

When you Call

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/36592312) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/36592312>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , (mentioned) Troy Barrett (Game Changers) , (mentioned) Harris Drover
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Domestic Fluff , No Plot/Plotless , Cutesy , Banter , Canon Compliant , Light Angst , kinda sorta , when I say light i MEAN IT , Casually in Love , Idiots in Love , Calling your boyfriend in the dead of night to ask the REAL important questions , Self-Indulgent
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Hollanov Drabble/Short Story Collections
Stats:	Published: 2022-01-22 Words: 1,678 Chapters: 1/1

When you Call

by [Mikhailov](#)

Summary

When Shane gets a call from his boyfriend when he absolutely should be trying to sleep, he's reasonably worried. In the end, though, he's got nothing to worry about it. Except maybe that his boyfriend is a dork.

Notes

A Massive shoutout to my beta reader Evie, you make my life all the more easy <3, to my bestie Lu for checking the Russian for me, and an obligatory thank you to Nathan from one of my servers for giving me this idea !

This is really silly, but it made me laugh and smile, and hopefully it can do the same for you guys !

Come say hi on insta [@zardz8](#) or on Twt [@_Mikhailovv](#) !
Happy reading ! :]

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

Shane got the call when he least expected it.

He'd been lounging in bed for most of the day, nursing bruised ribs and a sore elbow from his last game, and had been overall mostly pretty miserable. He'd argued that he was fine, and he'd hardly be the first person to play with bruised ribs—Ilya had done it in the past—but he'd been talked out of doing anything too... active for a while.

So here he lay, stewing in his misery and wishing he had *someone* with him when his phone, largely ignored for most of the evening, suddenly started buzzing.

The obnoxious, droll buzzing of his phone on vibrate startled him upright, and he hissed softly as he reached for his phone. Ilya's name looked up at him, and he frowned, grabbing his phone with newfound haste. Wasn't it like... three in the morning where he was?

"Ilya?" He asked, concern clear in his voice. "Is something wrong? You should be asl—"

"—*we should domesticate bears.*"

For a few moments, Shane sat there, jaw open in bemusement and brow furrowed in confusion. Then Ilya's words clicked and he blinked.

"Wha— *what?*"

"*Is like I said! We should domesticate bears, are your ears not working right, Hollander?*" His voice was light with amusement, a little slurred. But if it was with sleep or alcohol, Shane couldn't tell.

"Are you drunk?"

"*What? No? Is like...*" there was a pause, and the sound of sheets being rustled, "*three in the morning, why would I be drinking?*" He asked. Shane scoffed. There were *so* many things he could say in answer to that, but a lot of them no longer really applied now that the two of them were dating. Ilya had confided in Shane a year or so ago that once he accepted that there might have been more to their hookups he stopped looking for other people. Of course, he still drank, but he didn't go out as often, because he *had* someone to go home to.

Sometimes.

"*Shane?*" Ilya's voice, accent heavier with sleep, rumbled over the line.

"Still here," he said, shaking his head, he sat himself upright in bed and shoved his phone between his ear and shoulder. "What... Ilya, what even brought you to this train of thought? Domesticating bears? I know you're Russian, and not to stereotype, but..."

"*Think about it! You don't want a bear walking around your home?*"

"No?" Shane said, bemused. This conversation was getting weirder and weirder. Next thing he knew Ilya would be telling him he wanted a... pet eagle or something. Bald eagles were

pretty cool, at least. Bears were just scary. “Why would I want a *bear* in my home, Ilya? And — *don’t* make that face,” he interrupted himself.

A vaguely indignant snort. “*You can’t even see me!*”

“I don’t need to! You think I don’t know you well enough after some ten years to know when you’re making faces at me? *You* brought this topic up; you know damn well I don’t mean the gay men when I say bear,” he hissed, though his voice lacked any heat. Ilya would know he wasn’t mad. “You’re a menace; you know that right?”

“*Is my middle name,*” he simpered. Shane rolled his eyes.

“No it’s not,” Ilya didn’t even *have* a middle name, did he? “Besides, bears are massive, why would I want that? It would take up so much space, even at the cottage, and you know how big that place is.”

“*They would be smaller. Domesticated animals are always smaller,*” Ilya explained, as if Shane was an idiot. As if he’d already put significant thought into this topic before. Shane wouldn’t have been surprised if he *had*. Shane was certain he had better things to think about on a road trip, but hey, three am thoughts could be... interesting. “*Have you not seen wolves and wildcats? Domesticated dogs and house cats are... they are so small.*”

“Ilya, you’re *Russian*, don’t you have big-ass dogs over there? Haven’t you seen a Great Dane before? Didn’t you watch Scooby-Doo as a kid?”

“*Great what?* Hold on,” more rustling of sheets, then the sounds of keys clacking on a keyboard. A soft, albeit impressed whistle. “*Ohh... big boys...*”

“You want a bear, Ilya? Just get a big dog. Get a malamute or something.” He said, then frowned, and sighed. He scooted back down on the bed so he could lie flat on his back. Shane peered at his phone, then put it on speakerphone and stared up at the ceiling, imagining Ilya was there at his side; curled up against him with his head tucked into the crook of his neck, his stubble tickling Shane’s skin. “Or don’t... you’re not home long enough for a dog, huh.” He bummed himself out, *eugh*. Now he’d ruined the mood.

“*I am not like Harris I do not have... family, who can watch over a dog at home,*” Ilya said softly, sadness creeping into his voice. Shane frowned.

‘I’m not like Harris.’

I’m not like Harris. I can’t have what I want like he can. I can’t be out like he can. I can’t—

“*Shane.*” Ilya interrupted his thoughts, his name falling from Ilya’s lips with a surety he didn’t often hear. Shane shivered. Every time he heard Ilya say his name like that; he couldn’t help it.

“Yeah?” He squeaked.

“*I can hear you thinking from all the way over here. Whatever you are thinking about, don’t,*” he said. His voice was not harsh, and it was... kind, even. The kind of voice Ilya used when

he wanted your attention, the voice used to command a change room, to get all eyes on the Captain. “*After so long, you don’t doubt me—you don’t doubt us do you?*”

“Never.” There wasn’t a moment of hesitation, and he could *swear* Ilya’s expression went all soft. Shane could see it; the quick expression of shock, before his features melted into a soft smile. The gentle way his eyes would crinkle with affection as he looked at Shane as though he had hung the moon *just* for him. “Sorry I... I’ve been down in the dumps all day. ‘M’in pain.”

“*You’re hurt? What happened?*” He asked, voice louder than it had been a few moments before.

Shane tried not to preen at Ilya’s concern. “I’m okay, bruised ribs are hardly gonna kill me. You shouldn’t be so loud, though. You might wake your roommate. You have one, don’t you?”

“*I don’t care about that. Troy can handle no sleep, if it means you are okay.*”

The conviction in Ilya’s voice shocked Shane, he flushed, failing not to preen. It would never get old, hearing Ilya, six foot three, terrifyingly cool, calm and collected Ilya, let his mask slip and show concern for Shane. Even as his boyfriend. “Ilya...” he began softly, and his throat felt a little tight, his eyes a little watery. “It’s okay, Ilya. It’s nothing I can handle but—no, no, don’t interrupt. If it makes you happy, I’ll take a couple of Advils to dull the pain. If it lessens your worry.”

“*It will.*”

Shane laughed softly, but shook his head. “Why’d you call, Ilya?”

There was a moment of silence, and Shane could almost *feel* Ilya’s hesitation. “*Do you not want to talk to me?*” He asked, his voice oddly... small.

“Of course I do! But... Ilya, I mean... aren’t you tired? Was the bear question really what pushed you to call? There’s nothing wrong, is there?” He asked. It very well could have been a normal call; Ilya was... he could be a weird man sometimes. And Shane loved him, but there was still a lot about Ilya that still... befuddled Shane.

“*I want to talk to my— Мой парень, is that so wrong?*”

“Of course it isn’t I’m... sorry, I’m being an ass. It’s so nice to talk to you, Ilya. I’m suffering and in vague pain and dying of boredom and I...” he made an annoyed sound at the back of his throat, and then traced his own collarbone. He sighed, imagining Ilya’s touch on his skin; the soft brush of calluses fingers and his soft curls falling in front of his eyes as he looked at Shane. He sighed softly.

“*I miss you,*” Ilya admitted, sounding a little sheepish.

Shane failed to fight back a smile. “I miss you too; I feel like I’m missing part of myself when you’re not around.”

“*Wow... poetic.*” Ilya replied with a laugh, but Shane knew him well enough that the moment of pause was Ilya composing himself. Shane rolled his eyes and failed to fight back a smile.

“Remind me when you’ll be back, again?” Shane lilted. He knew already—he was nothing if not obsessed with Ilya’s schedule, *needing* to know when they’ll be able to steal some—but hearing Ilya say it would always cement it as *real*. Knowing that there was a time soon where they’d be together again kept Shane going some days.

Ilya’s soft laugh seemed to caress Shane. “*Monday afternoon.*”

“And you’re not going anywhere until...?”

“*Wednesday.*”

Shane hummed, curling a strand of his hair around his finger, he looked at his phone, wishing he could see his face. “A day and a half all to ourselves... practically forever.”

“*Is not enough,*” Ilya whispered, and Shane’s heart shot into his throat. “*I want forever. Not practically.*”

“One day soon.” He croaked.

“*I know.*”

They lapsed into an oddly content, comfortable silence for the heavier topic of conversation. For a few moments the only sound was Ilya’s soft breathing in his ear. Shane turned to look at his phone again. “... I’m bored, and I want to hear your voice. Tell me about why we should domesticate bears. I’m sure you’ve thought about it quite a lot.”

Ilya laughed, warm and rich and *happy* and Shane couldn’t help but grin. “*Is simple,*” he began, and Shane relaxed in bed, letting Ilya’s voice and his plan for domesticated bears lull him to sleep.

End Notes

Comments, questions, concerns?

Leave me some ! I'm always open to feedback !

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