

when i'm low (then i call out to you for comforting)

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when i'm low (then i call out to you for comforting)

by [Icantthinkofagoodusername7](#)

Summary

“Fuck it,” He mutters in Russian before just pressing his thumb down onto the phone next to Hollander’s contact.

Ilya puts it onto speaker, listening to just up to the first half of the second ring before pressing the big red button, not letting it go on any longer.

Fuck.

He drops his phone and presses the palms of both of his hands to his eyes, trying to stabilize himself.

Ring.

His heart practically jumps out of his chest when he hears the sound coming from his phone. He looks down at where it’s sitting on the bed, the screen reads “Jane.”

Fuck.

Out of panic, Ilya declines the call but quickly makes his way to his messages app, finding Hollander’s contact and typing out a quick few messages back to back.

Ilya: did not mean to call.

Ilya: was accident

Ilya: no need for call back

Ilya takes a deep breath and sets his phone back down only to be met with an immediate response from Hollander.

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OR, 5 times Ilya had a nightmare & called Shane + the 1 time Shane was there to comfort him in person

Notes

ok first of all i fucking HATE these two (they're so sad and it hurts my heart and they make me insane, ive been unwell.)

so i. heard about the silly gay hockey show like hours before the first two eps came out, right? and so then i watched it. completely unbenknownst to me it was FREAKY (i wasnt expecting all that). but anyway, i got entranced and pulled in by their characters and the plot. so then i spent the next two days reading three of the books from the series (heated rivalry, game changers, and then the long game). and since then ive been. invested. i love these boys and i just want them to be happy forever pls.

which has also led me to create this spotify playlist bc im. very unwell about them. so. silly hollanov playlist if you're interested -> [Spotify](#).

so, that being said and out of the way, please enjoy this little thing i wrote in one night about them. this is in fact for a writing event that i do, it's called scriptures of the solstice and it's a multifandom, prompt based writing event that is open to writers of any fandom :D

we are currently on week two (but the event is open to join at anytime within the time frame of the event :D) and anyway, this fic uses the prompts nightmares, pillow fort, and "and how many times has this happened?"

It's a super fun (prompt based, team based, multi-fandom) writing event that everyone should really check out like rnrn

[Twitter](#) <- You can find more information about it here :)

[Discord](#) <- You can join the discord to sign up for the event, ask questions, and/or hang out in between event times :)

anyway, first time writing hollanov, kinda nervous. i hope you enjoy

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

One.

Ilya's not a stranger to nightmares. He's used to them.

He's used to waking up with a bead of sweat along his forehead (and sometimes tears wetting his cheeks) and he's used to wiping it quickly away, wanting to forget the entire thing even happened in the first place.

Oftentimes, the nightmares are similar in content. He's a little sick of it, honestly. Why would his brain want to relive being twelve years old and walking in on his mother's lifeless body? Why would it keep, constantly, replaying that image in his mind?

He's sick of it.

He wishes so badly that he could just make it stop but there's no way to do that and he doesn't even have anybody to talk to about it.

His brother wouldn't get it and even if he did get it, he wouldn't care.

His father is, well... His father. Even if he wasn't quite literally losing his mind, he wouldn't care about Ilya's nightmares anyway.

He'd call him weak. He'd tell him to stop overreacting. He'd say that Ilya is acting like a child- No, he'd say that a child acts *better* than Ilya.

Ilya sighs heavily, sitting up in his bed and running his fingers through his hair. It's slightly damp from his sweat but not enough to make it uncomfortable when his fingers make contact with it, "This is so ridiculous," He mutters to himself in Russian.

He can't believe that he's a grown man, an adult who still has nightmares about something that happened when he was twelve years old.

He should be over it by now, right?

He scoffs at himself, he knows it's not as simple as that. He's well aware that there's more to consider than just his age. He knows that being an adult doesn't immediately get rid of the possibility of nightmares, he just really wishes that it *does*.

He grabs his phone from where it's sitting on his nightstand, letting it come to life, squinting at the screen when it does; The brightness is high and it nearly blinds Ilya, the damn thing. He quickly swipes the brightness down and opens his contacts.

With his free hand he grabs the cross that he wears around his neck, rubbing his thumb along it carefully and rhythmically. It makes him feel closer to his mom.

With his other hand, he scrolls through his contacts, letting out a bitter chuckle when he realizes that he has hundreds of people in here and, yet, there's not even one he can call right now, when he needs support; When he needs to get the fucking image of his dead mother out

of his head; When he's disheveled and not wanting to go back to sleep; When he's just fucking in need of *support*.

There's nobod-

His eyes land on one specific name and he stops scrolling.

Jane.

He considers it for a second, thinking about the man. They'd seen each other just a couple of weeks ago, it would be weird to call him up now in the middle of the night, right?

Obviously.

The next laugh that comes out of him is even more bitter than the first. How is it that the only person he's even considering reaching out to right now is a man that he's only seen a few times (for a few hours) in the last four years? How does that make any sense?

(Ilya thinks about Las Vegas and about how desperately he wanted to kiss the man before he left- How he didn't even *want* Hollander to leave.

He wanted him to stay until the next morning so they could enjoy each other for just a little bit longer. He wanted more time with the man, as pathetic as that sounds.)

"Fuck it," He mutters in Russian before just pressing his thumb down onto the phone next to Hollander's contact.

A new screen pops up, with "Jane" in big letters and Ilya puts it onto speaker, listening to the second half of the first ring. Then, he's listening to just the first half of the second ring before pressing the big red button, not letting it go on any longer.

Fuck. He and Shane Hollander do not *call*.

Hell, they barely even text, calling is completely out of the question. What was Ilya even thinking?

He drops his phone onto his bed and presses the palms of both of his hands to his eyes, trying to stabilize himself and also trying to get himself to *not* cry. He feels the stupid tears weaseling their way up and behind his eyes, thinking about his mom.

He hates it.

Ring.

His heart practically jumps out of his chest when he hears the sound coming from his phone. He looks down at where it's sitting on the bed, the screen reads "Jane" just as it did a moment ago, but this time, he's calling him.

Fuck.

Out of panic, Ilya declines the call but quickly makes his way to his messages app, finding Hollander's contact and typing out a quick few messages back to back, sending them all without really thinking.

Ilya: did not mean to call.

Ilya: was accident

Ilya: no need for call back

Ilya takes a deep breath and sets his phone back down only to be met with an immediate response from Hollander.

Jane: Are you sure? What are you even doing awake right now? It's late, Rozonav.

Ilya: yes exactly, is late

Ilya: go back to bed hollander

Ilya: need your energy to keep being big and strong no?

Jane: Shut up

Jane: Is that why you called? Because you were thinking about me being big and strong?

Jane: Are you ever not horny?

Ilya: call was accident, i told you

Ilya: back to bed now hollander

Ilya: beauty sleep is important for people like you

Jane: What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

Ilya: do not worry

Jane: Whatever. Besides, I wasn't asleep anyway.

Ilya: oh?

Ilya: what were you doing awake at hour like this?

Jane: None of your business. Plus, you didn't answer me asking you that question so.

Ilya: ooo stubborn

Ilya: okay then keep your secrets hollander

Ilya: i will sleep now

Jane: Yeah, alright. Sleep well, Lily.

Ilya: okay

Jane: Wow, no well wishes back?

Ilya: no

Jane: Asshole.

Ilya: fine fine

Ilya: goodnight jane hollander

Ilya: 😊

Ilya lets out a breath as he sets his phone down, he's about 80% sure that he was holding it during that entire conversation.

He does feel a little bit lighter after that, though, unironically. Clearly, calling Hollander was the right choice but, *god* he can't believe he let himself click that damn button.

He definitely can't believe that Hollander called him back.

Fuck.

He tosses his phone over to the side, not wanting to see it anymore and he lays down, staring up at his ceiling.

Hollander really did help ease his mind a little bit, it was nice to text with him (as much as Ilya hates to admit that) but even as Ilya tries to close his eyes, he sees his mother's body.

He doesn't manage to get any more sleep that night.

*

Two.

Ilya wakes up with a sharp, deep breath, in through his nose. The image of his mother is still playing over and over again in his mind. He's haunted by her and her sadness, he hates that she deserved so much better and never got it.

He clenches his jaw tightly, staring up at his ceiling. He actually hasn't dreamt about his mom in a while - hell, he hasn't even dreamt of anything in a few months; honestly, he's never really had dreams very often, only ever really about his mother - it's been a nice few months where she only comes to him in brief thoughts while he's fully conscious.

But tonight, he's had no such luck.

He sighs heavily, dragging his hands along his face and into his hair.

He's not as sweaty as he usually is on the nights that he dreams of his mother's death. There aren't any tears in his eyes (yet; they're definitely threatening to make an appearance if the sting at the back of his nose is anything to go by).

He absolutely hates that his first, immediate thought upon waking up is to call Hollander.

They don't even *call*.

They text on occasion, sure, but it's all light bickering or meaningless (Ilya ignores the voice in the forefront of his head telling him that none of this is meaningless to him) flirting or something along those lines.

They don't call each other. It's too risky to do it in front of other people and it means too much if they're calling each other of all people when they're in the privacy of their own homes. It just one of the many lines that they don't cross, which is really weird considering how many lines they *have* crossed.

Ilya chuckles wetly, pushing himself up in his bed. He's so sick of himself. He's so tired of pretending he doesn't care about the man when it's obvious to himself that he *does*.

But he can't tell him that.

He can't risk what they have.

Not right now.

But he definitely can't deny that there's something there and it's embedded deep into his bones and he cannot make it go away no matter how fucking hard he tries.

Still, he reaches over to his nightstand and grabs his phone, staring down at the screen. He makes his way to his messages and clicks on the fifth one, which is *Jane*.

He laughs a little bit at Hollander being so far up even though they haven't messaged each other in a couple of months, at this point. The only people above him are his father (causing problems), his brother (causing problems), his coach, and a group chat that he has with his team.

He stares at the last messages that are there, exchanged between himself and Hollander.

Ilya: hmmm i will have to see about that one

Ilya: soon i will make decision

Ilya: stay patient hollander

Jane: Fine, you're so stubborn.

Jane: I'll see you when I see you then.

Ilya: goodbye jane

He thinks about calling the man, he considers it greatly. It would be so easy, all he has to do is press the little phone button in the top right corner of his screen and the call will go through. It's likely that Shane will even answer him because that's just the kind of person that he is.

He ultimately decides against it, though. He turns his phone off and, instead, reaches over for the remote, clicking the TV on and scrolling through the channels when something stops him in his tracks.

Shane Hollander.

He's right there on his screen giving that stupid tour of his cottage with his stupidly perfect face and his stupidly perfect body and his stupidly perfect... self.

Ilya scoffs, shutting the TV off. He's already seen that entire tour (twice) and he doesn't need to watch it again. He throws his remote to the foot of his bed, not wanting any contact with it anymore.

He picks his phone back up and just decides to press that stupidly enticing button but as soon as it starts to ring on speaker, he backs out.

He's suddenly reminded of when this happened a couple of years ago, it was basically the same damn scenario and it's, so far, had the exact same damn ending.

Ilya isn't one to give up or back down on things, he gets what he wants and he does it easily. He's not the kind of person to get nervous or scared over a phone call, for fuck's sake, but, damnit, this one little call - that one little button - is giving him just about the hardest time of his life.

He's just about to do a repeat of the night a couple years ago (god, why does he even remember that? It should be tossed away from his mind and, yet, it sits there, forever haunting him - just like the image of his mother) and hangs up the phone when, suddenly, he hears Hollander's voice come through the phone, "*Rozanov?*"

He sounds tired. His voice is gravelly and rough and a little bit annoyed and...

Perfect.

He sounds so perfect.

He sounds like everything Ilya wants and also everything Ilya is afraid of.

Ilya desperately wants to let out a sob but, instead, he stays silent other than his breathing, which he's fairly confident that Hollander can't hear because he's damn near holding his breath.

"Hello?" Hollander tries again, speaking into the phone louder, *"C'mon, Rozanov, now's not the time for a stupid prank."*

Ilya knows.

He knows that.

He never intended on this being a prank, he just doesn't know what to say. He called for a little bit of comfort after finding himself in pain and now what he's actually here, on this call with this man, he has no idea what to do.

He's scared of saying anything, honestly, and he's scared of saying nothing.

He doesn't want Hollander to think he was pranking him but he also doesn't want to reveal the real reason he called.

So he stays silent.

Hollander sighs heavily, "*Come on, it's too late for this. Are you okay?*"

And that sends something straight to Ilya's heart because he likes to be cared about. Hollander sounds genuinely concerned for Ilya and it makes his heart beat heavier in his chest, thumping loudly against his ribcage.

He's a little nervous that Hollander might hear it but quickly realizes that that sounds stupid.

Either way, Hollander hangs up, so it doesn't really matter.

"Fuck!" Ilya has the urge to throw his phone directly into a wall but he doesn't really have the energy to buy a new one tomorrow morning so he holds himself back from that.

Maybe he should have said something to Hollander. Maybe he should have spoken about his nightmare, maybe Hollander could've helped.

(Hollander definitely could have helped, just having a conversation with him would've helped Ilya).

But, instead, he's sitting here with a heavy heart. This time, not only from the nightmare he had but also just from the situation he's in with Hollander.

He hates it but all he wants is more and it's completely destroying him.

He tries not to think about Hollander for the rest of the night but all he ends up thinking about instead is his mother laying on the floor.

Sometimes, he wishes he could turn his thoughts off.

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Three.

"I'm coming to the cottage."

The words play over and over again in his head when he wakes up. His heart is racing and it takes him a moment to process whatever just happened.

He had a nightmare and, yeah, he's- He's used to nightmares but they're always about his mother, they're never about... anything else.

This one was about Shane. It was about Shane and the cottage, which Ilya was supposed to head to *tomorrow*.

God, Ilya really needs to get himself together.

Everything was going well in his dream - nightmare? dream turned nightmare? - up until the end of it.

It started with Scott Hunter coming out to the world (which, still, Ilya is rather impressed by, the guy has guts) and Ilya deciding to go to the cottage.

It went through them making plans and Ilya showing up at the cottage. They ate tuna melts and kissed and enjoyed each other's presence and-

And then Ilya told Shane that he's in love with him.

God, Ilya is so in love with him and it's such an everlasting presence. It doesn't go away, it never lessens, it's just constantly there. He's entirely and undoubtedly in love with Shane Hollander (even his dreams know it).

Except, Shane didn't say it back.

Shane kicked Ilya out and Ilya was *alone* and *lost* and *broken*.

The back of his nose stings just thinking about it, he already wants to cry.

He knows loving this man is a complicated thing, he's known that since he started realizing his feelings for Shane.

He's afraid of loving Shane. He's afraid of Shane loving him back. He's afraid of this thing actually being real.

But he's even more scared of it not being real.

He's even more scared of Shane not loving him back and he doesn't know what to do with that. He doesn't know what to do with that fear so, apparently, it's become something to have a nightmare about.

He hates the way he felt in that place, he hated feeling like his heart was actually physically ripped out of his chest.

He knows it's dumb, he knows that Shane feels this thing between them, too. It's obvious to him but it doesn't stop him from being afraid.

He sits up in his bed and grabs his phone, moving through the apps quickly until he reaches Shane's contact.

He presses the call button without any hesitation, they're no strangers to phone calls anymore. It's just something they do now whenever they have the time. They enjoy speaking to each other and Ilya *loves* hearing Shane's voice.

It keeps him feeling more alive than ever, honestly. It invigorates him in ways he didn't know he needed to be invigorated.

Shane answers after the second and a half ring, "*Ilya? What're you doing awake?*"

"Sorry," Ilya whispers immediately, hating that he woke Shane up but, god, he just needed to be selfish for a moment. He needed to hear Shane's voice.

He's not the kind of person to apologize, rarely will you ever find Ilya apologizing to anybody but it rolls off his tongue when he says it to Shane. It's like the easiest thing in the world.

"Are you okay?" Shane's voice picks up, there's more concern in it and Ilya is pretty sure he can hear Shane starting to move, blankets making sounds and whatnot.

Ilya is quick to respond, "I am fine, I just-" Ilya cuts himself off, unsure what exactly to say. He can't really say he had a dream about being afraid that Shane won't love him back without admitting that he is, in fact, in love with Shane. To his face.

He doesn't want to say it like this. Not over the phone.

He wants to see Shane's face when he mutters those words.

(And he wants to see Shane's face if - when - he utters them back to Ilya.)

Shane speaks again, seeming a little more calm but still a bit on edge (but when is he ever not on edge?), "Are you sure? Why are you calling me so late? Did something happen?"

"No, no, nothing like that, Hollander," The man's last name slips out of Ilya's mouth so easily, calling him by his first name right now just feels too intimate in a way that he's not ready to confront right now, not after the things his brain came up with while he was asleep, "No need to worry your pretty head."

"Okay so you just called me at two in the morning for no reason?" Shane's voice is starting to sound less concerned and more annoyed, "Seriously, Ilya?"

Ilya.

God.

It makes Ilya feel so, so many things when he hears his first name from Shane's mouth, in that perfect voice of his. He doesn't think he'll ever get used to hearing it but he definitely won't mind hearing it over and over again for however long Shane wants to say it.

"Sorry," Ilya says without even thinking, it just comes out of his mouth. He doesn't want Shane upset with him, not right now. Usually, he likes to rile the man up, he likes to hear him get annoyed and he likes to mess with Shane's mood but he can't do it right now. Not after everything that just happened in that god forsaken dream of his, "I just wanted to hear your voice, okay? Not big deal."

Shane doesn't say anything for a moment and Ilya is 90% sure he just fucked something up but then Shane finally speaks, his voice is soft, "You can be really sentimental when you want to be, y'know that?"

"Shut up, Hollander," Ilya bounces back immediately, almost as if it's preprogrammed into his brain. He doesn't even think before he does it, he just says it.

Shane stays quiet.

“Okay, do not actually shut up,” Ilya scoffs, “such a rule follower.”

Shane laughs into the phone, *”I like to follow your rules.”*

Dirty move, Hollander.

Ilya clicks his tongue and shakes his head, “Okay, okay, that is enough.”

Shane stays quiet again.

So does Ilya.

A few minutes go by (except it’s probably only about 30 seconds) but, eventually, Shane breaks the silence, *”But are you okay? Do you need anything?”*

Ilya smiles to himself, “No, this was very good. Thank you, Shane.”

Ilya swears he hears Shane take in a sharp deep breath.

“Goodnight,” Ilya says, “get back to sleep. Sorry for waking you.”

”Goodnight,” Shane whispers, *”I’ll see you soon.”*

“Yes, very soon,” Ilya replies, hoping the smile on his face isn’t super obvious because that would be embarrassing and he’s already embarrassed himself enough for one night (calling Shane and admitting he just wants to hear his voice).

Ilya cannot wait, though. He *needs* to see Shane.

He’s desperate.

But he feels better now, after this call, hearing the real Shane, not just the dream version of Shane, really helped to ease his mind.

They hang up the phone and Ilya puts it away, tossing it back onto the nightstand and ensuring it’s plugged in because he is going to need a lot of charge for tomorrow, with the airport and everything.

Then, he lays back down in bed and pulls his blanket all the way up.

For the first time after a nightmare, Ilya is able to fall right back asleep easily.

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Four.

Ilya wakes up in a cold sweat.

His heart is pacing, he feels out of breath, he can’t think rationally, and he’s *scared*.

He immediately reaches for his phone, he doesn't think about anything else but Shane right now, he needs to check on him, he needs to make sure he's okay.

He doesn't even bother looking through his contacts for the name *Jane*. Instead, he just goes to the dial pad and types out the number, his hands are shaking but this is faster than trying to search through his contacts with blurry vision.

He puts the phone on speaker, not having it in himself to hold it up to his ear.

"Pick up, pick up, pick up," Ilya whispers to himself in Russian, as if chanting this will make SHane pick up faster.

The longer the phone rings for, the more panicked Ilya is. He needs to make sure Shane is okay, Shane has to be okay, right?

He tries not to think about the nightmare he just woke up from, it felt too *real*.

Shane was knocked down on the ice and he was unresponsive, paramedics couldn't get him to wake up and Ilya wasn't able to move. He wasn't able to go to him. It was almost as if he was being physically held back but there was nobody around him.

He just wanted to check on his boyfriend, he just wanted to-

"Ilya?"

"Oh thank god," Ilya sighs out in relief, still speaking Russian but then he switches to English, "you are okay."

"What?" Shane's voice is groggy, it's clear he was in a very deep sleep and wasn't all the way awake yet.

It makes sense, it's 4AM.

"Of course I'm okay, what do you mean?"

"Switch to facetime," Ilya demands, clicking the facetime button and waiting for Shnae to accept it.

It takes him a little more than the few seconds Ilya was hoping it'd take him but eventually a brief outline of Shane's face is on Ilya's screen. It's dark in his room, of course, he was asleep, but the light from his phone lights his face up and Ilya can see enough.

It's perfect.

He takes in his boyfriend, loving each and every inch of his face, he doesn't ever want to lose him. He doesn't ever want him to get hurt.

Shane blinks heavily a few times before sitting up in his bed, "Were you crying? Ilya? What happened?" His voice picks up its pace and his face contorts, he's concerned and it's very clear through his voice already but being able to see his face tells Ilya just how worried he is

(he hates that he's worrying Shane but it also warms his heart to know that Shane cares enough to be worried), "Do you need me to come to Ottawa?"

"No, no, you have practice in morning, sweetheart," Ilya takes a deep breath through his nose and smiles at his Shane, "I just needed to see you, okay? Wanted to hear your voice and see your pretty face, I had bad dream, that is all. You do not need to drive here."

He really wishes that he could see Shane in person right now, if he were more selfish, he'd say yes. He'd have Shane drive down here right now and he'd hold him so tightly, he wouldn't let him go for the rest of the night.

He'd breathe in the smell of his shampoo and he'd kiss those soft lips of his and he'd revel in the attention that Shane pays him.

But he is a good boyfriend and he is a good hockey player. He knows Shane doesn't like skipping practices, even if they are optional.

He is the captain, after all, he needs to set a good example for the rest of his team. Ilya is aware of that, as much as it pains him to refuse Shane's offer.

"You had a bad dream? Like a nightmare?"

Ilya nods, "Yes."

"About what?"

Ilya takes a deep breath and decides he should be honest, "It was you, you got hurt. Died, I think. I do not know, I was not allowed to see you but you were definitely, uh, what is word in English?"

Shane doesn't say anything, giving Ilya time to think about it for a moment.

"Oh yes," Ilya remembers, "unresponsive, you were not saying anything. It scared me."

"And how many times has this happened?"

Ilya thinks about the question a little more than he probably should, "This specific one or nightmares in general?"

"Ilya," Shane breathes out with a sigh, "do you have nightmares often?"

"Not often," Ilya assures him, shaking his head, "Every once in while."

"For how long? Why haven't you told me about this?" Shane's getting increasingly worried and Ilya can tell but all he can do now is just be honest with him.

"For many many years," Ilya waves his hand behind him, "I can not tell you how many, I do not know. Usually, about my mother and sometimes about my father. This was first time about you getting hurt, though. It was..." His mouth goes dry and he gulps, trying not to think about it again, "not fun."

“Well I’m okay,” Shane assures Ilya and it’s a very simple three words, yet it does everything for Ilya. It eases his mind and helps his heart slow down a bit, “and we’ll see each other in a couple of weeks, okay? I love you and I’m here.”

“I love you, too,” Ilya says, knowing he’ll never get tired of saying it. Ever.

He’ll never get tired of hearing it ever, either.

“Do you want to talk about your other nightmares at all?”

“No,” Ilya refuses immediately. He’s not in the head space for that right now, he doesn’t need to do that, not after how jumbled up his brain is about being worried for Shane’s health.

Shane smiles and nods, “Okay, no problem. I love you.”

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” Ilya whispers, not being able to take his eyes off of Shane’s face.

“Do you want to stay on the call?” Shane asks- offers, “I know it’s not the same as sleeping next to each other but it’s something and-”

“Yes,” Ilya responds quickly, even interrupting him, “we will stay on call.”

*

Five.

Ilya wakes up gasping for air.

He remembers a snorkel filling up with water, entering his lungs.

He remembers his plane crashing - he knows it didn’t actually crash *in real life* but his nightmare felt so undeniably real - and landing straight into water. He was drowning until he found a snorkel underneath his seat, rather than the life vest that was supposed to be there.

Then his snorkel filled up with water and he was still drowning.

Then he woke up.

His breathing starts to steady a bit while he calms down, understanding he’s awake and his room, not in the middle of a plane crash into water.

He hates thinking about the fact that he could’ve died that day. He hates thinking about the fact that he could’ve ended up leaving Shane all alone. He hates the fact that his last words to the love of his life would’ve been through *Instagram*.

It doesn’t take him any time to roll over and grab his phone, quickly moving to his contacts so that he can call Shane.

The phone only rings once before Shane’s picking up, his voice coming through the speaker, “*Hey, Ilya.*”

“Hi,” Ilya whispers to his boyfriend, “you were awake, why?”

Shane didn’t sound groggy and there wasn’t that scratch to his voice that there usually is when he’s just woken up, which must mean that he was already awake for some reason.

“Oh, I just couldn’t sleep, that’s all,” Shane answers and Ilya can hear the shake of his head against the microphone, *“why are you awake?”*

“Nightmare,” Ilya mutters, “was about the plane. I miss you.”

Shane sighs softly into the phone, “I miss you too. Are you okay? Do you wanna talk about the nightmare?”

Ilya takes a deep breath through his nose, “No, no,” He sucks in on his cheeks briefly before letting out his breath, “is okay. Hearing your voice is good. Knowing we’re both here is good.”

“Yeah, I’m here,” Shane assures him softly, “I can’t wait to see you next week.”

“Of course not, I am very amazing.”

Shane laughs and Ilya swears that’s one of his favorite sounds to ever exist in this damn world, “Yeah, yeah, okay. Can’t you ever just say you can’t wait to see me either like a normal person?”

Ilya laughs, “I love you,” He lets his laughter die down and, with his entire heart, whispers, “I can not wait to see you next week.”

The both of them stay silent for about a minute, they’re just listening to the sounds of each other breathing through the phone. It grounds Ilya, especially after what his mind just came up with while he was sleeping.

He hates these nightmares that he keeps having, he wishes he could get rid of them for forever, but, at least, listening to the sound of Shane’s breathing helps ease his mind.

He never thought he could have this. He never thought he’d ever get to love somebody so much that just hearing them breathe is enough to help him calm down.

“I have nightmares about the plane too,” Shane admits in a whisper, “sometimes. It’s hard thinking about how you could’ve died. I don’t know what I would’ve done, Ilya.”

“I am sorry I scared you,” Ilya says earnestly, he never wants to scare Shane. Never.

Shane chuckles lightly, “No, don’t be sorry. I’m just happy you’re still here. I love you so much, Ilya, I don’t even have the right words to express it.”

“Yes, I agree. I do not think the words for how much I love you even exist.”

They don’t say anything else after that.

They just stay quiet and, eventually, he hears Shane's breathing starting to change, indicating he's fallen asleep. Ilya is glad he's finally been able to get some rest and Ilya follows right behind him, shutting his eyes and letting sleep take him again.

He doesn't have anymore nightmares that night, just dreams about being with Shane.

*

Plus One.

Ilya wakes up abruptly, sitting up in the bed. He tries taking deep breaths to calm himself down, there's sweat on his forehead and his heart is beating faster than it's supposed to.

He looks over to his side to see Shane asleep but he starts to stir and open his eyes, "Ilya?"

"Hi," Ilya whispers, leaning down to quickly press a kiss to Shane's forehead, "I am sorry for waking you."

"Why are you awake?" Shane mumbles, still half asleep.

"Nightmare again," Ilya takes a deep breath and lays back down, pressing himself close to Shane who opens up his arms and wraps them easily around Ilya's body.

Shane starts rubbing a hand up and down Ilya's arm, "What happened?"

"Is weird," Ilya moves his own hand up to meet with the one on his arms, intertwining his fingers into Shane's, "It was my mother at first, she was on floor. You know. Then it was me there instead, just for moment. You found me and I got up," Ilya takes a deep breath before he says what comes out of his mouth next, the breath is shaky and he already doesn't like thinking back to the dream he just had, "then it was you. Now I am awake."

"Oh Ilya," Shane presses a kiss to the back of Ilya's head and squeezes his hand, "I'm right here, okay? We're both right here, together."

"I know," Ilya lulls his head back until it hits Shane's shoulder, resting on the side of his neck, "You are best thing in my life, you know that?"

"Okay, well don't get all sappy on me now," Shane says.

At the same time, Ilya is still speaking, "Other than Anya, perhaps."

Shane laughs, "Ah, yeah, okay. There he is, hey Rozanov."

"What can I say?" Ilya rotates his head and his body just slightly, so he can see Shane's face, "Anya is perfect."

Hearing her name, Anya jumps up onto the bed and on top of Ilya and Shane, starting to lick *into* Ilya's ear.

They both start to laugh and sit up, petting Anya and telling her to calm down, “You see what you’ve done?” Shane shakes his head, unable to stop laughing at the way Anya is moving her entire body while wagging her tail, “You’ve awoken the beast.”

After a few minutes of petting Anya and laughing with Shane, Ilya gasps and his eyes widen, “I have idea!”

“Dangerous.”

“Shush,” Ilya waves him off, “We should build pillow fort.”

“You wanna...” Shane trails off, his eyebrows furrowing together as he looks at Ilya, “You wanna build a pillow fort? Seriously? Did you turn five years old while we slept or something?”

“Oh come on,” Ilya drawls the last word, dramatically throwing himself onto Shane, his head ending up in the man’s lap, staring up at his face, “I had very scary nightmare, very traumatizing-”

“Since when do you know that word?”

“Shh,” Ilya brings a hand up to press a finger at Shane’s lips, “I have lived here many many years, I know all the words.”

“All of them?” Shane raises his eyebrows, “Really?”

“Yes, anyway,” Ilya decides to change the subject before Shane tries to quiz him on every word in the English language or something. Honestly, Ilya wouldn’t put it past Shane, it’s a very him thing to do, “I want to build pillow fort and you should be good husband and help me.”

“Oh really? Why is that?”

Ilya sighs heavily and dramatically, it adds a flare, what can he say? He rolls his eyes playfully, “I have had very scary, traumatizing nightmare, remember? Catch up, Hollander.”

Shane laughs with his nose but pushes Ilya off of him, “Alright, alright, get to collecting pillows, then.”

“Yes sir!”

Shane rolls his eyes and rolls out of bed.

They spend the next ten minutes just running around the house and gathering any pillow they could possibly find. It takes them even longer to drag chairs from their dining room into their bedroom. Then, it takes even *longer* to properly build the thing because they ended up having a pillow fight.

Ilya won.

(Though, he's pretty sure Shane would say otherwise but trust Ilya, he won. Shane sucks at pillow fights, which was made very clear tonight. Plus, Anya was on Ilya's side, which immediately gave them the win anyway.)

But, finally, they had a fort built out of pillows and blankets and when they climbed into it together they... barely fit.

But they did fit!

Okay? They definitely fit, it was just a little bit of a tight squeeze but neither of them have ever had anything against tight squeezes when it comes to each other.

They lay down on the (admittedly, uncomfortable) floor (and, no, Ilya will not admit to Shane that it's uncomfortable, he has to stand strong on his decisions) together.

Ilya looks up at the roof, which is a blanket, and takes a deep breath, "We should get back to sleep, Harris said he has video to record at practice tomorrow."

"Yeah I know," Shane sighs, "He said we have to be there early, right?"

"Yup," Ilya nods, turning his head to look at Shane now. Except, Ilya can't help himself, a smile emerges on his face before he even knows what's happening.

God, just looking at Shane's face will do that to him.

"Thank you," Ilya whispers.

Shane shakes his head, "For what?"

"Indulging me," Ilya leans forward and kisses Shane.

It's soft. Simple.

Sometimes, that's all they need from each other and it's those nights that Ilya feels his heart threatening to burst out of his chest.

Shane smiles into the kiss, whispering, "Wow, you really do know all the words, huh?"

"I told you," Ilya nods, quickly kissing him again just for a second, "Is unmatched, my vocabulary. I am practically dictionary."

"Yeah, yeah, kiss me some more, would you? Do you know those words?"

"Obviously."

End Notes

for the sake of my sanity, lets just pretend ilya's father was showing his signs of dementia in like 2014 or whenever section 1 took place. bc. this is my fic and i say so? and also i couldnt figure out when tf that shit started. maybe i need to reread the books who knows

anyway uhuh there we have it, i hope it wasnt terrible and please do feel free to leave a comment if you did enjoy as i do love reading each and every single one of them.

also if anybody is reading this they should totally consider joining our event okay thanks bye

It's a super fun (prompt based, team based, multi-fandom) writing event that everyone should really check out like rnrn

[Twitter](#) <- You can find more information about it here :)

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