It's All Broken

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It's All Broken

by Lynnereads

Summary

Ilya had seen many different sides of Shane broken up throughout the years and felt he had a very good understanding of how Shane's brain works.

That is, until Shane's TV falls off the wall. How will Ilya react to Shane's "irrational" mental breakdown?

Notes

Author has adhd and recently had an irrational breakdown over a dirty showerhead, thought what the hell, and wrote a fanfic about it. Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya had seen many sides of Shane Hollander. He'd seen when he was overwhelmed with stress of carrying too much on his shoulders, when he was heartbroken and crying in the bathroom, when he was so happy he couldn't hold his mask around him anymore, his desperation in the bedroom, and even when he'd crawled deep inside himself to avoid feeling something. He thought he had seen it all. But this...

This was new. This was rare. Over the years Ilya had assumed he'd gained a great understanding of how Shane's mind worked. He had his meticulous diet and his favorite drink and knew if he strayed it caused some issues, his self soothing oral fixation which Ilya took full advantage of, his tendency to go quiet for long periods of time and only spoke when directly spoken to. He understood that. It was logical, it made sense. He never felt anyone had had to explain how his mind worked around these things. It was all natural to him. He'd seen it, he'd understood it, and had become the one and only sole expert in understanding the Shane Hollander brain manual.

This made no sense.

They had been in Shane's room, as they usually were in the mornings of his cottage. Things had been good. Great even, considering his father walking in on them and Shane being forced to come out to his parents after. Things had been good. They were dozing in Shane's bed, curled up into each other despite it being a king sized bed when a loud crash came from the living room area. They jolted awake, Shane looking to Ilya to make sure he was okay.

Ilya slipped out of bed quietly, looking for anything around the room he could use as a weapon. While doing so, he slipped on the shirt he had been wearing the night before. Unfortunately, Shane never thought or prepared over the idea of someone breaking into his cottage, considering it was in the middle of nowhere Canada. The worst Shane feared of was a loose loon breaking in if he forgot to close one of his doors. Ilya made a mental note that they would need to have a long conversation about protection, especially from those stupid birds.

Ilya raised his hands into fists defensively and quietly made his way out to the opening of the kitchen. Of all the things he hated about how his father raised him, making sure he could defend himself was one he was most grateful for. He scanned the room and he could see it from there. Shane's mounted TV was now on the floor, broken pieces of screen littering the rug, and the mounting was still connected to the TV.

"Ilya!" A hushed whisper came from behind him.

"Is nothing, you are safe." Ilya called back, walking into the room to get a closer look at what happened.

Ilya turned to look at Shane and felt himself swoon just a little. Shane was so pretty, it threw him off every time. His hair was messy and out of place, his freckles glowing in the light from the sun rising, and even more adorably he had thrown on a shirt blindly. Ilya's shirt. Ilya's gaze drifted back up to Shane. His eyes were wide as his gaze hardened as he stared at the mess. His entire body shifted, like his veins were filling with cement.

"Shane? What is wrong?" Ilya walked back towards Shane. He took his hands into his own, trying to catch his gaze and pull it away from the mess. Ilya knew he had a problem with messes, that must be what this is.

"I will clean this, it is easy fix. Let's go back to bed. We can fix it later." Ilya hummed, giving his hands a gentle tug. Shane's eyes didn't break away from that spot.

"It's... broken." Shane spoke slowly.

"Yes. But is easy fix. We can buy new one tomorrow." Ilya nodded. Shane only stared. Ilya felt his breathing get rougher and watched as his eyes filled with tears.

"Shane, you are panicking? It is just a TV. This is nothing." Ilya tried to calm him down with logic, but it only seemed to make things worse. Shane's hands began to shake as he pulled them from Ilya's grasp, tightly folding them against the back of his neck.

"It's broken, Ilya. It's broken." Shane repeated, taking deep breaths as he tried to soothe himself.

"Yes, but we can fix it. It is okay, you are okay." Ilya reached out to touch him and Shane took a step back, shaking his head slightly. That was... new. Shane had *never* rejected Ilya's touch, even when he probably deserved it. Ilya should have picked up on that, a warning bell clanking in the back of his mind. Maybe he should have picked up on all of the signs. But he didn't.

"Okay, it is broken. I can take it to a dump? Would that make you feel better?" Ilya sighed, crossing his arms over his chest. Shane just closed his eyes tightly and shook his head, pushing his hands harder against his neck. Ilya rubbed his hand down his face, taking a deep breath. It was early, he was tired, and now his boyfriend was freaking out... over a TV. A TV? Maybe it was a special TV? Maybe it was a gift?

"We could take it to a store, see if they can fix it?" Ilya offered.

"Jesus Christ Ilya, would you just stop!" Shane finally snapped, raising his voice louder than Ilya had ever heard it. Shane had never raised his voice to Ilya. Never. It sent cool shocks down his spine, his back straightening and his face falling into it's well placed mask that he had developed over the years living with his father. Shane's eyes widened, like even he was shocked that he had yelled.

"I'm sorry..." Shane whispered. Ilya gritted his teeth together, biting down the feeling bubbling in his throat from being yelled at. They stood like that for a while... maybe five or ten minutes before Shane finally looked at Ilya.

"You have to go."

Ilya's heart dropped.

"What? You are not serious?" He scoffed.

"I am, you can't be here. I need you to go." Shane nodded, leaving the room. Ilya chased after him through the halls of his cottage, finding Shane grabbing his keys off the wall hook he always put them on.

"What did I do? Shane, talk to me. Tell me how to fix this! I thought things were good?" Ilya blurted out, unable to stop himself as Shane pushed his keys to the car Ilya hated into his hands.

"You didn't do anything, you just need to go. I can't... I can't have you here right now." Shane replied shakily, wrapped his arms around himself tightly.

"Shane, please just- where the fuck am I supposed to go? I don't know-"

"Ilya, I don't care, just get the fuck out!" Shane yelled again.

Ilya's jaw tightened and he nodded. He didn't understand what had changed, or what he had done wrong, but he knew when he wasn't wanted. He stormed out of the cottage, got into Shane's awful british car, and drove off. Luckily, he remembered to at least bring his phone with him, having stuffed it into his pocket in case he had to call the authorities. Once he was far enough from the cottage that he was sure Shane wouldn't see the car, he pulled off to the side of the road and turned the car off.

Shane wasn't thinking clearly. He had never seen him like this in the eight years that they had known each other. He wasn't sure anyone had, considering his calm reputation. If Shane had been thinking clearly, there would have been excuses and time to pack his things, making sure Ilya left no trace of himself in his cottage. This was impulsive, this was not meticulously planned down to the very last detail. This wasn't fear... not like last time Shane had left Ilya. He was just...

Ilya couldn't find the word for it. He had never seen this side of him. He wondered if anyone ever had...

An idea popped into his mind. He started the car, turned on his phone, and looked up the directions. Shane had given him the street address in case he ever needed it. He drove quickly, not worrying about his speed. If he were to be pulled over, which was doubtful, he would just tell them it was an emergency.

That's how he ended up at Yuna's door at 5 o'clock in the morning, half awake and in a panic.

He knocked loudly, knowing that the two would not be awake yet. He shouldn't even be awake. It was their off season, and this was Shane's two weeks off around the whole year. He was supposed to be *relaxing*. Getting drunk, cuddling with Shane, having sex, going to parties and driving around in his fancy cars. Not showing up to his boyfriend's parents house in clothes he had slept in or found on the floor. Ilya smoothed his hands down his clothes at the thought, hoping he would look more presentable.

Yuna opened the door slowly, eyes barely open as she adjusted to the daylight. She was in a thick robe, a hand pressed against the opening at the top.

"Ilya? Do you have any idea what time it is?" She asked quietly, glancing around. "Where is Shane?"

"Good morning." *He should have planned farther than this.* "Shane is not here. He is still back at the cottage." He started, his jaw tightening as he tried to think of how to explain, where to start.

"I think we had a fight?" Ilya scratched his neck. Yuna stared at him, then sighed.

"Do you drink coffee?" She asked suddenly, opening the door. Ilya nodded as he accepted her silent invite, kicking his slides off by the door. She excused herself as she started the coffee maker, sliding back into a room Ilya had never been in. Probably her bedroom, where she had been sleeping not that long ago. He sat at her dining table while he waited, where he and Shane had been not even a few days before explaining their plan for their future together to his parents. Where she had questioned him about his loyalty, and fed him the best pasta he'd had in a very long time. He picked at his hands nervously.

She reappeared a few minutes later, hair brushed and fully dressed. David was with her, dressed but not fully awake either. He patted Ilya on the back as he passed him to get into the kitchen.

Ilya watched as she finished the coffee maker and David pulled out the mugs, placing them in front of her. He poured milk in after she poured the coffee, she grabbed the spoons and put them in the mugs and he stirred while she put the milk back. It was all so chaotically coordinated. A part of him hopes that he and Shane will be like that one day, if Shane doesn't leave him for good this time.

Shane's dad placed a mug in front of him and sat down across from him, taking slow drinks of his coffee. Yuna sat down shortly after. Ilya wrapped his hands around the mug, letting the warmth of the coffee seep into his fingers.

"Okay, start from the beginning. Before the fight." Yuna said, sipping from her mug.

Ilya told them everything he could think of. The noise, the TV, the yelling. They listened quietly and attentively as he recalled every detail, as minor as he thought it might be. It was off-putting for someone other than Shane to listen to Ilya so intently, it was almost creepy. He knew it was out of comfort though.

"He has never yelled at me. It was just a TV, I thought I was helping. Then he hands me his keys and tells me that he can't have me around anymore. I do not know what I did wrong." Ilya ends, fighting back tears at the thought that he ruined them again. Yuna reaches across the table and places a hand over Ilya's arm, comfortingly.

"I don't think you did anything wrong Ilya." She sighs softly, looking back toward David.

"Actually, I think that Shane is trying to protect you."

Ilya looks up at her, his eyebrows furrowing.

"Shane is... abusive?" He asked quietly. Shane's parents break out in a quiet laugh.

"No, honey, not that kind of protecting." She shakes her head, patting her hand against his arm.

"More like... shielding you?" David offers.

"From what? From a broken TV?"

"From a part of him he doesn't like very much." David shakes his head, taking a drink from his coffee.

"Did Shane ever tell you how he got those cuts on his knees?" David asks. Ilya shakes his head no quickly. David looks over and Yuna nods, retracting her hand and wrapping them around her own cup, tapping her fingers against the glass.

"Well, when he was about fourteen we were running late to his hockey practice. Traffic was a mess, the roads were even worse with snow and ice and slush... it was just a bad day. He, of course, got reemed by his coach. Kept going on and on about responsibility and what would and wouldn't be allowed in the NHL if he ever got in, blah blah blah. Guy was an ass." David shakes his head, like he was still angry at the guy all these years later. "We offer to get him something to make up for his bad day, he just keeps insisting that it's fine and he's fine, and it's all fine." David waves his hand in the air and leans back in his chair.

"We get home and Shane still insists everything is fine. He goes to get a glass for his ginger ale and something about the way he opened the door made the glass fall out and the thing just bounces off the counter and smashes into the floor." He sighs again.

"I rush into the room and Shane is just there, kneeling in the glass pile. And he is just crying. But not just crying, I mean he is sobbing, like he can hardly get any air in he's crying so hard. I pick him up and sit him in the dining room and he's just crying and muttering about how, 'it's broken, I broke it and now it's all broken.' Just over and over again. I keep telling him, 'it's just a glass Shane, we have more,' but he just keeps fighting with me. Tells me, 'dad you don't get it. It's broken, it's all broken and I broke it'." David's voice falters at the memory.

"Then he just shuts down, completely. I poured alcohol on his cuts and he didn't even react. As soon as I leave the room, he just crawled on the floor and laid there. I thought maybe he was asleep, but he had his eyes open. I called Yuna in and she tries talking to him, and still. Nothing. We decided to just give him his space. Threw a blanket over him and got him a pillow and just left him there. We put an old game on because we thought that maybe it might coax him out of it, cleaned up the glass, and just sat there in the living room. Just listening. And we were just so worried, we were looking up mental hospitals in the area. Then Shane just walks in, sits down on the couch with that blanket wrapped around him and the pillow in his hands, and asks how the game is going." David chuckles and slides his hand over to Yuna, who happily takes his hand into hers.

"Turns out he'd gotten a bad grade in one of his projects for his class, and he forgot his lunch at home so he had to eat school lunch, and then he was late to practice. And the glass he broke in the kitchen was the same glass he used every day after practice. He'd been forcing

everything down, not dealing with any of it all day long. So when that specific glass broke, it was like everything else just came crashing down into him. Shane needs order and routine to function, and if his routine is broken or something that he expects to stay exactly the same suddenly isn't, he can get overwhelmed."

Ilya sat quietly for a minute as he processed. Shane had never told him that.

"So... I made him overwhelmed?" Ilya finally asks.

"No." Yuna says quickly. "It's been a very difficult week for Shane. I'm sure you two have been opening up more emotionally, which I am also sure you know how much he loves to do. Then he has to come out to his parents. Then, at that same dinner, you tell him that you are his boyfriend. It's a lot to process! Then, his TV falls off his wall, not only breaking his TV but putting permanent damage into a cottage he put a lot of effort into making the perfect get-away from everything else! I'm sure the mess of the broken pieces is also doing a number on him." Yuna shakes her head. "Don't let him push you away."

You need to go.

I can't have you here right now.

Shane didn't want him to leave, he needed him to. He needed space to break down, away from everyone else.

"I should go." Ilya said, quickly standing.

"Yes, you should. Please drive safe, and let us know when you get there!" Yuna called from the dining room table. Ilya called back a reply and quietly closed their door as he rushed to the car.

Ilya drove back to the cottage quickly, as safely as he could. He quickly texted Shane's mom that he had made it safely, tucked his phone safely into his pocket, and took a deep breath before punching the code in to the front door. He opened it slowly, still not sure what he was going to find on the other side. He hung up Shane's keys as he walked in, scanning the room as he did. The TV was still on the floor, smashed and surrounded by broken pieces, with no visible attempt to clean it.

He heard Shane before he saw him, soft sobs coming from the kitchen. Shane was sitting against the wall, his head tucked into his crossed arms resting on his tucked knees. He looked so small, and Ilya was sure that that was what Shane had wanted to feel. Small and tight and compact and not like everything was falling apart.

"Shane? Shane, you are okay. I am here now." Ilya called quietly, walking up to him. Shane raised his head and Ilya noticed his bloodshot eyes before the tears staining his face. Ilya quickly fell to the floor, leaning his back against the wall next to Shane and turning to look at him.

"I told you to go." Shane snapped.

"I did, now I am back." Ilya hummed, reaching over and sliding his hand over the back of Shane's neck. Shane looked over for just a second and more tears fell from his eyes.

"We are being honest this week, yes?" Ilya asked. Shane didn't answer, but he didn't need him to. He just needed him to listen.

"If we are being honest, about everything, then you should not lie to me about how you are feeling." Ilya tried to read Shane's expression, but it was blank.

"If you are feeling... overwhelmed... you should tell me. I can help. Hiding how you are feeling does not help anyone." Shane scoffed, getting Ilya's attention.

"I'm not hiding my feelings, I told you that I loved you. You're not overwhelming me or suffocating me. God, Ilya, just fucking leave me alone. Please." Ilya felt Shane fight off another sob before he heard it.

"As flattering as that is, not everything is about me Hollander. Sometimes it is about you too. Only sometimes though, everything else is mostly about me." Ilya huffed out a little laugh, his voice cocky. Shane didn't laugh.

"I don't know how to tell you what I am feeling right now." Shane admitted quietly, his voice wavering as more tears falling down his face.

"Then do not describe it, just tell me that you are feeling this. Tell me how to fix it, do not push me away." Ilya shrugged. Shane let one of his sobs slip through.

"I don't know how to fix it." Shane cried into his tucked arms, letting his head fall back down.

"Then let me feel it with you. We can fix it later, maybe there is nothing to fix. Still, you should not have to deal with this alone Hollander." Ilya slipped his hand up into the back of Shane's hair. Shane lifted his head and nodded. Shane laid down into Ilya's lap and let his cries flow loudly. Shane's father had done little to describe his sobs from his first attack. These were worse than just fighting air, it was like he was choking on it between his tears. Like the sobs were being punched out of him, fighting and clawing their way out of Shane's throat painfully. Ilya stroked one hand through his hair and the other lazily along his back as he cried, not knowing what else he could offer him. This wasn't rational, it could not be explained away or fixed by doing something to take away the pain, this was deeper than that. Deep from his brain, from what made Shane so different than everyone else.

Ilya comforted him through his cries, then felt as Shane's body turned to goo. Ilya leaned over and Shane was awake but he was not there. He was gone, deep somewhere else lost in the forest of his own mind. Ilya scooped Shane into his arms and carried him to his room, tucking him into bed. He kissed him on the forehead, made sure that everything was in it's place, and quietly shut the door.

Shane finally came back to himself hours later. He wasn't sure how he had gotten out of the kitchen and into bed, and he knew for sure that he had not slept walked and gotten himself a glass of cold ginger ale. It was Ilya, it had to be. He was grateful as he drank the ginger ale quickly.

He felt sick to his stomach, no doubt from crying. His stomach hurt and his eyes burned, and no matter how much ginger ale he drank he knew that it would not fix either of those issues. It wouldn't fix the deep burning shame that was rising throughout him either. Ilya had seen him like *that*. The overwhelmed, frozen with the need to fix with no way to do so. He never wanted Ilya to see that side of him. He thought he had a few more years before he would have another one that bad, and maybe it would happen in a hotel room with Hayden again. Not during the first week of the first time he and his boyfriend had gone away and spent real time together.

Shane felt the urge to cry threaten to come up, so he forced himself out of bed. That and something smelled... amazing.

Shane slipped into a fresh shirt and a fresh pair of sweat pants and slid out of the bedroom.

Ilya was standing in the kitchen, frying something over the stove. Shane watched him for a minute, not wanting to talk about it just yet. He forced himself to look at the TV, only to see that it was gone. Any evidence that his TV had smashed into the ground was gone, swept away somewhere. The only thing remaining being the lack of a TV on his wall and a sizable hole in it's wake.

"I am making dinner. You can go back to bed if you do not want to be in here." Ilya called from the kitchen. Shane shook his head no and joined him in the kitchen.

"Your father said he would be by tomorrow to fix the hole, that it should be easy fix. TV can not be fixed, but I ordered a new one and a new mount for it. Mount will come in later than TV, so you will have to settle with it on the table for now." Ilya stopped stirring the vegetables he was cooking on the pan as he thought.

"Also I looked at the old mount, it had bad welds, was bound to break sooner or later. You are lucky you were home when it did, it would be much shittier week if you came home from losing the cup to me to find broken TV." Shane chuckled softly. Ilya finally looked over to him.

"How are you feeling?" Ilya asked carefully.

"Better. A little sick. Lucky." Shane sighed.

"Lucky?" Shane slipped behind Ilya, wrapped his hands around his waist and pulled him close. He nuzzled his nose into Ilya's back, taking a deep breath in.

"Lucky. Lucky you're here. Lucky you came back. Lucky I didn't scare you away. I'm so... so lucky." Shane sighed, planting kisses into Ilya's shoulder. He dug his fingers into the front of Ilya's shirt, almost scared he was going to leave still.

"It is not luck. I went to your mother."

Shane felt himself stiffen.

"You... you told my mom?"

"Mm, yes. Your mother told me everything would be okay. Is that a problem?" Ilya asked. Shane thought for a minute. He had been lying to his mom for years about the "attacks" coming back. But she helped Ilya, and she didn't demand to come over to try to fix him.

"Yeah, yeah it's okay. I just don't want her to worry."

"She is your mother, she is always going to worry. It is her job." Ilya slipped the hand he wasn't cooking with along Shane's arm, stroking the back of his hand with his thumb.

Shane takes a deep breath into his shoulder and watches the stove. He likes when Ilya cooks for him. It reminds him of how meaninglessly scared he was not long ago of Ilya making him a tuna melt. How if maybe he had opened up sooner they could have had this. Ilya cooking for him, taking care of him when it all felt like it was going to fall apart and putting the pieces back together without being asked. It eased the ache in his chest. It was so sappy, even in his own mind, that it made him a little more nauseous too. How lucky he was to have someone who could in one fell swoop make him feel loved and appreciated and nauseated at the sweetness of it all.

"I love you." Shane mumbled into his shoulder.

"Ya tebya lyublyu." Ilya answered back.

"I can't promise this isn't going to happen again. I can't control it, and I can't really explain it either. It's like it paralyzes me. If..." Shane trails off, taking a deep breath before continuing. "If it's too much, I understand."

"If it was too much, I would not still be here. I am staying, whether you want me to or not. You do not have to explain it, you do not have to find the words for it, just know that I will always be here when you need me. You should not be alone, not when you are like that. It scares me that you have been alone when you are like that." Ilya replies quickly. Shane hears the hurt underneath all of the reassurances.

"It's not that I want to be alone, I just don't want anyone to worry. I always bounce back, I just need time." Shane admits.

"Well, next time you will not be alone. Not if I am around." Ilya promises.

"I'll hold you to that Rozanov." Shane chuckles, kissing Ilya on the cheek.

End Notes

I feel like this ended up as my own personal therapy session blog at this point, please feel free to check my vibe in the comments if this is inaccurate

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