The Art of Communication (or rather, the lack of)

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The Art of Communication (or rather, the lack of)

by stanzyts

Summary

Shane is on the verge of a meltdown, and doesn't tell Ilya.

There are consequences.

Notes

Slight tw because Shane pushes aside the fact that he's not doing well and attempts to have sex in hopes it will distract him and also to try and ignore what he's feeling. Once Ilya notices, they stop immediately. Nothing else happens, and it is in no way Ilya's fault (or Shane's really, he just needs to work on communicating and realizing Ilya isn't going to leave or anything if he speaks up)

See the end of the work for more notes

There had been something building all day, something Shane elected to ignore even though he knew how it would end. It had started that morning, a dull buzzing under his skin as he woke up in Ilya's arms. Usually, the feeling of Ilya's body draped around his own was comforting. This morning, it was anything but.

The rest of the day hadn't gone any better. Every little thing seemed to overwhelm him. He knew he should say something, knew Ilya would never judge or be frustrated with him. He never had in the past whenever Shane felt like this. It didn't matter if Shane knew his boyfriend would be understanding; he was incapable of speaking up when something was wrong.

He must have hidden it well enough, as Ilya didn't frown or say anything once he stepped through the front door. Ilya could read him better than anyone else, so it was a little surprising, but Shane wasn't complaining. He wanted it to stay this way, even if his chest was a little tight and the buzzing had gotten louder, and he wanted to curl up in a ball and cry.

Ilya had his lips on his as soon as his shoes were placed—meticulously, as always—on the floor. Shane's back was pressed against the wall, Ilya's hand on his neck as the other man kissed him hard enough to make his knees weak. It was distracting enough for now, the heat slowly building as Ilya sucks and bites at his lower lip, humming into his mouth when it draws a small whimper from Shane.

He starts moving down, kissing his jaw, his neck, any of Shane's exposed skin he can reach. Ilya reaches a hand up, slipping his thumb past Shane's lips. Shane greedily takes it, wetting it with his tongue, the weight of something in his mouth settling him momentarily. Ilya chuckles, pressing kisses all the way back up, until he's right by Shane's ear.

"Missed you," he purrs, and Shane breathes heavily, though it's only partially from arousal. He keeps his eyes closed, trying to focus on Ilya's thumb in his mouth, the way he's hungrily mouthing at his neck, the way his free hand is slithering up under his hoodie. He should be more into it; he *wants* to be more into it.

It's *Ilya*. All he ever wants is Ilya, so why can't his body remember that? He keeps his expression carefully crafted to appear like he's enjoying it more than he is, hoping that if Ilya glances at him, he'll only see the want on his face. He keeps forcing himself to make little whines and moans, even though each one sounds a little pained.

Ilya pulls back suddenly, looking up with searching eyes, and Shane opens his own. He stares right back even though it makes him want to rip his hair out, hoping it'll be enough to reassure his boyfriend.

"You okay?"

Shit.

Shane smiles, praying it meets his eyes, and nods.

"I'm just a little tired, but I'm okay."

Ilya stays silent, brows furrowed.

"I promise, 'lya," Shane says, leaning forward to peck his lips. Ilya loosens a little, giving him a small smile in return. The hunger is slowly returning to his eyes, and he tilts his head.

"Bed?"

Shane nods, knowing that attempting to speak is futile. There's no way he'll be able to form any more words, but as long as Ilya asks questions that don't need verbal answers, it should be fine.

He lets Ilya lead him to the bedroom, his hand gripping Shane's tight enough that it doesn't make his skin crawl any more than it already is. He tries to keep his breathing normal, but

each breath feels like it's sticking to his lungs, and he wants to scream. His vision is tunnelling, and he tries to focus on Ilya, on the way his arms will feel around him as he's inside him and their sweaty bodies are rubbing against each other and—

He stops that train of thought immediately, instead focusing on the lower half of Ilya's face as he sits Shane down on the bed, propping him up against the headboard. Ilya kneels between his legs, kissing Shane again before slowly unzipping his hoodie, pressing kisses along his chest and stomach, whispering Russian words—most likely dirty—in between. Shane stares blankly at Ilya's curls, blinking rapidly and worrying the comforter between his fingers. He feels detached from his body, and everything was starting to feel muffled.

Shane knew he needed to say something, because if this went any further, it would cause a *lot* of issues for both of them. Ilya would feel so guilty and hurt, and would think that Shane doesn't trust him, which isn't true at *all*. But his brain is moving too slow, and his tongue won't form words, and now Ilya is nuzzling his cock through his pants. He finally tips over the edge.

Shane chokes on a sob.

Ilya's head snaps up immediately, eyes wide with concern.

"Shane?"

He sits up, refraining from touching Shane, and Shane sobs harder. His body jerks with every sharp inhale, and he pulls his knees up, tucking them tightly to his chest as he rocks slightly.

"Shane, what do you need?" Ilya sounds distressed. He's seen Shane like this before, helped him through it over and over, but it's still hard to see. Especially when Ilya isn't prepared, as there is usually at least one or two signs before it happens.

Shane doesn't answer, obviously, only able to cry as his body trembles. He can feel everything. The sheets, the slight wetness from Ilya's lips everywhere on his body, his hair brushing against his temples.

It feels like he's simultaneously too light and too heavy, and he doesn't know what to do.

His head tips back with more force than he intends to use, hitting the headboard harshly. Shane stills, his sobs stopping for a moment, the pain almost enough to help with the fog in his head. If he were in a better state of mind, he would know that intentionally harming himself wouldn't actually help, and would only worry Ilya more. Shane was too overwhelmed to think rationally, though, and without a second thought, his head was slamming back. He was still crying, hot tears sliding down his cheeks as he tried to stop everything from being too much.

Shane is only able to do it a couple of times before a hand is suddenly in between his head and the wood, cushioning him from the impact, and he whines in frustration.

"I know, I am sorry," Ilya whispers soothingly, and Shane sniffles. "I cannot allow you to hurt yourself, sweetheart."

He squeezes his eyes shut again, and then he feels how sticky his face is with tears. He grunts, dragging his sleeve roughly against his cheeks, the fabric a little scratchy but preferred to the tears.

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Shane presses his head harder against the palm of Ilya's hand, and Ilya hesitates before scraping his nails against the fine hair on the nape of his neck. He isn't always okay with touch when this happens, and Ilya holds his breath, hoping he hasn't made everything worse.

Shane doesn't quite melt into it like he normally would, but his breathing doesn't get any harsher, and he doesn't flinch away.

Ilya watches his boyfriend for a moment, feeling utterly useless even though he knows there's not much he can do except be here with him. Shane's still crying, and his face is a mess of snot and tears even though he keeps rubbing at it with his sleeve.

"Shh, shh, everything is okay," Ilya keeps his voice low, trying to reassure him, even if he knows Shane probably won't understand what he's saying. "Doing so good, baby, just keep breathing."

Shane falls forward—like holding himself up suddenly became too hard—his forehead hitting Ilya's chest, and Ilya catches him. He keeps his grip tight as he wraps his arms around Shane's body, hoping the pressure will ground him a bit. It seems to help. His shaking gets less intense, and he's sniffling more than crying. Ilya tries to encourage him to breathe steadier, exaggerating his own breathing, making sure it's slow and deep.

He feels the other man move his head side to side, rubbing it against Ilya's soft shirt.

It takes a while, but eventually Shane shifts and shuffles back a little, head down, and Ilya's arms immediately feel the loss. He waits patiently, letting Shane take as much time as he needs.

He twitches, making a small noise of complaint, and Ilya tilts his head as he tries to figure out why. Then he sees how Shane is struggling to zip his hoodie back up, fumbling with it and looking increasingly more worked up.

Ilya moves slowly, hovering his hands over Shane's until Shane stops moving. He lets Ilya zip it up, his breathing slowing again.

He looks up slightly, allowing Ilya to see his face, but his eyes stare straight ahead at Ilya's chin. His eyes are a little clearer, and when Ilya places his hand between them, Shane reaches out and grips it tightly with his own. He squeezes, and Shane squeezes back.

"Are you feeling any better?" He asks softly, not wanting to ruin any progress made by speaking too loud.

Shane gives a small nod, his cheeks burning with shame as he keeps his face angled down. Ilya hates that Shane feels embarrassed over the way his brain works, something that is completely out of his control.

“You are okay. Nothing you do makes me love you any less.”

There’s a small quirk of his lips, not quite a smile, but enough. He squeezes Ilya’s hand again in response.

Ilya pauses, knowing something needs to be said, but not sure if Shane is ready to hear it right now.

“Is okay if I talk? Just a little. I don’t want to wait too long.”

Shane stills, eyes flickering up higher, then back down. Eventually, he nods again.

He takes some slow, deep breaths again, and Shane subconsciously follows him.

“You cannot do this, Shane,” Ilya says, trying not to look upset. “What if your body did not force you to stop? We could have gone the whole way without me knowing and—” his voice cracks, and he huffs in frustration, turning his face slightly as he fights back tears.

Shane sniffles, biting his lip. Ilya frowns, gently pulling his bottom lip from his teeth, rubbing his thumb against it.

“I am sorry, I am not mad at you,” he sighs, cupping Shane’s cheek. “I just worry. I never want to hurt you. You were not in good state of mind and did not tell me. You *must* tell me. This cannot happen again. Please.”

Shane hums, shifting to sit up on his knees so he can press his forehead against Ilya's. Words are still non-existent at this point, so he presses his lips to Ilya's nose instead, hoping it will be enough of an apology for now. It is, and something in him settles a little more at the way Ilya lights up a little from just a tiny kiss.

Ilya maneuvers them around so they can lie down, letting Shane shift until he finds a spot good enough. He quickly becomes deadweight on top of Ilya, not fully asleep, but exhausted in every way, and he lets himself drift.

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It had been over an hour now, and Shane was still curled up with his head buried in Ilya's chest. The lights are still off, and neither of them has made much noise. His breathing was slow—and steady, something Ilya never takes for granted after one of Shane's meltdowns or panic attacks—but Ilya knew he wasn't asleep. He knew Shane, and he knew he was most likely spiralling, or close to it.

He was. He couldn't stop thinking about the past couple of hours, how much he had fucked up and made both of them feel like shit for no reason. Shane also knows they'll have to have a conversation about it at some point, and the thought makes him anxious.

Ilya's hand rubs circles on his back, and he leans down, kissing the top of his head. Shane peeks up from where he had been hiding his face, his eyes rising to land on Ilya's chin again. They were still pink and a little puffy from how much he cried, and Ilya brushes a knuckle under one of them.

Shane closes his eyes again, breathing deeply.

"I'm sorry," he mumbles, blinking back up at Ilya. Ilya gave him a fond look, as if he was not at all surprised that the first word from his boyfriend was an apology.

“You are forgiven. I am not mad at you, Shane, just need you to use words more. I cannot read your mind.”

“Okay, I’ll try. Sorry,” Shane scrunches his nose, rubbing his fingers against Ilya’s shirt.

Ilya groaned.

“You apologize too much. I said is okay.”

“Sorry.”

“*Shane*.”

Shane smiles, looking a little pleased with himself. Ilya rolled his eyes, trying to hide how happy he was to see that smile again. He pulls him up higher so their noses are almost touching, and Ilya grabs his face, eyes tracing his features for a moment. Then he smirks a little, and Shane gives him a confused and slightly nervous look.

Ilya starts kissing all over Shane’s cheeks and nose, unable to resist giving his boyfriend’s freckles the attention they deserve. Shane giggles, *giggles*, and tries to escape.

“Ilya, stop,” he says, though he doesn’t sound very convincing.

Ilya kisses him a couple more times before pulling back, staring at Shane with so much affection that Shane can barely stand to look at him. He almost wishes he would go back to kissing him, squirming at the way he can somehow stare right into Shane’s soul.

He doesn’t know what he did to deserve Ilya, to deserve a man who puts up with all his shit and never once complains.

“Stop it.”

“Huh?” Shane frowns, blinking back at Ilya.

“I hear you thinking too much. Stop it,” Ilya raises a brow, and Shane pouts.

“Am not,” he huffs, hiding his face back in Ilya’s shirt. He hears the other man chuckle, and he smacks his hand against his chest. He feels Ilya kiss his head again, like the man can never get enough of doing so.

“Are you hungry?” Ilya asks.

Shane thinks for a moment, then shakes his head. His stomach feels off, and he doesn’t think he has the energy for it.

Ilya sighs, but doesn’t force him, knowing Shane rarely wants to eat after a meltdown. He’ll get food into his boyfriend at some point.

“I get you a ginger ale, then, Да? You are dehydrated.”

Shane nods enthusiastically, nuzzling Ilya’s jaw.

“You are silly. Don’t know why you like it so much,” he says, ignoring Shane’s offended gasp.

He moves to get up, and Shane grips him tightly, only now realizing getting him ginger ale means getting up and *leaving*. Shane can’t breathe again, and he hates it because he was doing so *well*, and now he’s back to feeling like he’s dying because his boyfriend is getting him a drink?

Pathetic, is what his traitorous brain provides him with.

Ilya stills, staying where he is, sensing what he's thinking. He runs his hand through Shane's hair in a soothing manner, looking a little concerned again.

"Breathe, малыш. I will only be gone a minute."

Shane *knows* that, but the rest of him apparently doesn't. He knows it's because he's still recovering from a literal meltdown, but he still hates how sensitive and clingy he's being right now.

Ilya stares at him for a moment, hesitating before speaking again.

"Do you want to come with me? Move to couch after?"

Shane blinks. He's still exhausted, and he doesn't really feel like moving, but he would rather get up than have Ilya leave him, even for a moment.

"Okay," he says, voice small.

Ilya nods, slowly getting out from under Shane, then helps them both upright. Most of Shane's weight is leaning against Ilya, and Ilya just wraps an arm around his waist.

They stand there for a moment, Shane's cheek resting against Ilya's shoulder as they both just breathe.

"I love you, Ilya," he whispers after a moment, feeling so much towards the man currently holding him.

“I love you too, Shane.”

Shane closes his eyes, somehow resting even more of his weight against the other man.

Ilya laughs softly.

“Don’t you want your ginger ale before sleeping?”

Shane groans, knowing they should move before he *does* fall asleep, but he can’t help it. There’s nothing in the universe that could compare to Ilya holding him.

“In a minute.”

“Alright, малыш. In a minute.”

End Notes

Every time I try to write angst it does not stay angst, help :(

Shane is very much based on my own experiences with meltdowns and such, and my experiences are not everyone's. Still, I hope it was relatable for some people, and even if it wasn't I hope you still liked it !!

Much love <3

Also, don't be like Shane. Pleaseee communicate with your partners :)

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