

Let Go

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Let Go

by [GreenGirl11235813](#)

Summary

Shane doesn't say he's overwhelmed.

He never does.

He shows up instead—later than planned, jaw tight, movements clipped like every second is being audited. His bag lands by the door with more force than necessary. He stands there for a moment too long, as if waiting for instructions he hasn't been given.

Ilya clocks it immediately.

“Hey,” he says gently, already closing the distance. “Come here.”

Shane shakes his head once, sharp. “Just—give me a minute.”

Ilya gives him thirty seconds.

Then he takes Shane's wrist—not tight, not demanding—and guides him further into the apartment. “Shoes off,” he says, voice calm, certain. “Jacket too.”

or

Ilya takes care of an overwhelmed and overstimulated Shane by letting him float away into subspace for a bit.

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Shane exhales, something brittle easing. He does as he's told.

Good.

Ilya takes the bag, sets it aside. He steers Shane toward the couch, presses him down with a hand on his shoulder. "Sit."

Shane sits.

It's small. It's nothing. But it's also everything—permission to stop managing, to stop anticipating, to stop being the one who has to decide what happens next.

Ilya disappears into the kitchen and comes back with a glass of water, sets it in Shane's hands. "Drink."

Shane does. His hands shake just a little.

Ilya sits beside him, close enough that their thighs touch. He doesn't ask questions. He doesn't ask Shane to explain. He just starts grounding them back into the same room.

"Phone," Ilya says, holding out his hand.

Shane hesitates. Then he hands it over.

Ilya puts it face-down on the table, out of reach. "Good."

Shane swallows. His shoulders slump, just barely, like a structure being allowed to fail safely.

"I didn't realize how loud it was," Shane says finally, staring at nothing.

Ilya nods. “It gets like that.”

He shifts, pulls Shane gently but firmly against him, Shane’s back to Ilya’s chest. He wraps his arms around Shane’s middle, solid and warm. Shane stiffens for half a second out of habit—then melts.

Ilya rests his chin on Shane’s shoulder. “You don’t have to think right now,” he murmurs. “I have you.”

Shane’s breath shudders. “I don’t know what I need.”

“That is okay,” Ilya says without hesitation. “I do.”

He adjusts the blanket over them. Turns the lights lower. Presses a slow, steady rhythm into Shane’s side with his thumb, counting breaths Shane doesn’t realize he’s following.

Minutes pass. Maybe more.

Shane leans back fully now, trusting the weight behind him. “You’re good at this,” he says, voice soft, almost surprised.

Ilya smiles into his hair. “You let me be.”

Shane is quiet for a long moment. Then, barely audible: “Thank you.”

Ilya tightens his arms, just a little. “Anytime.”

Later—much later—when Shane’s thoughts have slowed and the world has shrunk back to a manageable size, Ilya asks one more thing.

“Stay?”

Shane doesn’t hesitate this time. “Yeah.”

And for once, he doesn’t feel like he’s choosing.

He feels like he’s being taken care of.

Ilya doesn’t move for a long while.

He waits until Shane’s breathing has evened out, until the tension has fully drained from his shoulders. Only then does he speak again.

“Okay,” he says quietly. “Next thing.”

Shane hums, noncommittal. His eyes are closed. Decision-making muscles firmly offline.

“Food,” Ilya supplies. “You ate?”

Shane winces. “Uh. Not really.”

Ilya nods, already standing. “Good. That makes it easy.”

Shane opens one eye. “Easy?”

“For me,” Ilya says, and gently takes Shane’s hands, tugging him up. “Come on.”

He steers Shane into the kitchen, positions him on one of the stools by the counter. “Sit. Don’t help.”

“I can—”

“I know,” Ilya interrupts, not unkind. “Tonight, you don’t.”

Shane exhales and stays put.

Ilya moves with practiced confidence—nothing fancy, just something warm and filling. Pasta, sauce already made, vegetables Shane doesn’t remember buying but is grateful for anyway. Ilya talks while he cooks, low and steady, narrating just enough to keep Shane anchored.

“Timer is on. Water is boiling. You are doing great,” he adds absently, and Shane snorts despite himself.

“That last one wasn’t about the pasta.”

“No,” Ilya agrees. “It was not.”

When the food is ready, Ilya sets a bowl in front of Shane, presses a fork into his hand. “Eat.”

Shane obeys. The first bite makes his shoulders drop another inch.

They eat quietly. Ilya keeps an eye on him, nudging the bowl closer when Shane slows, refilling his water without asking. It’s intimate in the simplest way—needs anticipated, not announced.

After, Ilya takes the dishes himself. “Couch,” he says, jerking his head.

Shane goes.

Ilya joins him with a blanket and the remote, hands Shane the softest corner of the throw, then flips on a familiar show—nothing intense, something they’ve already seen.

“Tell me if it is too loud,” Ilya says.

“It’s good,” Shane murmurs, already leaning into him.

Ilya wraps an arm around Shane's shoulders, pulls him close. Shane tucks his feet under Ilya's thigh, a quiet, unconscious claim. The show plays. They barely watch.

Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's temple, slow and grounding. "You can sleep if you want."

"Mm," Shane says. "Wake me if I miss something important."

Ilya smiles. "Nothing important happens."

Shane relaxes fully then, head dropping to Ilya's chest. Ilya adjusts automatically, hand settling at the back of Shane's neck, thumb tracing familiar lines.

For the rest of the night, Ilya chooses.

What they eat. What they watch. When the lights go off.

And Shane, safe in the quiet certainty of it, lets him.

By the time the credits roll, Shane is halfway gone.

His eyes are closed, lashes resting against his cheeks, breathing slow and loose in a way that only happens when he feels completely, unquestionably safe. His weight is heavy against Ilya's side—warm, trusting.

"Hey," Ilya murmurs softly. "Bed."

Shane hums, wordless. He makes no move to sit up.

Ilya smiles to himself.

Getting Shane to bed like this is both easier and harder. Easier because there's no resistance, no insistence on doing it himself. Harder because Shane has gone boneless, all limbs and gentle gravity.

"Okay," Ilya says quietly, shifting. "Up we go."

He slides an arm behind Shane's back, another under his knees, lifting just enough to coax him upright. Shane blinks once, unfocused.

"You're carrying me," he observes sleepily.

"Mm-hmm."

"That's illegal."

Ilya huffs a soft laugh. “You’ll live.”

Shane accepts this, draping himself against Ilya as they make their way down the hall. His forehead presses into Ilya’s neck, breath warm.

Ilya sets him gently on the bed, helps him out of his hoodie, guides his hands up when they stall halfway. Shane cooperates without really waking, murmuring something that might be Ilya’s name.

The lights are dimmed. The blankets pulled back.

Ilya nudges Shane under them, tucks them up around his shoulders with deliberate care. He brushes his thumb over Shane’s temple, smoothing away a crease that’s been there all day.

“There,” he whispers. “All done.”

Shane exhales, long and content, rolling instinctively toward the warmth beside him.

Ilya slides in after him, pulling Shane close, one arm firm around his back.

Shane’s hand finds Ilya’s shirt, fingers curling lightly. “Stay,” he murmurs, barely audible.

“I am here,” Ilya answers immediately.

And Shane, already drifting, believes him.

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