

I'm Here. With You. Forever.

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I'm Here. With You. Forever.

by [Ilyasloontattoo \(mochicheekies\)](#)

Summary

An anonymous video leaks of Montreal players trash-talking Shane, and it quickly goes viral.

The backlash sends him into a panic attack, but Ilya is there, steady and protective, helping him through it when everything else feels out of control.

Notes

hey guys. I've been thinking about this short idea for a while now. I have a panic disorder so I put a lot of my own experience into this. I can absolutely relate to the way Shane feels during those panic attacks and I wanted to write a situation where he realizes he's not alone and has someone that would do anything for him.

hope you enjoy this. dont be afraid, the angst will be lifted ♡

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

It always started with a cold sweat coating his body, making his limbs feel weak and no longer a believable part of him. If someone would have asked him to describe it, he would have said it felt like someone was ripping the control and life itself from his hands.

As if someone held his head in place to force him to watch himself fall apart. To make him see exactly where and why he was failing at being himself, at being good.

That he was lacking, not enough, the worst.

He could physically feel himself leave his body, to instead stare at the pathetic self that was staying there, crying, looking like the fool he was.

No good part of him took its deserved place inside his head, no, he instead only remembered his mistakes, the pain and the things he wished he had never said.

It felt like he was losing his mind, any grasp of reality that could ground him. An ever consuming dread of never getting better, of never being the person other people deserved to have around.

Instead, here he was, frozen like a pathetic loser.

Genuinely starting to believe he would never be able to stop this torture of destroying his own body over things that were out of his control.

It had been rough.

So many things happened in such a short timespan. Them being outed by accident, his team turning their back on him, fans letting go of their love for him, simply because he was with another man.

But, it had also been freeing. The whole situation could have played out differently, could have been better, more careful. Then again, maybe this was the exact thing that was supposed to happen.

Shane could proudly hold Ilya's hand now, out in the open, without being scared someone would see them. Without being scared he would lose him due to their careers being put on hold.

He was with him now, every day and every night, making sure Shane felt loved, felt needed and most importantly, knew that people were there for him, understood him and supported their relationship.

Leaving Montreal had never even been a thought before, not a possibility, but it was for the better. Shane would have never healed with a team that so obviously despised him for who he truly was. Still, it was very very hard on him and no one knew.

He did not want anyone to worry about him, to tell him he did nothing wrong, because that would have only worsened his mental state.

Ottawa was nice, *no*, it felt like home, but he had days in which he sat on the bench, staring at the ice and reminiscing moments he had experienced with people he had considered friends. It was always a sharp sting to his heart, as if someone reached into his chest and grabbed the muscle, squeezing it in time with his pulse.

Ilya was here though, there, right in front of him warming himself up, and that made everything a bit more bearable.

Shane leaned on the board in front of him and watched the other man do some twirls just for the joke of it, obviously trying to make him laugh and it worked, he was smiling at his lover, eyes crinkling due to his lips stretching so far that it started to hurt.

He knew Ilya had noticed he had been tense the whole day, they've known each other for so many years now, it was no surprise. On top of that the other man was very attentive, always making sure that everything was okay, that Shane felt comfortable. He truly did not deserve him.

God.

He loved him so much.

“ Careful, you're scaring everyone away with your moves.”

“ There is no one here!” He yelled from a distance, Ilya was circling one of the goals now while shrugging his shoulders.

“ Exactly.”

It took his lover a second to understand what he meant, before he came rushing over, only stopping when he was right in front of Shane, “ You are not nice,” he said and gently stroked through his black hair, making the young man close his eyes and sigh.

It had been his idea to go and play on the ice for a bit, hoping it would distract him, but now he truly wished he would have stayed in bed with Ilya, considering his hands felt so good.

“ Not true, I'm always nice to you.”

Ilya looked at him quite intensely for a few seconds before he leaned down and kissed his head, “ You want to go home?”

Home.

It was crazy to hear those words and knowing it was true. They were living together now, no more driving for hours to see each other, no more phone calls that lasted ages because they missed each other so badly.

No, they woke up together now, went to bed together. Hell, they even showered together. Shane did not want to miss even one second without Ilya. Maybe people would call him crazy for that, but they had suffered for years with only bits to go by. He was *starving*.

“ Yeah, would that be okay?”

He looked up to meet Ilya’s eyes, sighing in relief when there was a small gentle smile playing on his lips before he nodded, “ Of course.”

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Home meant being greeted by Anya, it meant instantly calming down when his socked feet touched their floor. Standing there to gently pat their little girl on her head, he chuckled when he felt arms wrap around him from behind, just holding him and swaying them a little.

“ I will make food, sit.”

Not a command but almost a plea. Shane could hear it in his voice, Ilya was worried. He hated that, he hated making him feel like something was wrong but he could also not admit that that wasn’t the case, so he simply nodded his head and moved towards the couch.

His body fell on the soft pillows they had bought recently and he let out a small chuckle when Anya jumped up to lay herself flat on his stomach, eyes immediately closing.

She was the most precious thing he had ever had the honor to get to know, and he loved her to bits. She was basically their daughter and right now she offered him the comfort he secretly had been seeking out.

“ You know exactly what I needed, huh?”

She only sighed in return, already asleep within his hold and he dared to close his eyes as well. At least for a little bit.

That was until his phone blew up with messages.

At first he tried to ignore it, but then anxiety settled into his bones and he imagined the worst. What if someone had died?

Reaching for the device he unlocked it, there were ten unread messages from Hayden and he opened their chat, confused at what was even going on.

Hayden

Hey buddy, just wanted to give you a heads up. I did not know about this. 3.45 p.m.

Shane, please reply when you see this. 3.47 p.m.

I swear this happened behind my back, I would have never allowed this. 3.50 p.m.

[attached link] 3.51 p.m.

His pulse was in his throat now, eyes suddenly dry from the fear that was forcing them open. For a long while his thumb only hovered over the link, shaking badly, but he ultimately clicked on it, breath stuck in his lungs when he saw it was a video.

At first it was very shaky but then he saw the Montreal team on ice warming up, it was obviously filmed in secret, the angle was weird and Shane recognized the area, somewhere behind the seats on the left side of the stadium.

He thought that was all, but then he picked up voices.

“ Despicable, glad he’s gone, who knows if he watched us naked the whole time while we were in the shower.”

“ Shut up, I will seriously throw up right here, right now. ”

“ He ruined our reputation by dating that fuckass Rozanov, why couldn’t he be normal.”

Normal.

Wow.

Shane wasn’t able to tell who was who, they all had their backs turned to the camera but their words were enough to send him spiraling. Was he not normal just because he was in love with a man?

He knew they weren’t happy about this revelation, but why were they this angry? Why were they so disgusted by the possibility of Shane liking men?

Already feeling himself slipping, he scrolled down to the comments, seeing people argue about how this was horrendous but also people agreeing, ex fans probably, it was weirdly parasocial and at one point Shane couldn’t read it anymore. His eyes were making the words blurry, as if he was tuning out.

That was when he realized he had held his breath. His chest started to hurt and he dropped his phone to the floor, hands pressing against the front of his shirt to stop it from getting worse.

Which was fruitless, he was already too far gone to stop it but that worsened the anxiety and he found himself quickly standing up, no longer able to take a deep breath. Shane wasn’t even sure if he had ever needed to take a deep breath, but his brain told him to.

He was hyperventilating.

“ I-Ilya,” he rasped out, not able to whip his head around to look for him, every movement made him feel sick, nauseous. The other man turned around at the mention of his name, a smile on his lips but it dropped when he saw Shane in their living room, as pale as a ghost, lips turning blue.

He turned off the stove and rushed over, hands hovering in the air between them, not sure if he could touch his lover or if that would trigger something worse.

“ Sweetheart, I’m here,” he instead said, eyes scanning the room and finding the phone on the floor, playing the video on loop. He picked it up and briefly looked at what was going on, anger flaring on his face but he tried to suppress it in order to be there, to be present for the other. So he closed the video, threw the phone on the table and gently grabbed Shane by his shoulders to sit him down on the couch once more, immediately dropping to his knees in front of him.

They went through this once already, but it wasn’t this bad. He could not even see Shane reacting to his touch, which sent him into a panic himself but he did not dare to show that, not when his lover was about to pass out.

“ Shane, “ he said and rubbed one of his hands over said man’s chest, trying to give him friction, something to focus on and also hopefully making him breathe again, because all that came out of his mouth were little huffs that sounded as if he involuntarily held himself back.

He knew talking to him wouldn’t help, the last time this happened he googled panic attacks during the nighttime when the other was asleep, wanting to be prepared if it ever happened again. Talking could make it worse, especially with words that demanded him to do something.

So, instead he got up quickly and poured a glass of cold water to gently press against Shane’s lips, patiently waiting for him to open his mouth. When he did, he poured a bit of water and then placed the glass on the table beside himself, hands finding their place on the other’s knees.

“ You will be okay.”

Shane could make out Ilya in front of him, he could feel his hands but not really. It was as if they touched him but the warmth wasn’t able to spread through the fabric of his pants. He knew this was because he could not feel his body in general.

Depersonalization.

He had read about it the last time it happened.

It was absolutely terrifying, not knowing if you were real, if these limbs were yours. Not being able to recognize yourself in the mirror. But Ilya was real and he was there for him.

Like always.

It sent him into a heavy set of sobs, which hurt and made his breathing even worse, but he was overwhelmed and his emotions had nowhere else to go. He loved this man so much and the fact people couldn’t see that hurt his soul.

It broke his heart.

He would have never thought it would shake him this much emotionally, but Ilya was everything to him.

He was *his* person, the one he was meant to meet and keep forever.

“ I-Ilya it hurts,” he sobbed, eyes unfocused but seeing the other man come closer to touch his face made him finally release the air his chest had been holding onto.

There it was, the warmth he needed the most, spreading from Ilya’s hands down his cheeks to find its place in his heart. He started to feel his body again, slowly but surely.

“ moya lyubov,” Ilya said and moved to sit beside Shane, instead deciding to hold him against his chest, all he could offer was his presence and he would do that without a second thought if that always meant the other man would be okay, “ You are safe, no one will hurt you.”

Shane closed his eyes for another moment, this time to focus on Ilya’s heartbeat, tears slowly drying on his face. Fuck, he started feeling like shit. He knew this was what they called a hangover. He tried to move his fingers and when he realized he could, he wrapped them around his lover’s waist, burying his face in his chest.

His ribs were hurting now from breathing too fast, too much, similar to when he got hit on ice, but now something his body had decided to punish him with.

Trying to breathe in through his nose and out through his mouth, he almost started sobbing again when he heard Ilya humming a song, used for children to calm them down, but he held the tears back, not wanting to make himself hurt even more.

Instead he took his time to calm down, to drag his soul back into his stoic body, to remind him that this here was real, this was his life and not the news people spread online.

No matter what anyone would say about him or Ilya would change the fact that they had each other, that this love was stronger than any bad word spit by people who would never experience this pure unadulterated emotion only this man could evoke within his heart.

“ Ilya, I love you so much,” he was able to say, his voice sounded broken and hoarse but he knew he brought it across when he could feel lips on his ear, gently kissing him to then whisper, “ I love you more.”

“ Impossible,” he replied and tried to sit up, but his whole body hurt. It was as if he had been run over by a car, bones crushed and heavy, but he forced himself to and that was when he noticed the shivers setting in.

This always happened when he came down from such intense anxiety.

Ilya was quick to react and pulled one of the blankets, on the couch, over his shoulders, wrapping him up like a burrito, as he called him quite often these days. It was getting colder outside after all and Shane loved warmth.

“ Do you want to talk about it?”

Did he?

He knew the only person who would understand sat right beside him, so yeah, maybe this was a good idea. Maybe it was okay to be vulnerable.

“ I hate it,” he started, moving his face to Ilya’s neck to press himself even closer, taking in his scent,” Being the scapegoat for their behavior, being guilttripped because I’m in love with you. Why do they hate me so much?”

The last bit was said quieter, almost a whisper because part of him was ashamed he was so affected emotionally by people who were not worth it.

However, Ilya seemed to understand. He hummed and then wrapped one arm around Shane to hold him in place, the other pulled up his chin to make him look into his eyes, “ They were once family, yes? But they don’t deserve you.”

Shane briefly smiled at that, leaning forward to kiss the other man’s lips, “ I just don’t....why do they act like that? Why is this on the internet now? Why can’t we live in peace?”

“ Shane.”

“ Yes?”

Ilya seemed hurt for a brief moment, conflicted but then hugged him all of a sudden and he automatically wrapped his arms around him, gently moving them back and forth, which calmed them both.

“ I promise this will get better. We will destroy them during next game. They will cry in locker room.”

“ Oh yeah? Will we?”

Ilya moved his hands down to tickle Shane by his ribs, drowning himself in the sound of his laughter for a few seconds. This was all that mattered.

Them. Healthy. Together. Happy.

No one else would ever destroy these feelings between them.

He would not allow them to.

“ Do you feel better?”

Shane did.

He was just very tired now and he could barely keep his eyes open. Somewhere in the back of his mind he remembered that they still had to eat something, but right now he wanted to sleep with Ilya beside him.

So without a word he carefully stood up and dragged his lover with him until they reached their bed, Anya already settling in between the pillows, a hopeful look in her eyes for her daddies to join her. Shane laid down first and Ilya followed, careful to not disturb their dog but still making sure he and Shane touched, even if it were only their feet for now.

“ Sleep, we will eat when you feel better.”

Shane gazed at him, already half asleep, but he wanted to imprint every part of his face into his brain, to be able to continue this moment in his dreams, “ I don’t need anyone else when I have you Ilya.”

That made the other man blink his eyes rapidly for a mere second, but he caught himself quickly and instead reached out to stroke over Shane’s face, hand finding his waist soon after, “ You will always have me.”

And if Ilya woke up earlier than Shane to then call their manager, successfully taking down the video and making all those comments disappear into a pit that would never be opened again, he wouldn’t tell Shane.

What he would tell him though, every day without missing a beat, was how much he loved him and how no one would ever dare to try and hurt him for that he would make them kneel and apologize and regret to have ever dared to speak ill of the one person that meant the world to him.

End Notes

hey I hope you liked this little story of mine! leave a comment or a kudo, or both if you want. either way I would be very happy to hear what you thought ♡ thank you for reading!!

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