a kiss, a cry, our rights, our wrongs

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a kiss, a cry, our rights, our wrongs

by livelyvague

Summary

Ilya should reply, say good morning to his lovely husband. He should rise and kiss the beautiful man, pet their dog, make breakfast and brew a fresh pot of coffee for the two of them. An idyllic little morning laid out in front him, but Ilya can't stomach it. The pillows are soft and the blankets are warm and he is too, too sad to do much of anything.

or, Ilya's depression gets the best of him during their Holiday break off

Notes

- title from "sweet disposition" by the temper trap, because brain go bbbgrrrrr
- no beta, edited(ish)

- no suuper specific spoilers for TLG?? tbh but you know it's technically post-tlg so xoxo

not important but i was looking at nhl teams schedules for this. their lives seem annoying as hell tbh. can you imagine doing nothing but hockey for days on end and then having a game to then go get fucked? im exhausted thinking abojt that

See the end of the work for more notes

Christmas passes, but the harsh winter doesn't. The air is always heavy and frigid in January, the tall windows in their Ottawa home have a permanent foggy hue from the on and off snowstorms.

Ilya is cold and Shane isn't here with him, not secluded in the safety of a comforter and sheets with a million thread count. Steam comes from the en suite bathroom, which means Shane is surely soapy and sweaty in the shower right now, washing away his morning of exercise and feeding Anya and being a person. Ilya doesn't feel like a person, barely feels like anything at all.

The fragile open wound of his brain worsens in the winter, reminding him of the harshest times in Moscow and the lowest he had been before Shane signed with the Cens. His fathers discontent. Lonely nights after lost games. These problems were supposed to be stricken from his life—his father is dead and buried, and now Ilya has Shane to cling to after a lost game on *their* team—yet the feeling remains, haunting him like a phantom limb.

He hears the water shut off and Shane fiddling through the rest of his self-care routine. Ilya waits for him to enter the bedroom, pink and shiny and unbelievably beautiful. He himself is far from beautiful right now, and it suddenly sickens him when he has the realization that he hasn't bathed since Thursday. It is *Saturday* now and he still can't fathom gathering the energy to clean himself. He tucks himself into the blankets and wishes that Shane will not bother enough to wake him, though he has an inkling this hope will not come to fruition when he hears muted footsteps.

"Ilya?" Shane whispers to the lump of blankets piled onto him. "Are you awake?"

Ilya should reply, say good morning to his lovely husband. He should rise and kiss the beautiful man, pet their dog, make breakfast and brew a fresh pot of coffee for the two of them. An idyllic little morning laid out in front him, but Ilya can't stomach it. The pillows are soft and the blankets are warm and he is too, too sad to do much of anything.

"Ilya?" Shane repeats. He can probably tell from breathing alone that Ilya is awake and ignoring him. "Do, uh, do you want me to make you breakfast?"

Still no reply. Ilya's throat is too preoccupied with his heart being lodged in his windpipe.

"Are you feeling okay?" The mattress budges as Shane sits down and weasels himself under to where Ilya is hiding. "Please talk to me."

He keeps his eyes closed. Shane caresses his face, brushes his finger tips over his eyelids and follows the curvature of his cheekbones.

"Please," Shane begs. "Are you feeling sick or… is—are you depressed? Ilya? We-we've barely spoken to each other in two *days*."

"Shane," he croaks, finally. The desperation in Shane's voice frustrates him. "Please, sweetheart, I would just like to sleep."

"You need some food, probably water too. When was the last time you drank a glass of water, huh?"

Ilya groans into the plush pillow.

"Ilya," he says a little more seriously than he has this whole one-sided conversation. "I know it's—it's cold and we're not playing hockey right now—"

He rears back, finally exposing a little more of himself from the nest. "I don't give a *fuck* about hockey right now, Hollander!"

Shane flinches. Ilya made his husband fucking *flinch*. His hand that had been tracing comforting lines into his skin vanishes and Ilya could break down sobbing from the loss.

"Okay, Ilya." His voice is a little rougher now, the classic Shane Hollander overcompensation. Ilya can still hear the anxious wobble in his tone, though. Always too worried for his own good. "Would you like me to not give a fuck about you? Let you not eat or drink water for days?"

"Fuck. Off," he growls. Shane is too sweet, too kind, he would never let Ilya let himself rot away. He wishes Shane would just let him. He wishes Shane would drag him up by his chain and get him into the shower.

"No."

For the first time since Shane stepped into the bedroom, Ilya opens his eyes. Shane looks devastated. Yes, still pink and shiny from the shower, but his eyes are sad and his shoulders are hunched with tension.

"Fuck," Ilya cries with frustration.

He sits up and the harshness of the cold air after being wrapped up cuts him like a knife. With his head in his hands, he lets himself cry. Not like his body is giving him a choice right now either way.

The bone-crushing sadness always leaves Ilya tired and self-loathing, which he can handle. However, when it starts to manipulate and manifest itself into being angry at Shane for simply trying to take care of him is when Ilya knows it has reached too far. The darkness clings to him, its wretched claws dug in so deep it will leave scars.

"Ilya, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," Shane soothes.

"No. No, did nothing wrong, sweetheart," Ilya says, practically *begs*. Because he did nothing wrong—Shane is perfect, Ilya is the broken one. "Brain is too loud, too bad right now."

"Tell me. Tell me what to do."

Ilya breathes in deep, exhales dramatically but finds ease in the tension released. He can't look into Shane's eyes again, can't see the hurt there, so he keeps his eyes fixated on his lap. His lower half is exposed in the morning light, thighs clad in the same boxers he's been

wearing for two days. He's sweaty, too, from the amount of time spent under covers. Disgusting is what he feels, disgusting is what he *is*. Shane should not have to deal with this, with him, as it is *unfair* and certainly not what he signed up for all those years ago when Shane went in for a handshake in Saskatchewan.

"Shane, is too much."

"No. Fuck that, Rozanov. Nothing's too much, let me help you. Come on."

Shane is his husband, so pretty and sweet and loving. He wants to help, pleading with Ilya to fucking let him in. Ilya can throw him a bone, let him know what he needs right now, even if he is embarrassed and tired.

"I need shower," he admits.

"Then we'll shower."

"You make sound so simple, pretty boy," Ilya jokes. He looks at Shane for his reaction, can't help but want to see the rush of red to his cheeks.

"Because it is. I will start the shower, I will undress you. Wash your hair, wash your body. I will make it simple for you, Ilya."

"Is pretty boys job not to just stand and be pretty? Must help shower too?" Ilya asks, trying to be coy and flirty, praying it takes away from the patheticness of it all.

"The, uh, pretty boy gig is all booked," Shane jokes. He nudges his knee into Ilya's thigh. "Hey. I'll get you clean and then I will even put your sticky, messy curl products in for you. Then hand feed you some fruit."

"But maybe I need protein too."

Shane quirks an eyebrow. "Are you about to tell me you need to suck my dick to get protein from my cum?"

"Maybe," Ilya whispers. He pouts his lip and leans into Shane's personal space for a soft kiss.

"Ilya," Shane breathes into his mouth. "I love you. Let me take care of you. Let me do this for you."

"Is not what you signed up for, Hollander," he whispers. The words are heavy and sickly coming out of his mouth, he hates the vulnerable reveal. "Yes, you vow to love me in sickness. But this—Shane… *this* sick, I watched it tear apart my family. Will you watch it do the same to you?"

Shane whimpers. He is sad, Ilya made him this way and he hates himself the most for it.

"Ilya, baby, I won't watch anything. Because I'm right here, okay? Let’s go shower.”

Ilya nods weakly and lets Shane peel him from the bed and lead them into the bathroom. True to his word, Shane crouches and slides Ilya's boxers off for him and places them directly in their hamper. He toys with the hem of Ilya's shirt and Ilya stands deathly still with tears in his eyes.

"Ilya," Shane breathes softly. "Sweetheart, lift your arms for me, please?"

Ilya does so, still can't utter a word as Shane undresses him. It's warm in the bathroom, a vent blowing warm air right beside him as he stands naked waiting for Shane to get the perfect temperature for the water. He still feels cold, completely laid bare and empty.

"Come on, it's ready," Shane beckons. When Ilya doesn't move, Shane grasps his hand and tugs softly until Ilya starts moving again.

When the water hits him, Ilya lets out a coughing sob. Shane doesn't mention it, doesn't do anything but grab their body wash and start sudsing it up in his hands. His touch is soft, the kindest of brushes meet every part of Ilya's skin and he cannot stop *crying*. It feels like the most fulfilling relief he's had in days, weeks.

"So strong," Shane whispers. There's droplets of water on his eyelashes and the sight alone makes Ilya cry harder. "My strong husband. All for me, greatest man in the world in my fucking shower."

"Great man who cannot shower by himself," he mutters.

"Shut up," Shane barks without any real bite. He moves to grab the shampoo now, and Ilya groans when he starts to scratch and massage his scalp.

"I—" Ilya starts after Shane is done rinsing the suds away, blocking his eyes from the shampoo. "I love you so much, *kotik*."

"I love you."

"You take care of me so well," he whispers. He's clean and he's warm and it's all he can keep himself tethered to right now. Ilya buries his face into Shane's neck, tears washing away easily.

"Always."

The rush of water from the sprayhead makes the shower stall the perfect space for Ilya to say the things that silence makes harder.

"Some days I am scared, Shane," Ilya admits into the crease of Shane's shoulder.

"Of what?"

"That it will always be… always be this way. Hockey was the *thing* to get me out. Out of house, away from my father, away from Russia… made me run into your arms. I am older now, *lyubimyy*, and when hockey is gone. What will I do? So much left for you, Shane. I am scared I will be too sick to do anything at all."

Shane's arms tighten around Ilya's back where they are clinging onto each other.

"You misspoke."

Ilya lifts his head. "Excuse me? My English is better than yours most days. I am tired but not *that* tired."

"Asshole." Shane rolls his eyes and squeezes at the fat of Ilya's thigh. "You misspoke because you said *I* have so much left. But you were supposed to say *we* have so much left. I'm scared out of my fucking mind every day when I think about who I'll be when I don't have hockey to hide behind. But we're in it together, Rozanov. Maybe you'll always have this sadness, and maybe I'll always be an anxious freak who can't eat right. But fuck, we'll be in it together."

"I just stopped crying, Hollander. I think you like when I cry into your arms."

Shane smiles and kisses the apple of Ilya's flushed cheeks. "I like when you do anything. I like to know you feel safe with me the most, though."

"I have never been more safe than with you."

Shane turns off the water and eases them both into fluffy towels. Kneeling again, Shane dries Ilya off starting with his feet and calves, massaging and releasing all the tension that's been stuck in his body for days. And even if there's nothing Shane hates more than goopy-sticky lotions and creams, he scoops some curl gel into his palm and goes through the motions in Ilya's hair.

Piece by piece, Shane helps Ilya into soft clean clothes and sits him on the couch right next to Anya. Head in Shane's lap, Ilya eats the fruit Shane extends to him. Ilya is still tired, and he is still sad, but his husband is beautiful and every scratch of fingernails on his scalp is getting him closer to feeling like a person again.

End Notes

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