

I don't know why.

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I don't know why.

by [TheQueenoftheAbyss](#)

Summary

When Ilya's depression rears its ugly head in a new way Shane is there to catch him as he falls.

Because everyone deserves a Shane to catch them.

!Ep 6/ The Long game spoilers! (Sort of)

Notes

Spoilers (sort of) for the long game.

This fic is based off of my own experience with depression and SH, there is a brief description of SH behaviour but only brief and I'd say it's not graphic. Everyone's experience with this issue is different and this fic is representative of mine and the Shane Hollander I wish I had had to help me.

If you are struggling please reach out to resources in your country, in the uk we have the Samaritans whose hotline number is on google :)

Look after yourselves and I hope you like the fic <3

'Flat' was the word Ilya normally used to describe his depression, a kind of empty nothingness - "apathy" Galina called it. Ilya could deal with Apathy, he could deal with the total loss of joy and motivation, with the absence of feelings.

Because to feel nothing was miles better than this, he thought to himself, as he clutched the sides of the bathroom sink with white knuckles.

This was the other feeling he got when his depression reared its ugly head. Some deep and painful kind of sorrow that twisted in his chest, a physical feeling of pain that haunted him day in, day out, until the episode passed.

He'd known this time would be bad when it started, when the initial emptiness had given way to that deep ache. He felt useless, worthless. His mind churned with derogatory thoughts.

The Centaurs had played a game the week before, and Ilya had given it everything, digging through the nothingness to find a part of him that truly cared about winning, about his teammates, about Shane.

It hadn't worked. He'd played a good game of hockey, good by anyone else's standards. Not good enough for Ilya Rozanov. He'd struggled to keep pace with Shane, to keep up with his Husband. No matter how long they were married that edge of competition was woven into the core of their relationship and when Ilya couldn't keep pace it stung.

He'd taken a pretty heavy hit in the third period when an opposition player slammed him into the glass and he'd lost his footing, going down on the same shoulder that had just contacted the wall. It hurt like a bitch. But distantly Ilya hadn't really cared, it felt deserved for his shitty performance on the ice.

No one had judged him for his play that day, not Shane or anyone else on the team, not coach Wiebe. Only Ilya was judging himself.

It was the game that dropped him further down into his pit of depression, apathy giving way to agony. It fucking sucked.

Shane had been so gentle, so caring when they'd come home, as if he could sense the way his husband was sinking into a shitty headspace before it even really hit Ilya.

It had hit though, and now four days later Ilya found himself hunched in front of the mirror, the relentless ache in his chest growing more and more painful as his mind taunted him.

He wasn't enough. He let the team down. He was a bad captain. His depression had held him back and it always would. Shane didn't deserve this. Shane would be a miles better captain. Ilya deserved the dull ache in his ribs and his back from where he had been injured.

Ilya had a slow realisation that he was crying, he watched the tears slide from his eyes in the bathroom mirror, dripping down to splash onto the pristine white sink.

The ache was all consuming, and Ilya had never felt so alone. Distantly he recognised that his husband was only two floors below, and that Ilya could run down and collapse into Shane's arms and the man wouldn't care, Ilya could cry into his chest for hours without saying a word and Shane would let him.

And that's exactly why he wasn't good enough. Because he had done that before. And Shane didn't deserve someone so sad, so selfish. Ilya wouldn't let himself go down to ruin his husband's workout, his routine, over something so silly and selfish.

He brought his hands up to wrap around himself in a false hug, staring down his pathetic form in the mirror as his hand wrapped around his bruised ribs. It stung.

He dug his nails in and squeezed.

~

Shane knew Ilya was struggling, he had been even before their game on Thursday, but after that his husband only seemed to sink deeper.

Shane was doing his best at striking the delicate balance that Ilya needed when he felt this way. He needed space, time to himself when he wanted it, but he also needed to know that Shane was there. He needed to feel loved.

That meant a lot of sitting in silence in the same room, Shane reading his book and decidedly not watching his husband. Ilya hated feeling watched. So he let Ilya feel his presence, the pair of them coming and going in quiet but always in each others orbit, always within reach.

That's why he'd slipped his arms around Ilya's neck before he disappeared down to their home gym to do his evening yoga. He squeezed Ilya in a half hug, "I'm going downstairs but you're welcome to join me if you like."

Ilya had just given him a soft smile and leaned his head back against Shane. "I'm going to stay here" he said quietly.

Shane nodded, not missing the sad line in his voice but choosing not to push. "Okay, you know where to find me." He stood up and headed for the basement, "ya tebya lyublyu" he called out.

He heard Ilya's quiet response behind him, "ya tebya lyublyu."

~

He had expected to find Ilya in that same spot on the sofa when he came back up the stairs, but the living room was dark when he returned. The only light in the room was spilling down the stairs from the corridor that led to their bedroom, Shane followed it up.

Their bedroom, like the living room, was dark. Only briefly Shane's chest twisted in panic, before he realised the dim light under the bedroom door was coming from their bathroom. He

could see Ilya's shadow cast across the room as soon as he crossed the threshold into their bedroom.

Ilya was standing facing the mirror, his wide muscled back facing Shane. Shane's eyes caught on the large dark bruise that blossomed across the right side of his back, an aftermath of a particularly hard hit. It looked angry and sore even now, four days after it happened, and Ilya's hand was wrapped around himself to gently touch the skin.

Shane's gaze drifted over it and up to his husband's face and his heart missed a beat, Ilya's eyes were red rimmed and full of sorrow and Ilya was breathing heavily, almost as if he was in pain. It made Shane's stomach drop, to see his husband that way.

Before Shane could move or speak, reach out to his husband and do his best to soothe him, Ilya moved. Shane watched in horror as Ilya's hand on his own back flexed, curling his fingers around the dark flesh to dig his nails in.

Ilya hissed in pain and leaned forward. Shane couldn't breathe, he couldn't move. Tiny specks of blood began to seep out around his fingernails. Ilya choked out a "Fuck", a strangled sob slipping out around the word. It snapped Shane into action.

"Ilya!" He called out into the echo of the bathroom, stepping forward to close the gap between them.

Ilya spun round, his eyes wide as he stared at his husband, their faces now just a foot apart in the cold space of the bathroom.

"Shane. I was just-" Ilya's eyes darted around the bathroom, as if he was physically looking for an excuse, a way out. "I was only- i just-"

Ilya's eyes came back to lock with Shane's, and the realisation seemed to hit him like a truck. His face scrunched up and he burst into tears "О боже, мне так жаль." *'Oh god, I'm so sorry'* "Shane I'm sorry."

Ilya started to sink down towards the floor but Shane stepped forwards, catching him under the arms and pulling him up into a hug. “It’s okay Ilya, you’re okay. С тобой все в порядке, моя любовь.” *‘You’re okay my love.’*

Shane curled his fingers into Ilya’s hair and gently stroked his head as Ilya continued to cry. “I didn’t mean to do that” the Russian man choked out between sobs “I don’t know why I- I don’t know.”

Shane shushed him quietly, using his one arm around the good side of Ilya’s back to squeeze him. Not enough to hurt but enough for him to feel the pressure, Ilya had told him once that that helped.

Shane didn’t know what else he should do, he was at a loss. Ilya had never done this before, not to Shane’s knowledge at least, to so blatantly inflict damage to himself, to tear holes in his already bruised flesh. It sent panic coursing through Shane.

But Ilya needed him right now, needed him to help. They already been standing for minutes, Ilya crying softly against his chest, So Shane buried the panic and forced himself to move.

“Ilya love come with me, just to the bed” He said quietly, stepping back just a little to lead him out of the bathroom. He noticed the empty glass of vodka sitting on the side, a singular half melted cube of ice sitting in the bottom.

When they reached the bed he sat Ilya down on the side and climbed in before pulling him up the sheets towards him. His mind momentarily wavered as the half dried beads of blood on Ilya’s back smeared across the white linen. He scolded himself internally, they could afford new fucking sheets.

He dragged Ilya up to lay against his chest, still crying, and wrapped his arms carefully around him again.

“I’m sorry” Came Ilya’s gentle whisper once again, and Shane shook his head, willing away the tears that were pooling in his own eyes as his heart ached for his husband.

“It’s okay Ilya, we’re okay. I just need you to answer some questions for me okay?” He took a deep breath “you can answer in Russian if you can’t answer in English but you might have to help me understand”

Ilya nodded against his chest before finding the words. “Yes. Okay” his voice wavered with his tears.

Shane kept stroking his hair as he braced himself for his questions. He needed to figure out what was happening before he could decide what to do, how to help. “Are you feeling suicidal?” As the words fell out of his mouth the first tear fell from Shane’s eye, his heart thundering in his chest in anticipation of Ilya’s answer.

The Russian man shot up from Shane’s chest, his voice fragile and desperate “what? No. Shane no, I’m not!” Ilya’s breathing hitched and the tears continued to fall “please I promise I’m not- it’s not-“.

Shane brought his hands to Ilya’s face as his breathing sped up, “Ilya breathe. I believe you it’s okay, just breathe, please.”

Ilya took another hitching breath, closing his eyes and nodding between Shane’s hands that still cupped his face. Shane let him take some deep breaths in the silence, he could tell Ilya wasn’t going to say anymore so he spoke again.

“Do you feel like-” Shane didn’t know how to word this, “do you think you might hurt yourself again?”

Ilya took longer to answer this time, and his eyes stayed squeezed shut. “I don’t know- I didn’t mean to do it. I was thinking and I just touched it and for a second I couldn’t feel anything else, I didn’t want to feel like this anymore” more hot tears were slipping out from Ilya’s closed eyes. “I’m sorry, I don’t know why I did it.”

“Don’t apologise” Shane said, stroking the tears away from under Ilya’s eyes, “You’re not well Ilya and this happens sometimes when people aren’t well, you don’t need to know why. We just need to keep you safe, yes?”

Ilya nodded again between his hands, “okay”. And moved his head to bury his face again in Shane’s chest.

“Okay” Shane echoed.

He would take 'I don't know' over a yes any day, and he knew that that answer was genuine at least. He took another deep breath and carried on.

“Did you take your medication this morning?”

Ilya nodded again between his hands. “Da. Yes. With breakfast.”

Shane nodded back “Okay, good. Thank you.”

They sat in silence for a few more moments as Shane took stock, he didn't think Ilya would lie to him right now, so he wasn't in any immediate danger. Shane could work with that. He once again swallowed down the bubble of anxiety that threatened to spill out of him. Right now the only thing he needed was to help.

“I think we should ring Galina in the morning. I’m sure we can find you an emergency appointment tommorow.”

“Okay.” Ilya said quietly, the tears had stopped now.

Shane leaned down and pressed a kiss to his curls. “I’m going to give you two options. Number one if you need to sleep we can stay here and you can sleep. If you don’t we can go downstairs and I’ll put the tv on and we can stay there for the night, that’s number two.”

There was silence for a few moments before Shane spoke again. “Вы бы хотели поспать или посмотреть телевизор?” *Would you like to sleep or watch tv?* His pronunciation wasn't great, but Ilya always found English hard when he was upset, Shane guessed that the decision might be too much for Ilya to comprehend right now .

Ilya took a moment to consider, but the answer came faster this time. "Я не буду спать, мне кажется." *I won't sleep, I don't think.*

“это нормально.” ‘*That's okay.*’ Shane took a deep breath and clutched Ilya a bit tighter. “Neither will I.”

~

That night they slept on the sofa. Shane had gently cleaned the small wounds on Ilya's back and given him a clean T-shirt.

He led him downstairs and arranged the sofa and the ottoman to create a kind of bed, before running upstairs to grab their duvet and drag it back down.

He'd hesitated briefly before leaving the room, taking in the vacant look behind his husband's eyes. But Ilya had given him a weak smile. “I am okay Shane.” He said quietly into the dim light of the room.

The statement as a whole was a lie, but Shane knew what he meant: I'm safe.

Shane had tucked him in on the sofa and made them both tea, then held Ilya tight all night as silly reality tv and cooking shows played on the tv.

After a while Ilya had dozed off in his exhaustion, jumping awake in the night multiple times as nightmares plagued his sleep.

Every time Shane was there, arms around him warm and solid to bring him back to reality. Shane didn't sleep a wink, he didn't doze off until the morning, only after he'd wriggled away from Ilya on the sofa to make a hushed phone call to Dr. Galina.

After that he set his alarm for two pm, enough time for them to get up and be in time for the appointment, and texted coach Wiebe to say they had a family emergency, and that neither him or Ilya would make it to practice that afternoon. Only then did Shane crawl back into the makeshift bed alongside his husband.

Before sleep found him the panic had tried to rear its head multiple times. He wasn't sure if he'd done any of it right, said or done any of the 'proper' things in the last 12 hours to help his husband. But Ilya's hand was warm as it curled around Shane's

And they were going to be okay.

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