

my love will remain

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my love will remain

by [rha9sody](#)

Summary

And when Shane didn't reply, Ilya went still. Slowly, he lifted his face from his boyfriend's chest, staring face to face.

"Shane?" He whispered.

Shane swallowed again. His fingers curling into a fist as he tried his best not to shake.

"Ilya?"

"Yes, moy lyubimy?"

"When will you get tired of me?"

Notes

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

There was a time and a place where Shane once felt safe. It was back in the cavity of his closet, just under the blanket of clothes where he'd push himself back into a corner, knees to his chest and arms wrapped around his legs, just waiting. Patient. Quiet. Protected.

His heart beat would slow down, the adrenaline in his chest would lower, and the sound of his breath would calm him.

It was safe because he was hidden. Because he could not be found.

In the tiny space he could be himself. No longer was his nightmares knocking at the door. The need to be perfect at everything always.

The idea that in order to feel some semblance of control over his life, he needed to be strict with his workouts. His diet. His expressions. The way he...loved.

In this closet, he was just him. Shane. Nothing.

At times Shane would think about the complexities of the word.

How was love even a thing if not to forfeit the right to place restrictions and needs, living in a constant stillness of paralyzing fear.

Or the awful pretence of hummingbirds where they live a life of fast movements just to stay in one place in the very end.

Curiosity would hound him day and night in that very closet. And yet he'd stay, hidden, night after night hoping a fairytale would come and he could be free.

Now, Shane was lying on a bed. Albeit next to his lover, Ilya, yet the idea of being in an open space terrified him.

Shane would lie there, awake, desperately clutching the sheets to his body, hoping and praying that morning would arrive so he could leave this personal hell.

Night is what scared him the most, yet it was a secret he kept close to his heart.

Because to Shane, anymore inconveniences to his boyfriend would result in one thing; the end.

He was scared that Ilya would leave him. Would push him away. Would be disgusted or bored or tired or something—*something* which would constitute the erasure of him.

And so Shane would stay still. Quiet. Unmoving. All in the hopes that it would bide time. So he would be able to stay longer.

"Hmm..." A groan erupted from beside him, and with wide eyes Shane watched his boyfriend toss in bed, rolling to face him, his eyes blinking away the sleep.

“Baby?” Ilya murmured, reaching a hand up to rub at his eyes.

Shane swallowed. Then replied. “Yes?”

“What’re you doing awake?” Ilya asked, his voice soft and full of concern. His eyes flickered to Shane’s nightstand, reading the alarm clock before holding his gaze once more. “It’s three in the morning, *moy lyubimy*.”

“I was just...thinking.”

“Yeah?” Ilya asked, shifting his body and reaching out to grab his boyfriend. Easily, Shane was pulled into his chest, Ilya wrapping his arms around him securely and pressing his face into the crook of his neck.

Shane stayed silent and still as he felt his boyfriend take a deep breath in, as if smelling him would bring him comfort, before going lax.

His back was to Shane’s chest, and it was easier this way. Ilya not being able to see his facial expressions at all.

“What were you thinking about, *dorogoy*?”

“Us.” Shane confessed, voice quiet. He could feel his boyfriend smile against his skin, cuddling into him deeper.

“All good things I hope.”

And when Shane didn’t reply, Ilya went still. Slowly, he lifted his face from his boyfriend’s chest, staring face to face.

“Shane?” He whispered.

Shane swallowed again. His fingers curling into a fist as he tried his best not to shake.

“Ilya?”

“Yes, *moy lyubimy*?”

“When will you get tired of me?”

A frequent question that had been plaguing his mind for days—*weeks* at this point. Overtaking and overthinking every aspect of their relationship in Shane’s mind.

He was unsure of so much in the world. Unsure about his place here, in Ilya’s home. Unsure about being in this relationship.

Unsure about...if he was worthwhile at all.

So much unsureness gathering and wrapping up all around Shane until he was suffocating under it. Until he was gasping for air, shoving his fingers down his throat in order for some

form of reprieve.

Ilya stayed quiet for a beat. Then, “What do you mean?”

Shane closed his eyes tight, his hands fisting. “Don’t make me repeat the question. *Please.*”

“What do you mean that I’ll get tired of you? Where’s this coming from, baby?”

He sounded so soft. So sweet. So concerned and so much of something Shane didn’t deserve. He shifted in Ilya’s arms, trying to pull away but failed when Ilya refused to let him go.

Instead, he gathered him closer. Held him tighter.

“Explain,” Ilya said, pressing his nose against the top of Shane’s head.

Shane felt tears prick his eyes. “Explain what? The steps you need to take in order to get bored of me sooner? Can’t you just do that on your own? Can’t you get tired of me on your own?”

“No.”

“I can’t...” And then his voice broke, unable to go on. He took a shaky breath in, trying to continue as his eyes squeezed shut. “I can’t give you what you want. And what I have given you isn’t enough. You’ll get bored of me soon. Quick. It’ll happen. It always does—“

“Wait—“

“—and when you do, you’ll move on. And I’ll stay here. I’ll always be right here. Watching. And wishing. And praying that one day you’ll find me interesting again—“

“*Stop.*”

It wasn’t the firmness of his voice, nor the squeeze his arms gave Shane as they curled tightly around his body.

No. What made him stop talking was the pain he heard in his tone. The tortured, gasping pain he heard as that one word was pushed out in hopes of stopping the spiel that was leaving his lovers mouth in rapid speed.

Ilya pressed his face into the side of Shane’s throat again, his nose brushing the base of his neck as he hid there. Like he was trying to burrow deep.

As much as it hurt Shane, he had to finish what he started.

So instead of staying silent, he reached his hands up, placing them over Ilya’s arms that were wrapped tightly around his body, and held his limbs in security.

“You have so much to offer.” Shane said tiredly. “You have the world.”

That had Ilya moving. He uncurled himself from Shane, pulling away and before Shane could conjure this action up into another convoluted attack, Ilya had roughly twisted him around so they were face to face.

He cupped his face, stroked back his hair, stared deeply into his eyes and said—

“You’re my entire universe. There’s not a single thing I wouldn’t do to keep it that way.”

“Be realistic.”

“I am. *This is.*”

Shane shut his eyes but Ilya shook him slightly to keep him from closing in on himself. From curling away and hiding again.

And when he opened his eyes, Ilya could truly see everything that had been stirring in his mind.

The exhaustion and fear and downright terror of the weeks after the Cameo incident. After the blaming game during their phone calls and the lies that were uttered in those walls.

At the harshness that was spoken and stayed, burrowing itself deep inside Shane’s body making a home there.

“My baby’s been hurting, haven’t you?” Ilya asked softly, stroking his thumb back and forth along Shane’s jaw. “My love needs to hear some reassurance, doesn’t he?”

Shane shook his head with force. “This is more than that—“

Ilya cut him off with a firm shake of his head which had Shane quieting down. He watched as his boyfriend shifted their bodies again, getting comfortable above Shane making sure to keep his weight off of him.

Moving his hand from his jaw to the top of his head, Ilya began to cradle the back of his boyfriend’s neck, leaning closer until they were millimetres apart.

And then he pressed a soft kiss to his forehead. Then in between his brows. The tip of his nose. His cheeks and chin and wherever else Ilya could kiss he did.

And in between those kisses he murmured the sweetest words.

My baby is so special to me. So sweet. You’re my sweetheart aren’t you? My pretty baby. My good boy. You’re mine. All mine.

And all Shane could do was lay there, being smothered with kisses and words until tears pricked his eyes and a heavy weight on his chest made it difficult to breathe. To think.

When it all came to an end, as most things do in Shane’s life, he watched with foggy eyes as Ilya stared his straight in the face, both hands now cradling his jaw as he pressed the last and final kiss to his lips.

“You’re the love of my life.” Ilya whispered, eyes soft and sad. “What can I do so you stay?”

Shane held back tears as he reached his own hand up, clutching at the fabric of Ilya’s long sleeve in a hold that was childlike.

He looked so innocent. So sad. His eyes wide with tears.

“What can I do to stay interesting?”

That broke Ilya’s heart. The earnest way he sought the answer.

Ilya shook his head, closing his eyes momentarily before opening them again. “There’s nothing for you to do. Just stay like this, with me, forever.”

“Will you promise to like me forever?”

Ilya let out a watery laugh. “Every question you ask me is one I thought I answered. But it seems like theres some things I need to make up to you on.”

Shane pressed his lips closed at that. He wasn’t sure when it had happened. When exactly he had started to think this way.

Perhaps it was the day in the hotel when Ilya uttered those harsh words at him. Perhaps it had been during the few minutes when he was trapped with his thoughts after Vegas, when he believed Ilya wouldn’t come to find him.

Or perhaps it had been always. This guttural feeling that stayed with Shane growing up, through everything friendship and relationship he ever had.

Perhaps.

Hours later they lay close together on the bed, Shane on top of Ilya, his face resting on his boyfriends chest hearing Ilya breathe in and out as his steady heartbeats lulled him back to that place of comfort.

“Shane?”

“Yes?” He replies, blinking his eyes open just slightly. His hand fisted the fabric on Ilya’s shirt, letting him know he was listening.

“What were you before me?”

Shane paused momentarily. Then, “Drifting.”

“And now?” Ilya asked softly. “What are you now?” His hand rubbed up and down Shane’s back in soothing strokes.

Shane closed his

eyes, a small smile lifting the corners of his lips for the first time that night.

“Tranquil.”

End Notes

NOTE: this fic is set during the long game. ive been seeing a lot of people post (after theyve finished TLG) discussing how unlikable shane is and how ilya has given up everything for shane to be treated as such.

are we forgetting key facts here? ilya and shane both suck at communication. how can one person read the others mind if nothing is being said? you cannot expect shane (someone who is on the spectrum mind you) to understand how ilya feels if ilya doesn't say anything. communication goes both ways so please be mindful.

secondly, i really wanted to write shane's feelings because it seemed like in TLG ilya was being explored in depth (his feelings, emotions, past, etc) while shane was given the bare minimum. i really hope they're able to fix that in the show and go more in depth on shane's need to have control in his life, his disordered eating, and his struggles with self expression. it's unfair that ilya is explored to such lengths but shane isn't.

anyway, rant over. i hope you enjoyed this little fic!

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