

If You're Down, Let Me Know

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If You're Down, Let Me Know

by [razor_rosary](#).

Summary

Shane has a bad day. Ilya helps him.

Notes

Disclaimers: I haven't read the book (yet), I don't know a lot about bdsm, and I don't speak Russian. Also I've never written dirty talk and dialogue in general is really hard, so sincere apologies for what follows.

EDIT: I based Shane's experience with sensory issues on my own, though I'm not on the spectrum!

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

Shane has a bad day.

It starts out small. After a late night, he stumbles through his morning routine – quite literally. Tripping and dropping his coffee is far from the worst thing that’s ever befallen him, but the crash of the mug against his floorboards jolts him. Cleaning up puts him behind schedule and he ends up rushing to dress and eat and run and eat again before afternoon practice. He doesn’t play his best, but he tries. Between his team shouting and slapping him on the back, Shane feels about ready to crawl out of his skin by the time they hit the showers.

And then Ilya calls.

Finally, Shane thinks, *finally something good*. They haven’t seen each other in close to a month, and Shane feels tension leaving his body as soon as he hears his partner’s voice. Until Ilya apologetically tells him that his flight has been canceled and that he won’t be in Montreal until Friday evening, two days from now. Shane almost breaks down crying right there in the locker room. All the sensory overload of the day comes rushing back along with a wave of dizziness. He sits down heavily on the bench, mumbles through the rest of the conversation, and hangs up in a daze.

Shane isn’t sure how he gets home. He’s almost surprised to find himself standing in his apartment, like he doesn’t belong there. Like he’s a phantom left haunting long past his time, or a horrible little shell of a man missing some key bit of wiring. Was it only this morning that he dropped the coffee mug? Somehow, he makes it to his bed and falls into an uneasy sleep.



Thursday passes in a haze. Shane wakes up (kind of), eats (maybe), runs (barely) and struggles through his most atrocious practice in years. The entire team is pretty done with him by the end of it; even Hayden seems slightly frosty, if concerned. Shane leaves without showering, curls up in sheets past due for changing, and stares at the wall until he realizes his phone is ringing. The name “Lily” flashes on his screen for a second before the ringing stops and the missed call notification pops up.

With sluggish fingers, Shane manages to press the call button. Ilya, bless him, picks up instantly.

“Hello?”

Shane takes a deep breath. He tries to make himself speak, but only a pathetic little noise comes out.

“Sweetheart? Are you there?”

Shane burst into tears. Ilya keeps talking, sweet comforting words that make Shane want to choke, to scream how he doesn’t deserve this. He wants to crawl out of his own skin. It gets

even worse when Ilya asks him what's wrong and all he can do is choke out, "I had a bad day."

But it's Ilya, *his* Ilya, so he doesn't laugh or tease, because he knows what Shane's bad days are like. Instead there's a deep shuddering breath on the other end, and then –

"Oh *sweetheart*. Shhh, I will be on next train to Montreal."

"No no, you don't – *fuck*, you don't have too, I'm fine, I'll be fine –" It's no use, of course. Shane can already hear Ilya up and moving, presumably throwing things into a suitcase. Despite the embarrassment and guilt, relief washes over Shane at the thought of Ilya being here half a day early.

"Hush, *lyubimyy*. Listen to me. You are listening?"

Shane nods shakily, then remembers that Ilya can't see him and stutters out an assent.

"Okay. Here is how this will go. Next train leaves in two hours, arriving at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. You are going to take a shower, wash your hair. Put on your softest pajamas. Put clean sheets on bed and put the laundry in hamper. Eat supper. Go to bed. Wake up tomorrow, eat breakfast, and wait for me. I will be with you as soon as I can. Do you understand?"

"Yes, " Shane whispers. Instantly he feels lighter. Ilya has told him what to do, and he doesn't have to think anymore. All he has to do is obey.

"Good boy. I have to go, but I will text. I love you."

"I love you, too." Fuck, he's crying again. "Be safe, please."

"Of course. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."



Ilya feels slightly panicked, but he pushes it down. Sometimes (rarely, but sometimes), his father's lessons come in handy. He has no time to panic. He just has to get to Shane. Shane needs him. It's practically second nature to compartmentalize in this manner, and doing for Shane's sake is so much easier than it was for his father's.

Two hours later, bags packed, he boards the train to Montreal.



By the time Ilya strides through the door, Shane is feeling markedly better – better enough to be properly embarrassed with himself. He did everything Ilya told him to do, managed to get a decent enough night's sleep, and ate breakfast with no further coffee incidents. Now, he sits on the sofa, theoretically reading but really just staring at the same line and failing to absorb anything.

At the sound of the door opening (Ilya has had the code for months), Shane's head snaps up. And then Ilya is there, in the flesh, setting down his suitcase and scooping Shane up in a crushing embrace. Shane buries his face in Ilya's neck and breathes deeply. Fresh tears spring to his eyes – tears of relief this time, as Ilya finally kisses him.

“How are you?” Ilya asks, cupping Shane's face and brushing away an escaped tear.

“I'm – I'm okay. You really didn't have to come –”

“*Shhh* –”

“– but I'm so happy to see you.” Shane hugs him again then, breathes him in. He still feels a bit fragile. The pain of the last two days hasn't quite left him, and though he is fairly put together, he knows that Ilya can tell. It's a funny thing, the way Ilya was always able to read him while giving away almost nothing of himself. Ilya is better about expressing his own feelings now, both positive and negative. But he's still the first to realize if Shane's stomach hurts, or his coffee is too sweet, or he's overthinking, overwhelmed, overstimulated.

And he knows exactly what Shane needs.

“Wait here.” Shane's stomach flips at the simple command. He nods wordlessly as Ilya presses one more kiss to his mouth before walking towards the bedroom. Shane *knows*, he knows what Ilya is doing, but his breath still quickens when Ilya returns holding his collar.

It's a deceptively simple thing: a silver titanium chain (delicate in appearance but actually quite sturdy) with an o-ring at each end. Shane bows his head instinctively at the sight of it, and his whole body relaxes when Ilya clasps it around his neck. With the way it's designed, the larger ring rests against Shane's sternum, ready for Ilya's finger to slip inside and pull to tighten the chain around Shane's neck.

He doesn't do it now, though. Instead, he takes Shane's hand and tugs him towards the ensuite. Shane lets himself be undressed, lets Ilya fold his clothes (not quite as neatly as Shane would, but hey), and steps carefully into the shower with Ilya's guiding hand at the small of his back.

“Wash me,” Ilya murmurs. Shane nods and goes to do so, but Ilya catches his hand. “Ah, ah. I let you get away with it before...”

Shane swallows. It's always difficult to get the words out at first, but he knows Ilya won't let him proceed without them.

“Yes, Sir.” Ilya's gaze goes molten, and he releases Shane's wrist. It takes a second for Shane to remember his task. God, he's slipping already.

After turning Ilya around, he lathers shampoo in his curls, then conditioner. Ilya lets himself be maneuvered so Shane can wash them out. He uses a washcloth for Ilya's body, starting with his back – his broad shoulders, down to his waist, kneeling to get the back of his legs. Ilya watches him while Shane washes his front, dragging the washcloth over his chest, arms,

and stomach. When Shane goes to his knees again, Ilya inhales sharply. Shane looks up at him, almost opens his mouth, but Ilya shakes his head and motions for him to keep going.

Ilya, ever the considerate lover, returns the favor once Shane is done. It takes a concerted effort on Shane's part to not just melt into the floor, what with Ilya's hands carding through his hair, Ilya on his knees lifting Shane's legs one at a time to wash his feet, Ilya Ilya *Ilya*.

Once they're both clean, Shane moves to exit the shower, but Ilya pulls him back and begins filling the tub with steaming water, right on the edge of too hot. He sits and pulls Shane against him, his back to Ilya's chest, Ilya's arm slung possessively around his torso. Shane snuggles up easily, revelling in the closeness. If he had it his way, they would stay like this forever, skin to skin. As much as Shane has always loved sex with Ilya, these are his favorite moments – the quiet ones with Ilya's broad hand idly stroking his side, his heartbeat in Shane's ear, his mouth pressing kisses to the top of Shane's head.



Shane drifts. By the time they emerge from the bathtub, his head is starting to go fuzzy. Ilya (again wearing his sweatpants, when did he put those on?) snaps him out of it by looping two fingers through the ring on Shane's chest and *pulling*. Shane gasps and stumbles forward – the collar doesn't actually hurt him or restrict his airflow, but it lets Ilya lead him easily without Shane getting in his own head too much.

It also just really turns Shane on. They had picked it out together after a memorable night when Ilya, in the heat of the moment, loosely wrapped a hand around Shane's throat and Shane came so hard he blacked out. Of course, he prefers Ilya's hand, but the collar has seen him through many lonely nights between Ilya's visits when he needs something to ground him.

Once in the bedroom, Ilya settles on the edge of the bed. Shane stands naked in front of him, valiantly resisting the urge to cover himself up. Ilya considers him, then reaches behind him and grabs one of Shane's many pillows. He sets it on the ground between his legs. Shane's mouth goes dry.

On shaky knees, he walks forward. He doesn't go to his knees yet, knowing he's supposed to wait for –

“Kneel.”

Shane kneels. All the air (and most of the tension) rushes out of him with that simple command. Ilya moves Shane's head to rest against his thigh, and Shane relaxes even further. Eyes closed, he allows himself to just *feel*.

Ilya completely torpedoes the moment by pulling out his phone and announcing, “I have some emails to answer.” Shane whines and chases Ilya's hand, which is leaving his head. The fucking *nerve*. Ilya shushes him.

“Oh, sweetheart. Have you gone stupid already?” His voice is so fond, it doesn't even sound condescending. “Why do you think you are on your knees?”

After a sluggish moment, it clicks. Shane's toes curl, and his mouth is open before his brain can catch up. Ilya cups his face with one hand, drags a thumb over his bottom lip.

"God, *Shane*. So good for me. Always so good, *da*?" Shane nods dumbly, saliva threatening to escape his mouth. A second whine dies in his throat as Ilya frees himself from his sweats and guides Shane's mouth down, down, down.

Shane instinctively tries to suck, but Ilya stops him with a fist in his hair.

"No, love. Is just to keep me warm. You will be good, yes?"

Mouth now occupied, Shane nods again. He settles his head back against Ilya's thigh and lets his eyes slip shut.

Things go hazy from there. Shane lets himself float. It's like his brain has turned off and his body is recentering itself around the weight of Ilya in his mouth, the smell of him, the soft words of praise and the gentle fingers occasionally running through his hair. Ilya hardens slowly.

After some indeterminate amount of time (Shane certainly isn't keeping track), he sets the phone aside and taps Shane's cheek. Shane's eyes blink open slowly and meet Ilya's. Ever so gently, Ilya slips himself out of Shane's mouth with a low groan. Shane tries to chase it, and Ilya chuckles, sliding two long fingers into Shane's mouth instead. They press down on the back of Shane's tongue, making his throat spasm. Ilya laughs again.

"Ah, my sweet little *slut*." And just like that, Shane is hard. He whimpers around Ilya's fingers and tries to pull off, but Ilya's other hand loops into Shane's collar again and pulls him close. The movement drives Ilya's fingers into Shane's throat. He chokes, then moans, hips jolting up to seek friction that isn't there. Ilya pulls out his fingers and wipes them on his sweats while Shane gasps for air.

Ilya's hand comes back to his face, squeezing Shane's cheeks to force his mouth open. He holds Shane's gaze for just a moment, silently asking permission. Shane gives it easily, a nod and a moan – and Ilya spits directly into Shane's open mouth. Shane holds it for a second before swallowing.

That finally breaks Ilya's control, and he hauls Shane up into his lap for a bruising kiss. Shane straddles him like he's done countless times before, pressing down and urging Ilya's pants off. Finally it's just them, naked, and Shane is bracing his hands on Ilya's shoulders so that he can grind into him. Ilya, for his part, has one hand fisted in Shane's hair, the other running down his back. Shane yelps when his ass gets an appreciative smack, then groans as two of Ilya's blunt fingers drag over his entrance.

"Tell me what you need, love." Ilya sounds annoyingly composed, as if he hasn't got a lap full of Shane.

"I need – *ah* – I need you to fuck me." Ilya laughs meanly at that. He kisses up Shane's neck, and speaks almost directly into his ear.

“Is that how you ask? You said you would be good for me.” Shane opens his mouth to respond, because he *does* want to be good, but Ilya chooses that moment to sink his teeth into Shane’s shoulder and all Shane comes up with is a choked-off moan.

“Well?”

Shane breaks.

“*Please, Ilya, Sir, please please* fuck me, I’ll be so good for you, I’ll be so –”

Ilya flips them, has Shane under him in a second. Shane vaguely registers the bedside drawer opening, the click of a bottle cap, one finger gently sliding into him. A second joins it, and then a third. Ilya is kissing and biting down his torso, then taking Shane into his mouth. Shane almost shouts as his hips try to lift off the bed, Ilya holding them down one-handed. Finally, Ilya’s fingers withdraw. Shane lays there boneless as Ilya rolls on a condom.

When Ilya at last pushes into him, Shane almost cries with relief. How long has he been waiting to be this close again? How long since their schedules have lined up and they’ve had real time together instead of a couple hours in a hotel room?

Shane is close in minutes. He might have been embarrassed, but his head is all floaty and fuzzy. Ilya fucks him sweet and slow and deep, one of his hands gripping Shane’s hip. The other holds both of Shane’s wrists above his head. Shane’s legs wrap unbidden around Ilya’s back, and he frees one of his arms with the express purpose of yanking Ilya down to kiss him. Ilya groans, moving faster now. He lets go of Shane’s wrist, moving his hand down to wrap around Shane’s neck and applying the slightest pressure –

Shane’s vision goes white. He thinks he makes a noise, but he’s really unaware of anything except his fingers tangled in Ilya’s hair and the heat of Ilya inside him.

When he comes back to himself, his cheeks are wet and his stomach is sticky. But Ilya is curled around him, petting his hair and murmuring sweetly to him in a mix of English and Russian. It’s hard to care about much else. Once Ilya has cleaned them both up, Shane pulls him back down and wraps around him like a koala. Sleepy and sated, he lays his head on his partner’s chest, all his anxiety finally quiet.

End Notes

Title is from "Don't Try" by Gerard Way (my emo phase never ended)

My hollanov playlist: <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/1tpFHxD5jNWAfNSQ7BGVCP>

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