Take As Prescribed

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Take As Prescribed

by thesagescribe

Summary

Ilya is hurt- and stubborn- refusing medication even though he's clearly miserable. Shane is trying to be a good husband. Then he learns about the woman who would've been his mother-in-law, and things fall into place.

Notes

I'm sorry, this one hurt to write. I was possessed by the idea that Ilya's PTSD manifested itself as an issue with medication, and this is what happened. Also wanted to see Ilya being loved on and taken care of by Shane.

See the end of the work for more notes

“No.”

“Ilya, please.”

Shane’s in the middle of a heated standoff with his husband, who he was unaware was a *child*.

Ilya had gotten hurt two games ago, lied about it, kept playing, and gotten hurt worse. He’s been placed on injury reserve for the last few games of the season, and despite these being the consequences of his own actions, he’s miserable.

Shane tries not to be too upset; he knows that in Ilya’s position, he’d have done the same thing.

Ilya’s bruised ribs and broken wrist would be a lot more manageable with pain medication, of which he’s been prescribed in spades, but is adamantly refusing to take any of them.

This is the first time since they’ve been married that Ilya’s been hurt enough to prevent him from playing, and Shane finds himself at a loss for what to do. His husband is in agony more often than not, and the past few days they’ve been home from the hospital have been nearly unbearable. Neither of them has slept more than a few hours; their collective patience has been worn down, and they've found themselves snapping at each other more than ever, culminating in their current argument.

“Why are you being so *difficult,* Ilya? You’re clearly in pain. There’s no reason for you to be miserable, for *us* to be miserable, when you don’t have to be.” Shane’s nearly pulling his hair out at this point, pacing back and forth in their living room where Ilya sits with his arm propped on a cushion.

It’s apparently the wrong thing to say, because Ilya’s face grows stormy.

“Sorry, I am making you so miserable, Hollander. I can go- maybe that will be less *difficult* for you, hm?” His voice is soft, sad even, and it makes Shane feel even worse.

Then he leaves, and Shane lets him, too angry and sleep-deprived to fight back as he watches Ilya practically drag himself up to their bedroom.

The door slams shut, and Shane breathes out a sigh.

He hates arguing. He hates arguing with his husband even more. Especially now, when there’s clearly something wrong, something he’s not seeing, and it's setting him on edge.

In the ten years they’ve known each other, and the one year they’ve been married, Shane has learned that Ilya, like himself, sometimes just needs space to regroup when he gets like this. It’d be useless for him to storm up the stairs and resume their argument; if anything, it would make everything worse.

So, he busies himself instead. Catching up on the undone laundry and dishes, he throws himself into monotonous, mindless tasks to distract himself. He's trying to decide if he has enough energy to cook dinner or if they should order in when he hears a clatter from upstairs, followed by a shout.

He's up the stairs before he can even think about moving, throwing the door open to find Ilya on the floor of their closet, the contents of a, now broken, shelf scattered around him. Ilya's face is pinched in pain, his hurt arm cradled to his chest, sling nowhere to be found.

Shane's by his side in an instant.

"Fuck, Ilya. Let me help you." Being mindful of his ribs, Shane grabs Ilya under his armpits, holding most of his weight as they stand slowly. By the time he deposits him on the bed, Ilya is out of breath- gasping and wheezing for air he can't seem to get.

Shane takes a gentle hand and lays it on Ilya's chest to steal him. "Breathe, Ilya. You've gotta calm down, baby."

Ilya nods, chin jerkily touching his chest, and Shane can see that he's trying. Tears of frustration and pain roll down his cheeks. Shane feels his throat tighten, sympathy welling up in his eyes. They sit like that for a minute, Shane keeping gentle pressure on Ilya's chest as the desperate rise and fall give way to a mostly normal rhythm.

"Ilya, are you hurt? Worse, I mean," He's doing his best to keep his voice even despite the pounding of his heart.

"I'm *fine.*"

"Ilya, you can hardly breathe. Your ribs are black and blue, your wrist is broken in two places, and you just pulled down a shelf—and everything on it—on top of yourself. I think that's decidedly not fine."

Ilya huffs, a sharp, humourless laugh. "So dramatic. You sound like doctor from hospital."

"I sound like your *husband.*"

That does it.

When they'd been just dating, and before that, when they'd been just fucking, Ilya had longed, more than anything else, to be someone to Shane—for Shane to belong to him and to belong to him in kind. Being able to call Shane his husband this past year had been everything.

"Ilya, I just want you to let me in. You're always getting on me about keeping my feelings from you, but you do it too." Shane runs a tender hand through Ilya's sweat-matted curls, brushing them from his forehead the way he likes. "Help me understand, baby. It's killing me to see you like this."

Ilya's bottom lip wobbles as he speaks. "My mom," he says quietly. "She died when I was small. I found her after."

Shane strangles the gasp that threatens to escape his mouth. He knew Ilya's mom had died young; he didn't know *this*.

He aches to comfort his husband– but doesn't. He just nods slowly, giving Ilya space.

"She… did it to herself," Ilya continues, words stumbling. "Uh– took whole bottle of pills. She was *so* sad." He swallows. "My dad was hard on her. *Mean*."

He pinches the bridge of his nose with his non-injured hand, willing away tears that have already begun to fall. Shane grabs it instead, squeezing gently– silently reassuring him.

"*Shane*," he warbles, his voice weak and quiet, English heavy and unfamiliar on his tongue when he gets like this, "I don't want you to think she was weak. That I am weak. I-" His sentence fizzles. Shane can tell he's overwhelmed, not sure if Ilya's ever told anyone what he's telling him right now. He kisses his knuckles, holding their intertwined hands under his chin. He's not always good with emotion– but for Ilya, he's willing to try every day of their lives.

"I don't think that. Not about her, not about you. Not *ever*." Shane is firm, trying to convey his seriousness in every word. "Thank you for telling me, for trusting me." He reaches with his free hand, brushing Ilya's tears away with his thumb- his wet cheeks flushed with pain and emotion.

"This," Ilya gestures vaguely, "Scares me. I worry always that I will be like her– that I *am* like her. That I will feel bad and take pills. And that…that *you* will find me."

All the pressure in the room snaps, and with as much care as he can manage, Shane moves to cradle his husband in his lap. Rocking him gently, cradling his head in his hands as Ilya begins to *sob*.

Shane's never seen him like this; Ilya's head turned into his torso, wetting his shirt with desperate tears.

"You don't ever need to keep things like his to yourself anymore. We'll figure this out, okay? Together, I promise."

He doesn't say anymore. Just holding his husband as he cries himself out.

When the hiccupy breaths stop, he looks down at Ilya, swollen-eyed, red-faced, and exhausted. Shane's frankly surprised he hasn't passed out already. He drops gentle kisses on his cheeks, earning a little smile from the other man.

"Why don't we take a bath? We haven't showered since we got back from the hospital, and I think it'll help with your ribs." Shane secretly hopes that if Ilya's relaxed enough, between the bath and the exhaustion, that it'd be easier to…talk about *considering* the medication again.

Ilya agrees, and Shane–regretfully– disentangles himself from his husband, leaving him on their bed as he goes towards the bathroom.

He takes several deep breaths to ground himself, eyes closed tightly, willing himself not to cry.

They sit together in the bath, Ilya in Shane's lap, casted arm propped on the lip of the tub to prevent it from getting wet. Ilya doesn't often allow himself to be cared for like this, so Shane takes full advantage, washing his hair, scratching gently behind his ears, and kissing his temples– settling himself as well as Ilya. When they're done, he dries them both off, dressing Ilya, and wincing at the bruising that he's certain looks worse after the shelf incident.

"Ilya, baby. I'm so proud of you for sharing with me, for letting me take care of you." Shane knows this is the right decision as he watches Ilya squirm, clearly in pain again, the adrenaline of the past hour or so finally wearing off. "I think we need to talk about taking some pain meds tonight. We can do it together; however makes you comfortable, but this'll be three days you haven't slept through the night. You can't heal like this."

Ilya looks petrified.

"What if…I just brought your dose? Just two pills and I'll put the rest of the bottle away, you won't even have to see it."

Ilya considers his proposal and nods slowly. His acceptance a testament to how much pain he must be in– how worn down. Shane disappears downstairs, returning quickly with the tablets in a closed fist and a glass of water. Sitting on the edge of their bed, where Ilya has already begun to shrink away from him, he considers how to approach this.

"I have them here. In my hand," he rests his closed fist on his thigh, where Ilya can see, but hopefully not feel overwhelmed, "Let's just sit here, you can tell me when you want me to open my hand. Nothing happens until you're ready, okay?"

A moment passes, no more than a few minutes, truly. "Show me," Ilya whispers, and Shane does, fingers uncurling slowly until the pills resting on his palm are revealed.

Ilya takes a sharp inhale.

"Hey, hey. You're doing good, baby. You are safe here, with me. Just breathe."

Ilya stares into Shane's hand, breathing a little fast but even.

"Do you wanna touch them yourself? They can stay in my hand, or you could hold them if you want?"

Ilya frowns slightly at both options, and Shane reconsiders.

"Let's try this," He says, grabbing Ilya's uninjured hand and placing it underneath his own– pills balanced atop it, "Just like this. You're doing well, I'm so glad you trust me with this." He leans over, kissing Ilya's temple, drawing his head to lie on his shoulder.

"You will stay?" Ilya whispers into the crook of Shane's neck.

"*Always*," Shane responds– more sure of this than anything else in the world.

“Help. Please.”

“Yeah, baby. Of course. Are you ready? You don’t have to rush, we’ll go at your pace.”

“ ‘M ready.” He nods.

Shane tips his hand slowly, the pills slipping into Ilya’s own.

“One at a time, maybe? Both might be too much.”

“For me…do it for me.” Ilya’s near begging.

Shane nods. Moving to squat in front of his husband, reaching a hand out to cup Ilya’s jaw, stroking gently. “Open for me.”

Ilya does, eyes screwing shut, and Shane takes one pill from his hand. Ilya flinches slightly as it’s removed.

“I’m gonna put it on your tongue, okay? Way in the back so you won’t taste it. The waters right here– you can have it right after.” Ilya’s trembling at this point, but nods.

With the pill between his index and thumb, he places the pill in Ilya’s waiting mouth, on the back of his palate as promised, then brings the water to his lips and encourages him to drink. Shane can pinpoint the moment he’s swallowed it. Adam’s apple bobbing, moving the medicine down his throat, into his body, where it can *finally* ease the agony Ilya’s been in for days.

Ilya’s gasping afterward. Like he’d been drowning.

Shane doesn’t move, still stroking gently over his jaw, his neck– just, being there until Ilya was ready for the second pill. He recovers and nods for Shane to continue, the second pill going down the same as the first.

Shane stands when they’re finished, cupping Ilya’s face in both of his hands, gazing at him with emotion, eyes filled with unshed tears. “That was amazing, Ilya. So brave. I’m so proud of you.”

Ilya looks like he’d fall asleep where they sat if not for Shane holding his head up for him.

They climb into bed together, Ilya looking second from sleep as Shane obsessively adjusts pillows around him to keep weight off his wrist and pressure off his ribs.

“Can I ask you something?” He whispers into the dark.

“Anything.” Ilya responds.

“What were you looking for earlier in the closet? Must’ve been important– I’ve been thinking about it since I found you.”

Ilya takes so long to respond that Shane thinks he must’ve fallen asleep.

“Um. Jewelry box. Was my mother's. I keep all her things there. I wanted to look at her picture.” His voice comes slow and soft, wispy in a way that lets Shane know the drugs are starting to kick in.

“Tomorrow, let's bring it down, okay? Only if you want to, I mean. She’s too important to you for her things to be hidden in a closet. You deserve to be able to look at her whenever you want.” Shane’s gutted by the admission, imagining himself only having a box of memories to hold onto in place of his mother.

Ilya turns his head slowly, looking at Shane with glassy eyes.

“She would’ve loved you. Like I love you.” He murmurs, eyes fighting to stay open.

“Sleep, baby. Tomorrow I wanna hear all about her.” Shane runs a gentle hand between Ilya’s brows, coaxing them shut.

When his eyes finally close, Shane breathes a sigh of relief.

Shane stays awake a while longer, counting his husband's breaths- easy and pain-free for the first time in days, until he too drifts off.

For tonight, this is all that matters.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! As always, I love your comments, they fuel the writer in me, and they are greatly appreciated.

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