

This I Can Control

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This I Can Control

by [caitlincheriwrites](#)

Summary

It's Ilya and Shane's one year anniversary, but Shane's anxiety isn't playing fair.

Notes

I really wanted to write something for this fandom that I treasure so dearly, but I wasn't sure what to write. I accidentally drank coffee too late in the day, and couldn't get this little domestic scene out of my head.

I am nervous about getting their characters right. I see a lot of myself in Shane and his need for control and his anxiety attacks so I sort of went off that.

I love these two so much. Thank you for reading (this is not beta read and I wrote in like, 45 minutes and yeeted it so there may be typos).

Shane is floating.

He isn't sure where, but he is surrounded by warmth—soft and comforting. Subtle shades of pink and lavender shift in a kaleidoscope around him, overflowing and spilling mellow currents of peace.

Everything is perfect. He is on a precipice, struggling to keep his balance, but somehow knowing there is nothing but safety beyond.

Something far off in the distance begins to tug at his subconscious. It starts small—just a tug—but its hazy features take shape as his brain locks on. Dark, creeping tendrils slither their way through the dreamy clouds, black vines twisting around his heart.

Shane's eyes fly open, heart racing and stomach churning. It takes a moment for him to orient himself—eyes darting around the room, finally landing on the beautiful man laying next to him. He breathes a sigh of relief at the sight of his unruly dark hair and plush, slightly parted lips.

He smiles, remembering today is their one year anniversary. Shane resists the urge to brush back Ilya's hair from his face, not wanting to disturb his sleeping husband. He slowly sits up, needing to ground himself in the here and now. In his gut sits a deep feeling of unease in which he can't seem to pinpoint the cause. He *hates* this. Why does it come out of nowhere?

Sometimes he will be having the best day, and suddenly he's drowning. The walls around him start pressing in and he can't find a way out. The only warning is the random drop in his stomach, and the feeling of a fist curling around his heart before the terror grips tight.

He glances at his phone to see it's only five thirty. He was *supposed* to be able to sleep in today—to slowly be awoken by lazy kisses and unhurried love making, but anxiety doesn't like to play fair. Now all he can think about is how easily all of the good in his life could be ripped away.

He glances back down at Ilya. The first glimmer of sunrise dances across his sprawled body, painting his back in gentle strokes of soft yellow and orange. He always ends up on his stomach, head resting on his arms, pillow nowhere to be seen. Anya is curled up next to him, chin propped on his bicep, ever his watchful protector.

He tries not to spiral, he really does, but the thoughts of doom just keep flying at him at warp speed. He doesn't think, no—he *knows* he couldn't survive if something ever happened to Ilya. Their souls are so interconnected now that it would truly be like losing half of himself. His husband does not have the best sense of self preservation either and is always causing Shane to wonder if today is the day he sprouts a grey hair.

A sleepy groan pulls him from his doom spiral as Ilya blearily opens his eyes. "You are thinking too loud. Come here."

Shane huffs, snuggling back down into the warmth of Ilya's arms, earning himself a glare from Anya for disrupting her spot. "You can't hear my thoughts."

"You are right," He says as he pulls Shane close, planting a kiss on the back of his head. "But you were getting all...twitchy."

"I was not," Shane says as he lightly elbows Ilya's stomach.

Ilya hums, nuzzling into Shane's neck. "What's wrong? Today is a happy day even though your twitching woke me up at dawn."

"I'm sorry." Shane really does feel bad. This wasn't how he wanted their morning to go. "Do you ever worry that something bad will happen—"

"Do you mean like having an idiot friend post a video of us kissing for the world to see?" Ilya interrupts playfully. "Oh, wait, that already happened."

Shane barely resists the urge to kick him. "No. Stop being an asshole. I mean...like do you ever get scared that this beautiful life we have created together will get ripped away?"

Ilya wraps his leg over Shane, cocooning him deeper in his hold. "I think, sometimes yes. But then I think that there is nothing that can ruin this life we have."

Shane thinks back to panicked instagram messages and emergency plan landings. He sighs. "There's so much we can't control. Like the dangerous career we've chosen and car accidents and airplanes." He turns his head to look at Ilya over his shoulder. "I can't do this life without you."

"We play on the same team now. If our plane crashes, we go down together."

Shane has a sudden intrusive thought of them, holding each other as their plane explodes. "Jesus, don't even joke about that!"

Ilya's eyes soften and he kisses Shane, gentle and sweet. "I am sorry, sweetheart. I love you and I do have those fears. Have you talked to your therapist about them?"

"A little. She knows I have anxiety and control...issues. I just—" Shane shakes his head and lets out a long breath. "I'm sorry I ruined our morning with all this morbid talk."

"No. You could *never* ruin our morning." Ilya says seriously. "Are you okay? Do you want to do a grounding exercise?"

Shane loves his sweet and attentive husband so much.

"Or," Ilya smirks, "I could ground you in another way," He says as he begins to kiss his way down Shane's spine.

Unfortunately for Shane's rapidly growing erection, Anya chooses that moment to let her dad's know she has to pee.

Shane chuckles. “She just wants to go chase the loons.”

“Yes,” Ilya says gravely. “She knows those stupid wolf birds are actually demons.”

They both pull on their joggers and hoodies before stepping out into the cool morning air. Sure enough, Anya immediately darts to the waters edge, yapping the entire way.

Ilya pulls Shane in for a hug, wrapping him tight and nuzzling into his hair. “Nothing within our control can take this away, okay? There will always be things outside of us that we cannot help,” He pulls back slightly to look at Shane. “But I love you and nothing can take that away.”

Shane takes a deep breath and buries his face in his husband's broad chest.

Right now, right here, everything is perfect.

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