake. You can leave if you want. My husband will be here soon, he said he will.”

Shane turned back around from where he’d been staring out the window. The view was probably really nice from up here, so Ilya understood that he’d taken a moment to enjoy it.

His face was still quite red. “Did he? Where is he then, do you think?”

Ilya frowned. “Probably... something important. He said he will be here when I wake up.” Ilya had never been more sure of anything, even if he’d forgotten all about it until now. He hated thinking that his husband wouldn’t keep his promise, though. It felt impossible to even consider.

“He sounds very sweet,” said Yuna, looking a bit like she was holding back a cough or something. Ilya hoped she wasn’t getting sick.

“Sometimes he is,” said Ilya. *Wow, it’s super dark suddenly*, he thought, and then remembered to open his eyes so that he wouldn’t fall asleep again. “I love him so much. Skates fast, almost like me, and he’s so sexy when he wears his little glasses, and when I ask him to-“

“OKAY,” said Shane, taking Ilya’s hand. “I think it’s really time to call someone. Mom, maybe you could go and look for a nurse or something? Outside?”

Ilya stared at their intertwined hands and couldn’t quite bring himself to let go, although he probably should, in case his husband showed up. “Nooooooo, don’t send her away,” he said. “They will come and do tests on me and make you leave. I could be asleep still, yes?” Ilya did a fabulous rendition of it, closing his eyes and leaning back into the pillow, wowing everyone in the room. That done, he got back up grinning. “See?”

Shane opened his mouth, probably to compliment Ilya on his acting, when his phone started buzzing in his pocket. Ilya held his hand a little tighter so that Shane would use his other hand to grab it, which was a very smart plan that worked perfectly.

“Supposed to turn it off in here,” said Ilya, which felt like someone else’s words, but he couldn’t remember who’d said them to him recently. He felt like he’d heard them a lot.

Shane looked at the screen, then thumbed at it until the buzzing stopped. “It’s Hayden, I guess I forgot to tell him what’s going on. I’ll just say I’ll call him back later for now.”

“No, wait, tell him we are in hospital. That maybe we can bring him more babies on the way back, for collection.” Ilya laughed, which, ow. He’d found the first thing that actually made his stomach hurt.

Shane stared at him, then at Yuna. “Mom, I’m going insane. How does he remember to make fun of Hayden, but he doesn’t even know my name?”

Yuna looked a bit like she was trying not to laugh, which couldn’t be right. She was usually so nice to Ilya. “I’ll go and-,” she said, stopped, bit her lip hard, and left the room quickly.

Ilya frowned, sad to see her go and a bit hurt that Shane had spoken about him like he wasn’t there. “Is instinct with Pike, I think everyone feels it,” he said. “Natural- natural- something. And of course I know you. You are Shane Hollander.” He was pretty sure he’d remembered his name very early. Like, so fast. Almost immediately.

“Okay,” said Shane. “That’s sweet. You seem pretty comfortable with me for someone who’s happily married to another man.”

He wriggled his hand where Ilya had at some point apparently started taking one finger after the other, stroking over every knuckle, bending them back and forth gently.

He kept going for a while, watching the soft hairs on Shane’s knuckles and thinking things through. He came to a decision, entwined their fingers firmly again and looked up. “We can work something out. My husband will not mind.”

Shane rubbed a hand over his face, but he didn’t immediately say no, so.

“Ilya,” he finally said. “Normal people talk about fast food when they wake up from anesthesia. Please stop trying to start an affair with me.”

Ilya frowned. “I did not mean like... Oh, woah, I would kill for a breakfast sandwich.”

Shane sighed. “That’s more like it.”

“Let us get one on our date.”

“Ilya. Love of my life,” Shane said and took Ilya’s other hand as well, which was so awesome, Ilya couldn’t stop smiling, even though Shane was looking at him a little desperately. “Listen to me. We can do that, but I’m not starting an affair with you. We’re married. Both. To each other. I’m your husband.”

Ilya was so confused. “I know this,” he said. “Is really great. Beautiful ceremony. Are you okay? Did you forget?”

“I’m about to lose it,” said Shane, which was when the door opened to Yuna and a kind-looking, older nurse.

“I heard someone’s up and talking,” she said warmly as she walked over to the bed. Shane took a step back, but he kept one hand in Ilya’s. “How are you feeling?”

Ilya blinked at the stranger.

He took a deep breath. This was fine. He had so much practice doing this. Years of it. “Very heterosexual,” he said convincingly. Then he looked at Shane and shook their intertwined hands in a friendly, platonic way. “Thanks for visit, Hollander. I’ll see you at the game.”

“Oh my fucking God,” said Shane. Ilya was still holding onto his hand, which probably didn’t help his case, but he really couldn’t bring himself to let go first.

“That’s nice,” said the nurse, who wasn’t even really looking at them, just checking a screen next to Ilya’s bed and putting some kind of grippy thing on a finger of his free hand.

Success!, Ilya thought. She wasn’t suspecting a thing. She’d never guess that he was- that they were...

Whatever. What had they been talking about again? Breakfast sandwiches and marriage?

Right! Ilya turned to Yuna. "Your son forgot we are married."

Shane did let go of his hand at that. "*You* did!"

Ilya didn't understand why Shane was so hard on him when he'd literally just been cut open earlier that day. "I'm very, very fucked up on drugs, Hollander. Why listen to me?"

The nurse smiled at Shane's adorable, affronted face. "He'll snap out of it soon, don't worry. We hear all kinds of things around here." She seemed happy with whatever tests she'd done on him while Ilya had been busy talking to his family and took the thingy off his finger. "Any pain, Mr. Rozanov?"

"I really want a breakfast sandwich," he informed her. "Also, Shane said he will bring me a milkshake if the food here is boring. But maybe he forgot. Like he forgot our wedding."

"I almost wish this was a bit," Shane sighed.

Ilya kind of wanted to cry all of a sudden, looking at him standing in his hospital room. It was so great that Shane and Yuna were here with him right now.

He sniffed. "Is so great, you being here," he told them.

"Of course, Ilya," Yuna said, her hand patting Ilya's ankle soothingly.

Shane's face did five very small, very complicated things that Ilya could probably have read in detail if it was any other day. "Listen," he said. "I'll bring you a milkshake tomorrow, but first you have to tell this very busy nurse if you're feeling any pain."

"Stomach feels weird," Ilya told the nurse, although he was kind of distracted picturing different milkshake flavors. "Hurts when I laugh."

She nodded. "That's to be expected, don't worry." She told him to sleep a bit more if he could and that a doctor would be back in an hour, that the anesthesia would have probably worn off by then. Ilya didn't really know what that meant, since he was wide awake. She exchanged some words with Yuna and Shane, but Ilya wasn't listening.

He was busy staring at Yuna's hand, still patting his ankle through the blanket, then Shane's, holding Ilya's firmly and so warm. Suddenly, he couldn't have stayed awake if he'd tried.

End Notes

this is not how anesthesia works I don't think. please don't listen to me. also my friend pointed out that this bed definitely needs guard rails but I didn't want to go back and add them in so maybe this hospital is just kind of bad

thank you!

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