I'll Dial Drunk

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77901431.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV), Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Drinking, Crying, Angst, Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug, Missing scene in Russia, Shane Hollander Needs a Hug, Drunken Confessions, Ilya Rozanov Takes Care of Shane Hollander, Autistic Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Speaks Russian, just a little bit, he's doing his best, Hayden Pike mentioned - Freeform
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-18 Words: 1,153 Chapters: 1/1

I'll Dial Drunk

by tuesdaycoming

Summary

"I know it's not fair to you. It's such bullshit, I should speak your language. Everyone should. You speak my language so I don't have to guess, but I do have to guess. I'm always guessing and getting things wrong." He swallows, thick and wet into the phone mic, a little exhalation at the end, like it's an effort to keep his spit inside his mouth.

"Hollander, you are drunk. Are you alone?"
--
7am in the morning, in Moscow, Ilya wakes up to a drunk phone call from 11pm Dallas.

Notes

I have so many thoughts in my head about these two, but this was written on note cards and had to be posted first. Takes place in a nebulous time between Ilya's Russian confession and his return.

The call comes at seven in the morning, Moscow time. Usually, the contact does not flash across his screen like this. 'Jane' is a notification, a text message beep. They do not call without warning. Ilya rolls out of bed and answers. "What is wrong?" Because something must be.

"You're here. I thought that maybe I would get your voicemail." Shane's voice is syrupy and unfamiliar.

"What is going on?"

"You feel--" Shane corrects himself, "me. I feel. Like I'm having a panic attack, but I can't reach it. It's slippery. You're so slippery, Ilya."

"Hollander, you are not making sense."

"'m sorry. I try not to. I know it's not fair to you. It's such bullshit, I should speak your language. Everyone should. You speak my language so I don't have to guess, but I do have to guess. I'm always guessing and getting things wrong." He swallows, thick and wet into the phone mic, a little exhalation at the end, like it's an effort to keep his spit inside his mouth.

"Hollander, you are drunk. Are you alone?"

"Why are you whispering? No one can hear me. No one--" Shane raises his voice, "can hear me in here."

"Shh, shh," Ilya glances toward the door of his own room, like someone might hear Shane calling out an ocean away. "Why are you drinking alone, lastochka, *swallow*? Where is your team?"

"Out." Shane rounds his vowels, half slurring, half imitation of the voice in his ear. "I'm not a bird."

"Oh, you speak Russian now?" Ilya's breath is sharp, pushed through is nose. If he were there, Shane would want to bite it, but he wouldn't. "You are a bird. You eat like a bird, very athletic bird. And is not 'bird'. It is swallow. You do that too."

"You're making fun of me."

"No."

"You're so mean to me." Shane's words are soft and plaintive. He sniffs. Ilya considers that he might be crying. It isn't fair, for Shane to cry alone where Ilya cannot see, cannot be the cause and the cure. "If I spoke Russian, would you be mean to me?"

"Da." Ilya promises. "If you wanted."

"I'm trying,"

"I know." Ilya's reply is automatic. He knows Shane tries all the time, at every single thing.

"to learn Russian." Shane continues without space for Ilya's response. "So I can understand you. You're the only thing that makes sense, but I can't understand you. You and hockey." He makes a high noise, like a sigh to the heavens. Like a prayer. "And maybe he'll like me more if I speak Russian."

"Who?"

"Ilya." He wonders if this is how it sounds when Shane says his name to other people. Does everyone get to hear it?

"I like you, Hollander."

"Mm." The line is quiet. Ilya would check to see if maybe Shane hung up on him by accident, but he can hear his breathing and the clinking of ice in a glass. Still, he stays quiet. "Do you like Shane?" Ilya takes just a moment too long to answer. "Ya vam nravlyus?" *Do you like me?* Shane's accent is practiced, like it's a phrase in a guidebook he's been rehearsing for weeks. Like he's an eager tourist.

"Da, Shane." Ilya cannot make him wait after that. "Yavno." *Obviously*.

"Dunno that one."

"Yes." The line is quiet again. Thirty seconds. A minute. "Can you stand, solnyshko, *sunshine*? To get some water in you?"

"I'm sorry I called." Shane sighs. There is a clink of thick glass on wood across the line. Ilya wonders if Shane is propped up in bed or sitting somewhere-- one of those uncomfortable little desks some hotels have. He knows Shane isn't home, not anywhere near it.

"You are not a happy drunk." Ilya asks to hear Shane snort at the obvious, just like he wanted him to. Out of his head.

"Nope." The 'p' pops and there is a rustling that might be Shane standing up. "Bet you are, though."

"I make myself be." Ilya confesses. There is a noise, the press of a microphone between shoulder and ear, like Shane needs both hands to navigate the hotel room. His voice is hot and loud in Ilya's ear. As if their cheeks are pressed together in bed.

"Oh, no, that's sad." Shane says, then there is a thump, "Shit."

"Be careful."

"'m okay."

"Okay." Ilya hears a click and Shane curses again, "Turn the light back off, Hollander." A click again.

Shane sighs. "Too bright."

"I know. Find the paper cup next to the coffee machine."

There's a swishing, the plastic cover being torn off the cup without the patience to find the opening. "How do you know-- can you see me?" Shane's voice tips up a the end past the question into the panic Ilya has been trying to stave off in him.

Ilya shakes his head where Shane cannot see. "All hotels are the same on the road," he says, "especially the hotels in Dallas." The water runs, shuts off. "Good boy. Drink up." He listens to the cup being filled and emptied twice more, the sound of Shane swallowing. It's Pavlovian, but Ilya waits until Shane's lips smack and he hums.

"Grab the ice bucket."

"It's full of ice."

"The trash can, then. Bring it next to you in bed." Ilya wants to gather him up. Undress Shane so he will not wake up with crease marks in his skin. Brush his teeth so he will not feel so much like dying in the morning. Put two tablets of Nurofen on the bedside table and close the curtains against the morning sun. He is so far away.

"Will Pike be back soon?" Ilya asks after a thump and stretch that tells him Shane has fallen into bed with all his clothes on. Maybe his shoes are off. Hopefully.

"Yeah. They're out. Celebrating." Shane's voice is muffled, the phone no longer pressed so close to his lips.

"That's right, zvezda moya, *my star*, you won tonight. This is how you celebrate?" Ilya can hear the strain in his own voice. He hopes Shane is too far gone to hear it himself. Maybe, if they are lucky, Shane won't remember any of this. If he does, Ilya isn't sure he will hear from him for a long time.

"Sometimes," Shane pauses, breathes into the open space above him where Ilya should be to catch his breath. "You taste like vodka." It is not hard to translate. *I missed you*.

"Go to sleep, Shane."

"Okay." Ilya listens to Shane yawn, and settle. He imagines the tears still in his eyes. "Will you stay?"

Ilya looks up at the morning light streaming in. There are a million things to do. The day has just begun. "I will stay."

"Mm. Spasibo. *Thank you.*"

"Vechno." Ilya whispers to the soft sound of Shane's breathing growing steady, falling asleep. *Forever*.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!