

Once More to See You

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Once More to See You

by [fuckboy_genius](#)

Summary

Ilya has a nightmare.

Notes

hello all! first HR fanfic i'm posting but i wrote this last night in the bathtub while i doom soaked and then spiced it up today. shorter than what i usually write but i am about to put my cat down so i'll excuse it. enjoy! and gus the cat loves you all.

also excuse my shit russian, i am an asshole american :)

told lane i was inspired by shauna shipman and she told me it also gave haunting of hill house. do with that what you will.

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

Once More to See You

An all encompassing silence then frigid water rushing. Pounding and beating at his ear drums, he thought the pressure and cold might kill him if not for the fact that he couldn't breathe.

Ilya was drowning.

He began swimming up. Or maybe it was down. Sight was out of the question, his eyes had shot open to darkness. His lungs spasm and his muscles ache as he forces himself to find the surface. The water grips at his limbs, numbing and freezing him as he fought against it, the current longing to pull him deeper. Until he finally hits air.

Head above calm, warm, indigo water, Ilya desperately takes in the fresh air, almost choking on it. He takes in his surroundings, spinning in the water only to realize he was at the cottage. Specifically, the middle of the lake at the cottage, with the midday sun almost blinding him. He does another full turn, slightly panicked and wondering how he got here, when he sees a silhouette on the dock.

A woman. With dark blonde curls and a slender frame. She seemed as confident as she had been on her good days, standing in a dark, flowing maroon dress. He could see flowers dotting her hair, her favorites braided in; perovskia and romashka.

Too far to truly see her, Ilya swims closer to her, slowly catching glimpses of her face. The shape of it, the blue of her eyes enhanced by the lake, the slope of her nose that Ilya shared until he broke it for the first time when he was ten. Most of her features he could find by looking in the mirror, but he would never hold up to the real thing.

No matter how fast he swam, it seemed as if Ilya had only moved inches. He had to get to her. He could see her beckoning him in the distance. He aches to feel her presence once more. He misses her hugs and her easy love and her spitfire nature. He misses his mama.

“Ilya!”

Ilya stops in his tracks, kicking his legs to keep himself above water. His head turned to look back to where he came from but there was nothing but water behind him. He looked around, saw his mom waving, then—

“Ilya!”

Shane. *Where is he? His mama stands alone on the dock, not seeming to hear Shane's call, continuing to wave him over. He needs to find him. He needs to get to him. What if he's in trouble? His name sounded like agony on Shane's lips and Ilya never wanted to hear it again if he said it like that.*

He turned to swim back, needing to find his Shane. He only makes it so far before guilt sinks in his stomach.

Mama.

Ilya turns to look at her, further away than he's ever been. The space between them daunting, but he can still read the sadness in her eyes, the pain in her frame, her translucency. She's fading. No. No. Please.

He goes back to her, water filling his ears once more as he swims the miles to her, only to have actually moved centimeters when—

“Ilya!”

Shane. *Ilya finally sees him. Far away, but close. Reachable. He's torn between past and future. The future he longs to be his present and the past he wishes had survived. He feels tethered to both. The guilt at the idea of abandoning either twisted his organs into knots, he felt nauseous at the thought. Unsettled and dizzy. His gaze tore from one to the other.*

Unwilling or unable to choose, it didn't matter. The frozen current rips him under. Ilya chokes on his breath as water fills his lungs. Frostbitten hands grab and pull at his legs, dragging him deeper as he fought to swim up. Hands are grabbing at his arms and he tries to pry them off, terrified and unable to breathe, but he couldn't, exhaustion and lightheadedness and fear seeping out his strength.

As much as he wouldn't mind if it happened, Ilya didn't want to die. Especially not like this—

“Ilya! Wake up!” *Shane.* Ilya gasps, eyes shooting open. Shane straddling his hips, trapping his forearms between them and his knees, and formerly shaking the shit out of him. His wide, glistening, moonlit chestnut eyes stare down at him, “It's just a nightmare. You're okay, but you gotta breathe, baby.”

Any other day this would be a dream to wake up to, Shane on top of him that is, but currently Ilya could genuinely not get oxygen to reach his lungs. His face was wet, tears or sweat he doesn't know, both kind of pathetic.

He attempts deep breaths between hyperventilating and fails. *He's so fucking scared right now.* He hates it. Fucking despises this feeling. This overwhelming sorrow and fear. This intangible guilt. It swallows him whole, follows him through to his waking moments. He squeezes his eyes shut against the torrent of thoughts and panic. He hears himself wheezing from a distance, like he's been stuck outside the window of their home to witness the fallout.

Ilya feels Shane loosen the grip of his legs around him and Ilya silently mourns it through whatever is happening right now.

“You're okay,” Shane repeats softly, though tense worry bleeds through his words, “You're having a panic attack, Ilya,” *Oh.* Extremely helpful. Thank you, Shane.

“You're safe, you're okay.”

Shane moves down to his thighs, pulling Ilya up with him into a sitting position, resting his head against Shane's chest. He held Ilya tight, but gently, strong arms wrapping around him and holding each fragment of Ilya together. Shane held him like Ilya was precious, like Ilya was deserving of this kind of tenderness when Ilya couldn't even decide between *him* or his past. *His mama*.

Shane shushes him softly, one hand soothingly rubbing his back while the other tangles into his curls. Ilya doesn't know when he started crying again but he tucks his forehead into Shane's neck at the realization. He feels fucking pathetic and really bad for waking Shane up to deal with this. *With him*.

Shane whispers to him in French. Little things he doesn't understand besides the tone, gentle but thrumming with concern and anxiety. He hates himself for doing this to Shane, for burdening him and worrying him, but something about the nonsense words or his voice dripping with love, eases a bit of the ache inside Ilya.

The beat of Shane's heart and his sweet words drowns out the noise in Ilya's head. Slowly, he begins breathing with Shane, inhaling and exhaling with his elongated breaths, taking in the lavender scent of their detergent and the bit of lingering strawberry from Shane's shampoo, that Ilya *always* makes fun of him for, but secretly loves. Ilya wraps his arms around Shane, tangling his fingers into his sleep shirt, resting every ounce of his weight on him, and just breathes.

"I'm sorry," Ilya mumbles into Shane's neck, "мне жаль." He doesn't know what else to say, both languages slipping from his grasp. He hates causing Shane more stress, hates worrying him. Hates hurting him in any kind of way. The burden of Ilya hurts Shane and he hates himself everyday for it. Will hate himself for eternity because of this inability to protect Shane from himself and his darkest moments. This inescapable and unstoppable void-like, black hole that feeds off the glow of Shane's purity and benevolence. And Ilya, ever selfish, cannot escape the draw of Shane's light. Like a magnet automatically drawn to a beam of iron. Like a moth to a flame.

"Мне жаль."

End Notes

i love kudos and comments! i'll find you if you don't.

;)

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