**oh Im hanging on**

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# oh Im hanging on

by Just_nessie

Summary

Bad depression day for Ilya.

"Ilya just stares into the air -he doesn't know when he opened his eyes-, his face looks empty, lifeless like someone stole all the emotions from it."

Notes

Warnings:
Suicide, self harm. depression.
Please be careful reading this, if it at any point gets too much please stop reading.

This took like four days to write because I had to stop all the time to cry.
Also I took a lot of inspiration from my own depression so please be respectful this is very persinal to me.

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya wakes up to the sun shining into his eyes. He and Shane are staying at the Cottage for the Summer after their Summercamps.

Ilya already knows that today is gonna be a shitty day. His body feels heavy and even the thought of getting up makes him feel tired. Despite the sun shining into them Ilya keeps his eyes closed, but he does quickly move his arm over the bed to check if Shane is with him or not.

He is not. Usually Ilya would get up to find Shane and pull him back to bed for a round of morning sex before breakfast, but right now that is the furthest thing in Ilya's mind. A more logical part of his mind knows he should get up, eat breakfast and take his medication, but the less logical part wonders why he does it, what it all is for.

There is a voice that sounds suspiciously like his Father telling him that he is weak and lazy. There is another voice telling him that he is not good for anything and that he is just pulling everyone around him down.Before he can fall any deeper into his thought spiral the door to the bedroom slowly opens.

“Are you awake?” Shane asks, noticing Ilya's uneven breathing.

"Mhhh." Ilya answered and his voice sounded wrong even though he hadn't said anything.

Shane moves to sit next to Ilya on the bed. “Hey, what's wrong?” His hand is petting Ilya's soft curls.

He does not get a verbal response but he can see a single tear rolling down Ilya's cheek. Shane does not hesitate to maneuver them both so that Ilya is lying on top of his chest. Ilya's hands move underneath Shane's shirt clawing at the bare skin of the man's chest trying to get as close as possible.

If he could Ilya would break open Shane's ribcage and live in there on his bad days.

Shane is rubbing soothing circles on Ilya's back while whispering sweet nothings in his ear. He knows how bad Ilya can get especially since Ilya recently changed his medication. Speaking of, he should probably get Ilya to take it.

“Hey Ilya I need to get some things I'll be right back.” Shane says while trying to move Ilya off his chest. Ilya lets out a heartbreaking whimper and it hurts Shane that he has to leave his boyfriend. He presses a kiss to the top of Ilya's head before going to the kitchen where he toasts a single piece of toast and fills up Ilya's water bottle. Shane puts both down on the nightstand before moving to the en suite to get Ilya's antidepressants and the closet to get the weighted blanket.

He puts the blanket at the foot of the bed before helping Ilya sit up against the headboard, and then takes the plate with the toast from the Nightstand.

“You need to eat before taking the pill.” He says pressing the plate into Ilya's hands.

Ilya just stares into the air -he doesn't know when he opened his eyes-, his face looks empty, lifeless like someone stole all the emotions from it. Even without looking, his hand finds the toast on the plate, he takes a small bite and starts chewing. It tastes like nothing and Ilya is sure he is chewing it for longer than necessary.

He takes another two bites before Shane switches the plate for the Waterbottle, and then he is handing Ilya one of the pills from the prescription bottle. Ilya takes the pill and washes it down with a sip of water, his body is mostly working on instinct, his mind feels far away.

He lies back down and Shane covers his body with the weighted blanket making sure Ilya is properly tucked in. Shane kisses Ilya's head and moves to bring the plate back to the kitchen but Ilya catches his wrist before he can leave.

“ Не уходи" (don't leave).Ilya mumbles into the pillow but Shane still understands him.

“Hey it's okay I'm not going anywhere.” Shane says lying down next to his boyfriend in their bed.

Ilya falls back asleep in minutes. He dreams of his mother, the time they were in the garden, he was still a little child picking flowers and handing them to her. The day she gifted him the necklace she always wore, the next day he found her lifeless body, he hasn't taken off the necklace since. He remembers her hair, the way it shined when the sunlight hit it making it look almost golden. He remembers her soft hands and the way they used to comb through his hair separating the curls on his head. He remembers his father yelling at her, saying that she was making Ilya soft and lazy. He remembers his father telling him that what happened to his mother was an accident, but even then Ilya knew it wasn't true. He remembers all the times his father yelled at him, telling him he is lazy, telling him he needed to do better, that he

needs to be better. He remembers all the resentment his brother always had against him. He remembers all the nights he spent lying away afraid to turn out like his father, afraid that he already is like his father.

Ilya wakes up a couple hours later feeling even more exhausted than before he fell asleep. He starts silently crying into his pillow, he doesn't know why but he can't do anything to stop it, his body feels drained.

There are noises coming from the kitchen where Shane seems to be making lunch. Which leaves Ilya alone with his thoughts. He is lying on his side with the weighted blanket still on top of him, he is staring out the window at the lake. Slowly he moves his tongue over his teeth -most of which are fake or countlessly repaired- before he bites down on it. It's a weak attempt at trying to feel something, he only stops when he can taste the blood pooling in his mouth.

He starts to think of all the times he used to start fights on the ice. Desperate attaps at feeling something else than numbness or anger. He thinks of all the walls he punched and all the times he scratched himself bloody to punish himself. He also thinks of all the people he hurt and pushed away, Shane, Sveta, his teammates on both teams. He thinks of all the times he thought he was better off dead.

Shane once again interrupts his thought spiral. He comes through the door holding a tray, which holds two servings of spaghetti -one significantly smaller than the other- and a cup of tea.

“Ilya, are you awake?” Shane asks while setting down the tray.

“Yes” He answers, his voice sounding hollow.

“Are you feeling any better?”

“No, no I am not.” Ilya says wetly, the tears starting up again.

“Sweetheart.” Shane immediately moves onto the bed pulling Ilya into a hug, holding on as tight as he physically can.

“I am sorry.”

“Dont, don't be sorry.” Shane has tears in his own eyes now. “Please don't ever apologize for this.”

They spent the next few minutes crying, and holding each other tight. Shane removes his shirt at one point so that Ilya can feel his bare skin. When they both calm down a bit they move so that Shane is sitting against the headboard with Ilya between his legs.

They start talking while eating their respective bowls of spaghetti.

“This is not how I thought today was gonna go.” Ilya starts, it's the most he has said all day.

“Do you… want to talk… about it.” Shane offers.

“I feel like shit. And everything feels so… exhausting.” Ilya puts his bowl on the nightstand. “I also feel scared. My mind is scary place to be right now. I dreamt of my mother… and my father.” He wipes his eyes. “It made me even sadder, and angry. I miss her a lot, she always was so lovely and so nice.

“Days like today must make this even harder.” Shane says putting his own bowl away and handing Ilya the cup of tea.

“Yes,” He takes a sip. “I suppose they do.” Ilya takes another sip of tea. “It makes me think of my own dead.”

“Do you think about dying a lot?” Shane asks his voice carefull.

“Sometimes, no longer as much.”

“Do you… think… about hurting yourself?”

“Today or generally?” Ilya asks.

“Both, I guess.” Shane says a little unsure.

“Yes, sometimes. I used to hurt myself, punching, scratching, it was punishment for myself."

They fall silent at that. Ilya has nothing more to say about it, and Shane is not sure how to respond to his boyfriend's admission. But he does pull Ilya a little closer and kisses his head. And so they sit in silence until Ilya finishes his tea.

Shane brings their dishes to the kitchen, he leaves them in the sink for later. He then moves to the en suite bathroom, drawing up a bath with eucalyptus bubble soap. Back in the bedroom he pulls out the most comfortable clothes he can find for Ilya.

He helps Ilya get out of bed and into the en suite, where he sits Ilya down on the toilet to start undressing him. First he gets rid of Ilya's shirt, then his pants and boxers, putting them into

the laundry hamper. He helps Ilya lower himself into the lukewarm water before taking a seat on the bathtub behind him.

Ilya soaks in the water for a few minutes before he hears the click of the shampoo bottle. Then there are familiar hands moving through his hair and massaging his scalp. Shane uses a cup to rinse the shampoo, making sure to protect Ilya's eyes with one of his hands. He repeats the process with another round of shampoo and then again for Ilya's special conditioner for curly hair.

Ilya isn't quite sure how he got out of the bath, dressed and onto the deck but he is dressed in comfy clothes and wrapped up in one of Shane's throw blankets. The fresh air feels good both in his lungs and on his skin.

Shane who apparently has been sitting next to him the whole time is offering him a cigarette. He knows that Shane is still not very fond of this specific habit, but they both know that the alternative is a lot worse.

“Thank you, for everything you have done today.” Ilya says after the first drag.

"You're very welcome.” Shane says, putting an arm around Ilya's shoulders.

“Sometimes I feel like I drag down everyone with me. It makes me hate myself even more.” He takes another drag of the cigarette. “It makes me… put up walls?” He questions.

Shane nods. “Do you still hurt yourself?”

“Sometimes, rarely, usually I just drink vodka and smoke.” And as if to emphasize his point he takes another slow drag.

“I called Galina while making lunch by the way.” Shane says.

“You did?” Ilya questions.

“Yeah, you kinda scared me today.” Shane answers honestly.

“What did she say?”

“She said that it was normal but that I should call again if it got worse or if it didn't get better in a few days.”

“I am sorry, I did not mean to scare you.” Ilya would probably tear up again but he is not sure if he has any tears left.

“I know you didn't.” Shane says, and he moves his eyes from where they were glued on to Ilya to watch the sunset over the lake.

Ilya puts out his cigarette. There are still a lot of unsaid things between them but right now the weight Ilya carries around feels just the tiniest bit lighter.

They cuddle together some more while watching the sun finally disappearing behind the horizon. When it has gone almost completely dark Shane stands up wordlessly. He stretches both hands out to Ilya who lets himself be pulled to his feet.

Inside Shane pulls Ilya down onto the couch cuddling up to him. They put on one of the fast and furious movies -its a small comfort for Ilya. They're starting to doze off when Ilya speaks again.

“I need you to know I don't really want to die.” He says his voice is serious.

“That's dark Ilya.” Shane mumbles from where he is pressed against Ilya's chest.

“I am serious.” Ilya's tone of voice makes Shane sit up.

He takes Ilya's face in his hands. “I know sweetheart. I know.”

“They scare me sometimes… the thoughts.”

Shane moves to sit on Ilya's lap. “Im sorry you have to feel like that.”

They stay like that, crying and slowly rocking from left to right. They know that the bad days are never gonna go away, but they know what helps and maybe for right now that's enough.

End Notes

Title is from the song Sleep Deprivation by Chance Peña.

Kudos and comments are always appreciated. (I read all of them even if I don't respond.)

Tumblr

Lots of love
-Nessie

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