You're just thinkin' it's a small thing that happened (the world ended when it happened to me)

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by stanzyts

Summary

He isn’t in control.

Everything feels cold and distant and empty. Shane stares at his shaking hand, loosely gripping the door handle, and begs it to move, turn, so he can get away. He can’t be here anymore, and yet there is nowhere else he’d rather be. He’s suffocating; there is no air left in this room, he’s sure of it. He tilts forward without meaning to, leaning his forehead against the door, trying to stay upright.

Or,

Shane experiences subdrop after the events in Vegas, because he absolutely would.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

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Rozanov is still perched on his bed, and Shane is terrified of the other man finding him like this, frozen at his door because his *fucking* body isn’t listening to him. Is it really his body anymore? He feels like he’s drifting, like nothing is real, and it scares him.

He doesn’t know what’s happening to him, why his head feels so fuzzy and just wrong, wrong, *wrong*. All he wants is to turn around and go straight back to Rozanov, have the man pin him down and make this feeling go away. He selfishly hopes that he would kiss him too, because for some reason, not a single kiss was shared between them tonight. Shane thinks he must have done something to have made Rozanov act so detached from him tonight, like all Shane was to him was a way to get off.

It’s unfair to think that way. They aren’t anything more than that; Shane isn’t anything to him.

He wishes he was.

Each blink is heavy, and it’s an effort every time to open his eyes again. His chest feels tight, and he almost wonders if he’s having a panic attack, though Shane has had enough of those to know this isn’t that. It’s confusing. He just feels shaky and cold and so, *so* sad. Anxiety is nothing new for him, but this feels so much worse than anything he’s felt before.

His eyes are burning, and he only now realizes that his vision is blurry because he's tearing up.

He cannot cry. It would be so humiliating. He's a professional athlete, and he's going to cry because what, Rozanov didn't *kiss* him? What the fuck was wrong with him?

Shane desperately wanted to harshly rub at his eyes and erase any evidence of how close he is to crying, but he still can't move. He doesn't know how long it's been, but surely it can't have been too long, or Rozanov would have noticed that the door never opened.

"Hollander? You still there?"

Speak of the devil.

He opens his mouth to reply and—

Nothing comes out.

Shane felt his mouth pull into a frown, and he took a few breaths before attempting again.

"Mhm," it was weak, but echoed in the stillness of the room. Shane's cheeks flushed, embarrassed that he couldn't even form one word. He knew Rozanov wouldn't let it go, would wonder why Shane hadn't walked out the door and back to his own room so they could pretend this never happened. He waited for the man to mock him or tell him to get the hell out. He didn't think he could handle that in this state.

There was rustling as Rozanov got out of the bed, approaching him as Shane stayed facing the door. He didn't want to turn around and see whatever expression of anger or disgust or annoyance would be on the other man's face.

“Something is wrong?” A hand gently clamps down on his shoulder, and it’s simultaneously too much and not enough. His head spins at the touch, and Shane bites back a whine, sweat gathering at his temples even though he’s still so cold. The hand slowly spins him around so they’re facing each other, and Shane keeps his gaze locked on the other man’s chin, unable to look any higher. He dreads what he would see if he did. “Hollander, tell me what is wrong. Your breathing is weird.”

Was it? It would explain heaviness in his chest. All Shane can do is shake his head in response, and he knows how ridiculous he’s being, but how is he supposed to tell him what’s wrong when he himself doesn’t know?

“I need words,” he says, cupping Shane’s face with both hands, and the soft touch almost causes him to collapse. The only thing grounding him is Ilya. “Shane, words. Now.”

His tone is soft, but firm and commanding, and paired with the use of his first name, it allows Shane’s brain to reboot enough to speak.

“‘M cold,” he says, leaning more into the warmth of Ilya’s hands. He feels even more hazy now, but it’s slightly different, not as terrifying as before. It’s just as disorienting though, and he wants it *gone*. “Ilya, I feel–um, feel weird.”

Ilya tilts his face up. He’s not forcing Shane into making eye contact; he knows how much he resents it. Shane has no idea why, but he meets Ilya’s gaze, feeling safe enough to do so.

The man’s eyes are soft, and his usual blank expression is tight with concern.

“Weird how, малыш?”

“Just–just weird, I dunno, sorry,” Shane sniffles, blinking back more tears. He can’t even answer a simple question.

“No, no, shh. Is okay, no sorries,” Ilya rubs his thumbs under Shane’s eyes, soothing him slightly. “You are so good.”

Shane’s mind latches onto that, starting to tremble a little again.

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Ilya frowns as he feels Shane shivering. He was confused when he first realized the other man had yet to leave, but now, after seeing him stand motionlessly in front of the door, he only felt concerned. Shane’s eyes are filled with tears, and the glassy look in his eyes worries Ilya.

“Good?”

“Hmm?” Ilya hums, tilting his head

“‘M good?” Shane asks with a needy look, slurring a little, like he’s been doing this whole time.

“Да, of course you are.”

Shane breaks. He falls forward, and suddenly Ilya has his arms full. The trembling intensifies, his shoulders jerking with every sob, and Ilya feels Shane’s tears as they soak into his shirt. The shirt is still unbuttoned, and Shane’s breath is fast and warm against his skin.

“You are okay, I got you,” Ilya presses a kiss to his hair, swaying them gently. “You are good, so good.”

Shane whines, gasping and trying to press his face more into Ilya’s chest, though he can’t get any closer. His hands desperately clutch at Ilya’s shirt, as if Ilya will disappear if he doesn’t hold on as tightly as he can.

He starts putting the pieces together. The glassy eyes, the shivering, the way Shane is acting. Ilya curses himself for not realizing sooner that Shane was dropping. He doubts Shane knows what it is and has no idea what's happening to him. His heart stutters, his chest aching because he did this. He was a coward. He had acted so detached the whole night, finishing it off by sending Shane away without so much as a kiss.

Fuck.

They hadn't kissed once the whole night, something that had never happened before. Ilya did it on purpose, trying to create distance and make it easier once it was over—though it was never easy, and tonight wasn't any different.

It was so obvious why Shane was feeling this way, and Ilya had to breathe deeply a few times as he tried to cope with just how much he had fucked up. He had no right to be upset when Shane was the one who needed comfort right now. Ilya could feel as guilty as he wanted tomorrow, after he and Shane got on separate flights and Ilya was alone.

Ilya distracted himself from his thoughts by burying his nose in Shane's hair, holding him tighter. He pulled away after a few more moments, cutting off Shane's whimper with a kiss. He cupped his cheeks again, trying to convey every word he couldn't speak out loud as he licked into Shane's mouth. Shane sighed against his lips, going lax in Ilya's arms as he let Ilya take the lead—like always.

It was passionate and messy, and neither of them wanted it to end. Shane was still shivering though, and Ilya wanted to get him back in the bed so he could fix his mistakes.

He gently bit Shane's bottom lip before breaking the kiss, chuckling a little at the flush on Shane's cheeks and the blissed-out look he had on his face. His lips were pink and wet and swollen, and Ilya had to fight the urge to keep kissing him.

"You look so pretty."

The flush got even more intense, Shane groaning and hiding his face in Ilya's neck as the man laughed again.

"What? Is true."

"Shut up," Shane muttered, trying to hide his smile, but Ilya could feel it against his skin. Ilya smiled too, chest loosening at the fact that Shane was a bit more reactive.

"Bed?"

Shane nodded. He let Ilya guide him to the bed, but he only took a couple of steps before stumbling. Ilya caught him, picking him up before Shane could do anything. He made a surprised noise, wrapping his legs around Ilya's waist.

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Shane isn't quite sure what to think, which doesn't make sense, because this is what he's been wanting, aching for. The way Ilya is being so soft and gentle with him, calling him sweet names and touching him like he's something delicate. He loves it, but he's still so confused.

The haziness isn't helping, making it hard to think too hard about anything, let alone this. He has noticed he doesn't feel the overwhelming emptiness as intensely as before, now that Ilya's arms are around him. The kiss helped settle him, too, maybe a little too well. He blushes—something he finds he does way too much around Ilya—and rests his chin on Ilya's shoulder as he carries him to the bed.

Ilya sets him down on the edge of the bed, moving to grab the water from the side table. He tips Shane's chin up with his fingers, thumb rubbing against his bottom lip, then holds the water to his mouth.

"Drink."

Shane complies.

“Good,” Ilya says, smirking at the way Shane melts.

He places the water back, then kneels in front of him. Shane looks down at him, and Ilya gives him a small smile. He makes quick work of unbuttoning Shane’s shirt, chucking it to the side—and he almost says something, the fact that it’s not folded making him twitchy—and then pushing Shane to lie down. He takes his own shirt off and doesn’t waste any time lying down beside him. He grabs him again, and Shane lets him.

They end up with Shane sprawled on top of him, his face resting on Ilya’s bare chest. His eyes were drooping, the exhaustion from everything catching up to him now that he was no longer upright.

Though he’s still shaky and not quite connected to his body, he’s not really cold anymore. He feels less like he’s falling, secure in knowing Ilya’s strong arms are around him. Shane nuzzles closer, shuddering as a hand trails up his spine, all the way up to his neck. Ilya uses his blunt nails to scratch at the nape of his neck, and Shane yawns.

“I am sorry,” Ilya whispers, daring to break the silence. Shane frowns but stays quiet, tracing a finger in circles on his chest, letting Ilya figure out what he needs to say. “I messed up, hurt you. I–I do not like seeing you upset. Makes me upset.”

“It’s okay, ‘lya.”

Ilya huffs at that.

“Is not okay, I did not treat you well tonight. I was a dick.”

Shane shifted, pressing a kiss to his jaw. Ilya looked down, and Shane could tell he really meant it, was letting the guilt consume him.

“Yeah, you kinda were,” he smirked a little, causing Ilya to snort. “But I will forgive you. I just have one request.”

“And what is that, малыш?”

Shane looked away, suddenly too shy to face Ilya. Even though Ilya had been so attentive since Shane’s breakdown—or whatever that was—he was worried asking for what he wanted would be too much, and Ilya would realize how weird and needy he was and make him leave again.

“Shane.”

Ilya’s voice pulled him from his spiral, and he realized he had yet to say anything. His eyes met Ilya’s again, and he took a breath. There was no reason to worry.

“You have to kiss me again.”

“Not a problem,” Ilya was on him again immediately, attacking Shane’s lips with a fervent desire. Kissing Ilya always made him feel seen, *wanted*. It was like neither could breathe without the other. Ilya ran his fingers through his hair, pulling gently and dragging a whimper from Shane.

Eventually they had to stop, both panting as Shane settled back on his chest.

They were silent for a while, then Ilya spoke again.

“I will never make you feel that way again, I promise,” Ilya said, his tone overwhelmingly earnest, like he was begging Shane to believe him.

“I know.”

He snuggled closer, yawning and eyes fluttering shut.

“Sleep, Shane. I have you.”

And he did. His arms tightened around Shane, and he felt Ilya’s lips press against his hair again just before he drifted off, no longer cold or empty.

End Notes

i've only (kinda?) experienced subdrop, and it's always been without any aftercare, so i don't really know how long it actually lasts or anything with comfort and stuff, so i hope this wasn't too off :P i am so obsessed with this show it's not even funny, and i relate to shane in every way. i hope i did them both justice!

that 'we didn't even kiss' HURT so i had to make this to soothe the ache. also def inspired by some of the other fics on here with the same kind of plot, there’s so many good ones holy

thank you so much for reading, i hope you enjoyed :) mwah

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