i don’t wanna live all alone

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i don’t wanna live all alone

by FARFROMPARKER

Summary

Shane Hollander loses a game. He can’t lose a game. He can’t speak. He can’t think. Ilya takes care of him.

Notes

hiiii obsessed w this show and love autistic rep so i had to add on

title from Hope town by SYV (go stream!!!)

He'd lost a fucking game. He'd lost a fucking game. Ilya must be so happy right now, drinking straight vodka and jerking off. Shane ruminated on that thought, image, for a bit before moving on.

But what Shane was really upset about was the fact that he'd had no idea where Ilya was staying. No room number. Nothing. And he wasn't going to beg for that information, that'd be crazy and he is not **crazy**.

Lily: *515*.

His phone buzzes in his pocket and he damn near drops it on his face. He had half hoped it'd be Ilya…or '*Lily*' and he hated himself for wanting the boys attention at all.

Jane: *Hello to you too.*

He smirked writing that, finding it clever. It was something Ilya would say, *reeked* of Ilya level sarcasm actually.

Lily: *You not beat me at own game*

The broken english was the best part of texting Ilya, honestly the Russian probably understood english a bit better than he did. He loved reading Ilya's messages in his accent. Texting was so much sexier this way. His phone buzzes again.

Lily: *Come*.

Shane smiled, the double entendre was peppered in tastefully. Halfway demanding—halfway not. The anxiety still loomed within Shane's chest. Tight and thick like smog, you can feel it every-time you breathe in. Burning. He was used to this, the anxiety, self loathing, depression etc. It all made sense, a life he was destined to have and a price he was forced to pay. Shane decides to push the nauseous feeling now, ignore it, drink some straight whiskey and call it a

day. He found it easier to drown the feeling more than anything. Swimming in alcohol was easier and less taxing than swimming in his thoughts.

The walk to Ilya’s is exhausting. Not physically but mentally. It’s filled with anxiety and although he’s excited to see Ilya, there’s something looming in the back. His parents. The world. The way his mom frowned at him and tried to look neutral, she was horrible at concealing emotions. Similarly to him. She rubbed his back and gave him a weak smile, a winning streak ended by a stupid ‘off’ day. He wasn’t supposed to have off days. People like him couldn’t have off days.

He’s on Ilya’s floor, he walks past doors till he’s dizzy. All the same, beige and black, pretentious design, whatever. Finally, he zones in on 515. The magic number, his chest speeds up. He puts his palm against it, it does enough but doesn’t make a huge difference. He knocks. It feels intense, blood rushing in his ears. Nervous-excitement for something he'd done so many times.

Ilya opens the door immediately and ushers him inside, a very 'Ilya' look on his face. He stares at Shane for a moment before speaking, Shane is against the door and Ilya is breathing close enough for him to feel it on his skin.

“You look not good.” Ilya says, face littered with concern, a hint of desire.

Shane smiles, he wants to not think about this. He puts a palm against Ilya's cheek and kisses him, hard, passionately. Wet, hot, everything. He feels as though he can’t breathe but he just keeps going. Ilya has his jaw cupped, pulling him closer, almost scratching him. Ilya moans into Shane's mouth, Shane swallows it and reciprocates but something still doesn’t feel right. He should feel good. He loves Ilya in ways he doesn’t fully understand, in ways he beats himself up for and here he is unable to focus. Unable to do anything. He's even hard, like his body and brain are on different wave lengths. He stops kissing a few moments later, not even realize. He's zoned out, completely gone and Ilya pulls away confused.

“You good, Hollander?” Ilya asks, but Shane doesn’t answer. He continues to stare. Ilya follows his eyesight and it leads to a blank wall. Something's wrong, something's very wrong.

What Shane had failed to mention previously, or told anyone matter of fact is that he has **Catatonic depression**, Ilya was aware of the autism but just not how much it actually affected him. He feels immobile, unable to speak or think clearly. He wants to control his face, he wants to do anything but he finds he is frozen, stuck in a loop, choking on a thought.

You’re a failure. You’re a failure. You’re a failure. You’re a failure. You’re a failure. You’re a failure. You’re a failure. You’re a failure. You’re a failure. You’re a failure. You’re a failure. You’re a failure. You’re a failure. You’re a failure.

He feels trapped, his head feels heavy as though he's underwater. Ilya is panicking now, trying to get him to respond.

“Fuck, Hollander!” And it's his eyes, Ilya looks…scared. Scared? *Scared.*

Shane bites down hard on his tongue until it bleeds, blood pooling in his mouth. He focuses on the metallic taste, a million pennies on his tongue now, snapping him in and out.

“Hollander, listen to me, listen to me. Come, Sit. Please. I am…” He trails off. He takes Shane's arm and gently moves him toward the bed. Shane sits, stiffly but it's a start.

Ilya is frantically walking around the room, googling, anything he can do. He finds out that Shane may have Catatonia— some form of it in the least. He learns it's common with people on the Autism Spectrum. He learns that he should try to stay calm, although his head is ready to explode.

“I will get you water, Shane.” Ilya is soft and nothing like his usual cocky self. Shane's heart softens at the sound of his name rolling off of Ilya's tongue. He still doesn’t nod, or move his face but he's understanding again.

Ilya takes a pitcher out of the mini fridge and pours some into a clear plastic cup that crinkles because of how firmly Ilya is gripping it. He holds it steady because he's filled it slightly too much and brings it over to Shane carefully, fragile. He kneels before Shane instead of standing, one of the few times this role is reversed. He holds the cup to Shane's lips, gently, tipping slightly so some water will enter his mouth.

“Slow, Hollander, small sips.” He's trying to keep Shane's actions slow. Shane blinks. Once, then twice in succession. The world is still thick and heavy as the worst syrup you’ve ever had. The sound of the boys voice, all low, careful and stripped cuts through the fog. He parts his lips. The water rushes into his mouth, feeling like some form of salvation. He swallows. It trickles down his throat easily, so cold he can feel it in his nose. He exhales. The air is cool going down too.

Ilya sighs, relieved. “Good.”

Shane nods, slightly, it's more of an awkward head tilt. Shane is ashamed of himself, somehow, Ilya notices this. Of course he does, Ilya understands more, sees more than he lets on.

The thoughts spiral, It’s pure pressure in his temples and between his eyes. A conclusion he’s already failed to disprove.

He tries to blink. Nothing happens. The command leaves his brain and dies halfway down. His eyes stay open but burning. The wall across from him isn’t blank. It’s painfully perfect. The painting is detailed, rich and put together. He wishes he could live inside of that painting.

His body feels heavy, like he’s been filled with wet sand. He knows he’s breathing his chest rises, falls but it doesn’t feel like him doing it. He isn’t in control. Not really.

Failure, It’s a fact. Structural. The worst part isn’t being stuck. It’s knowing Ilya can see it. Watching him fail at being a person in real time. Shane wants to flinch, to apologize, to do literally anything that would prove he’s still in there but the want just sits, ricocheting around his skull. Rattling painfully.

Every sound reaches him too late. Ilya's voice bends at the edges and panic spikes somewhere far away. He's trapped behind his own eyes, or thos is what it feels closest to.

When he bit his tongue, it's a grab for sensation. The pain bloomed sharp and sudden. It just proves he still has a mouth, a body at all. The taste anchors him, barely. Sitting feels like wading through glue, but he makes it.

"I am not mad." Ilya says quickly, firmly. "This is not your fault." The only truth that matters right now.

Shane wants to say yes, wants to say thank you, wants to say sorry, wants to say I Love You. But he doesn't want to scare Ilya. Losing this game tonigjt, cracked something in him that was already slipping out of reach, about to fall and splatter into a million pieces. Salt in the wound. His fingers twitch against the bedspread, a grounding technique, he thinks of the texture and feels at home in his body again.

Ilya frowns slightly, moves slowly as to not startle Shane at all. He'd done five seconds of research but he'd remembered the emphasis on staying calm. It could last minutes, hours, days etc. He was scared but he couldn't show it.

He sits beside Shane now, resting a hand on his knee. He notices Shane still under his touch but it doesn't seem stiff or uncomfortable, it seems as though he relaxes into it more-so.

"Breathe with me." A low growl is at the back of his neck. Their breathing syncs, in and out.

He inhales, exaggerated, held it, exhales and repeats. Shane copies it perfectly, the anxiety doesn't vanish but it loosens slightly. Shane hangs his head after, obviously upset. Ilya understands, finally.

"You are not bad. You lose game, so what? I lose games all the time, I just act like asshole about it as you would say."

This makes Shane laugh, a genuine giggle. It's interesting how Ilya knows exactly where his insecurity stemmed, he wanted to ask, doesnt have the strength.

Minutes pass, or seconds. They stare at each other and time feels convoluted and weird. His jaw unlocks first, then shoulders. The pain of how badly he bit his tongue washing over him, copper strong.

"I bit my tongue." He croaks finally, his voice is rough and slightly squeaky at the same time.

Ilya smiles, "so you do speak."

"Yes, yeah." Shane's voice sounds wrong in his throat, like it isn't really him or his words.

Relief rushes over Ilya, he runs a hand down his face. "You scared the shit out of me, Hollander." He runs a hand through his hair.

Shane's face saddens, "sorry."

"NO." Ilya points at him, firmly. "This is *not* sorry…this is…helping?" He tries to find the words, they never seem right so he hopes Shane can feel what he means.

The dark haired boy's chest still aches, still heavy and melancholic but it's manageable slightly. "I should have told you." he admits, "It's uh— it's called catatonia. Happens sometimes…like my brain is cut off from my mouth? Used to happen a lot more when I was little. I…spiral."

Ilya nods, there's no judgement. Absorbs it, "okay, now I know. We deal."

The simplicity almost makes him breakdown, he didn't know this could be so simple. Ilya reaches out, pauses, it's a new side that Shane doesnt get to see often. A caring, soft man. Ilya cups the back of Shane's neck, thumb warm against skin.

They sit there, quiet, adrenaline draining, night settling and a game still lost. The world still moves. His parents still disappointed, probably. But here Ilya is and he feels real.

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