

put your head on my shoulder

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by [avesbabes](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander is obsessed with resting his head on Ilya's chest after the plane crash Incident.

Notes

HEY GUYS

ugh I love domestic Shane and Ilya so much and I love cuddle scenes so I'm feeding everyone here like me. I hope you enjoy!!!!

Shane couldn't wait to see Ilya again. Granted, he normally felt that way, but this time he was more on edge since he hasn't seen him since *the incident*, where Ilya almost died in a plane crash.

In that moment he was so unbelievably mad at not only himself, but the world around him. He was mad that he couldn't just be out so he could gush over his boyfriend, who was miraculously still alive! However, he couldn't, so he had to wait.

Ilya opened the door, "Shane!"

And before Ilya could say another word, Shane wrapped him up in a bone crushingly tight hug. "*Ilya.*"

Ilya melted, hugging Shane back just as tightly. "Im okay, *moy pomidor*"

Shane only let a few tears fall from his eyes. "Did you just call me a tomato?"

Rubbing his back, Ilya chuckled, "you're learning!"

Shane broke free from the hug only for a second so he could kiss Ilya.

"I missed you more than usual this time" Ilya spoke softly.

Shane took Ilya's hand and led him to the kitchen. "You fucking scared me, asshole!"

"Sorry, sorry! Wasn't planning on being in a plane crash, though, y'know?"

"Still." Shane put on an overdramatic frown. Ilya poked his cheeks and made an attempt to turn his frown upside down, but to no avail.

Shane eventually smiled again. He put his hand on Ilya's chest and felt his heartbeat. He couldn't say much at that moment.

Shane rested his hand on top of Shane's. "Im here, sweetheart. No need to worry. I'm not leaving anytime soon."

Shane looked up at Ilya, then decided it was time.

So, he got on one knee.

Shane was the happiest he ever was, he thought. He was engaged to the literal love of his life. He couldn't think about what would've happened if Ilya *did* die in that plane crash, without ever knowing how much Shane truly felt for him.

After the event, however, Shane found a new fixation for Ilya: laying on his chest so he could hear Ilya's heartbeat.

So, wherever he could, he did just that.

Ilya was peacefully lying on the couch, half watching the tv, half scrolling on his phone. Shane took it upon himself to go see him.

Shane sat next to Ilya and promptly rested his head on his chest, suddenly seeing that Ilya was watching something on a cartoon network..

“Well hello *Lyubimyy*” Ilya whispered as he subconsciously started to scratch Shane's head.

Shane stayed there longer than necessary, cheek pressed to Ilya’s chest, the steady thump grounding him in a way nothing else ever had. The cartoon’s bright colors flashed across the TV, some obnoxious theme song playing, but Shane barely registered it. All he heard was the sound beneath his ear.

Alive.

Here.

Still here.

Ilya shifted slightly, careful, like he was afraid even breathing too hard might scare Shane away.

“You know,” Ilya murmured, eyes still on the screen, “this is a very aggressive way of asking for attention.”

Shane hummed, lazy and content, fingers fisting lightly in Ilya’s shirt. “Your heart’s loud.”

Ilya snorted. “That’s because you’re laying on it.”

“Exactly the point.”

Ilya didn’t complain. He never did.

Shane had a particularly rough night. He had a nightmare, and a bad one at that. He dreamed that everyone he loved – Ilya, his parents, Hayden – forgot about him, like *really* forgot about him.

He jolted up, half revealed it wasn't real, slightly scared that it *could* happen.

Shane tried, but he couldn't go back to sleep. Not after that.

So, he rolled over and pressed up against Ilya's side, showing his face into Ilya's chest without a word.

Ilya would wake just enough to adjust, arm slinging over Shane, hand carding through his hair.

“I’m here,” he’d murmur, still half asleep. “I’m okay. You’re okay.”

Shane would listen until Ilya's heartbeat, grounding him, his own heart remembered how to slow down.

They are married now, and have been for around 2 years. And, as all married couples do, they'd fight. Over stupid things.

“All I'm saying is that sometimes you can take ten minuets out of your day to clean the fucking kitchen, *Rosanol!*” Shane's words were sharp.

“Shane, I swear, you can not be mad at me over this!?”

“No, Ilya, because I feel like I'm doing everything around here! I do the laundry, I clean the dishes, take out the trash, you're making me feel unrespected Ilya.”

“Shane.” Ilya looked at him.

“No! Don't give me that look! Please, I can't do this right now!”

“Well i'm sorry you're getting so fucking upset over this trivial thing?? I do work around the house too, y'know. I also take care of Anya!”

Shane went non verbal. He was *overwhelmed*.

He wasn't actually upset that Ilya didn't clean the kitchen, he was just stressed and anxious and Ilya, as he had the right too, was focused on work lately. Sometimes being on the same team made things a little more difficult, as every time they fought they were petty and sharp with each other on the ice.

Truth was, Shane didn't want to fight with Ilya, ever. But he did want to be alone to regather his thoughts.

That night, Shane got into bed a little after Ilya did. He rested his head on Ilya's chest.

Despite their fight, Ilya warmly welcomed him. Both didn't say anything for a while.

“Babe, I'm sorry. I'm not actually mad you didn't clean”

“I know”

“Im just really stressed lately and, I don't know, anxious? And you've been really focused on hockey, which you should be, but, uhm, I don't know.” Shane loosely gripped Ilya's shirt. He heard Ilya's heartbeat at that moment, his favorite sound. And suddenly things weren't as bad as they were a second ago.

“I figured it was something else. Next time don't bottle that up, ok? Tell me. How about we go on date night tomorrow, ok? Sounds good?”

“Sounds good” Shane said, already falling back asleep.

Both Shane and Ilya were at some sort of interview.

The questions were normal, well, as normal as they were when you were one of like 4 out and active hockey players and you were married to your teammate.

Shane liked to always keep things professional. However, when there was a moment of rest between the questions – some technical issue ensued or something – Shane found himself resting his head on, you guessed it, Ilya's chest.

Neither of them said anything. Ilya scratched Shane's head and kissed the top of it before management came back.

“You guys ready?” a young brunette woman questioned to get both Shane and Ilya prepared.

“Yup!” They both responded in unison as Shane sat back up.

The interview ended and both thought nothing much of it, until a few days later, when the interview was posted, #Hollanov was trending on twitter for the first time in years.

Turns out, the interviewers left the clip of Shane resting on Ilya's chest at the start of the video. Multiple gifs and reaction images were created from the clip, and people were going absolutely crazy.

Shane's side chick @shanehollanderswife

I know they've been together for like 15 years and married for like 5 but they're legit the cutest thing ever still and I feel so maternal towards them

#hollanov #imstillmarriedtoshanehollandertho

[clip from the interview]

> Irene @shanehollanderhockeyfan24

ILYAS LITTLE KISS IM OBSESSED

>> Carissa @rosanovas2344

They are THE power couple OAT no one can convince me otherwise

>> Leo @leothelion34

I remember like 10 years ago that i was so mad at all the #hollanov shippers because i was so convinced they would never get together, but now im lowkey obsessed with them. Is this #growth

>>> Hollanov IS REAL @*imaeormaenot*

Yes @leothelion34, I'm so proud. As a SEASONED hollanov shipper im so glad the community has grown. ANYWAY ASFJFHSKKFH THEYRE SO CUTEETEE.

“Hollander, we’re viral,” Ilya laughed, tilting his phone so Shane could see the Twitter thread blowing up. He barely had to move, Shane was already there, cheek warm against his chest, listening like it was the most important thing in the world.

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