

too loud too much

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by [Tizniz](#)

Summary

The voices were muffled but also bordering on yelling. It had slipped under Shane's skin, crawled along his brain, left him incredibly uncomfortable and unable to sleep.

He'd been woken up by the sounds. By the voices muffled by walls and yet grating against his every sense.

How was Ilya able to sleep through this?

Notes

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See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Shane sat there, back resting against the headboard, Ilya snoring softly in the bed next to him. Which Shane didn't understand; how could Ilya sleep so calmly with all that noise?

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How was Ilya able to sleep through this?

Shane peels the blankets off gently, feet touching the chilly hotel room floor. He glances over his shoulder, sees Ilya still asleep, and then stands.

His bare feet make no noise as he crosses the room, grimacing as the noise seems to swell and grow the closer to the door he gets.

He'll just figure out what room it is, call the front desk, make a polite request for someone to talk to them, and then he can sleep.

The doorhandle clicks as Shane twists it, the sound cutting through the quietness and yet does nothing to the voices screaming through the walls. The light of the hallway spills into the room and Shane squints at the brightness, ducking his head out into the hallway.

Silence.

There's nothing. No one. Not a single sound.

He stumbles backwards into the room once more, the door gliding shut with another click. The voices start up again. Low. Muffled. Growing increasingly louder until its near overwhelming.

Shane stares at the door. Knows if he were to open it and stick his head out again, there would be quiet.

But the sounds of muffled yelling screaming talking is so loud in his head.

His hands fly to his hair, tugging until there's sharp pinpricks all along his scalp. It does nothing to quiet the loud static in his head.

A light flicks on from behind him, and Shane spins around, briefly losing his footing as Ilya blinks tiredly at him from where he's propped up on one elbow in bed.

"Shane?" Ilya asks, voice heavy with sleep. "What is wrong?"

“You can’t *hear* that?” Shane gasps as the static and voices grow somehow louder. “They won’t shut up!”

Ilya is out of bed and in front of him in a blink, fingers curling around Shane’s wrists, “Hear what? There is nothing. It is quiet.”

“No. No.” Shane closes his eyes tightly as he feels the familiar burn of tears. “No. You...you have to...you need to...you hear it...”

“Shane.” Ilya squeezes his wrists, gently pulls Shane’s hands away from his head, forcing him to release the hold he has on his hair. “I do not hear anything. Only noise is AC and us.”

“Fuck.” Shane bends forward, dropping his face into Ilya’s collarbone. “No. Not again.” He whimpers, “It can’t be happening again. I need you to hear it too.”

“I’m sorry, *moya lyubo*, but I hear nothing.”

Shane feels his body move. Not of his own volition but because Ilya moves him to the bed, settles him on it and then sits beside Shane, wrapping his arms around him and pulling him close. It’s not enough, Shane decides soon enough, and he climbs onto Ilya’s lap, burrowing into his chest.

“What is wrong, Shane?” Ilya asks softly, speaking directly into Shane’s ear. “What do you hear?”

“They’re yelling.” Shane whimpers, the muffled voices fluctuating in his head. “I can’t...there isn’t words...but I can *hear* them.”

“No one here but you and I.”

“I know.”

“But you hear them?”

He nods, pressing closer to Ilya.

Shane can’t explain it. He’s never been able to explain it. He tried, years and years ago, when it first started. When he walked into his parents room, crying because he couldn’t sleep with the people yelling. His mom and dad had exchanged confused, bewildered looks. There had been no yelling then.

They took him to doctors and ear specialists. Shane was cleared. There was nothing wrong with his ears. They brought him to psychiatrists but Shane couldn’t explain it. He shut down and went non verbal as the nice lady asked him questions about the voices. Yuna would hold and rock Shane after as he cried into her blouse.

It didn’t happen all the time, the voices and muffled screaming. It was sporadic and random. It would go away for months at a time and then happen for a week straight.

Shane stopped mentioning it to his parents, but he thinks they knew based on the dark circles under his eyes.

It's been years since it's happened now. Nearly a decade, maybe more.

Shane doesn't know why it's happening now, here, and with Ilya.

Ilya who is going to think Shane is insane. Think there is yet another thing wrong with him. But Shane can't bring himself to pull away from him. Presses in closer, like it will make everything stop.

"Shane." Ilya's voice is low in his ear, breath hot against the shell. "Can you hear me?"

He nods, whimpers softly, tries to talk but fears he won't be heard over the yelling in his head. There's no words there either; just the muffled sound of voices growing in volume. His skin prickles uncomfortably. He feels that odd phantom ache that always appears across his body when this happens.

"Is okay. I am here." Ilya kisses along his neck and shoulder before Ilya's hands grab hold of his shoulders, pushing Shane gently away.

Panic grips Shane tightly in the chest; Ilya is getting rid of him. He thinks Shane is insane. He can't handle it.

"Shh, shh," Ilya soothes as he must notice the obvious panic on Shane's expression, "I just need you not hidden." He explains, squeezing Shane's shoulders. Ilya didn't move Shane very far. They're still touching with about ninety percent of their bodies. Shane's head is just no longer tucked away, hidden from the world. Ilya smiles at him as his hands glide along Shane's shoulders, up his neck, and then they come to a rest over Shane's ears.

Almost instantly, the muffled voices cease. Shane's entire body droops, held up by Ilya's touch. It's with half lidded eyes that he watches Ilya's mouth form the word *better* in a question.

Shane nods, finding relief for the first time ever from this. Not that it makes sense. The sounds are in Shane's head. Nothing more than cruel hallucinations his mind produces to torture him. For reasons that Shane has never been able to sort out why.

And yet, Ilya's hands over his ears, blocking the 'noise' that is attacking Shane's senses, offers him beautiful relief.

Shane's head is guided back down to rest against Ilya, hands still pressed over his ears, keeping the world around him silent.

Time passes. Shayne drifts or floats or something. He doesn't know. But at some point, Ilya's hands disappear from his ears, arms wrapping around Shane, kisses pressed to his head. The light is turned off before Ilya shuffles them both down on the bed.

Shane sighs, relaxed and content, safe with Ilya.

In the morning, he'll explain to the best of his ability. Stutter and stumble through his words about what happened and how it'll probably happen again. He'll apologize for worrying Ilya. He'll tell Ilya it's okay if he's too much, if he needs to leave Shane.

But for now, Shane closes his eyes and listen to the sound of Ilya's heartbeat thumping steadily in his one ear, and the calm breaths of Ilya in his other.

Otherwise, it's quiet.

End Notes

So I was really nervous to post and share this story. Because this is something personal. Something I occasionally deal with. I'm grateful that it's been a few years since it has happened but...yeah.

I never explored this idea with Buddie because it didn't feel right for them. But with Shane and Ilya? Yeah. It worked.

I never got tested or brought to a doctor, nor did my mother ever really comfort me like Yuna did to Shane. I have sort of just suffered alone and found ways to help when it happens. But I wanted Shane to have a different experience. Which is why I also wrote and explored this. I gained comfort by giving Shane comfort through Ilya.

Anyways. Thanks.

Tumblr: [Tizniz](#).

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