

all the wrong things on fire

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by [221BSunsetTowers](#)

Summary

"That's Shane Hollander," someone murmured next to him. "What's he doing here?"

"He said Ilya," a neighbor called back. "Ilya Rozanov lives there."

"Oh god," someone else said loudly, watching the flames continue to consume the house. Shane vaguely heard them talk, but the words in his head were all Ilya, Ilya, Ilya.

"Ilya's in there!" Shane didn't even process that he was now screaming. He was too focused on getting to Ilya, on why the body he'd spent so many years working on wasn't strong enough to burst through the barricade. A window suddenly blew out, and Shane was staggering like he was in the room, his body slumping towards the ground before his mother's arms caught him.

Notes

Song title from “Wedding Dress” by Matt Nathanson.

No one actually dies here, I promise! Shane, Yuna, and David just think Ilya is dead for a little while.

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

fire

"Did you pack the gifts?" Yuna asked for the third time that morning.

"Yes, Mom," Shane responded, gently rolling his eyes, earning a laugh from David.

"Do you want to be the one who shows up with no presents?" Yuna shot back, but she was laughing too. "It's Ilya's first birthday since we know about you two!"

"Trust me, I know." It had been Shane's intention to drive to Ilya's house himself to surprise Ilya on his birthday, but as soon as Yuna heard about the plan, his parents were all in. And honestly, it was nice, that they cared so much about Ilya now that they wanted to be there for his birthday too. Shane had rearranged a sponsor photo shoot that Ilya thought was keeping Shane from him until tomorrow, and his mom hadn't even blinked an eye. That more than anything told him how much Ilya was loved.

And now they were going to go surprise him. His boyfriend. Shane still got lit up from inside thinking about that word. He knew he always would. Well, until they got that switched to fiance, and then husband.

The car ride seemed to take forever. Shane had barely held it in that morning when he talked to Ilya on the phone to wish him happy birthday. Ilya had seemed in a great mood, with the Centaurs planning to take him out for a celebratory breakfast soon after their call, but Shane knew him well enough to know he was sad Shane wasn't there on the actual day.

Well, that was about to be an easy problem to solve.

Until they pulled up to Ilya's rental house to see the building on fire.

Shane was out of the car before it stopped moving, his parents not far behind. "Ilya!" Shane called out, eyes scanning the area in front of him, looking for where Ilya would be standing. Would he be in shock? Would he have gotten burned at all before they got him out? Head spinning, Shane ran from one end of the group gathered outside the house, to the other.

No Ilya.

Shane didn't realize his voice had started shaking, he was so focused on finding Ilya. "Ilya!" he called again, but still got no response. Heads were starting to turn in his direction, but Shane didn't register them. "Ilya!" He could see his parents out of the corner of his eye, also making their way through the crowd, also calling out.

Ilya was nowhere to be seen.

"Excuse me!" Shane called to the firefighters, waving his arms to get someone's attention. The majority of the firefighters were focused on the steadily growing fire, but one by the truck noticed Shane's frantic movements and came over.

"Where is Ilya?" Shane said quickly, the firefighter looking confused. "I mean, the person who lives here. Where is he? Did he have to go to the hospital? Which hospital?"

"No one's come out of the house," the firefighter told him.

Shane froze.

"No, he must have, this is his house," Shane insisted, voice growing more frantic. "He must have come out."

"I'm sorry, no one has come out," the man responded sympathetically. "I can direct you to--"

But Shane didn't wait to hear his next words. He was too busy trying to climb over the nearest barricade. "I'm sorry, sir, you can't-" the man tried, but Shane ignored him, simply moving over to try to get past him.

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"Oh honey," she murmured in his ear, and he could hear the sob in her voice.

"Ilya! Ilya!" Shane couldn't stop screaming, couldn't seem to get his feet under him again. He grabbed for the barricade to steady himself, then slipped under. Running towards the house, Shane was quickly grabbed by the nearest firefighter, but slipped his grasp. Another ran up to assist the first, the two struggling to pull Shane back behind the barricade. They were practically dragging him.

"You don't understand, my boyfriend's in there, I have to help him!" Shane begged, trying to dig his heels into the ground.

"Shane?" The voice came from the sidewalk, and Shane whipped his head around.

Ilya had just come around the corner, two large paper grocery bags in his arms.

"Ilya?" Shane gasped out, and took off running. Ilya immediately dropped the bags in his arms and replaced them with Shane, who grasped onto Ilya with all his strength. Burying his face in Ilya's neck, Shane finally let the tears fall.

"Shane, what is wrong?" Ilya asked anxiously, wrapping his arms tightly around Shane. Then he looked over at his house, and froze.

"Don't look," Shane said softly, gently grabbing the back of Ilya's head and guiding it down until it was resting on Shane's shoulder.

"Is it-" Ilya hesitated. "Is it bad?"

Shane nodded. "It is, Ilya, I'm so sorry." Lifting his head, Shane kissed Ilya softly on the lips. "But I'll help you. Everything will be okay."

Ilya suddenly pulled back, untangling himself from Shane's arms. "Shane, everyone is watching us," he whispered. Shane didn't even turn to see the phones held up in their direction.

"Fuck, Ilya, you think I'm panicking about people seeing us? I thought you were dead!!" Shane smacked Ilya's chest before falling into his arms again. "You asshole," he mumbled weakly into Ilya's broad shoulder.

"Ah," Ilya murmured reassuringly, "probably true." He kissed Shane on top of the head. "But your asshole, yes?"

"Always," Shane assured him. "Forever." Then he pulled Ilya's head towards his own, pressing their lips together in a deep kiss. "I thought you were dead." Shane sobbed out against Ilya's mouth, and Ilya kissed him again. "People would have found out about us because you died and I couldn't stop screaming."

"Moya lyubov." Ilya said it like a promise, unsuccessfully fighting back his own tears. "I am sorry."

"I should be the one saying sorry." Shane shook his head. "Your home is the one burning down, and I'm the one who outed us."

"That was not home," Ilya said insistently, reaching a hand out and laying it on Shane's chest. "You are home."

"You can't just say things like that," Shane sobbed out, kissing Ilya again.

"I do not mind that everyone knows," Ilya assured him, resting his hands on Shane's waist, pulling him in closer. "I promise, moye solnyshko. I am happy that everyone knows now how much I love you."

"I love you too," Shane said softly, intertwining their fingers. "I might panic later though."

"I will be right there," Ilya promised, earning a smile on Shane's tear-stained face. "I will need somewhere to stay after all." Shane laughed, and Ilya grinned. "See, moya lyubov, it will be fine."

"Again, your house is the one on fire," Shane reminded me, Ilya nodding his head solemnly.

"I am lucky nothing was in there yet I cared about. There was just some furniture." Ilya squeezed Shane's hand. "You were not in there. Everything else I can get more of."

"Again, you can't just keep saying things like that," Shane said, but this time he was smiling through his tears. Suddenly they felt two pairs of arms wrap around them.

"I'm sorry, I tried to give you boys a minute," Yuna cried out, leaning in to kiss Ilya's forehead, "but we were so worried, Ilya!"

"I am sorry, Yuna," Ilya apologized quickly, leaning into her touch. "I did not mean to."

"Oh, Ilya, it's not your fault," she reassured him. David reached over to squeeze Ilya's shoulder.

"We're just glad you're okay, son," David said softly, and Ilya nodded.

"Thank you, thank you both," Ilya said gratefully.

"Now let's go talk to the firefighters and figure out what we need to do," Yuna said decisively. "And Ilya, you're coming home with us." She strode over to where the firefighters were gathered, David following with a smile.

"So, um, happy birthday," Shane said, smiling into the kiss he gave Ilya.

"Yes, I thought you had some photos today," Ilya said, and Shane shook his head with a laugh.

"No, I just said that so we could surprise you." Shane was grinning now. "We have gifts in the car for you and everything. We can take those and the cake back to my parents' house, celebrate there."

"You brought gifts?" Ilya asked, eyes widening. "A cake?"

"Yeah, didn't they do that for you in R-" Shane broke off, sighing. "Oh, Ilya." He wrapped his arms around Ilya's waist. "Well, we're doing it here."

"Thank you," Ilya said softly, resting his forehead against Shane's, before they turned together to look at the remnants of Ilya's house.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Shane asked, pressing a kiss to Ilya's cheek as he held his hand tightly. Shane squeezed once reassuringly.

"I am sad that the house I had is gone," Ilya said solemnly. "But I am here, and you are here, and things will be okay."

"They will," Shane promised, wrapping an arm around Ilya's waist and pulling him in close. "We'll be okay."

End Notes

Thank you for reading my first Hollanov fic! Comments and kudos are so appreciated. If you have any plot bunnies, please let me know. I can't promise I'll write them but I love to hear them!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!