

sleeping beauty, won't you wake up?

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sleeping beauty, won't you wake up?

by [Tizniz](#)

Summary

Yuna laughs quietly, then sighs. “The doctors still don’t understand what is happening. His vitals and brain function is fine, normal. But he won’t wake up.”

Ilya’s lips curve into a small smile, “Like Sleeping Beauty.”

That earns him another laugh from Shane’s mom, “Yes. He just needs true love’s kiss to wake up. Good thing you’re coming then, hm?”

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A car accident leaves Shane in a coma. But it's okay, his Prince Charming is coming to wake him up.

Notes

I am SO bad at hoarding stories. Please come yell at me for it. I started this in February and finished in March and finally got around to editing it. There's still like three other stories to edit so I can post. I'm so bad at it.

Anyways. Enjoy me putting Ilya through it!

ps: please remember this is just a fanfic. disregard any medical things. I have a degree in geography. I don't know medical shit. we're just having fun.

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

Shane Hollander not joining team—

Montreal's Captain missing due to—

Hollander in stable condition but—

Hockey star Hollander is currently out—

Shane Hollander in a coma—

Ilya starts his day by throwing up.

He barely makes it to the toilet before last night's dinner makes a reappearance. He remains there after his stomach is done emptying itself, eyes closed tightly, hoping that what he'd read isn't real. It can't be.

It takes a few minutes, during which Ilya does his best to rewrite everything that has happened since last night, but he manages to get back to his hotel bed, where his phone sits after being thrown. He drags it towards himself, still sitting on the floor, flipping it over, squinting at the headlines he had prayed he had dreamed.

But no. It's still there.

Shane Hollander In A Coma

Shane Hollander, Captain of the Montreal Voyageurs, is reportedly in a coma following a major car accident last night. There is no cause behind the accident at this time, although many suspect it has something to do with the icy conditions of the roads. The team has been quiet about the accident as well, with only the news being released that Hollander is in a coma and steady. His family is with him in Montreal. The team is planning to call up someone from the AHL to replace Hollander's spot, while Alternative Captain Hayden Pike will slot into Hollander's position in this afternoon's game.

Ilya stares at the photo attached to the bottom of the tiny article. Shane's car, the one that is apparently good in the snow, the same one Ilya had teased him about when Shane had picked him up from the airport last summer before taking them both to the cottage where everything changed, is mangled. Destroyed. Crushed like it's made of nothing more than tissue paper.

Ilya's throat burns once more but there's nothing left in him to throw up.

His hand shakes as he flips over from the article to his contacts in his phone, finding the one he needs, and pressing on the screen to call. He switches to speaker phone, placing the phone down so he can draw his knees up towards his chest and lean back against the bed, listening as the call rings.

“Ilya, honey.” Yuna’s voice, wavering, “Oh my god, I should have called you. I’m so sorry.”

“Is he—”

“Yes. He’s alive.” Yuna answers when Ilya cuts himself off. “I’m sorry, we were going to call you—”

“It is okay.” Ilya replies, pressing his forehead to his knees, forcing himself to breathe. *He’s alive. He’s alive. He’s alive.*

“It’s not.”

“You were focused on Shane. It is okay.” Ilya would have been the same. He doesn’t blame Yuna for not thinking to call her son’s secret boyfriend. Not when Shane is... “What happened?”

“He was driving home after practice. Except he wasn’t on his normal route – he must have gone for a small drive.” Ilya hums; Shane hadn’t said anything to him in their texts, but that wasn’t surprising. Shane, like Ilya, is working on talking when things are bothering them. “There’s been icy patches all over,” Yuna continues, “I mean, it’s winter in Montreal.”

“Yes.” *It’s good in the snow.* Shane’s words haunt him now.

“He hit a patch of black ice. Then a tree. Head on.” Yuna’s voice is steady but Ilya is learning it and he can detect the hint of a waver in it. The only real sign of how much this hurts her. It is her son, after all. “He hasn’t been conscious at all. He’s breathing okay. His brain activity is fine. But he’s...they’ve said he’s in a comatose state. Although there’s a chance he could wake up today.”

“That is good.” Ilya feels like someone else is speaking through his body. He’s still sitting on the floor of a hotel room in fucking *Buffalo*. “And you are with him.”

“Of course.” Yuna releases a breath, “Ilya...”

“I am in Buffalo.” He forces out. “Would make no sense for me to go to Montreal.” Except for the fact that Shane is there. In the hospital. After a horrific car accident. God, Ilya is going to be sick again.

“He’d want you here.”

“No.” Ilya feels numb all over. “He wouldn’t.”

And they both know that’s true. Because as much as Shane would actually want Ilya there, there is a bigger part of him that exists purely from fear of being found out.

So no, Shane wouldn’t want Ilya there. Because there’s too much risk.

“I have to go.” Ilya states, “Please keep me up to date.”

“Of course. And Ilya—”

“Goodbye.” He ends the call abruptly, sending a silent apology to the woman who has welcomed him into her family with ease. After realising how much Ilya truly loved and continues to love her son.

And Ilya does. It kills him a little how much he loves Shane. Especially in moments like this. When Ilya can't tell his coach he's leaving and go catch the next plane to Montreal, sit at Shane's side until those big brown eyes open and immediately glare at Ilya because he's there instead of playing the game that the Bears are scheduled to play tonight.

Fuck. How is Ilya going to play a game?! When he knows Shane is laid up in a hospital bed. In a fucking *coma*.

Ilya allows his body to tip sideways onto the hard floor, eyes closed tightly, arms wrapped securely around his legs.

Maybe he'll wake up and this will be some sort of horrible dream his mind has concocted.

His team keeps sending him looks but Ilya ignores them as he mechanically pulls on his gear. He doesn't care enough to tell them why their captain is even more cold and aloof than usual. None of it matters when Shane is in a hospital in Montreal and Ilya is in the visiting team's change room in Buffalo.

Each time Ilya remembers where they are, aside from the ache chasming in his chest, he thinks of Shane's small quip in Ilya's living room, about how Buffalo is boring.

God, Ilya misses his boyfriend.

The Boston Bears probably think Ilya is distancing himself because of the rumours spreading. They all know Ilya is a free agent once this season ends, and he hasn't said anything about sticking around. Management has tried to bribe him, but he has given them non-committal answers. No one except Shane, Yuna, and David know that Ilya will be reaching out to the Ottawa Centaurs to move there. But a team knows when someone is actively leaving. It's one of those things you learn through playing hockey, even if the player never confirms it beforehand.

He doesn't do anything to prove them otherwise right now, his body moving while his mind remains stuck on the news headlines of Shane.

Yuna hadn't given any further update since that morning, except to wish Ilya luck at his game, and Ilya supposes no update is a good update because that means Shane is still alive and breathing.

Breathing on his own, David had said, which is a good thing. It's promising.

Ilya still wants Shane to wake up.

“Let’s go.” Ilya says without a backwards glance at his team, leading them out of the dressing room. No encouraging speech, no threats of making them pay if they don’t score, just a simple two worded command.

His heart isn’t here.

Ilya does try though. He knows he has to. Because if – *when* Shane wakes up and hears that Ilya played, and if Ilya doesn’t make an actual proper effort, then Shane will tear into him. He’ll refuse Ilya kisses and sex and *I love you*’s.

So. Ilya tries. He plays. Gives it almost his all, which is still better than most of the other plays on the ice.

He does it for Shane.

He scores goals for Shane.

He shoves the other team into the boards for Shane.

He crouches at centre ice and says some sort of chirp he can’t recall for Shane.

He wins the game for Shane.

And when it’s done, when Ilya slips away back to his hotel room without talking to the media (they’ll ask about Shane, Ilya knows this without a doubt), after brushing off Marlow and the others who try and get him to come out to celebrate, Ilya curls up on the top of his bed, checks for updates that aren’t there, and tries to sleep.

His dreams are haunted by Shane.

A week since his horrible accident, Montreal’s Captain Shane Hollander remains in a coma. A close source says that Hollander is in stable condition but otherwise remains unconscious. What does this mean for the Metro’s and the playoffs rapidly approaching?

Ilya sighs as he clicks away from the various news articles and social media posts about Shane.

A week.

The longest week of Ilya’s life.

He's played a few games, all on autopilot, winning all but one, sending a silent thought out that each win is for Shane. A plea for him to wake up.

He slumps further down in the chair he's taken residence in, grateful that the other patrons in the lounge aren't batting an eye at him. They're respecting him and leaving him alone.

His phone buzzes in his hand, and Ilya glances at it, answering the call from Yuna. Time for the daily update.

"Hi, honey." Yuna says when the call connects, voice calm and soothing. "You made it to the airport alright?"

"Yes." Ilya's eyes flicker towards the large window where he can see planes coming and going. "About an hour before boarding."

He's not usually one to arrive so early to the airport, but he's on his way to Montreal, and Ilya wasn't risking anything that would prevent him from getting to Shane.

Ilya had wanted to go sooner, to be there since the beginning, but the Bears had a line of games, and he knew that it would piss Shane off if Ilya didn't play. That and coming up with an excuse was too difficult when Ilya's mind wasn't functioning fully. So, he stayed and played. But now the Bears have a few days off, and Ilya is on the soonest flight to Montreal he could get.

"That's good." Yuna hums through the phone; she's been calling him every day to update him on Shane, even though there's been no update. Ilya appreciates it, regardless, because it makes him feel included. Like he still has a place in this family even with Shane not present.

"How is he today?" Ilya asks softly. There's no one around him, but he's still careful.

"Good. Or, well, the same. David is reading him from the book we found on Shane's nightstand."

"Ah, yes." Ilya nods. He knows of the book. Shane had told him about it about two weeks before the accident, when they had one of their nightly calls and had nothing to say but didn't want to hang up. "He'll like that."

"Thought so." Yuna laughs quietly, then sighs. "The doctors still don't understand what is happening. His vitals and brain function is fine, normal. But he won't wake up."

Ilya's lips curve into a small smile, "Like Sleeping Beauty."

That earns him another laugh from Shane's mom, "Yes. He just needs true love's kiss to wake up. Good thing you're coming then, hm?"

The smile fades from Ilya's face instantly.

True love's kiss.

A fairy tale.

And definitely not how it is for Ilya.

Yes, Shane is his true love. Ilya has no doubt about that.

But he can't help but wonder if he is Shane's. The Canadian deserves someone good and pure and decent. None of which Ilya is, despite what Shane claims.

But Ilya has not been thrown to the curb yet, Shane is continuing to let him come around, and so Ilya won't leave. Not yet. He'll keep torturing himself a little longer.

"Ilya?"

"Yes, right," He clears his throat, shifts in his seat, "I can try when I get there. But no promises."

"If only fairy tales were real, hm?"

"Yes." Ilya sighs; Shane thinks they are but Ilya doesn't say that. Because it is something Shane had admitted in a whisper in the dead of night once, tracing invisible patterns into Ilya's skin. He talked about how ridiculous it is, for a man his age and occupation to believe in them, but he did. Because who didn't need a little magic in their life?

Ilya's throat grows tight as his eyes sting. "I should go. We will be boarding soon." They aren't, but he can't stay on the phone or he'll cry. He thinks Yuna knows that too.

"Alright. You sure you don't want one of us to pick you up?"

"No, no. Stay with Shane. I will let you know when I arrive."

"Okay. Safe travels. We love you, Ilya."

"You too." He replies quietly, still in slight disbelief that he gets this love from the Hollander's. The call ends after that and Ilya closes his eyes, taking a few deep breaths.

True love's kiss.

If only that could work.

Montreal is cold.

Ilya tugs the cap lower on his head as he walks out, bag slung over his shoulder. He's not new when it comes to the cold, he grew up in Russia after all, but the cold here feels different than anywhere.

Maybe because somewhere in this city, Shane Hollander lays in a hospital bed, unwilling to wake up.

Shane has always been Ilya's sun, the source of heat and warmth for him. So to have that sun eclipsed, leaving the world dark, and empty, and cold. So cold.

Ilya's breath leaves him in a cloud and it makes him crave a cigarette even more than he already does, but he won't smoke one. He's been doing good. Almost three months without one.

It helps that every time he goes to, he hears Shane's voice nagging him to not.

It's bad for you, Ilya! You're an athlete!

A smile attempts to appear on Ilya's mouth at the thought now but it doesn't make it.

Sighing, Ilya turns and heads to where the rental cars are located.

Standing here any longer means there's a higher chance of him being spotted and Ilya wants Shane to wake up but he doesn't want him to wake up just to yell at Ilya for being recognized.

They had a plan after all.

Then wake up so we can keep this plan, Hollander. Ilya thinks grumpily.

Ilya goes to Shane's apartment first. Turns up the heat, changes the sheets, does a quick dust.

It's only been a week but Ilya knows Shane will want the place clean and his hired cleaner is away for the month.

The truth is that Ilya is avoiding the hospital.

He wants to be with Shane, more than anything Ilya wants to be at Shane's side, holding his hand, reassuring himself that Shane is alive and breathing. But he can't bring himself to go.

He'd texted Yuna when his plane had landed, not wanting her to worry about more than one of them, and she had simply replied with when visiting hours end.

She already knows him better than Ilya's family ever had.

He ignores how that equally hurts and warms him.

When there's nothing left to do in the apartment, Ilya forces himself to leave and face the Montreal cold once more.

He can't put this off anymore.

He needs to go and see Shane.

The hospital is not one of Ilya's favourite places. And despite his profession, he actually hasn't spent much time in one. He and Shane have been lucky thus far with minimal visits. The only long term stay they'd had between them had been after Shane got hit on the ice by Marlow.

The image of Shane laying prone on the ice still occasionally haunts Ilya's nightmares. He thinks the photo of Shane's mangled car he saw will take up residence alongside it.

Yuna had already texted Ilya the room number, so he doesn't have to try and talk to the staff, explain what it is he's doing here and why. He's trying to stay low and unseen as is, because people will definitely question why the captain of the Boston Bears is in a hospital in Montreal. The same one *their* captain is currently residing in but not for hockey reasons.

By some miracle, Ilya manages to go unnoticed and it isn't long before he arrives at Shane's room, slipping inside and closing the door with a soft click. He's alone at the moment.

For a second, he's expecting to look over at the bed and see Shane smiling brightly at him, just like he had when Ilya had come last time, high on pain medication that made him relaxed and freer than Ilya had ever seen before.

Instead, Ilya is met with the sight of Shane laying in a hospital bed, eyes closed, hands at his side, chest rising and falling.

He looks like he's asleep, nothing more. Like if Ilya walked over and brushed the back of his knuckles along those freckles that had captured him from the moment he laid eyes on Shane, those beautiful brown eyes would open and Shane would smile softly at him before scolding him for coming and risking being seen.

God, Ilya wants Shane to wake up and scold him.

He won't though. For reasons no one can explain.

As Ilya approaches the bed, forcing himself away from the door, he notices the small injuries that he'd been blind to at the relief of simply laying eyes on Shane.

Considering the state the car had ended up in, Shane got lucky.

His one wrist is in a splint, which means a sprain but not broken and so quicker healing time. There's bruising and a light burn on his face, probably from the airbag, but that saved Shane's life so that's a fair trade off. There's a peak of nasty bruising from where Shane's hospital gown is tugged down, wires going in past the purple and black, edged with yellow and green. Seatbelt probably caused that. There's a small cut that runs along the right side of Shane's head, up by his hairline, no more than three or four inches, closed with medical glue and butterfly strips. That is probably the worst of the injuries, simply because head wounds are unpredictable. It's probably also why Shane is still asleep, even though the doctors say his brain activity has been normal.

Yuna had mentioned some worry about internal bleeding because one of Shane's ribs had cracked and possibly cut something, but there hasn't been further concern about that from her, so Ilya assumes it's handled.

The problem, Ilya thinks, as he sits down in the chair beside Shane's bed, is that Shane looks almost *normal*. And that's a problem because if everything is fine, if Shane escaped a head on collision with such minor injuries (at least compared to the *what if's*), then why the fuck won't he wake up?

"I am here, Shane." Ilya whispers, voice shaking as he reaches to one of Shane's hands, curling his fingers around his boyfriend's own prone ones. "I am here, so you need to wake up, okay? No more being lazy."

Shane's chest rises and falls. His heart monitor tracks the steady rhythm. His eyes stay closed.

Ilya closes his own eyes and bows forward until his forehead rests over their joined hands.

"Please wake up."

Yuna and David join him an hour later. Neither say anything, just slip inside the room, offer him a smile and a hand on his shoulder, before taking up residence in chairs of their own.

Ilya's still learning how to let himself be loved by the Hollander's, but he thinks he's doing okay. Helps that he loves their son as much as them. Some days he wonders more, if possible.

He's felt welcomed with them though, and that is what matters most to Ilya. He never felt welcomed in his own family. Only with his mother, but even at the end, it sort of felt like she

was pushing him away. He thinks now that it was for his own safety as she lost herself to the darkness that had overtaken her mind.

Ilya doesn't think he can handle losing Shane too. That would quite literally destroy him.

"You played well." Yuna says, maybe half an hour later. Ilya almost wants to smile at the comment; Yuna and Shane were very alike in many ways. Falling back on hockey when there's nothing else to talk about is one.

"Thank you." Ilya says, forcing his eyes away from Shane's peaceful face to look across the bed at Yuna. "I do not remember most of game, though. Any of them."

David nods solemnly beside his wife, "Understandable."

"Shane would be proud of you." Yuna says, voice quiet as her eyes drift to her son. "For playing."

"I think so too." Ilya agrees.

People, if they knew, would probably think it odd or cold of Shane to prefer Ilya play the game than immediately race to him.

But Ilya knows and understands what hockey means to Shane. Has always known from that first match against each other.

It's one of the ways Shane feels most comfortable expressing himself. And Ilya loves him so much for it.

That is why he played before coming to Montreal.

For Shane.

Another two days pass with Shane not waking up, but at least Ilya gets to spend most of it at Shane's side in the hospital. David is the one who forces Ilya to leave, to go back to Shane's and shower, eat, and sleep in a bed. He does the same with his wife, making her leave their son's side and go back to their hotel. Ilya knows David wants to leave no less than them, but he's willing to be the one to put his foot down.

It's nice, having that kind of tough love, versus what his father would give him. That was more cruel than tough.

Sleeping in Shane's bed without Shane is cruel for Ilya too. He can smell the scent that is so entirely Shane all around him. It sticks to his skin. He almost wants to not shower, except

when he does, he uses Shane's shampoo, conditioner, and body wash. His curls don't really appreciate it but Ilya could care less if his hair is a little frizzy and out of control right now.

When in the hospital, he stays at Shane's side, talking with him. Updating him on this and that. Ilya also chats with Yuna and David, getting to know them a little bit more. He intends to have them in his life for a very long time, so he wants to know everything. They reciprocate with their own questions, seeming genuinely interested in the responses Ilya offers.

He thinks Shane would love this, seeing his parents and boyfriend get along so great. It's something he's whispered about wanting, late at night over the phone. That and for Hayden and Ilya to get along, but he knows that will never happen. Ilya will tolerate Pike because he is Shane's best friend, but he can't ever see them being friends. They just don't work. But Ilya does respect and appreciate the role Hayden Pike has in Shane's life. That's about as far as it'll go.

The doctors and nurses come and go, checking and reporting.

Nothing has changed. Everything is fine. Shane's brain and body are good and healing. There is no reason for him to not wake up. He just simply won't.

That hurts each time Ilya hears it.

Why does Shane not want to wake up? What is preventing him?

He hopes it is not an active choice Shane is making. Ilya knows that there is a chance. Even though they have years between them, Shane still struggles with expressing himself, whether it's good or bad things. He's been making strides in getting better at it with Ilya, but that doesn't mean he's miraculously able to all the time.

Ilya doesn't think there's been anything Shane is hiding though, or keeping from Ilya without meaning to. Ilya can usually snuff it out pretty quick, because of the aforementioned years. If anything, things have been going *good*. It's almost certain that Ilya will be going to Ottawa after this year, which means he and Shane will be physically closer. Shane's team has been doing amazing in the standings, and are a shoe in for playoffs. Things between the two of them have been great. They talk almost every night and have had no problem meeting up each time their teams play against one another. There'd even been that one weekend where they both were able to sneak away and meet up in some city not far from either city they played in.

No, things between them were great. Fantastic. On track to only get better.

And Shane himself had seemed more comfortable in a way Ilya hadn't seen in the man before. He was finally finding his footing with who he was, it seemed, and Ilya loved seeing that.

So why the hell hasn't Shane woken up?

“I know it’s crazy.” Yuna starts, breaking the silence that had lulled across the room. Ilya lifts his gaze from Shane’s peaceful expression and looks across the bed to where Yuna is sitting. “But what if...” She trails off, releasing a small laugh that sounds near hysterical.

“Honey?” David asks, placing the crossword he’d been working on down onto his lap. Yuna waves a hand towards her husband, a silent gesture that she’s fine. Although Ilya doubts that. None of them are fine. Not as long as Shane remains with his eyes closed.

“We joked about it.” Yuna tries again, eyes flickering over to Ilya and then away, landing on Shane. “Sleeping Beauty.”

“True love’s kiss.” Ilya murmurs and David makes a small noise of understanding. “That is fairy tales though.”

“I know.” Yuna fiddles with her necklace, a delicate chain. Shane had bought it for her one mother’s day, back before he’d made it and had money. He could easily purchase a newer one, made of proper gold or silver, but Yuna refuses to let him. A fact Ilya had learned while spending his time in this hospital room. “I just...I need him to wake up.” Her voice cracks a little at the end before she shoots up from her chair and heads for the door. Before she reaches it, David is up and moving after his wife. The door closes behind them, leaving Ilya alone with Shane.

Ilya stares at the door for a minute, not really seeing it. His mind thinks back to fairy tales of his own childhood. They were not the same light hearted ones he thinks Shane would have heard.

True love’s kiss did not solve problems. Not when you were in Russia. But Ilya’s mother had told a few, in secret away from his father, and he’d quietly latched onto them, using those stories of fabricated love and happiness to get him through some of the tougher times.

He turns his head to look back towards Shane. Would it work? Is Ilya even able to consider himself Shane’s true love?

Ilya knows without a doubt that Shane is *his* true love. Cannot imagine ever loving another like he does Shane. But does it go both ways?

He quickly scolds himself silently for that; Shane loves him. Of course he does.

“There is no harm in trying, yes?” Ilya asks, the lack of response cutting deeper than he’d like. God, he misses Shane’s voice. The way he calls Ilya an asshole that somehow sounds more like a term of endearment more than anything. The way he rambles about the most boring of hockey books in his never ending quest to read every single one that exists in the

world. There are the noises of pleasure too that Ilya misses, but it's more just the Shane of it all that he wants. If he had to give up sex for the rest of his life, if it meant having Shane awake and alive and okay, Ilya would do it without batting an eye.

The incredible physical chemistry between them is simply a bonus to Ilya, now that they've realized what they have is something so much more.

He stands slowly from his chair, keeping hold of Shane's hand and lifting it so their hands rest on his chest. Ilya feels the slow rise and fall of Shane's breaths before his other hand moves to cup Shane's cheek, his touch feather light.

"Please, Shane. You need to wake up. I cannot do this without you." Ily murmurs, leaning over until his lips hover over Shane's. There's tears burning in his eyes, ready to fall, but Ilya keeps them at bay, not wanting to mar Shane's skin. He closes the distance between their mouths and presses the gentlest of kisses to Shane's lips.

Pulling away is hard, which isn't new. Ilya loves kissing Shane. Has always loved it. Feels like their lips were meant to connect and be together since the beginning of time.

Maybe because of the whole coma thing, it's a bit more difficult. Ilya really doesn't know.

He forces himself to pull away, to open his eyes and look at Shane's slumbering expression. He isn't expecting Shane to suddenly open his eyes and be perfectly fine. Ilya knows fairy tales aren't real, no matter how much that little boy inside of him wishes they were.

Which means he's even more surprised by the fact that Shane's eyes do indeed flutter open.

"Holy shit." Ilya whispers, repeating it once more in Russian as he stares down at Shane. At big, brown eyes that are staring back at him, confused but happy. "Shane?"

"Ilya." Shane's voice is rough from disuse but the happiness and love is the same as it always is.

Ilya's knees give out and he barely catches himself with the bed to guide his overwhelmed body back into the chair he's been occupying since arriving at the hospital.

"Ilya!" Shane yelps in startled worry, voice raspy and movements not quite working as his body continues to wake up. Ilya is crying now, sobbing with an extreme amount of relief and disbelief, and he can't tell Shane he's fine or to lay back down. "Help! HELP!" Shane calls out, hand fluttering towards Ilya. "Hey, hey, baby, it's okay. Ilya. Breathe. Please."

There's a rush of commotion as nurses rush inside, faltering for a moment at the sight of their comatose patient trying to prop himself up and comfort the sobbing Russian. Then Shane snaps at them to help Ilya, which only causes further confusion because Shane is very much the one still connected to tubes and wires.

Ilya shakes his head, tears streaming down his cheeks, breath stuttering and gasping as he tries to calm himself enough to speak. “No. No. Shane, *solnyshko*, I am fine. Help you. They help you.” English is proving to be very difficult right now as he tries to wrap his head around the fact that Shane is awake and staring at him and talking to him.

One of the nurses does move to help Ilya while the others focus on Shane, but mostly she hands him some tissue to clean his face and make sure he can breathe properly. She doesn’t even ask if he’s okay, probably understanding that the answer is complicated.

Of course Ilya is okay because Shane is awake and okay. But Ilya is visibly not okay because it’s all very much a lot and he doesn’t know how to process it.

And before Ilya can even start that, Yuna and David walk back into the room, causing the latter to burst into sobs much like Ilya had while the former covers her mouth, eyes watering but no tears falling.

Shane simply looks confused, and still worried for Ilya.

But he’s awake. And that is all that matters.

“Will you please come closer?” Shane sighs, head dropping back against the pillows behind him. “I’m not going to break.”

Ilya shuffles a few steps away from the window and towards Shane’s bed, still watching him like this is actually all a dream.

It had been a couple of hours since Shane opened his eyes though, waking up from the coma that had been keeping him from them. He’d been put through countless tests, asked a bunch of questions, and hugged tightly by his parents. Ilya had hovered at the edges, watching but not touching. And now they were alone. Shane’s parents had left, gone back to Shane’s apartment to prepare it for his homecoming. He’d be released tomorrow as the doctors could not find a reason to keep him now that he was awake. They were keeping him overnight to monitor, but otherwise, he was good.

Ilya was having a hard time believing it.

“Ilya.” Shane says softly, rolling his head to the side, gazing over at Ilya with those beautiful brown eyes of his, freckles vibrant on his cheeks. “I want to hold your hand. Please.”

And Ilya finds it so difficult to deny Shane anything, so he forces himself closer, lowers himself into the chair he’d been occupying non stop until Shane had woken up, and slots his hand into the one waiting expectantly on the bed.

Shane curls his fingers around Ilya's hand instantly, giving it a squeeze. His skin is warm. He's alive. Awake.

"Shane..."

"I know." Shane replies and Ilya's eyes flicker from their hands and up to Shane's face, where he's smiling softly and awake and looking at Ilya. "I'm here, baby. I'm okay."

Ilya chokes on another sob and then he's scrambling up from the chair but not to pull away. Instead, he climbs onto the bed, into the arms Shane opens up and welcomes him into. They're careful, of course, of the wires still monitoring Shane, but Ilya burrows as close and as deep into his boyfriend as he can, pressing him down into the hospital bed. Shane releases a long sigh, one of great relief, and Ilya finds himself mirroring it.

"I love you." Ilya mumbles into the warm skin of Shane's neck. "Never scare me like that again."

"I love you too." Shane's lips brush the shell of Ilya's ear, "And I'll do my best. But at least we know you have a magical cure. True love's kiss."

Shane had laughed a bit when Yuna had shared the little joke between herself and Ilya, about how it had been Ilya's kiss that had woken him up, but he'd been smiling softly at Ilya like maybe he also believed it. Ilya had to wonder if he did too. The little boy inside of him certainly did.

"Always." Ilya promises, pursing his lips and kissing the skin under his mouth. "I will always kiss you to bring you back. My Sleeping Beauty."

Shane huffs and pinches Ilya's hip but Ilya knows there's a smile there. He smiles too, relaxing further against Shane, just glad to have him awake.

End Notes

love you.

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