

can you hear me screaming? please don't leave me

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by [sunsetcherry](#)

Summary

Shane sucked in a deep breath as his head started to throb. His hand flew to the back of the head, heart racing wondering if he had an injury he didn't know about. Shane's hand glided over his hair and he felt for any bumps or dried blood but he felt nothing. The head pain was not due to any injury, so that was a relief. But it was still impeding his concentration on him trying to read his boring hockey book as his husband would say, but with it being the end of the season, Shane wanted to relax. He wanted to read his boring hockey book without a pesky headache.

Or Shane tried to get rid of his headache and gives Ilya a heart attack instead.

Notes

title from hold on by chord overstreet

unbeat'd so if there are any problems, don't hesitate to point them out.

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

Shane sucked in a deep breath as his head started to throb. His hand flew to the back of the head, heart racing wondering if he had an injury he didn't know about. Shane's hand glided over his hair and he felt for any bumps or dried blood but he felt nothing. The head pain was not due to any injury, so that was a relief. But it was still impeding his concentration on him trying to read his *boring hockey book* as his husband would say, but with it being the end of the season, Shane wanted to relax. He wanted to read his *boring hockey book* without a pesky headache.

Shane sighed as he placed the book down on the couch. The words had started to blur just before the pain had set in, so he knew he needed to do something if he wanted to keep reading, which he really did. Shane closed his eyes and took a deep breath as he carefully got up off the couch, his head now spinning. Shane slowly walked up the stairs, stopping every so often to try and keep his head from spinning. As Shane reached the top of the stairs the pain came back in a sharp wave that made Shane stumble into the bathroom as his eyes shut tight.

"Oh God.." he mumbled as he opened the medicine cabinet. His hand seemed to shake as he rooted around and finally grasped the Tylenol bottle. With shaking hands and his vision blurring, Shane finally managed to open the bottle. Shane took two pills and popped them into his mouth, chasing it down with water from the sink. Before Shane could put everything away, dizziness set in once again. It was all encompassing this time and before Shane knew it he was on the floor of the bathroom.

Ilya quietly opened the door as he let Anya in from their walk. He looked towards the couch expecting Shane to still be there reading his hockey book. Ilya frowned when he saw the book face down on but no Shane. Ilya unhooked Anya's leash as he walked into the kitchen. Still no Shane.

"Shane?" Ilya called out as he looked around to find a trace of his husband. Ilya felt something in the air shift and his stomach seemed to drop as his eyes looked up to the ceiling. Ilya took a deep breath. Shane was probably taking a nap, he had seemed tired this morning. Ilya quietly walked back into the living room and started up the stairs. It felt like forever until Ilya reached the top of the stairs and he could feel the dread taking over his body. His eyes glanced to the only open door in the hallway. *The bathroom*. Ilya didn't want to take another step, he didn't want to see what was behind the door. He didn't want to go through this again. He couldn't go through this again. Ilya's hand trembled as he pushed the door fully open and his heart broke.

Shane.

Shane, his husband. His wonderful, loving and goofy husband was sprawled out on the cold hard tile of the floor with pills scattered around him. Ilya wanted to scream. He did scream.

"SHANE!" He dropped down to his knees and scrambled over to the body. His hand flew to Shane's neck where he felt a pulse. *Oh thank God. He was still alive.*

"Oh, moya lyubov..." Ilya whispered as he cradled Shane's body, "please come back to me. I cannot live without you." Ilya had just kissed Shane's forehead when he felt him stir.

"Shane... sweetheart?" Ilya whispered.

"Mmm..Ilya?" Shane croaked.

"I'm here moya lyubov. I'm here."

"What happened?" Shane asked as he slowly sat up out of Ilya's embrace.

"How many did you take?" Ilya asked more sharply than he intended.

"W-what?"

"Pills. How many?"

"Only two." Ilya let out a breath. *Only two. Shane didn't overdose.*

"How did I wind up on the floor?"

"I don't know, I just found you." *Just like I found my mother.* It went unsaid but they were both thinking it. Shane inhaled sharply as his hand traced the back of his head. Ilya shot forward to hold Shane, worry crossing his face.

"I just hit my head. I'll be okay." Ilya frowned.

"We should go to the doctor. We don't know if anything is hurt inside."

"Ilya... I'm fine." Shane whined.

"Please, sweetheart for me?" Ilya whispered. He needed to know if Shane was going to be okay. Shane had to be okay.

"Ilya..."

"Something happened that made you wind up on the floor in the first place, what was it?" Ilya asked softly. Shane had settled back into his arms and Ilya was gently carding his fingers through Shane's hair.

"I got a pain in my head. It was a sharp pain. So I went to get Tylenol, which I apparently spilled all over the floor," Shane chuckled, Ilya held him tighter. "I think I got so dizzy I passed out."

"Definitely need a doctor. Need to make sure that boring brain of yours is okay." The silence between them was comfortable. Shane nuzzled into Ilya's neck.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry you had to find me like this."

"It's not your fault Shane. Never your fault." Ilya held Shane's face in his hands and looked at him.

"It's not your fault either."

"Shane..."

"It'll never be your fault Ilya. Never. Okay?" Ilya nodded, the words he wanted to say stuck in his throat.

"Make an appointment with Galina."

"What?"

"Ilya...what you just saw," Shane sighed as he tried to find the right words, "you thought I had killed myself and you would have found me, just like you found your mom. It's going to trigger memories and emotions and Galina can help you process your feelings." Ilya inhaled sharply because he knew Shane was right. Seeing Shane on the floor with the pills dug up the memory of his twelve year old self trembling as he silently walked into his parents bedroom to try and wake his mother up. He remembered how his feet padded across the floor and towards the bed and saw his mother lying there. On top of the covers. She looked a peaceful, more peaceful than he had ever seen.

Ilya only was aware of the tears when he felt Shane gently swipe them away. Ilya quickly wiped the rest of them away and his focus turned solely back to Shane.

"I'll make an appointment with her, but you need to do to the doctors, da?" Shane huffed but Ilya turned his head to meet his eyes.

"Da?" He asked more firmly.

"Okay, I'll go to the doctors," Shane relented.

"Thank you. It will give me peace of mind moya lyubov." Shane sighed as he placed his head back into the crick of Ilya's neck.

"Ya tebya lyublyu," Shans whispered.

"I love you too," Ilya whispered, "I love you so much sweetheart."

End Notes

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