

Overwhelm

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Overwhelm

by [miserymoose](#)

Summary

Shane and Ilya are still learning parts of each other.

Shane drops for the first time.

With a timid knock on the door, Shane barely had time to regret it before it swung open. He was greeted by an already shirtless Ilya, eyes dark and intent, hands already on him, tugging him over the threshold like Shane might vanish if he hesitated. The door shut behind them with a solid click, sealing them off from the hallway, the sound sharp enough to make Shane suck in a breath.

Their lips crashed together immediately. Messy, desperate, all teeth and breath. Shane made a small, broken noise into Ilya's mouth as he was pushed back against the door, palms flattening uselessly against Ilya's chest as if he could slow this down. He didn't want to. He couldn't.

Ilya's grip was unyielding at his hips, grounding him even as Shane's pulse skittered wildly. The door was cool against his spine, a brief shock before heat swallowed him again. Clothes were handled poorly, fingers fumbling, tugging, snagging fabric in growing impatience. Shane whined when Ilya pulled away just long enough to drag his shirt over his head, chasing his mouth like he was starving.

They stumbled toward the bed, half-falling, half-laughing, refusing to fully separate even as barriers were peeled away and dropped to the floor. Shane's hands shook as he reached for Ilya, breath already coming too fast, chest tight with need.

"Rozanov—" Shane begged when Ilya finally pulled back, the loss of contact making his head spin.

Ilya quickly shushed him, thumb pressing firmly under Shane's chin, forcing him to look up. His expression softened just a fraction before he kissed him again, slower, deeper, like he was claiming him. Shane melted instantly, knees threatening to give out.

The bed hit the backs of Shane's legs and Ilya didn't hesitate, guiding him down with a steady hand between his shoulder blades. Before he hit the bed Ilya flipped him, Shane landing on his hands and knees.

Ilya pushed him down, hand smoothing down his back as Shane practically collapsed onto the mattress, chest pressing into the pillows. Shane shifted restlessly, hips rocking without thinking, already chasing friction. The sheets bunched under his fists as he let out a shaky breath he couldn't seem to control.

"Good, Hollander."

The words hit him like a switch. Shane went pliant, then restless again, caught between melting and writhing. Ilya muttered something low in Russian, the sound curling around Shane's nerves as he kissed his shoulder, then along his spine. When Ilya blanketed over him briefly, the weight made Shane groan, back arching instinctively.

"Please," Shane breathed, barely audible, not even sure what he was asking for anymore.

Ilya shifted back, hands firm on Shane's thighs, kneading into muscle with deliberate pressure. Shane shuddered at the touch, breath breaking when Ilya leaned forward. A helpless

whine tore from his throat, loud and unfiltered, his hips jerking forward before he could stop himself.

“Shane,” Ilya warned quietly, but there was amusement threaded through it.

“I can’t—” Shane gasped, words tangling as Ilya worked with maddening patience. His fingers clawed at the sheets, knuckles white, every nerve screaming for more. “Rozanov, please, please—”

“Relax, Hollander. I’ve got you.” Ilya’s voice was calm, grounding, infuriatingly steady. Shane’s nerves were already sprinting ahead of him, frantic and oversensitive, his body trembling under Ilya’s hands.

The soft click of a cap made Shane jolt despite himself, a sharp inhale tearing out of him. “So jumpy today,” Ilya mused, spreading warmth over his fingers.

Shane swallowed hard, hips rocking again, unable to stay still. “I need you,” he said, voice breaking. “Rozanov please, I need you inside me.”

“We prep first.” Ilya kissed the base of Shane’s spine, lingering there just long enough to make Shane whine before pulling away. When the pressure finally came, Shane gasped, forehead pressing into the pillow.

“That’s good,” Ilya murmured. “Relax.”

Shane tried. He really did. His hands fisted tighter in the sheets, breath stuttering, every inch of him buzzing with sensation. Heat crawled up his spine, pooling low and sharp, his body betraying him as he pushed back instinctively, desperate and uncoordinated.

This angle was too much. Everything felt sharper, deeper, overwhelming in the best and worst way. His eyes glazed over before squeezing shut, mouth falling open as a broken sound slipped free.

“Rozanov—” Shane cut himself off with a whine, the name dissolving into noise as Ilya murmured something approving above him, hands steady, presence firm, letting Shane unravel at his own frantic pace.

Ilya shushed him again, voice firm this time, cutting through the static in Shane’s head. “You’re okay. Let me in, Hollander.”

Shane nodded, or thought he did. Everything felt disconnected, like his body was several seconds behind his thoughts. The pressure built and shifted until it tipped him clean out of himself, sensation blurring into something too big to hold all at once.

“Are you ready?”

“Please.” The word fell out of him raw and automatic, stripped of meaning except want.

“Breathe for me, Hollander.” Ilya’s voice stayed steady as the world tilted. He moved carefully, experimentally, like he was testing thin ice, but even that was enough to send Shane reeling.

Then Ilya pressed forward and Shane’s world scattered completely.

The stretch burned bright and overwhelming, heat flashing white behind his eyes. Shane cried out, hand flying back blindly until he caught fabric, skin, something solid. He clung to Ilya like an anchor, fingers digging in as his breath fractured into sharp, panicked gasps.

“Is okay?” Ilya asked immediately, stopping, all attention on him.

“Please,” Shane said again, the word breaking apart as soon as it left his mouth. Reality slid sideways, sound muffled and distant, his own heartbeat roaring too loud in his ears.

“Okay, okay,” Ilya soothed, slow and careful, each movement measured. The burn dulled, spread, turned heavy and consuming. Stars burst behind Shane’s closed eyes, his body trembling as it tried to keep up.

And then it was over.

The stillness hit like a drop.

Shane’s breath hitched once, twice, then spiraled. His chest seized, lungs refusing to fill properly. The haze evaporated too fast, leaving him exposed and raw and suddenly very, very aware of himself.

“Rozanov,” he said, voice climbing into something sharp and frightened. “I can’t— I can’t —”

His hands came up to his own arms without him realizing it, nails scraping hard down his skin, over and over like he could claw his way out of his body. Panic flooded in fast and brutal, thoughts stacking and collapsing all at once.

“Hey. No.” Ilya was there immediately.

He gathered Shane up, turning him carefully onto his side and pulling him in close, arms wrapping around him firmly, not gentle but not rough either. Enough pressure to remind Shane where the edges were. Enough to stop his hands.

“I’ve got you,” Ilya said, low and commanding, catching Shane’s wrists and holding them against his chest. “Stop. You’re here. You’re safe.”

Shane shook violently, breath coming in broken pulls, fingers flexing uselessly against Ilya’s grip. “It’s too much,” he gasped. “I can’t get out of my head, I can’t—”

“I know,” Ilya said, pressing his forehead to the back of Shane’s neck. “Stay with me. Breathe with me. In. Good. Out.”

Shane tried to fight it, panic screaming at him to move, to run, to do something, anything, but Ilya held him fast, solid and immovable. He counted quietly, breath steady and loud enough

for Shane to latch onto. He didn't let go when Shane scratched once more at his own arm, just tightened his hold, grounding him again.

Minutes stretched. The panic crested, shook him apart, then slowly, painfully ebbed. Shane sagged back against Ilya, boneless and exhausted, breath still uneven but no longer spiraling. His hands went slack in Ilya's grip, the fight draining out of him all at once.

"There you are," Ilya murmured, easing his hold just enough to stroke Shane's arm where his nails had left red marks. "You didn't go anywhere."

Shane swallowed, throat tight. "I'm sorry," he whispered, embarrassed and wrecked.

"Don't," Ilya said simply. He stayed wrapped around him, solid and warm, until the shaking stopped entirely. "You're okay. I've got you."

Shane closed his eyes, finally letting himself believe it, turning into the hold pressing his face against Ilya's chest like it was the only thing keeping him tethered to the world.

Morning came in thin and gray, light leaking through the curtains like it wasn't sure it was welcome. Shane woke slowly, awareness creeping in ahead of comfort. His body felt heavy, sore in a way that didn't quite make sense, like he'd been carrying something enormous in his sleep and only just set it down.

He shifted, then froze.
Someone was still there.

The panic sparked instantly, sharp and electric. Shane sucked in a breath and turned his head, heart hammering, already bracing for the awkwardness, the quiet retreat, the empty bed that would confirm every expectation he'd ever learned.

Instead, Ilya was on his side, dressed now, one arm bent under his head. Awake. Watching him.

"Oh," Shane blurted, voice rough. "You're—"

"Still here," Ilya said gently.

Shane stared at him, brain stalling out. "You... stayed."

Ilya frowned slightly, like the idea of leaving hadn't even occurred to him. "Yes."

There was a long, stunned pause.

"I thought," Shane started, then stopped. His chest tightened, emotion swelling too fast and too messy. "I thought you'd go. After... last night."

Ilya's expression softened in a way that made Shane's throat burn. "Why would I leave you after that?"

Shane laughed weakly, the sound brittle. "People usually do."

Ilya didn't argue. He just shifted closer, slow and deliberate, until his hand rested warm on Shane's forearm. "I would not leave you like this."

The simplicity of it hit Shane harder than anything else had. His eyes stung and he looked away quickly, embarrassed by how close he was to crying already.

"I feel awful," he admitted. "Like something's wrong with me. And I don't know why."

"That," Ilya said, "is why I stayed."
Shane glanced back at him, confused.

"You're dealing with subdrop," Ilya continued, calm and matter-of-fact. "After sex, sometimes, like last night, your body flood with adrenaline and endorphins. When disappear, everything crash. Mood, energy, sense of safety."

"So I'm not just... dramatic," Shane said quietly.

"No," Ilya said firmly. "Unbalanced and emotionally tender. Very different things."

Shane let out a shaky breath. "It feels like I did something wrong. Like I scared you."

Ilya's hand tightened just slightly on his arm, grounding. "You didn't scare me. You trusted me. Then your nervous system panicked. Those are not failures."

Shane stared at the ceiling, swallowing hard. "I kept thinking you'd wake up and realize you didn't want to deal with this."

"I woke up," Ilya said, "and realized you shouldn't be alone."

That did it. Shane scrubbed at his face with the heel of his hand, mortified by the tears that slipped through anyway.

"I don't know what to do with that," he whispered.

"You do nothing," Ilya said. "You eat something. You drink water. You let your body come back. And you let me stay, if that's okay."

Shane nodded quickly. "Yeah. That's— yeah." A quiet beat passed.

"I can make pancakes," Ilya added. "Or eggs." He said at Shane's face. "Or we can sit here until your brain catches up with reality."

Shane huffed a small, disbelieving laugh. "You're really still here."

Ilya met his eyes, steady and unflinching. "I'm not going anywhere, Hollander."

And for the first time that morning, the ache in Shane's chest eased into something softer. Not gone. Just, survivable.

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