

It's Okay; I Can See in the Dark

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It's Okay; I Can See in the Dark

by [lexaproeddie](#)

Summary

Looking back at it now, how he longed for his own bed, he thought maybe his mother wasn't lazy at all, but maybe her own mind and heart were just simply too heavy for her to lift. He hoped that practice would help his mood lift, and his medication would kick in. He'd be back to being himself. The rink was cold when Shane and he entered, hand in hand, and the loud chatter of his team immediately made a headache bloom behind his eyes.

Ilya is having a bad depression day, but at the end of it all Shane is right there to help him.

Notes

LISTEN

I don't really like this one, so don't worry I got another- at least two -sad Ilya fics in the works.

ENJOY!!!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The ceiling swirled as the sun began to peek through the curtains, shadows dancing across the room, and taunting him with images of everywhere he comes up short in life. Next to him his boyfriend stirred, curling closer to him with the arm that wasn't tucked under him curling around his middle, and his nose nuzzling into the thatch of hair covering his armpit. He smiled, felt his heart kick in his chest, and then *nothing*. Ilya loved Shane. It was the scariest thing he had ever allowed himself to do, but it was also the most freeing thing he had allowed himself to do. Usually, on good days, the fondness and love he held for the man almost bursted him wide open and spilled everywhere. Every part of his very essence bled his love for Shane Hollander.

But on bad days, he needed Shane like he needed air. He was the only thing that kept him breathing. On bad days, it felt like someone was holding his head under water, and everything around him was moot. The only thing he could feel was the ice seeping into his bones, and the weight that settled on his chest begging to be acknowledged. Shane helped. Gave him reason to keep living. Gave him purpose. He *knew* he was supposed to tell Shane when he was bad, when he ached, and his thoughts grew dark and dangerous. His therapist had told him to, Shane told him to, and his friends told him to. Yet he couldn't bear to drag Shane into it.

Shane Hollander was a light. Warm and glowing and all consuming. He was energy itself, and Ilya didn't want to dim it. Sometimes if he stared at Shane for too long he felt like he was lost in it, like he was within a formless glow, and sometimes he wondered if that was what it felt like to die. Warm and at peace.

Shane groaned beside him. His arm tightening around Ilya like he was afraid Ilya was going to float away, his face nuzzled his armpit as he breathed deeply, and then he kissed the thick hair there. He continued that, his own little morning ritual, bathing Ilya in light and love, and sponging wet kisses up his chest until he was straining his neck to peck his lips. "Good morning," he rasped. He cleared his throat a little, and then smiled softly.

"Throat sore?" Ilya smirked.

"Fuck right off," Shane huffed, but his cheeks were red and pretty. Then he sighed and curled back so his face was tucked against Ilya's throat. "I don't wanna get up."

That sounded like a good plan. Ilya felt tired. Not just tired- exhausted. An ache was settling deep in his bones, and there was a nag at the back of his throat desperate to let a sob slip out. He wanted to close the curtains, flood the room in darkness, and curl up under the covers until he was less numb. Shane never stayed in bed, he always complained about leaving bed, but in the next few minutes he was yawning and stretching and moving through his morning routine. “We have practice at 10,” Ilya murmured.

Ilya watched as Shane moved away from him, and frowned when the warmth and light went with him. Shane sat up, rubbed his eyes, and stretched his arms up to the ceiling and then to the sides, and Ilya could only stare in awe. He was naked with the blankets and sheets pooled around his waist, and his bare back was littered with bruises and bite marks from the events of the previous night. Shane sighed and ran a hand through his hair. “I should go on a quick run,” He hummed. He looked over his shoulder at Ilya, bedhead falling into his eyes, and the smile on his mouth hidden by his shoulder. “Wanna go with?”

Really? Ilya would probably follow Shane straight into hell if he asked.

He tried to bury it. He tried to harbour it deep within his own chest, and he tried to build up a mask of smiles and smart ass chirps. He refused to let his depression win. He went for a run with Shane, relished in the burn of his lungs, and the way the cold, winter air stung his cheeks. They got home, he made Shane a disgusting green smoothie, but slipped in a few cacao nibs just for some extra sweetness because Shane deserved it. He made him some toast with peanut butter and honey. Shane came back from his shower and hugged him, kissed him, and murmured his thanks into his mouth. Ilya tried to let that contentness, that full feeling, settle in his chest, but it never came. He fed Anya, scratched her behind her ears, and let her lick his face. He showered. He washed. He pushed past the urge to just stand under the warm spray and watch the water swirl the drain.

Still, he was hollow and empty. He took his medication while Shane pretended not to watch him, and then they got ready for practice. A coldness seeped into his bones, like he had been walking in a blizzard for hours, and now the snow and ice had seeped deep into his bones. Overall, he felt exhausted. He thought about the time that he was ten, how he had his duffle bag slung over his shoulder, how he bit his lip as he listened to his father’s curt and harsh voice chastising his mother for being so lazy. How his lips curled around snarls and insults, and his mother’s own soft voice lacking any emotions moaned about how tired she was. Ilya had been mad then. His eyes welled with tears then. His father had taken his chin in his hand

and shook his head firmly, told him to wipe his tears, to be a man, and to be sure to win his game. He knew that his father wasn't going to his game, he'd drop him off at the entrance, and his brother was too busy to watch his game. He had hoped his mother would have felt well enough, back then Ilya was impressionable, he had latched on to his father's muttered words about his mother's laziness, and he agreed.

Looking back at it now, how he longed for his own bed, he thought maybe his mother wasn't lazy at all, but maybe her own mind and heart were just simply too heavy for her to lift. He hoped that practice would help his mood lift, and his medication would kick in. He'd be back to being himself. The rink was cold when Shane and he entered, hand in hand, and the loud chatter of his team immediately made a headache bloom behind his eyes.

"Rozy!" Young, one of their rookies, shouted. He was shirtless, hockey pants on, and he was weaving through the others to get closer. Ilya put his mask on, it was well worn, tattered, but he lifted his lips into a smile and broke away from Shane to clap Young on the back. "I've been practicing that move you showed me! I think I got it."

Ilya laughed, but to observant eyes his laugh didn't reach his eyes. "We will see," He said as he hooked his arm around the young player and brought his head down in a headlock. They wrestled a little before they separated, and Ilya fell on the bench and sighed just a tad too deeply. Shane tapped his knuckles against Ilya's cheek, and Ilya lifted his head to look at him. He hated the way it felt almost like a herculean task.

"Are you okay?" He asked. "How's your head?" Shane's hand came to push Ilya's curls back, and his short nails dully scratched at his scalp. Against his will, Ilya's eyes fluttered closed and he hummed.

"I don't know," Ilya smirked. "How *is* my head?"

"Asshole," Shane quipped as his hand fell from Ilya's curls and lightly slapped his cheek. "You know what I meant."

"Maybe not," Ilya shrugged innocently and tugged his own shirt off, tossing the fabric into his stall. "My English is not so good."

“Fuck off,” Shane laughed. Ilya smiled, genuinely, at that. “You just seemed a little down this morning,” Shane said quietly, he wasn’t looking at Ilya, he never did as it was time to be serious, and reached out and laid his hand flat against his abs and gently dragged his nails down his skin.

“No,” Ilya lied. “Just tired,” Then he smirked. “You wore me out, Hollander.”

“Shut up,” Shane hissed.

Ilya was just thankful that it seemed like Shane was satisfied with Ilya’s answers. At least for now. Ilya pretended it was the truth, that the tiredness he felt was from staying up too late and plowing his husband into the mattress.

Practice was fine. He got through it. By the time he was skating off the ice he felt like his skates were made of lead steel, and like his limbs weighed a thousand tons. They had a game against Montreal later in the evening, so they were allowed to go home to rest for a while before they had to be back at the rink.

During practice Ilya had chirped at his team, laughed loudly, smiled so hard it felt like maybe his face was gonna get frozen that way. His entire body felt like it was ready to give out on him. By the time they got home he was silent, and he b-lined for the couch where he plopped down and buried his face against the cushions. The more he pretended to be happy the more numb he felt.

The couch dipped next to him, a hand slipped up his shirt to scratch his back, and Shane hummed softly as he blanketed Ilya’s body with his own. “Are you *sure* you’re okay?” He asked, his lips grazed Ilya’s neck, and he hummed an affirmation.

“Just need to nap,” Ilya said, and Shane continued to nuzzle against his neck and to scratch his back. “I am fine, моя любовь.”

He knew Shane was worrying about him. He knew that it was his fault his husband was distracted when he should be focusing on ten million different ways to be ready for the game against Montreal. "Ilya," Shane whispered. Ilya shifted to turn around under Shane, and he looked up at him. "You'd tell me right? If you weren't feeling okay?"

"It nothing I cannot handle," Ilya smiled. "Okay?"

Shane chewed on the inside of his cheek, and then he nodded and leaned down to press three quick pecks on his lips. Ilya manhandled Shane so he was laying on top of him more comfortably. "We play your old team," Ilya said as he snuck his hands up under his shirt to gently scratch his back. "You are feeling confident..nervous?"

"I think they'll be easy to beat," Shane said as he melted against Ilya's chest. "They haven't been playing well."

Ilya hummed. "We will beat them." Then he sighed a little heavily. "It okay if you feel-" Ilya paused and let the sentence hang there as he searched for the English words.

"I'm not anxious," Shane sighed. "I mean- they're so different. They were *my* team, but the Centaurs are different...they are like family- *real* family."

Ilya smiled at his husband, his hands gently rubbing Shane's hips. "We have your back," Ilya said firmly. "We will not let them fuck with you."

Shane frowned. "No starting fights over me." He punctuated his point by jabbing his finger tip into Ilya's chest. "No fights."

Ilya rolled his eyes. He was itching for a fight, but he knew that Shane hated it when he got into it with other players. He hated watching Ilya get hurt, and he understood partly- he didn't like Shane getting into fights. Not that he ever did- besides from a few sharp chirps that had Ilya's cock twitching every time. He never liked Shane getting hurt.

Still, he itched for a fight on the ice. He knew it would fill the emptiness in his chest, the adrenaline would melt the ice in his veins, and the sting on his knuckles would chase the numbness away. It was exactly what he needed, but he knew that Shane would be pissed if he knew he went looking for a fight.

Ilya scoffed. "It hockey." His fingers squeezed Shane's sides. "Is- uhm -what is word for unavoidable- fate happen?"

"Inevitable," Shane said softly as his thumbs stroked over Ilya's cheeks.

"Right! Inedible! Fight happen in hockey."

"Inevible," Shane corrected, and watched for a second as Ilya silently mouthed the word. "I know that, but you know?" His hands fell to Ilya's shoulders, and he pressed into the knotted muscle there. "I don't like seeing you fight."

"Is hot though, no? You do not get horny watching me win fight?" Ilya was smirking at his husband, and Shane's cheeks were flushing a pretty pink.

Shane pinched his nipple hard, forced his glossy eyes into a hard glare, and Ilya hissed as he tried to knock Shane's hands away. "Besides the point."

Ilya smiled softly. "Ok," He said, staring at Shane like he hung the moon. "I will not start fight. Cannot help if they start fight, though."

Shane smiled shyly, and he leaned down to kiss Ilya. "Hungry?" Ilya asked, his fingers dancing up and down Shane's side. Shane hummed and nodded as he pecked Ilya's lips once more. "I make us tuna melt?"

Shane smiled. "We haven't had those in forever."

“Да.” Ilya agreed. “Craving one now.”

Shane nodded and giggled as Ilya didn't bother to dislodge him from his lap, but instead held onto him tightly and carried him to the kitchen and plopped him on the counter. For a moment; the hollowness, the numbness that wrapped Ilya's body was gone and replaced by his husband's laughter and love.

Ilya was a shark on the ice. He was a predator on the hunt, begging someone to give him a reason to unleash, but so far it's been fine. Ottawa was winning, but Montreal wasn't far behind. Shane was playing hard, out for every bit of blood that Ilya was, but it was just for a different reason. The first two periods went without any fights, some chirping, some roughing, but nobody threw their gloves.

Ilya was disappointed. The crowd was rowdy around him, deafening in their cheers and horn blowing, and the arena was cold. Enough that Ilya felt it nip at his nose and cheeks, but colder in his bones as he still felt the emptiness ache in chest. It wasn't until Beaulier got into Young's face. He shoved him hard, and Young was quick to recover and shoved Beaulier back. Shane scored a goal, but when he turned around he noticed that budding fight. His eyes cut to Ilya, and Ilya would be *damned* if he let a seasoned player touch his rookie.

Suddenly, it was like blood was in the water, and Ilya was an instinct driven shark. He skated over and got between them with Ref's also pushing the two apart. “What now, Beaulier?” Ilya laughed. “Gotta pick on the kids because you're too old to play with adults?”

“Teach your rookies to play fucking hockey then, Rozanov!”

Ilya clenched his jaw tight. “Don't touch *my* rooks.” Ilya's voice was serious, the teasing lilt gone, and his eyes sharp as he stared at the other player. “Or next time I make sure you leave ice on stretcher, да?”

“Relax,” Hayden hissed from where he was a few feet from the scene.

Ilya glared at him. “You are left out, Pike?” Ilya grinned. “You want some too?” He made a kissy face toward him, and Hayden glared at him and waved him off.

The game continued with Ilya taunting Beaulier any chance he got. It was 4-3 with Ottawa winning, and it was third period with ten minutes left. Beaulier had the puck, and he was going to pass to Pike, but Ilya was there and intercepted with a loud laugh. “Thank you,” He shouted, and Shane was there tapping his stick so Ilya fired it off toward him. “If you wanna play for Ottawa let me know!” Ilya said as he bumped shoulders with Beaulier.

“Go fuck yourself, Rozanov!”

“Why? I have your ex captain for that,” Ilya shrugged. “Oo..” He winced. “I maybe hit nerve?”

Ilya loved this part. He loved the thrill of it. It made him feel younger, playing for Boston, captaining Boston, and chirping and laughing feeling invincible. It reminded him of an even younger version of himself, running the streets of Russia, and running his mouth until someone dared to throw a punch toward him. Beaulier didn’t take the bait, he skated away and Ilya frowned and swore in Russian.

It finally came to a head when Beaulier tripped Young and he fell and immediately his face contorted into pain. Shane was there with Bood waving the medics over as the game paused. Ilya went after Beaulier. “I told you!” Ilya yelled. His resolve snapped, his numbness broke, and all his feelings morphed into a giant ball of anger.

His gloves hit the ice, and the pain flashed over his knuckles and rippled up his arm and down his spine. Beaulier hit him just as hard. He got Ilya in his ribs, and he winced as he hit him again in his face. Refs were separating them, and Ilya spat at Beaulier. He was saying words in Russian, blood dribbling down his chin, and from his nose. A ref had a hand on his chest pulling him back, and then Shane was there curling a tight grip around his bicep and hauling him toward the benches. “What the actual fuck is wrong with you?” He hissed.

Ilya was just happy that he didn’t feel empty or numb anymore.

He winced as he ran warm water over his knuckles, and then he schooled his face with a deep breath as he gently washed away the dried blood and whatever else that clung to him. He was in the locker room using the sink before he showered. The water was pink as it swirled down the drain, and his jaw clenched and he felt everything crash down on top of him. A weight settled on his chest.

They had won. They had defeated Montreal making sure they looked pitiful. Beaulier was fine, Ilya had only knocked out two teeth, and broke his nose. Young had a dislocated knee, but would be fine in a few weeks. Ilya was still simmering with anger, but masked it well enough to celebrate with his team. He lingered around the rink as his team trickled out, he endured the lecture from Wiebe that was always laced with genuine concern too. Shane hadn't even looked at him.

He was angry. Ilya didn't blame him.

"Let me see," Shane whispered, a gentle hand on Ilya's back, and Ilya looked at him to see Shane's eyes glossy and disappointed. That hurt more than in his split knuckles, or his own broken nose. Shane gently took his right hand, it took most of the damage, and then led to Ilya the bench and sat him down. Shane was dressed in one of Ilya's old hoodies, one of his old Boston hoodies that Shane had snatched early in their relationship, and he was wearing a pair of Ilya's sweatpants. The waistband rolled once or else the pant legs were just a smidge too long. Ilya's lips switched.

"You are wearing my underwear too?" He asked, his eyes flicking up to catch Shane's blush, but he was only frowning as he opened a medkit.

"Why didn't you go see the team doctor?" Shane asked. Ilya lifted his shoulders in a shrug, and winced. His ribs were bruised too, but his entire body was sore from being slammed into the boards. Ilya's mouth pissed off more than Beaulier.

"It only broken nose," Ilya sighed. "I fix myself in the mirror, and a few cuts and bruises. I'm fine."

Shane frowned at him, he grabbed his jaw and looked at his nose. "You could be concussed." Shane looked down and began to properly clean Ilya's cut knuckles. "What is going on with you? You've been off all day."

Ilya frowned. He didn't want to admit to his husband that he was sad, that depression still clung to him, and that he didn't know why. He had everything he ever wanted. "Is it a bad day?" Shane asked softly. Ilya's lip wobbled and he tried to shield his face from Shane. "Hey..hey.." Ilya fell so that his face was pressed against Shane's stomach, his arms wrapped around him, and he really tried to bite back the sobs. "Baby.."

"I don't know why I feel like," Ilya huffed between sobs. "Everything is good. Everything I ever want. Good husband, good family, good team..." Ilya rubbed his face against Shane's stomach. "I take meds the doctor gives, and still-" He shuttered.

Shane curled his body over Ilya's. He rubbed his back, shushed him softly, and pressed his cheek against the top of his head. "You're depressed, Ilya." Shane whispered softly. "You've gotta tell me when you feel like this. I can't help you if you don't tell me." Shane moved so he could kneel between Ilya's legs and stared at him with wide, teary eyes, and Ilya sucked in a harsh breath. "Baby, why didn't you tell me?"

Ilya looked away, his face flushed with tears, and his bottom lip bitten and bruising as it wobbled. "I-" He shook his head. "You are bright light, so fucking bright, Shane. It- it blinds me, and I don't want to drag you into this," He waved a hand around his head, and Shane caught it and brought it to his mouth so he could kiss each finger tip. "I am...I am темная грозная туча....I do not want to..suck you in it."

Shane shook his head, he had been learning Russian slowly, and he knew enough to translate what Ilya felt like. Like he was some giant storm cloud, all consuming, and dark in a way that would swallow Shane whole. "Ilya," Shane whispered and he cupped his face by his cheeks to force him to look at him. "I'm pretty sure in my vows it said through sickness and health- better for worse..." Shane smiled softly. "Your depression isn't too dark for me, Sweetheart. It never will be, and even if it is then it's okay..you know why?" Shane asked with a small lilt to his voice. A smile threatening to break across his face. Ilya shook his head. "Because I can see in the dark. I will *always* see you."

It was like a dam broke then, and Ilya gasped an audible sob. “Душа болит.” He said in a burst of emotion. Shane held onto him, it wasn’t the first time he had heard that phrase, and he doubted it would be the last. It was more than ‘I am sad.’ but something deeper. Something that ached on such a deeper level. ‘My soul aches.’.

“I’ve got you,” Shane whispered. “I have you, my love.”

They sat in the locker room with Shane holding Ilya as he let it all out, and Ilya melting against him as he let the weight of it all drag him down with the safe knowing Shane would keep him afloat.

Ilya should have told Shane the minute he woke up. He knew that now. As soon as they got home he had corralled Ilya into a shower, where he was strict with no funny business, and he gingerly washed Ilya’s hair and body. He took his time lavishing him in attention and love and care. He only smirked when Ilya’s cock twitched, but he refused to give it attention. It wasn’t about that.

After their shower; Shane dressed Ilya in a pair of briefs and black sweatpants but left him shirtless knowing Ilya often felt shirts to be too restricting at home- especially after a shower. Then he dressed himself in one of Ilya’s old Boston hoodies, a pair of fuzzy socks, and a pair of Ilya’s sweats that were too long on him. Then he dragged Ilya to the couch where he pushed Ilya to sit on the floor, and he went to grab Ilya’s curl products.

Originally, Ilya had never taken care of his hair. It was naturally curly, grew curly, and dried curly. He never thought to take care of it. It was just hair. It was when Sveta had visited them at the cottage one summer, and Shane had seen her numerous hair care products. He lasted two days before caving and asking her about it. Ilya knew from that moment that introducing those two was the worst decision of his life, and within an hour they had Ilya pinned on the floor inspecting his curl pattern.

In the next hour Shane had an online cart full of products for a proper curl routine. Sveta was positively too giddy about it all, she and Shane huddled together giggling, and whispering when they glanced up at him from where he had escaped outside to play with Anya. Later, he

overheard Sveta sighing as he claimed she had been wanting to get products in Ilya's hair since they were kids, and Shane admitting that he just liked to play with the curls.

So, now it was sort of a routine. Ilya barely kept up with it on his own, but he endured it when Shane wanted to do it. Sometimes, when Ilya had even noticed his own restless energy Shane would call him to sit on the floor so he could get his hands into his curls. Ilya could hardly complain. He wasn't quite sure what each product did, but Shane always started with using a special towel to dry his hair.

It was nice. Shane's hands massaging his scalp, detangling his curls, and rubbing the back of his neck. Ilya sank into it. The t.v. played a mindless reality show. A show about the staff of yachts, and of course the Drama. Ilya loved the drama of it. He ate it up. Shane pretended not to really pay attention, but occasionally Ilya would catch him with intense focus as he watched.

"He's hot," Shane mumbled. Ilya laughed, it was some deckhand with his shirt off as the staff partied their day off, and Ilya could choose jealousy. He could be dramatic about Shane finding a reality T.V. star attractive. It had taken so long for Shane to make comments like that. It took months of Ilya goading him into it. Finally, he'd made a small comment about an actor in a movie they'd watched. Ilya approached it like approaching a scared cat and just agreed.

"Horrible taste," Ilya tutted. "Do you just like blondes with blue eyes?"

"An accent helps," Shane giggled. Ilya scoffed.

After twenty minutes of playing with Ilya's hair, Shane got up and washed his hands then tucked the products away, and then he was hauling Ilya onto the couch so they could cuddle. Ilya opened his arm immediately, and Shane melted against him. His fingers danced on the outside of his bruised ribs, and then he was kissing his bandaged knuckles. "Did you play hard today so they'd hit you?" Shane's voice was small, quiet. Almost like he was scared to ask. Ilya chewed on the inside of his lip, he kept his eyes trained on the T.V. and then he sighed.

"Not- I don't- it was not like- I just wanted to feel something."

“Hurting yourself is not-”

“Was not like that,” Ilya huffed. Shane sat up to look at him seriously.

“What do you call busted knuckles, bruised ribs, and goading people to hit you?” Shane asked, voice firm, and it was a little sharp as it cut Ilya deeper.

Ilya heaved a deep breath. “Hockey.”

“No,” Shane whispered. “Not that way. You chirp, sure, and everyone knows that. This game you were angry and looking for a fight. Ilya,” Shane shook his head. “That worries me, Honey.”

Ilya never wanted to worry Shane. He honestly hadn’t even thought about it like that. Not until Shane pointed it out. He had just wanted to feel something else- *anything* else. “I just wanted to feel something else,” Ilya whispered. “I didn’t- I did not think-”

Shane hushed him and leaned in to kiss his cheek. “I love you,” he whispered. “I *know* you just wanted to not hurt, but physically hurting yourself isn’t the way.”

Ilya frowned, felt the nag of tears at the back of his throat again, and then he shook his head harshly frowning. He hated crying in front of Shane, hated admitting he was sad, and that he wasn’t that man he first met all those years ago. Shane’s hand was resting on the back of his neck, twirling the hair at his nape, and he was staring at him with those big, glossy, brown eyes. He felt pinned. “I don’t want to be like my mother,” He whispered. “I’m not weak.”

“No,” Shane immediately agreed, and his hands came to Ilya’s cheeks. It was only when his thumbs swiped over the apples of his cheeks that he realized he was crying. “You are not weak,” He whispered. “Your mother was not weak. Your mother needed help, Ilya. Your father should’ve-” Shane shook his head. “You are not like your mom; because you have me. We share each other’s hardships, burdens, and we carry each other right? We’re a team....we have always been a team.”

Ilya nodded, swallowed harshly, and he sniffled and nuzzled against Shane's palm, placing a kiss there. "я тебя люблю," Shane said firmly. Ilya closed his eyes and let Shane's love wash over him. "You don't have to be alone in this anymore."

Ilya nodded. "I just- it's so hard. I just- I want to feel something- anything, or maybe nothing. I just never want to drag you into it."

Shane tsked. "You literally took care of me when I had that stomach bug last summer." Ilya nodded. "I was literally camped in the bathroom throwing up, and I didn't want you to see me like that."

Ilya scoffed. How could Shane not see that was different? "You could not help being sick."

Shane leveled a look at him. One that Ilya had come to know intimately, one that called Ilya an idiot, affectionately. "And can you help your depression?" Ilya sucked in a breath. "We've been through so much, Ilya. From being forced to be rivals, to forcing ourselves to bury our feelings for each other, hurting one another over and over, and then being outed-" Shane shook his head, but he smiled softly. "I married you. I chose you. I will continue to choose you even if you're so sad that you can't speak to me."

Ilya felt his eyes well up, and he tried to shake it off but Shane was crawling into his lap and wrapping his arms tightly around him. He was pressing kisses into his hair, and he was murmuring soft russian words into his skin. "There are other ways to help you shake the numbness," Shane said. "When my anxiety is too much, what do you do for me?"

That brought a small smile to his face. Taking care of Shane was as easy as breathing, he knew every button to press to get all of his worries to quiet, and he knew how to get Shane into that blissful state of fuzziness. Shane gently moved Ilya's curls back from his forehead, and he kissed him there. "I can do that for you too, Ilya." Ilya bit his lip and his sigh was heavy and broken. "We will figure it out."

There was a certain tone in his voice. A stubbornness and determination in his voice that made Ilya's heart somersault in his chest. He'd never had it before, he never had someone so determined to make it all better. Even if Ilya knew he couldn't be fixed, maybe Shane could

be enough to at least make it easier to bear. Maybe he wasn't so alone. Bringing Shane into the darkness of his mind would be enough light that he could at least be able to see in the dark.

End Notes

I HOPE YOU LIKED IT!!

Thank you all for the love on the last few fics I have posted! I promise to answer the comments, but I've been super busy as I've been bouncing back and forth between my apartment and my grandma's house to take care of her dog. That'll be my foreseeable future.

ANYWAYS THANK YOU FOR READING

come hang out with me on twitter!

Twitter:

[@lexaproeddie](#)

RUSSIAN TRANSLATIONS:

моя любовь - My love

Да - yes

темная грозовая туча - dark storm cloud

Душа болит - my soul aches

я тебя люблю - i love you

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!