

i'll miss them (but i'm not sorry)

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by [blueghost4](#)

Summary

Ilya Rozanov didn't want to die. He would have to feel alive to want the alternative. What he was doing wasn't living, it was surviving. He was surviving the same day on repeat like an extra cruel version of Groundhog Day.

He knew it was getting bad. He knew the thoughts he tried so hard to bury were only getting louder. And there was nothing he could do to stop it.

or; Ilya's depression was getting worse, but luckily, he's not as alone as he feels.

Notes

Hello! Welcome to my very self-indulgent fic exploring Ilya's depression a little further. This is my first published fic, and please keep in mind English is not my first language.

This fic takes place sometime after Shane and Ilya get married. It's set in the Summer, and in my head Ilya has been taking time off the Summer camp and spending time with Shane at the cottage. Without further ado, enjoy :)

Title is from "listen before i go" by Billie Eilish

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Chapter 1: you better hurry, i'm leaving soon

Ilya Rozanov was a happy man. He was married to the love of his life, played for an amazing team, had a new family that welcomed him with open arms and love. He had no reason for not being able to get out of bed most days.

He thought about this while his husband, Shane, was out on his daily early morning run. Shane was perfect to him. Not because of his stupid performance diet, or because he was a morning person, or because he was the NHL's golden boy. But because he was sweet, caring, boring, safe. He loved the way Shane's face would scrunch up in confusion or irritation, loved the way Shane put his all into every aspect of his life, especially those he loved, and loved the way his hand fit perfectly in his own. Shane was home. When he wasn't around, Ilya felt out of place. Like he didn't quite belong in the world with the others.

He started to feel that way more often, and not just when Shane was gone. It came in waves, and some days were harder than others, but he always had the same underlying feeling: he did not belong here. He was made from a broken mold, a small mistake in the vast greatness of the universe. The same universe that created the perfect Shane Hollander balanced it out with Ilya Rozanov. What a joke.

He considered, not for the first time, what would happen if something bad happened to him. If he drove a little too fast on the highway in his sports car, if the smoking caught up to him, if he just choked on something while eating out. He thought about Shane, the many times he had warned him that he would not be forgiven if he died. But it was getting to the point where Ilya wasn't sure he could forgive Shane for making him stay alive.

Ilya Rozanov didn't *want* to die. He would have to feel alive to want the alternative. What he was doing wasn't living, it was surviving. He was surviving the same day on repeat like an extra cruel version of Groundhog Day.

He knew it was getting bad. He knew the thoughts he tried so hard to bury were only getting louder. And there was nothing he could do to stop it.

He was shaken out of his thoughts, literally, by Shane. His husband stood next to him shaking Ilya out of his daze, and Ilya wondered when Shane even got home from his run. Ilya must have fallen asleep again, or something.

"Hey, are you okay? You were just staring into, well, nothing." Shane said, and Ilya tried to ignore the concern in his voice. Ilya was not someone worth worrying about.

"Yes, I am fine. Just thinking." Ilya took a deep breath, already preparing himself for the unnecessary concern from Shane. He was lucky to have someone who cared about him so much, and he wished he felt like he deserved it.

“You sure? You seemed... distant. Are you having another one of those days?” Shane asked, clearly trying to seem casual and not let his worry show.

“I guess so.” Ilya didn’t feel like lying anymore. He was just too tired. “I think I’m... getting worse.”

“Worse how?” Shane asked, no longer trying to hide his obvious concern.

“I don’t enjoy many things anymore. I don’t want to get out of bed. Nothing seems worth it. Life just...” *doesn’t feel worth living. Just like his mother all those years ago.* He didn’t finish the sentence.

“Okay... Can I call your therapist? Or do you want to? I think it might be helpful right now.”

“No, I have an appointment with her soon. I will be fine for now. I would like to stay in bed a bit longer.”

Shane sighed at that. “Okay, how about I make us some breakfast?”

“And eat your disgusting bird food? What, you think hay for breakfast will cure me?” Ilya teased.

“I’ll have you know there are studies showing that a healthy diet is beneficial for mental health-” Shane was cut off by Ilya dragging him by his sweaty shirt and pulling him into a deep kiss. The kind that reminded Ilya of why he was here, of why his life was perfect. It was slow, delicate, and perfect. Shane pulled away to look at Ilya, and he couldn’t ignore the sadness in his husband’s eyes. He did this. He made Shane sad.

And just like that, he was back in his thoughts. He briefly registered Shane saying something about getting started on breakfast as he left the room, but he wasn’t quite sure what it was that he said. Shane sounded far away, like Ilya was in a tunnel of his own thoughts and Shane was outside, in the light, so far from Ilya.

There really wasn’t anything going on in his head, at the moment. It was mostly blank, with a hint of reality. He felt as though he was watching his life from somebody else’s eyes. The voice in his head wasn’t his, his thoughts weren’t his, his hands seemed foreign. The objects around him were distorted, the light from the windows simultaneously too bright and too dim. He didn’t know when he stood up, but he was in the washroom mindlessly reaching for his toothbrush. He thought about the antidepressants he was supposed to take at this time. He reached into the cabinet behind the mirror and grabbed the bottle, examining it like it was the first time he’s ever seen it. A thought crossed his mind, what if I just took them all? Would it end then? He knew rationally that the dosage in the bottle wouldn’t be enough to kill him. He has checked before. And the thought of surviving a suicide attempt filled him with so much anxiety and guilt he couldn’t risk such a thing. He couldn’t even begin to imagine how the NHL would react to it. Would he be kicked out? No, surely not. Maybe no one would know. Maybe it would all stay confidential. Maybe he should take the pills and risk it all.

“Ilya...” Shane was standing behind him holding a McGriddle.

“Jesus Christ! You scared the shit out of me, Hollander.”

“You’ve been standing there for 15 minutes looking at your pills. You’re the one who’s scaring me.” Shane said gently. Ilya couldn’t stop the tears welling up in his eyes before he put the pill bottle back and reached for Shane. His husband set down the McGriddle on the bedside table next to the bathroom door and reached for Ilya. He wrapped him in his arms and let Ilya sob for longer than he wanted to admit.

“I’m calling your therapist, okay? I can’t lose you. You’re really scaring me and I can’t lose you.” Shane pleaded. Ilya wanted nothing more than for Shane to leave him alone so he could carry out his plan, but he knew this isn’t what he wanted. He knew, deep down, he could get better, and he should. He knew all he needed was to reach out and let others in. Knowing didn’t make it easier, though.

“Is that really nece-”

“I’m not asking for permission, moya lyubov.” Shane said with a finality that even Ilya didn’t have a comeback for.

“Okay.”

“Okay.”

Chapter 2: tell me love is endless

Chapter Summary

He would be lying if he said his depression wasn't causing problems in his life, particularly in hockey and the life he shared with Shane. There had been many instances of small arguments because Ilya didn't want to take his medication, or get out of bed in time for something, or eat. Many times where Ilya would find himself snapping at Shane for minor things that didn't really bother him, or even the opposite, where he didn't have the energy to argue with Shane over things that mattered.

Like now, he thought to himself.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the comments and support on the fic! I really appreciate it and it gave me the motivation to write the second chapter. I figured I would post it today for funsies and procrastination purposes. Enjoy :)

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

Ilya was sitting on the couch while Shane called Galina, Ilya's therapist. He liked her. She was direct, but empathetic. She spoke Russian, which made it a lot easier for Ilya to articulate how he felt without the barriers of the idiotic English language. When he first started seeing her, he was apprehensive because of the stigma in sports surrounding mental health. On top of that, he was scared to face what his mother once faced on her own. But he knew that the circumstances were different. Ilya was surrounded by people that he loved, and that he knew loved him back. If not for himself, Ilya would get help for them.

He would be lying if he said his depression wasn't causing problems in his life, particularly in hockey and the life he shared with Shane. There had been many instances of small arguments because Ilya didn't want to take his medication, or get out of bed in time for something, or eat. Many times where Ilya would find himself snapping at Shane for minor things that didn't really bother him, or even the opposite, where he didn't have the energy to argue with Shane over things that mattered.

Like now, he thought to himself. Should he have argued more with Shane over calling his therapist? Ilya wouldn't have *done* anything. He wasn't going to take those pills. Shane was overreacting. This wasn't a big deal. He wished Shane had let it go. He wished he was in bed. He wished he was—

“Okay, we'll see you tomorrow. Thank you.” Shane ended the call. He was sitting next to Ilya on the couch, holding his phone with one hand and Ilya's hand with the other. Ilya's McGriddle remained untouched.

“So, tomorrow?” Ilya asked. He really did not want to go, but he would. For Shane.

“Tomorrow. How are you feeling?”

“Like a million bucks, obviously.” Ilya responded, sarcastically. He knew he should be nicer about this, that Shane must be losing his mind trying to control this situation so that Ilya doesn't slip out of his grasp. “Sorry, I'm being an asshole. I'm not doing the best. But I will feel better soon.”

“I'm sorry you're struggling so much. I wish there was more I could do. But I'm here, okay? I'm not going anywhere.” *He knows, and that's the problem.* He wished Shane would leave him alone to wallow. He knows that it would only make things worse, but he couldn't bring himself to care about that right now. He just wanted to do anything that didn't take any energy or effort. Getting better takes effort he's just not willing to put in right now.

“Thank you, solnyshko. I am going to go back to bed for now.” Ilya stated. He wasn't asking for permission, he wasn't inviting Shane to come with him. He just wanted to be left alone.

“Is that really the best idea? I-” But Ilya was already standing up and heading for the stairs. He regretted what he was putting Shane through. Yet another reason why he would be better off... not here.

As Ilya walked in the room, he headed straight for the washroom. He figured he might as well take his medication now, so that he didn't have to get back out of bed to take them. He

knew he shouldn't take his medication on an empty stomach, but he couldn't bring himself to eat right now. He just had no appetite. He reached for the medication in the bathroom when he realized it wasn't there. In fact, no medication was there. Not even Tylenol.

He headed back downstairs, trying not to let his irritation get the best of him. He took a deep breath when he saw Shane in the kitchen, cleaning up after the homemade McGriddle mess.

"Shane, where is my medication?" Ilya asked, successfully keeping his voice controlled and not showing his frustration.

"I, um, I hid it. I don't think you should have access to so much of it right now." Shane said cautiously. Maybe Ilya wasn't as good at hiding his feelings as he thought.

"Well, I need to take my dose for today." Ilya stated matter-of-factly, as though it wins him the argument.

"I put one tablet on the counter. You can take that, yeah? Make sure you eat your breakfast." Shane was not backing down. Ilya really didn't feel like fighting, so he just walked towards the counter where his McGriddle had been moved to, next to a napkin where his Prozac was.

He took a couple bites of the McGriddle before swallowing his medication dry and heading back upstairs. Before he made it halfway up, he heard Shane calling after him, but he didn't quite hear what he said. He could have gone back downstairs. He could have made an effort to talk to his husband. He could have done a lot of things. But he chose to keep going upstairs and hate himself a little more.

The next day, they were getting ready to leave when they received a call from Galina's office. They had said Galina had some personal matters come up, so she couldn't make their

appointment today. Shane looked devastated. Ilya hated seeing him like that. Before he could say something, Shane looked at Ilya as his eyes started watering. Ilya didn't know what else to do but stare, dumbfounded, as the most beautiful person he's ever seen looked so broken. He hadn't noticed the bags under his eyes, his puffy cheeks, the way his hair was a mess. The way *Shane* was a mess. How could he have not noticed? It's like suddenly, his eyes were open and he was able to see what Ilya's depression was doing to his husband. He finally snapped back to reality and tried to comfort Shane.

"It's okay, moya lyubov." Ilya said, as he wrapped the other man in a warm hug. Ilya was famous for his comforting hugs. He hoped this was one of those, and that it didn't come off as an *I'm sorry*. Because that's how it felt. "It will be okay. I will be okay."

"I'm sorry, you shouldn't be comforting me right now. I'm okay. Let's focus on you, okay? What do you want to do today?" Shane sounded desperate.

Honestly, Ilya wanted to smoke. He didn't crave cigarettes very often anymore, but after a few sessions with Galina in the past few months he knew that craving them was a warning sign for a depressive episode. It meant he started slipping back into negative old habits; habits that could hurt him. It meant he, once again, had stopped caring about his health. But he couldn't say that to Shane. Not with how he was looking at him like he'd do anything to make his pain stop.

"How about we play Mario Kart? Beating you always cheers me up." Ilya teased. He didn't really feel like playing, but he wasn't doing things for himself anymore. This was for Shane.

"Fuck off. You're such an asshole. And you're a dirty cheat."

"You can't cheat at Mario Kart, lozhka. There are just good players and bad players."

"Spoon? Really? You underestimate my Russian." Ilya laughed at that. He couldn't remember the last time he laughed.

As they set up Mario Kart on their TV, Ilya felt himself starting to slip away again. He wasn't usually able to catch it, but he was hyperaware of his mind today. He reached out for Shane's

hand, held it up and kissed him there. Shane gave him a warm smile back, which then turned into a challenging smile with that fire in his eyes that Ilya loved so much.

“You ready to get your ass beat, Shy Guy?” Shane challenged.

“You wish, Toad.”

Ilya won 1st place, with Shane following close behind after being hit by a blue shell that Ilya launched. Ilya laughed in triumph while Shane looked at him with nothing less than adoration.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! I wanted to add a bit of fluff after the angst of the last chapter, so I hope that was fun. I already have an idea for the third chapter and I'm hoping to have it out sometime in the next couple days, but I need to focus on my final exams for uni right now. Thanks again!

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Chapter 3: don't say i'm all that matters

Chapter Summary

He didn't know where he was going. He knew he shouldn't have left Shane like that, and he knew he shouldn't have turned off his phone. But right now, he needed to be away from him. From the one person who could stop him from doing whatever it was he planned to do.

Chapter Notes

Alright, I know I said I wouldn't publish chapter 3 for a few days, but frankly, I didn't want to study. So here I am.

Thanks again for all the comments! I read all of them and I am super touched you guys have liked this so far. I hope it ends well for you.

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

“Do you remember when, right before we got married, you told me you were depressed?” Shane asked, seemingly out of nowhere. They had just finished another round of Mario Kart, and Ilya wasn't feeling up for another. He just wanted the day to end.

“Yes.” Ilya answered. He didn't know where Shane was going with this, but he wasn't liking it. Did he finally realize how fucked up Ilya was? Did he finally realize that there are people out there who are easier to love than he was? Panic started welling up in his chest, but he pushed it down. *No*, he thought to himself. *Shane wouldn't do that. Shane loved him.*

“You told me you weren't okay. You told me you were depressed, maybe like your mother. And that it might not be... fixed. Do you remember what I said?”

Ilya remembered every word.

“You said that I would never scare you off. That you were not giving up on me, or us. That you would stay here. That you wanted kids with me.” Ilya started to feel a certain tightness in his chest. It wasn’t sadness, or anxiety. It was guilt. “Why are you bringing this up now?”

Shane’s own eyes started to water. “I meant it. All of it. I love you so much, Ilya. I’m so sorry you’re going through this, but please try to remember the future we want together. It doesn’t have to be—No, it *won’t* be like this forever. We are going to win more cups, we are going to get more dogs, have children. We still have so much life to live ahead of us. Please don’t give it up. I said I wouldn’t, so please don’t either.” Shane was really crying now, and Ilya reached across to wipe the tears from his face. He hated seeing Shane like this, and he hated knowing it was him who caused it.

Ilya didn’t know how to respond, so he kissed Shane. He hoped it would convey everything he couldn’t say out loud. He hoped it would show that he, too, wanted that future for them. He wanted it more than anything else. He wanted to have children and see them grow up, teach them how to play hockey, support them like his father never had. Like Shane’s parents always had.

Despite that, he couldn’t shake the voice. The voice that told him that he didn’t deserve all those things. The voice that told him that if he got those things, he would only ruin them. Just like he had ruined Shane. Shane has gone through so much because of Ilya. He trapped him in this relationship for ten years, then he kissed him by a tree in the background of a video and had outed them. He was a mess, and he made his husband clean up after him. He was a sorry, suicidal mess and it was ruining Shane’s life.

“I am sorry.” Ilya said, as he pulled away from their kiss. Shane’s freckles had deepened in his blush and he looked startled at the loss of contact. “I am sorry that I have caused you so much grief. That I have become so hard to love.”

“No. Don’t say that. That isn’t true.” Ilya could tell Shane was starting to panic. “Jesus Christ, I’m saying all the wrong things. Ilya, listen. I care about you. I love you. I don’t want you to disappear. You are not a burden. I want to be here for you, through everything. We can figure it out together, okay? I just need you to not give up. Promise me.”

Ilya couldn't promise that, as much as he wanted to. All he could do was stare at his husband, his beautiful husband who wanted so badly to comfort him, to make him feel less alone.

"I don't want to talk about this anymore." Ilya pulled away and stood up from the couch. He grabbed his car keys, headed towards the door and did not look back.

He didn't know where he was going. He knew he shouldn't have left Shane like that, and he knew he shouldn't have turned off his phone. But right now, he needed to be away from him. From the one person who could stop him from doing whatever it was he planned to do.

As he started to merge onto the highway, he sped up to reach the speed necessary for the area. But he didn't stop speeding up. He sped up until he was reaching dangerous speeds, speeds that could get him arrested or killed. But he felt alive, finally, for the first time in weeks. He felt the same rush of adrenaline after a win, or particularly good sex, or when he took a deep drag of a cigarette. He felt unstoppable.

As he kept speeding up, his mind started to wander. He started to think about all the ways this drive could go wrong (or right, depending on who you asked). He thought about Shane, and how if he knew what he was doing right now he would be really upset. He thought about his mom, more than anyone. He wished she was with him now. He almost wonders if he would be so depressed if his mom was still alive. *Probably*, he thinks. He knew it wasn't as easy as that. But he would never know, and that was a fact.

He recalled what Shane was talking about before. His future, *their* future. Together. He thinks about the children he would never get to raise, the dogs he would never get to have, the Stanley cups he would never get to win. How would the NHL mourn him, one of the best players the league ever had? Would they do something special for his funeral? Where would they bury him? Would they even bury him, or would Shane spread his ashes at their cottage?

Maybe he would get none of that. Maybe he was giving more importance to his life than he should be. Maybe he was disposable.

He realized his mind isn't all there. His thoughts were becoming fuzzy, harder to tell them apart from words and just mumbles in his mind. He stared into the distance at the lack of cars on the highway, and didn't look at the speedometer. He knew he was going fast, he knew he should turn back and apologize to his husband. But he didn't have control over his body anymore. His body acted on its own, like it knew what Ilya's mind wanted more than Ilya himself did. He forced himself to look at his surroundings, to feel the leather of the wheel under his fingers, the weight of the pedal under his feet. He took 5 deep breaths, and shifted one gear down, then another, until he was at a reasonable speed. He saw an ONRoute not many kilometres away from his location, so he forced himself to stay present enough to make it there.

He would not die in a car crash. He would not risk someone else's life. He would not make Shane answer the worst phone call of his life.

He pulled into the parking lot of the ONRoute and turned his phone back on. 14 missed calls from Shane, and countless messages. He clicked on his contact and pressed the call button.

"You better not be fucking dead, Rozanov." Ilya winced at that. He deserved it. He deserved whatever anger and frustration Shane was about to unleash on him.

"I am not, moya lyubov." Ilya said. He heard Shane let out a breath of relief he likely didn't know he was holding.

"Please come home. God, I'm so angry. But just come home. Please. Come home safe."

"I am on my way. I am sorry."

"Just come home now."

Ilya typed in the address for the cottage, and realized just how far he'd driven. 2 hours. Where had the time gone? How did he get here?

He wondered if Shane had finally had enough of him now. If this was the last straw. If this would be the thing that made Shane leave.

He guessed he'd find out soon enough.

Chapter End Notes

That's it for now! It will get resolved in the next chapter, I'm thinking of doing 5. I hope you guys enjoy reading it as much as I'm enjoying writing it :)

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Chapter 4: sorry, there's no way out but down

Chapter Summary

He was sitting in his car mentally preparing for what was about to happen. A small part of him couldn't help but think about how much he loved Shane's angry face. This was a serious situation, and he shouldn't have been thinking about that, but he did really love Shane. Every part of him.

Chapter Notes

And another chapter! Because who needs to study?

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Ilya arrived at the cottage after a safe 2 hour drive. His mind hadn't run away from him this time. He was fully present the entire time, and it was terrible. He couldn't stop thinking about all the terrible ways this conversation could go.

He was sitting in his car mentally preparing for what was about to happen. A small part of him couldn't help but think about how much he loved Shane's angry face. This was a serious situation, and he shouldn't have been thinking about that, but he did really love Shane. Every part of him.

He got out of his sports car and locked it. He cautiously walked towards the front door, ready to face whatever was coming his way. As he started typing the passkey in the door, it burst open with a furious looking Shane on the other side. When Shane saw his husband—who had just left without telling him where he was going (and turned off his phone) after showing signs of suicidal ideation—the fire in his eyes extinguished. Instead, his eyes were filled with exhaustion and sadness.

Ilya hated being the one to cause such a reaction. He could handle an angry Shane. He could handle the fighting, the yelling, the frustration. He deserved it. What he couldn't handle was being the cause of suffering in the person he loved most in the world.

"Come here, you asshole." Shane had said, with a hint of desperation in his voice.

Ilya obliged, letting his husband hold him while he cried. Ilya didn't know how he still had the energy to cry, after all he's been through and felt in the past few days.

"I am sorry. I will not do that again." Ilya apologized.

"Why *did* you do that? Do you have any idea how it felt? I didn't know what you were doing, where you were going. If... if you were going to—"

"But I didn't. Okay? I am here, Hollander. You are not getting rid of me."

"I never want to be rid of you. But I'm still mad."

"I went for a drive. I will not lie, I was driving fast. I think I have a problem with... staying awake? Alert?"

"Present?" Shane asked. Ilya didn't struggle with English as much as he used to, but sometimes some words escaped him.

"Yes, present. I cannot stay present. My mind starts to wander and my thoughts become quiet. My body does not feel like my body. Has that ever happened to you?" Ilya had never admitted this to anyone, not even Galina. He didn't know what it was and it scared him. It used to only happen when he would think about his mom, when he would think about how he found her. But now, it's happening more frequently and he's starting to think it's not just getting distracted.

“Honestly, no. I have the opposite problem. My brain is too loud, all of the time.” Ilya hummed at that. He suspected Shane struggled with anxiety, although he wasn’t sure Shane would ever admit it to anyone. “Come inside.”

Shane moved away from the door and Ilya walked in. They moved towards the couch and sat down, the air thick with tension that had yet to be resolved. He could tell Shane was waiting for Ilya to apologize more, to explain himself more, but Ilya didn’t know what to say. He had no good reason for doing what he did.

“Can you tell me more about... struggling to stay present? What it’s like? I just want to understand.” Shane broke the silence. Ilya didn’t know how to start, where to start, or how to describe it in English. But he owed it to Shane to at least try.

“It is like... being outside of your own body. Your body feels like it belongs to someone else, and you are watching your life from a different... view? Your thoughts become quiet, and nothing is really happening in your mind. Things start to look wrong, and move in slow motion. It can last for minutes, or hours. I can never really tell. Sometimes I can bring myself back from it by feeling the things around me. While I was driving, I focused on the feeling of the wheel under my hand. It helped.” Ilya was feeling really vulnerable now, but he found it easier to be open with his husband than he did with anyone else. He had a reputation for being an asshole, someone who was constantly chirping other players on the ice and off the ice. He was known for being arrogant and unfriendly. But those who knew him, who *really* knew him, knew he was secretly soft. He now finds it amusing when people start to change their minds about him and start seeing the real him, but this wasn’t amusing at all. This was terrifying.

“Thank you for telling me that. Do you think you could agree to not drive for a little while? Until we get it under control?” And there went Shane, worrying about his wellbeing as always. He supposed *someone* should, if not himself.

“Yes, okay. That is probably for the best.” Ilya agreed because he had to, not because he wanted to. He loved driving almost as much as he loved winning, sex, and cigarettes. He didn’t want this to be taken away from him, but he knew he owed it to Shane. He hoped the real sentiment behind this promise was clear: he would not risk his life. He would not do something to hurt himself and end his life. And he was determined to keep that promise.

Ilya woke up the next morning without Shane. As usual, he was likely on his morning run. When Ilya got out of bed to brush his teeth and take his medication, he remembered Shane had taken it from him in efforts to stop him from, well, doing something he might regret. However, when he opened the cabinet behind the mirror he noticed it was back in its usual spot. He guessed Shane figured he could trust him enough with it after the promise he'd made yesterday. And he could. Ilya opened the pill bottle, took just one tablet, and popped it in his mouth. He was making moves in the right direction. Small ones, like not taking the entire bottle of pills, but moves nonetheless.

He heard his phone ringing, so he left the washroom to answer it. It was from Galina's office.

"Hello, is this Ilya Rozanov?" Asked who he assumed to be the receptionist.

"Yes."

"Great! Galina wanted to call because she has some time now if you're available for a phone call?" Ilya had never done phone therapy before, but he figured he could give it a try. Better than having his husband be his therapist.

"Yes, that would be fine."

"Perfect, hold please."

"Hi, Ilya. I heard you've been struggling. Do you want to talk about it?" Galina was on the phone now, speaking in Russian.

“Hi, yes.” And Ilya let it all out. He talked about the past few weeks, how he’d been slowly falling deeper and deeper into his depression and how he’d been experiencing things he never had before. He talked about Shane, and how guilty he felt for causing him so much stress and turmoil. He talked about how he struggled to stay present, and Galina spoke at that.

“Would you say you feel like you are living your life outside of your body? Like you are seeing it from a different perspective, as if someone else is living it for you?” She asked. And it was scary how accurate this description was.

“Yes, exactly. What is wrong with me?” Ilya was afraid of the answer.

“I believe you may be experiencing dissociation. This is less common in those with depression and more so in those with trauma, which makes sense considering your childhood. You’ve never really processed your trauma, Ilya, and that is bound to impact you eventually.” She went on to describe dissociation in more detail; the reasons, the signs, ways to prevent it and get out of it. He didn’t grasp most of it, but she said she’d email him an educational file on dissociation to print out and keep handy to use as a tool when he experiences it again. “I also think it would be worth processing your trauma, properly, over the next few sessions. Think of it like a closet. You had a traumatic experience, and you shoved it all in a closet that is overflowing. Most of the time, the closet stays shut. But sometimes, something can bump the door and it all comes pouring out at the same time and it becomes overwhelming, so you shut the door again and are left waiting for the next time something bumps the door. What I would like to do is open the door, take everything out, and fold it neatly back in the closet, so that a bump to the door won’t overwhelm you the way it is now.”

Ilya thought that made a lot of sense, but it didn’t stop the voice in his gut that was yelling at him to run away as fast as possible. He pushed that voice aside, and let the voice of hope in. The voice that, although it sounded like lies, told him that he could get better. That he could fold the clothes neatly back in the closet, and be okay.

“Yes, I want to get better.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this one :) One more to go!

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Chapter 5: call my friends and tell them that i love them

Chapter Summary

Ilya Rozanov wanted to live. He wanted to grow old with his husband, have children and dogs, and win Stanley cups. He wanted every day to stop feeling like a repeat of the last.

He knew it was getting bad. He knew the thoughts he tried so hard to bury were only getting louder. But he would do anything he needed to stop it.

Chapter Notes

Last chapter! Thanks for everything guys :)

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

“Good morning, sweetheart,” Ilya said as he headed downstairs to meet his husband who had just come back from a run. Shane looked nothing short of *stunning*. His hair was wrapped in a small bun but looked slightly disheveled from the wind in his hair while he was running. His tight shirt was outlining every detail of his strong chest, and Ilya wanted to tear it off. His shorts were just a little too short, showing too much of Shane’s toned thighs that Ilya loved to bury himself in. He considered himself the luckiest man in the world to get to see such a beautiful sight every day of his life.

“Hey! You’re up!” Shane exclaimed. Ilya walked towards him to plant a kiss on his sweaty forehead and headed to the kitchen to get a glass of water. He’d been feeling better since talking to Galina, like there was a newfound hope for his life. He still felt down, but he knew it wouldn’t last forever.

“Galina called me. We had a phone therapy appointment.” Ilya figured he’d tell his husband about it since Shane had been looking forward to Ilya getting some help with his depression. “It went... really well. We talked, I told her about everything going on, and she put a name to

what I have been experiencing. Is called dissociation. Is caused by trauma and sometimes depression. She sent me exercises to practice so that it would not affect my life as much, and she told me her plan for getting rid of it entirely. I feel... good. Hopeful. I believe I will get better.”

Shane beamed at him. He jumped in his arms and kissed him like he never had before, like he had been given the best gift of his life.

“You are sweaty.”

“Fuck off. Ilya, that’s amazing. I’m so happy.” He planted another kiss on him while Ilya held him up by his thighs. They stayed like that for a while, just enjoying this one sweet moment after days of struggling.

After a few minutes, Shane got off of Ilya and started making his morning smoothie. Shane was on a performance diet that they had both gotten used to by now, but Ilya would never participate in it. He would humour Shane here and there, often cooking his disgusting food with him, but he was way more into enjoying the small joys of life that he could. And eating good food was one of them.

“You know, they say breakfast is the most important meal of the day.” Ilya teased.

“And that’s why I take it so seriously. You know how many nutrients are in this? It doesn’t get better than this. Really, Ilya, you should-”

“Ah, no thanks, moya lyubov. I’m depressed enough.” Shane didn’t laugh at that, but instead glared at him with no real anger in his eyes. Ilya knew Shane didn’t like to joke about Ilya’s depression, but what else is there to do? Wallow? “Is a joke. Enjoy your smoothie.”

While they were playing another round of Mario Kart, Ilya received a text from Troy Barrett, his teammate and right wing in the Ottawa Centaurs. Barrett was married to Harris, the team's social media manager, and they were really cute together. Ilya likes to jokingly take credit for their relationship, since he sort of helped them get together. Sometimes, when Ilya needs to remind himself of what he means to others, he thinks about Barrett and Harris. Maybe Ilya has some worth, sometimes.

Barrett: Hey, can we talk?

Ilya paused the game. He wasn't really feeling up to talking, but if Troy reached out to him, it must be important.

Rozanov: Sure.

"Is everything okay?" Shane asked. His face was scrunched up the way it always did when he was confused, and Ilya wanted to reach over and kiss his freckles one by one.

"I don't know, Troy wants to call. I'll be right back."

Ilya stood to head to their room when he received the call from Troy. He answered it and closed the door, just in case they needed some privacy. Troy never called him. Regardless, it was time to turn on his Rozanov, the team captain, persona and turn off all the things that were wrong with him. Time to flip the switch.

"Hey, Barrett. Miss me?" Ilya teased.

"Yeah, actually. Hey Rozanov, how have you been?"

Ilya was taken aback by his honest answer. He was a little confused, to be honest, as to why Troy felt the need to call him out of nowhere just to tell him he missed him and ask him how he's been. He laughed to himself a little, knowing if this had happened 2 years ago, Shane would have lost his mind with jealousy.

“Did you just call me to say you miss me? Does Harris know you’re flirting with your captain?” Ilya teased, once again. Because he was nothing if not an asshole.

“Fuck off, you know it’s not like that... In all seriousness, how have you been, really? Honestly you seemed off the last few times I saw you and I haven’t been able to stop thinking about it.”

Ilya took a while to answer. In full honesty, he didn’t know how to. He could be honest, he guessed, he trusted Troy. They were good friends. Barrett had done a lot of good since playing with the Centaurs and he knew he wouldn’t make fun of him or tell anyone if he decided to be honest now.

“Did Shane text you?”

“No? Why? Is something going on?”

He didn’t know why he was deciding to open up to Barrett now, but he figured he could use a friend. A friend that wasn’t his anxiety-ridden husband.

“I’ve been... depressed. It’s something I have struggled with for years now, but I never really acknowledged until last year when I started going to therapy. Today, I am feeling better. But I have had a rough couple of days.” Ilya’s voice broke on the last word. He wanted to reign it in, to stop showing so much emotion. He needed to be the strong captain, not the weaker, more realistic, version of himself.

“Shit, man. I’m sorry. That must be really tough. Is there anything I can do?”

“Are you okay to just... talk?” Ilya asked, secretly hoping the answer was no.

“Yeah, of course man, whatever you need.” Troy answered sincerely. Ilya hoped Barrett was ready for what was coming.

They talked for an hour. They talked about Ilya’s mom, about his dad, about Shane. They talked about how before Shane and Ilya were outed, he had been going through the beginning of his really bad depressive episodes. Ilya didn’t go too much into detail, but he could tell that Troy filled in the blanks of how bad his depression had gotten. Troy even shared some of his own struggles with depression, and how he hit rock bottom after his last breakup and when he had first been traded to the Ottawa Centaurs.

It was good, Ilya thought, to get all of that out. He needed someone to talk to that wouldn’t make him feel broken, or offer solutions. He just needed a listener to acknowledge his pain and not try to fix him. Obviously, Troy listening to him rant didn’t suddenly rid his mind of his darkest thoughts, but he definitely felt better. Less alone.

He’d been feeling a lot less alone today. Shane being there, the phone call with Galina, the phone call with Troy. Things were starting to look up. He dreaded the moment it got bad again, which he knew would happen eventually. He dreaded having to feel like he had no way out other than by taking too many pills, just like his mom. He thought about her, and wondered if she would be proud of the man he’d become today.

Ilya knew one good day didn’t mean he was fixed, but it did mean he would have good days again.

He opened the door and went back downstairs to his husband. He immediately crawled into his personal space and laid his head down on his chest, while Shane automatically put his hand in his curls like they had done a million times before. This was safe. This was home.

“Is everything okay?” Shane asked.

“No. But it will be.” Ilya said, and knew it was true.

Ilya Rozanov was a happy man. He was married to the love of his life, played for an amazing team, had a new family that welcomed him with open arms and love.

Ilya Rozanov also had Major Depressive Disorder and Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. This didn't mean that Ilya didn't appreciate his life, or those around him, or that he wasn't able to have a good time. Anyone who knew Ilya knew he loved living, partying, and overall having fun with friends. It just meant sometimes he couldn't.

Ilya Rozanov *wanted* to live. He wanted to grow old with his husband, have children and dogs, and win Stanley cups. He wanted every day to stop feeling like a repeat of the last.

He knew it was getting bad. He knew the thoughts he tried so hard to bury were only getting louder. But he would do anything he needed to stop it.

Chapter End Notes

And that's it! I might write more or a different fic if people really like this one, but I honestly had no plan going into this so I would like to actually plan it out better next time, which means it might take me a big longer to upload. But let me know if you'd like to see another fic/something similar to this! I absolutely take requests :)

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End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed it! It's very short because I wrote it while I was on a study break, but if this gains any traction I'll write more chapters. Please leave comments with thoughts and feedback!

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