

Колыбельные

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by [Suharu](#)

Summary

A bright flash of light cuts Shane's sleepy contemplations. Deafening thunder is quick to follow and the tremble against his body grows harder to ignore. Ilya whispers something against his shoulder, "Господи", Shane thinks he hears, he knows it literally means "God", but by now he is aware it is used more like "Holy fuck", really.

Shane is surprised to find out that his big strong Russian man doesn't care for thunderstorms.

Notes

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

Shane is startled awake by a sudden, firm press of a warm body against his own. The rhythmic sounds of raindrops that hit the window's glass come to replace the hazy fog of a strange dream he was immersed in; only half-awake, he thinks he can still hear the grey wolves that for some reason make bird sounds. He's quite ready to give in and let the wolves further chirp in his dream, but a shudder that doesn't strike him as his own tugs his mind into consciousness.

The season just has started, and Montreal's team was already scheduled to play against Boston tomorrow, or, more accurately, tonight. Shane, of course, couldn't let the Boston captain, who happened now to be his boyfriend (Shane still had to suppress a smile every time the word *boyfriend* crossed his mind) sleep in some remote hotel room, and so here they were – Shane, who was now smiling in the dark, and his boyfriend, right beside him.

A bright flash of light cuts Shane's sleepy contemplations. Deafening thunder is quick to follow and the tremble against his body grows harder to ignore. Ilya whispers something against his shoulder, "*Tocnodu*", Shane thinks he hears, he knows it literally means "*God*", but by now he is aware it is used more like "*Holy fuck*", really.

"Hey," Shane whispers softly, and turns to his left side to face Ilya. Ilya is busy burying his face in the safety of Shane's shoulder, and even though he's not acknowledging hearing him, he still moves closer. Shane feels the impulse to crack a joke about how his *scary Boston-captain Russian boyfriend* gets startled by the weather, but another blinding light and a soft sound akin to a whimper make him mentally trash this idea.

Shane shuffles and plants a tiny kiss on Ilya's forehead, then embraces him closer to his chest through the following thunder. Once the drizzle is heard in the background once more, and the spasm of Ilya's muscles seems to lessen, Shane cups his face and lifts his chin up, his eyes meet the slightly-disoriented blue ones; crazy beautiful, even in near-darkness. He tries again, "Hey, you OK?"

"Yes, OK, go back to sleep" Ilya tries to reassure, though his voice sounds a little hoarse and perhaps Shane imagines that, but also a little shaky.

"Can't really," though he really could, as it is still dark and they do have to play against each other in a few hours, "It's... So loud, on the outside."

"*Правда ли,*" *you don't say*, Ilya grumbles, turning his face away, and into Shane's palm. Shane remarks the ease with which Russian slips to the surface when Ilya's startled, and writes a mental note to ask him about it later.

They lie together in silence for a while, and Shane even starts to drift off, but another flash makes him open his eyes just in time to plant a kiss on the unruly curls that now tickle his nose, and hug his boyfriend a little tighter, "it's ok," he speaks through the thunder, "we're safe here."

Ilya doesn't move when he speaks, "I wasn't... I didn't think is not safe," by the way he tries to steady his voice, it sounds like only half a truth, "it's just so... Huge, tonight."

“It’s OK,” Shane reassures gently and tries to pry again, “I didn’t know you were afraid of thunderstorms.” There is nothing accusatory in his tone, just a simple observation, up to Ilya if he wants to open it.

He doesn’t though, “Afraid? I am not afraid, Russians…” but his monologue is cut short by another ominous sound “Fuckin’ shit!” he almost jumps out of Shane’s embrace.

“Shhh shh, it’s okay,” he guides Ilya’s head back into the safety of the crook of his own neck, and carefully strokes his nape, then down and across the tense back muscles, “you’re here, your… Boyfriend, is here, it’s okay.”

Ilya grumbles something that Shane doesn’t catch, and despite the protest of his words, he slowly relaxes under Shane’s gentle touch and under the reassuring kisses.

“This is nice,” Ilya says after a while has passed without any menacing lights or sounds, and Shane rather feels than sees the smile, “you should give me more kiss” his tone teasing.

With the atmosphere taking a lighter turn, Shane feels his own muscles relax under the weight of his boyfriend, he didn’t even notice he’s gotten tense, “maybe I would only kiss you when lightning strikes, y’know, to *Pavlov* you…”

Ilya leans back and gives him his signature stare with a raised eyebrow, “Pavlov?”

“Yes, y’know, classical conditioning, Pavlov, the scientist…” he feels sillier with every word.

Even in the dimly lit room, the smile plastered on Ilya’s face is now impossible to miss “Oh, you scientist now?”

“Shut up, asshole,” Shane reaches for one of the many cushions surrounding them and grabs one just in time to protect his own face from one coming his way. Maybe Ilya’s right and there are too many of those here.

“I’m more than just my asshole, Hollander,” Ilya teases.

“Prick…” Shane full on laughs now.

“More than that too.”

Still chuckling they shift together on the bed into a slightly more comfortable position, Ilya’s head rests on Shane chest, and Shane closes his eyes, his fingers twirl absentmindedly around the silky strands of Ilya’s curls. He recalls how on stormy nights, back at his parents’ home, when he was just a kid, he used to sneak into their bedroom. He’d tug on a blanket on his dad’s side, and dad would smile and lift the blanket up for little Shane to climb over him and in between his parents. His dad would hold his hand and his mom would stroke his hair through the thunderstorm; those were some of his favorite childhood memories.

“Were you afraid of thunder when you were little?” Shane asks.

“Little? No.” There is something undeniably definite and final in the way Ilya says it, Shane finds it fascinating and while he wants to pry for more information about tiny-Ilya, he also

wouldn't want to make him feel uncomfortable. *Relationships are complicated*, Shane thinks, but after a few moments of silence Ilya continues, "when I was little mom used to sit with me, and she'd sing."

Sing! Shane feels unproportionally giddy with this piece of information and cannot stop the smile spreading across his face. He can almost paint himself a picture – a little boy with huge eyes and perfect curls, holding on to his teddy bear (Shane imagines it was a bear plushie, he has solid knowledge of how much Russians love their bears,) and a beautiful, gentle looking woman sitting in his kiddie-bed. Her curly hair falls down from around her shoulders, almost caressing the little boy... "What would she sing?" he asks, without opening his eyes.

"Just... A children's song, you know, *колыбельная*, for sleep."

"Ah, a lullaby?" Shane guesses.

"Maybe," Shane feels Ilya shrug next to him, "I don't know the word."

"You remember how it goes?" now that Shane's so deep into his little fantasy, he'd love to perfectly complement the picture with sound.

Ilya laughs, "hmm I thought *you* were trying to help *me*, with my fear?" he lightly nudges his shoulder into his ribcage, "you should sing for me."

"I will, once you teach me," Shane gives him a push back, "I can actually sing pretty well."

"Of course, Mr. Perfect can sing..." Ilya sighs, feigning annoyance, but starts to hum anyway. A quiet, slow melody and the imaginary picture Shane painted suddenly has color; Big blue eyes are looking into kind, hazel ones, the woman's golden curls swaying gently with the melody. The boy relaxes with the song, the woman smiles adoringly, and for that moment everything is right in their world. And suddenly he knows he would fight everything and everyone, so that boy wouldn't be left alone in the thunderstorm ever again. *But he would be left alone*, Shane's mind kindly reminds him, *you wouldn't always be there, and who else he's got?*

"Is my singing pretty?" Ilya mocks, caressing Shane's cheek. Shane didn't notice the dampness under his eyes until Ilya's fingers wipe it away. He nods, appreciative that Ilya doesn't mention it.

"Pretty... Not as pretty as mine, though," he leans into the touch, "wait until you hear it."

"I think the storm is done now," Ilya nudges his head in the direction of the window; behind the glass the clouds begin to scatter and the sleepy-quiet of early Montreal morning comes to replace the sounds of the storm, "no need for song."

"Another would eventually come," the mere mental image of Ilya on his own creates a lump in his throat he's struggling to swallow, "so if I'm not with you, you can call me, facetime me; I mean it that I can sing. I'll learn."

Ilya laughs out loud, though it doesn't sound like mere mockery; perhaps only a tiny bit, mixed with relief, or appreciation? "Is OK Hollander, you don't need to worry, not for me."

"I want to. I want to learn Russian, and this is as good a place to start as any."

"OK."

"OK."

They lie in comfortable silence for a while; the skies outside begin to regain some light hue of pink.

"We should probably get up soon, can hit the gym, have some breakfast" Shane tries to sit up, but immediately gets pulled back into a lying position.

"Um... No. Still sleepy, still wanna sleep" Ilya pouts.

Strong arms hold Shane in place, he's completely trapped, and he loves it. He knows he's in trouble then; It's not the first time he feels that in Ilya's presence and now he knows for sure it wouldn't be the last, "and mess the routine up?" he grumbles. He's really not putting much heart into his protest.

"Just once won't mess it up, come on Hollander," he plants a soft kiss on his shoulder and nudges him with his nose, "stay."

"You are a horrible influence." Is Shane going to lose to this man from now on and forever? Is this what he signed up for? And why is this making him so damn happy?

"Mhmm yes, making Montreal captain skip practice, horrible," Ilya kisses his neck, and then trails down to the collarbones, and further to his pecs, "but is OK, this naughty Montreal captain is making Boston captain skip practice too, makes them equal" he whispers against his skin, in between the kisses.

"Ok," Shane can feel every spot on his skin that Ilya's lips have brushed burning deeply; He doesn't think they're going to sleep much longer, but well, maybe *this* could count as a work-out, "I'll stay."

End Notes

Honestly, I just tipped my toe into the waters of writing those two. I haven't written in a while, but I felt like I could do them justice.
If you enjoyed it even a tiny bit then I'm glad <3

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