

the fall (i didn't say i was okay)

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the fall (i didn't say i was okay)

by [fictionalshit](#)

Summary

Shane has an eating disorder but he doesn't know it.
Ilya is concerned.

Notes

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this is my first fic ever erm

i love shane with my whole heart and i was getting ed vibes the whole second book so i wanted to expand on it

sorry if anything is inaccurate i did zero research for any of this

dedicated to livelovedeku who encouraged me to write this

we hope the ao3 curse doesn't get us

It had been a long day. His mom had been hounding him with new brand deals and he had played through hockey practice in a blur. All he wanted to do was go home and relax in his bed with Ilya before he had to fly off the next morning for an away game.

With a shuddered breath, he closed his locker and walked out to his car. The problem was, Shane knew something was wrong with him. He knew he could be obsessive and maybe a little anxious at times, but it had never been this bad.

The dizzy spells, being cold all the time, his thinning hair, it was all signs of an illness and Shane knew it.

He just didn't know how to stop.

He needed one thing in his life that was consistent. His relationship with Ilya was amazing, but they were still hiding from the rest of the world.

Only his parents knew, but that was it. He was always on edge when his rivalry with Ilya was brought up in the press. Which was almost every interview.

Not only that, but his team had been playing bad recently, not clicking. As captain he knew he should be fixing the problem, but he just didn't have the energy.

His diet was the one stable thing in his life. The one thing he could control.

It was nutritious, he told himself. He was eating three meals a day, full of vegetables and a good portion of protein. Until he wasn't.

Recently, Shane had been busy and perhaps a little forgetful. Food sort of slipped his mind.

Instead of his usually balanced meals, he would opt for a simple protein bar or a handful of fruit. It was fine, as long as he wasn't eating any of that processed, sugary shit. He didn't know how Ilya did it.

Shane knew deep down he should be eating more, but his brain wouldn't allow it. He had a feeling Ilya was catching on, but Shane was usually able to direct the conversation away from that topic.

As he began driving his car, he noticed his vision start to blur. It was fine, probably tired from his long day.

Making it home unscathed, he stepped out of the car and walked to the trunk to grab his gear. Every step felt heavy, his brain muddled.

He had never felt this weak before, mentally and physically.

Shaking it off, he walked inside, "Ilya i'm home!"

"Hi sweetheart," Ilya shouted from another room.

A small smile immediately crept onto Shane's face, happy to be back in the presence of his boyfriend.

"How was practice? Anything interesting happen?"

"Same as usual, our team can't seem to work as a unit. Fights are breaking out in the locker room and our chemistry is off. I don't know what to do." Shane sighed, resting his head on Ilya's chest.

"It is okay. I bet you will figure it out. You always do." Ilya said lightly, tucking a piece of Shane's hair behind his ear.

Shane leaned into the movement, allowing himself a moment to forget all of his worries.

Ilya moved away, too quickly for Shane's liking, and began looking through the fridge. "I'm making burgers, are you going to eat one?"

Shane's stomach churned. "Oh um. No, you know me Ilya. I need to go on a run anyways. I'll eat something from the fridge when I get back."

"Shane."

"Ilya."

Ilya sighed, knowing this conversation wouldn't get anywhere. "Are you sure? I can make something else. Fish?" Ilya looked concerned, and Shane couldn't have that.

"Okay sure, I'll eat fish. Find a good recipe though!" As he replied, a smile returned to Ilya's face and he turned around to start prepping the kitchen for dinner.

His hands started shaking as he went to find his running shoes. How does he tell Ilya that he can't. He already reached his limit for the day. The stupid fucking limit that his brain had slowly formed over his hockey career. The limit that had gotten increasingly worse as of recent.

"Okay, i'm going to go on my run now, but I'll be back before dinner is ready." Quickly turning around and making sure to grab his headphones by the door, Shane exited the house with an exhale.

Sure, this predicament was annoying, but he could manage. Maybe he could push enough food around on his plate to make it seem like he was enjoying it. It wouldn't have been the first time.

He turned on his music and took off, hoping the loud bass would somehow drown out his thoughts.

Immediately he regretted this decision. He was already struggling at practice and now here he was trying to run 5 miles before dinner.

But he pushed, of course he did. Shane doesn't back down once he starts something.

When he made it back to his driveway and finally stopped running, his heart was almost beating out of his chest. He couldn't breathe. There was a pain growing in his sternum. Taking a few seconds, he reeled himself back in and walked inside the house.

Distantly, he could hear Ilya welcoming him back. It felt foggy. Shane stumbled inside, grabbing the wall.

Shaking off the dizzy spell, he walked into the kitchen.

"Hey, how was your run?"

"Good, it felt nice the clear my head."

"Something on your mind?" There it was again. The worry in Ilya's face was only growing stronger.

"You know you can talk to me about anything right?"

"Yeah, of course, Ilya. Nothing's wrong. I'm going to go shower, be back soon."

"Shane, please." There was a slight sense of desperation in his voice. Almost begging Shane to speak up.

"I said i'm fine, Ilya. I'll be back. 10 minutes tops." Shane walked up the stairs without looking back, guilt slowly growing in the pit of his stomach.

Getting into the shower was a process. He felt so sluggish and he was seeing spots again. He wished everything would just stop.

The brain fog was getting to him, but he stepped into the shower, the boiling water sizzling on his skin.

The heat only made things worse. He just had to sit down for a second, it would be okay. But, before he could even move, his vision went dark.

"Shane. Shane...baby wake up. Shane, please. Please open your eyes."

"Ilya...?"

He could feel himself shivering, a cold sensation moving throughout his whole body. The water was now off, but there was a ringing sounding in his ears.

"Shane, oh thank god. Shane, what happened? You're bleeding."

He was so confused. He felt disoriented, nothing was making sense. He felt Ilya wrap a towel around his back, it was a slight comfort in this awkward situation.

“I don’t know. One moment I was feeling a little dizzy in the shower and the next I was here.”

“Okay, let me help you up. I think you hit your head on the tile.” Ilya pressed another towel to the back of his head, and Shane winced at the pressure.

That would explain the increasingly pounding headache. He slowly walked over to the bed, Ilya supporting most of his weight.

“Shane, what is wrong? You have been off all day.”

“Nothing.”

“It is not nothing, I just found you passed out on the floor of our shower with blood on your face.” Ilya searched his face for answers, practically pleading for a response. “I know something is going on, but we only see each other every couple of weeks between our schedules. I can’t read your mind, so you have to give me something.” Shane heard Ilya’s voice crack on the last word.

Shane knew he had to say something, admit that he had a problem. Even if Shane didn’t fully understand it, he had an idea.

“It’s-. I don’t know. It’s like my brain is warped. One second my stomach will be aching, starving. And the next, my mind is telling me to shut up, that I don’t need the food. That it’s unhealthy, or there’s too much fat, sugar, whatever it is. Usually by the end of the day, half of my meals end up in the trash.” Shane felt his heart racing, nearly beating out of his chest.

“Oh, baby. Does this happen often? When i’m away at practice and games?”

The guilt rocked Shane’s whole body. His breathing sped up. He closed his eyes, begging for his brain to stop, to shut up. He felt tears pricking his eyes. Why was he like this? He was always causing issues in their relationship, always controlling some aspect of their lives. Ilya fucking changed teams and moved to Canada for him.

His breathing quickened, coming out in short breathes.

“Hey, hey, Shane listen to me. It is okay. I am not upset. I just want to understand.”

“I— I can’t. I— can’t breathe...” His words came out hushed, his heart beating a million miles per hour. The room was spinning. He could distantly hear Ilya’s voice saying something soft.

Tears slipped down his cheeks as he dropped his head in his knees. He couldn’t do this. He was so overstimulated. The air was sticky, his skin was hot, there was a ringing in his ears. He felt something grab his face.

“Shane. Shane, please breathe. In for 3 out for 3. Follow my lead. I know it’s hard, but you can do it.”

He could hear Ilya's voice again, the hands on his face pulling him back to reality. Glancing up, his blurred vision met Ilya's.

"There you are."

"Hi."

"Hey." Ilya's smile was wavering. Shane could see a tremble in his lips, and tears were brimming his eyes.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you."

"No. No, you did nothing wrong. I just need to understand what's going on, but we can talk in the morning. Your flight isn't till noon, right?"

"Right."

"Okay then, lets lay down. You need to rest." Ilya pulled Shane farther onto the bed, opening his arms for Shane to crawl into.

After a moments pause, Shane whispered, "I think I need help," with a shaky breath.

"Okay, then we get you help. I will be there for you every step of the way. You will never be alone, Shane. Ever."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

Shane sunk deeper into Ilya's embrace, closing his eyes once more. As his breathing slowed, Ilya pressed a kiss to his forehead.

He knew things would get worse before they got better, but he was ready now. Ready to fight whatever fucked up madness was going on in his brain. He knew Ilya would help him, which made his nerves settle just slightly.

As he felt himself drifting off, he muttered a subtle "I love you," and heard a quiet response back.

"Ya tebya lyublyu."

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