

Worst Sleep That I Ever Had

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Worst Sleep That I Ever Had

by [plinys](#)

Summary

The first thing Shane notices when he wakes up is that there is a very handsome man slouched in the chair beside his bed.

The second thing Shane notices is that he is definitely in a hospital.

[or: Shane ends up with temporary amnesia after an injury and minor surgery and wakes up to find a handsome stranger by his bedside.]

Notes

This is set in some sort of vague handwavey canon because i was really craving this trope after shane got injured in episode 5 but everyone is going angsty with amnesia and I want fluffy amnesia, so this is set sort of in the future

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

The first thing Shane notices when he wakes up is that there is a very handsome man slouched in the chair beside his bed.

He's long limbed and folded in on himself awkwardly, with knees drawn up, arms crossed tight like he fell asleep trying very hard not to move. He looks like he belongs on a magazine cover or a billboard in Times Square, with those curls and the way his lashes cast perfect little shadows on his cheekbones, not crammed into a hospital chair that is very obviously too small for him.

The second thing Shane notices is that he is definitely in a hospital.

There's a steady beep somewhere near his head, and an IV that tugs uncomfortably at his arm when he shifts to get a better look at the stranger beside his bed.

The third thing Shane notices is that the room tilts strangely when he does.

He blinks, once, then again, but the left side of his vision is dark, blocked by something solid and unmoving. He tries to adjust, to turn his head, and realizes he can only see out of one eye.

He files that under Problems For Later.

Because he's got a much bigger problem, as the fourth thing Shane notices is that, other than his own name. He can't remember anything, not the name of the handsome stranger beside him, or why he was in the hospital in the first place, or really, now that he was trying to think about it, anything at all. There is absolutely nothing in his head other than a fuzzy stuffy feeling, like someone had replaced his brain with cotton stuffing.

He tries to think, really tries, about literally anything: his job, where he's from, *why* there's a ridiculously attractive man asleep beside his bedside—but the harder he pushes, the more his head starts to throb, and as a result, the beeping machine spikes, suddenly loud and angry.

Loud enough that the handsome stranger blinks awake.

The handsome stranger looks even *more* handsome now that he is awake, his eyes snapping immediately to Shane's face. The looks of relief that crashes over his features the second he meets Shane's eyes nearly knocks the air out of Shane's lungs.

"Oh," the man breathes. "You awake."

His voice is accented, but at same time so soft, warm. It's familiar in a way that makes pings vaguely in the back of Shane's mind like he *should* recognize it, but he doesn't.

"How you feel?"

"Yes," Shane answers.

He's not one hundred percent sure that's the right answer to that question. Actually, judging by the way the handsome stranger furrows his brow, he's pretty sure that's not the right answer at all, but every word in the history of language itself had jumbled together in his brain the second the stranger opened his eyes, so it's about the best he can manage.

The man squints at him, "You feel... yes."

"Good," Shane corrects, the word he meant to say *finally* coming back to his brain, "I feel good."

The man studies him for a second longer, then asks, carefully, "No pain?"

Shane shakes his head. Whatever the hospital is giving him through the IV must be the good stuff.

He doesn't realize he's said that much out loud until the man huffs out a small laugh, and oh, Shane likes the way his laugh sounds, he wants to make the handsome stranger laugh more often.

"So," Shane says, because apparently his brain-to-mouth filter has also disappeared along with his memory, "Was I in a tragic car accident and nearly on the brink of death for days on end?"

"You block slap shot with face, idiot, break orbital bone."

Those words bounce uselessly around the empty space where Shane's thoughts should be. *Block. Slap shot. Orbital bone.* Maybe his non-amnesia filled brain would know what to do with that information, but right now it all just sounds like nonsense words that the handsome stranger has made up.

He tells him as much, "I've never heard those words before in my life."

The handsome stranger laughs again, gesturing toward his own eye to explain, "They have to fix it, surgery, they put you under."

"Under," Shane repeats, vaguely.

"Anesthesia," the man clarifies. "Doctor say confusion normal when you wake up."

"Ah," Shane says, as if that explains literally anything.

It doesn't really.

He lifts his hand without really thinking, his fingers drifting toward the gauzy eye patch. Now that he's focusing on it, the skin beneath it feels sore.

However, before he can touch it, the man catches his wrist.

His grip firm enough to hold Shane in place, his thumb pressing lightly against Shane's inner wrist.

“No,” he says quickly. “Don’t touch. Please.”

“Do I still have an eye under this?”

“Yes. Yes, you have eye. Is just... healing.”

“Oh,” Shane says again. “Good.”

“I call nurse,” the man adds immediately, not letting go of Shane’s wrist even as he turns toward the call button. “They explain better. And make sure you don’t hurt yourself.”

He should probably mention to the handsome stranger that he's currently forgotten more than just why he was in the hospital.

But he doesn’t like the way that worried expression looks on the handsome stranger’s face. He should never have to worry again. A man as handsome and perfect looking as him should only ever have a happy expression on his face.

So when the handsome stranger releases his wrist in order to stand up to press the call button on the stand next to the hospital bed, Shane reaches up to take the stranger’s hand instead, stopping him from calling someone in to interrupt them.

“Don’t go,” Shane blurts.

The man looks down at their hands, then back at Shane’s face. His expression softens into something dangerously fond.

“Дорогой,” he says gently, “What are you doing?”

He doesn’t know what that word means, but he likes the sound of it and the way it so easily falls from the handsome stranger’s lips.

He doesn’t, however, like the way the heart monitor that he’s attached to begins to beep loudly again, drawing the attention of the handsome stranger away from Shane and to its flashing display instead.

Shane squeezes down on the handsome stranger’s hand to bring his attention back to him, before answering the question the handsome stranger had asked, “I’m trying to stop you from leaving.”

The man turns back to him immediately.

“I not leave,” he promises. “I stay.”

His thumb brushes over the back of Shane’s hand in an unmistakably familiar, soothing motion that makes Shane’s heart feel warm and safe.

There is a touch of familiarity in the gesture, as if this handsome stranger knows just how to soothe Shane from previous experience.

Which probably means they knew each other before this moment.

“Can I ask you something?” Shane asks quickly, before anyone else can enter the room and ruin whatever this is.

“Yes,” the man says easily. “Anything.”

“What’s your name?”

Concern flashes across the handsome stranger’s face, at once his eyes going wide, “You don’t know my name?”

Shane shakes his head.

“You know your name?”

“Shane,” he says.

That one is easy.

“Shane what?”

“Shane Hollander.”

“And what day it is?”

“...Tuesday?”

“No,” the man winces, “What about what we do?”

“Are we... coworkers?” Shane asks.

How lucky he must be to be coworkers with someone as handsome as the stranger sitting next to him! Not that he imagines he’d do very well in some office job with someone as handsome as the stranger sitting in the cubicle across from him.

“You really not remember hockey?”

“Hockey,” Shane repeats. “Is... A sport?”

The man stares at him for a long second, then exhales slowly, “Okay. Okay. What you know?”

Shane thinks and thinks, but there’s not much in his head, everything comes up empty—except for one thing. “I know you’re the most attractive person I’ve ever seen.”

The handsome stranger smiles a little, clearly liking the compliment, though when he speaks, it’s with a scolding tone, “You should tell me right away you forget everything.”

“Sorry,” Shane says, then adds, “You still haven’t told me your name.”

“Ilya,” he replies, “Ilya Rozanov.”

“Ilya,” Shane repeats, liking the way the name feels in his mouth. “And... you’re my coworker?”

“Not exactly.”

“Friend?”

This time his smile turns sly, “More than friend.”

There’s something about the way he says it that makes a little flicker of something spark in the back of Shane’s mostly empty head. *More than friend*, as in—Shane’s gaze drops to Ilya’s mouth.

Later he’ll blame the anesthesia on the fact that the next words out of his mouth are, “Oh, then can I kiss you?”

He really does love the sound of Ilya’s laughter. He can’t wait to hear it a hundred more times, at least.

Though Shane does pout a little when Ilya says, “No.”

“Why not?” Shane asks with a frown.

“You cannot kiss stranger.”

“But you’re not a stranger,” Shane says, absolutely certain of this, even if he can’t remember anything else. “You just said we’re more than friends.”

Ilya leans in, close enough that Shane can feel his warmth, his breath.

For one wild second, Shane thinks he’s won. His flawless logic clearly has convinced Ilya that kissing *is* the best option.

Instead, Ilya presses a soft kiss to his forehead.

“Later,” Ilya murmurs. “When brain work again.”

Shane considers this, then holds out his pinky. “Promise?”

“Promise,” Ilya says as he hooks his finger with Shane’s without hesitation. “Now be good until nurse comes, yes?”

Shane tilts his head, playful despite the grogginess. “If I’m good... will I get a kiss?”

“Oh... you’ll get more than kiss if you’re good,” Ilya says, voice low and teasing, as thumb brushing over Shane’s hand.

There’s something about the way he says it that makes Shane feel all warm inside, and not just *happy* warm, his mind flashes with a hint of something, a memory of a sensation, of

being pressed down a hand between his shoulder blades and oh, *oh*—“You know... maybe if I kiss you, my memories will come back.”

“Nice try.”

“Worth a shot.”

End Notes

Shane gets his memories back like an hour or two later when the anesthesia fully wears off, but Ilya teases Shane about how he tried to flirt with him even without his memories for at least another month.

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