

Cumbersome and heavy body

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Cumbersome and heavy body

by [Sweettree](#)

Summary

God, he was having a freak out and it was gonna be a bad one.

“I can’t do this I can’t do this. I can’t I can’t. why?! I can’t! I can’t.” Shane was sobbing. He could breathe he couldn’t hear.

His whole body was burning. Not like on fire, but it was tingling. Like an energy was trying to escape him from all directions. Like anxiety was trying to seep out of every pore in his skin.

Or Shane has a really bad meltdown during a game.

Notes

This may or not be a slight dig at Rachel saying Shane had no trauma. But who knows. The Shane Hollander eating disorder tag has way too few works for my liking so intend to fix that. Probably has lots of typos but hey. This ain’t Shakespeare. Shane calls his very obvious autistic overloads ‘freak outs’ because he is NOT diagnosed. Of fucking course

Let's start with why Shane even went into therapy.

Shane had a freak out. A bad one. With the Centaurs. On the road. Yeah, it was bad.

Shane woke up that day knowing it would be overwhelming.

The alarm he set went off and let out a blaring screech that couldn't have been normal.

He slammed his hands over his ears and searched frantically for the origin of this horrible sound.

Ilya had woken up to find Shane plugging his ears while the alarm went off next to him. Him being the amazing man he is, immediately turned off the alarm and began to check on Shane.

"Baby, is ok. Alarm is off. Relax." Ilya rubbed circles on Shane's back.

The touch was calming enough to get Shane to relax. His system was still shocked from the alarm.

"I'm ok, just a little shaken. L-Lets get ready or whatever." Shane muttered while shifting out of the bed. God he could still feel the ringing in his body as he got dressed for team breakfast.

Shane remembered sitting down on the bed while Ilya got ready in the bathroom but he didn't remember starting to silently cry.

He wasn't even sad. Ilya just came in so they could head downstairs to find him on the bed with tears rolling down his face.

After some master insisting Shane convinced Ilya they should go to breakfast.

He couldn't do it.

Ilya had of course piled up his plate with one of everything.

Shane had opted for a safer bowl of fruit.

Then Bood tossed his glaze covered cinnamon roll into Shane's half finished fruit bowl.

"You need some real calories Hollzy, eat up." Bood said, shoving a forkful of eggs into his mouth.

Now Shane couldn't finish his fruit. It was all contaminated- you know. Covered in the icing, ruined. The icing was at least 200 calories. Each glob was not distributed evenly on the fruit. So each fruit now had a different calorie mark. Even the ones that were seemingly untouched could have a thin film. Nope, it's done.

Shane got up to dump the bowl out when Ilya grabbed his hand. "Baby it's fine, I can take it and eat it." he whispered.

"No, I'm done anyway, it's fine."

"Is not fine you need to eat something, I could get ano-"

"I'm good Ilya, really I'm good." Shane put a tight smile on his face and Ilya released his wrist.

Thank goodness no one had noticed the argument over scarfing down their breakfast.

Then the game happened. Shane wasn't playing his best, he can admit it was likely due to his growing anxiety

They were 2 to 2 and they couldn't seem to get past The Warriors defense.

Eli was on the ice. He was pushing so hard and spreading like wildfire Shane could tell that the other team was starting to lose stamina.

A few minutes past and the game went to commercial break so everyone got a pause.

An array of sweaty players went over to the respective benches and began to down bottles of water.

"We run them into ground." Ilya said gulping down more of Shane's water.

"Ilya don't finish it." Shane teased, reaching out for his water.

"You love when I finish." Ilya tossed the water back to Shane and skated back onto the ice.

"You guys are sickening" Dykstra joked before following his captain.

Shane had already had his gaze focused on Ilya doing lazy laps around the ice.

Shane loved Ilya. Loved him so much. He was still trapped in his gaze when a looming figure obstructed his vision.

Gabriel, some hotheaded forward was staring at him. It wasn't just a normal "oh it's Shane Hollander." glare.

He looked disgusted. A face Shane hadn't seen in a long time. Not this close. It didn't matter that there was glass between them. It felt like he was right there.

He almost wish that Gabriel would've said something. His silence left Shane's mind to fill in the blanks. Something his brain was considerably good at.

they were gearing up for play again, and Gabriel made his way back over to his team.

"Shane get yourself ready, we might need to swap out soon." Wiebe said with a pat on Shane's shoulder.

Shane could barely register what his coach was saying. He was still in a downward spiral.

Is he trying to say something about him and Ilya. Maybe he's noticing how bad you're playing today. Maybe you could play better if you could get your body to fucking cooperate your Shane fucking Hollander.

Shane turned his head to the banging that was coming from the side of him.

Some fan had made their way up to the plexiglass and was banging smiling, trying to get Shane's attention. It was a young kid and a group of his friends. They're probably like 13-15.

‘Fans’ he thought.

Shane tried to put a smile on his face and wave.

“Hey, why are you skating like shit tonight man?” One of the boys called out

“It’s all that dick up your ass eh? You’re messing up our chances fag.” Another boy yelled, causing the group of boys to erupt in laughter and begin banging on the plexiglass.

They were all saying things horrible things. It was fine. It was OK. They’re kids. It kind of disappointed Shane to know that hate was being taught at such a young age.

Coach Wiebe had caught onto the situation and was losing his shit. Security began to make their way over and disperse the group of boys.

One of the kids had spit on the glass while being escorted away by security. A few others had lifted the corner of his eyes to mock Shane’s. “Can you see with your eyes like that?! Huh!?” One boy said while being picked up by security.

Shane felt something he hadn’t felt since he left the Metros...disgusting. The crowd was too loud and the boys didn’t help. He was hungry, but the thought of food made his anxiety double. The lights were blaring down on him. The commotion of the game currently taking place on the ice was too much. He couldn’t find Ilya on the ice, he was losing it.

You need to get back on that ice and let everybody know that you’re worth the trouble. That you don’t deserve this. You can prove to everybody that you deserve to be on the ice. You just need to show them and then it’ll all stop. But that didn’t work the first time. And you know it didn’t. You won them 2 cups and they still didn’t think you were worth it. You can’t do anything to prove that you’re worth it.

The thoughts were completely out of control now.

Bood placed a firm hand on his shoulder. “Hollzy you good brother?”

I can do this I can do this. I can do this. I can do this. I can do this.

“I can’t.” Was all Shane could muster out before he was bolting towards the locker room.

God, he was having a freak out and it was gonna be a bad one.

“I can’t do this I can’t do this. I can’t I can’t. why?! I can’t! I can’t.” Shane was sobbing. He could breathe he couldn’t hear.

His whole body was burning. Not like on fire, but it was tingling. Like an energy was trying to escape him from all directions. Like anxiety was trying to seep out of every pore in his skin.

The energy was building and building. The barrier that kept his thoughts inside his head had broken. It all was spilling out.

“I’m a mess. FUCK. I’m a fucking mess.” He wailed into the empty locker room.

He was pacing back-and-forth sometimes he’d collapse in his crying fit, and then get back up and then collapse again.

He was covering his eyes with his hands, pressing his palms firmly into his eyes, then lifting them up onto his forehead and running his fingers through his hair. In a constant loop.

“I’m fucking pathetic. I’m a grown man and I can’t even sit through a bunch of kids taunting me. IM FUCKING WEAK AGH.”

Shane collapsed into another fit of sobbing. Then he did something he hadn’t done since he was a kid. He screamed.

Not like a scared scream. The energy inside of him needed to come out. It needed to spill out until he was empty and screaming was a very efficient way of speeding through the process. So he just screamed and yelled. It felt good. It felt really good.

And when his voice went horse. He sobbed silently.

“Shane..”

Shane heard it but didn’t care. He needed to finish this. Finish so he could be normal again.

“GET OUT.” He voice was raspy and shaken but still firm.

He had his palms pressed into his eyes again he could still feel the tears slipping down.

“We-We are gonna help Shane just..fuck.”

He heard someone moving closer and got up he still had his hands pressed over his eyes.

“ I don’t want it I don’t I can’t-I can’t. I can’t be ok right now. I don’t want your help I can do this. Please just go please. You can’t see me like this...fuck...” Shane lifted his palms away from his eyes and threw his hair.

He moved towards a door. He didn’t know where it lead. But he didn’t know it had a lock on it.

He quickly moved in and locked the door behind him. It was a storage closet. It was big enough and very dimly lit with one window, peering into the hallway. With the lights off, it was perfect.

Shane sunk down. He could hear commotion from outside the door. It still only sounded like two people.

Shane was back to spiraling. Now everybody thinks you’re a freak and they’re right you know they’re fucking right. You’re in this dingy dirty-.

“Fuck I need to get off this floor.” Shane abruptly got up and came to the realization he was still in full gear.

Take off some layers then you’ll be OK.

Shane ripped off his jersey and tossed on the floor. The side of it on the dirty floor, crumbled and disorganized re-lit something in Shane.

“No no no. FUCK.” Shane picked up the jersey and held it close to his chest. His breathing picked up again. Tears ran down his face, heavier, and faster than before.

This jersey was not just his but his teams. He was in here freaking out. While the game was going on, they needed him. They needed him and he’s in here. Why can’t he be good for something? Why can’t he do something right? This is why the Montreal Voyageurs left him. This is why they abandoned him like trash because they saw what no one else saw. That’s not true stop it. They are dicks. You know this. You can’t blame them for you being so screwed up.

The energy was back again. He’s screaming. “I CANT FUCKING DO IT. I CANT. “ then his words delve back into screams. He squeezing his face between his hands. The pressure feels good. His vocal cords feel like they’re gonna shatter.

He hears banging, hard banging.

“Shane it’s Bood, open the door please.” The handle jiggles.

“Shane open the door! Cmon man!” He knows it’s Troy, he’s the only one who calls him ‘man’

Shane slinks towards the other end of the storage room and loses down the concrete wall crying and roughly rubbing his face still clutching his jersey. His body is racked with shutters and sobs now. The anger is gone. Replaced with exhaustion, embarrassment, and panic.

He couldn’t leave here. Ever.

Ilya was hyper focused on the game.

He had to win this, so Shane didn’t have another thing on his plate. He also fucking loved to win.

After the break and reassuring words from his beautiful husband, he skated back onto the ice ready for war.

He had run down the Warriors defense pretty well. He made it down center and got an honest tiebreaking score.

He was on fire. Cheers from every direction.

Just last week, he was thinking of quitting hockey and never leaving his bed again.

Shane had been traveling with Rose for two days and there was a back up in the pharmacy. Long story short. Ilya was off his meds.

When Shane came home to find his husband melted into the bed and visibly disheveled. He dropped his bags, peeled Ilya out of bed, showered him, made an emergency appointment with his therapist. And argued for not one, not two, not three but four hours with over seven pharmacies to get Ilya's prescription. Shane was an angel. He had to be. No one else could do what he did. He was Ilya's special gift.

Keeping all this in mind, this win was twice as sweet.

He looked towards the bench, expecting to see Shane and the rest of his team clapping and jumping. But he didn't.

The bench was a ghost town.

OK, maybe they got pulled away or something. Galina had been working on not assuming the worst of events. Ilya moved on.

There were like two minutes on the clock he and his men could finish this.

And they did.

They won and celebrated together on the ice, and as they made their way past their ghost bench, Ilya couldn't help but feel a creep of suspicion inside him.

He was right.

He wishes he wasn't.

Ilya walked into the locker room to see Bood with his ear pressed up against the storage room door.

Troy was there as well looking very concerned.

Coach Wiebe was on the phone. Frantically pacing back-and-forth and clearly getting agitated.

Young was looking through the window of the storage room with his hands capped around his eyes to get a better view.

What the hell was going on?

"What the hell is going on?" Dkystra said from behind Ilya.

Everyone froze. It was as if they didn't even realize time was passing while they were in here. They looked at Ilya with the most pitting eyes he had ever seen.

"It's Shane." Troy said

“No.” Ilya was somewhat in denial.

“H-He, well he got up from the bench and he wasn’t breathing right so we waited a couple of seconds and then we decided we should probably follow him because what if something was happening and then we came in here and he was really freaking out like really bad his face was all red and his hair was all messed up, and his eyes were all red and he was screaming for no reason. Like full on guttural screaming. Then coach came in because he heard the screaming. And he wouldn’t let us help him and then he locked himself in there and we don’t know what to do because you won’t open the door and we don’t know if he’s OK in there. And and-he started screaming again and saying all these awful things and we’re worried he might be hurt, but we can’t get him to open the door....” Troy scrambled through the words, clearly trying not to cry.

Ilya only got about half of it, but he got the gist.

Shane was freaking out. Bad.

“Ok Bood, Coach, Young, Barrett. Stay. Everyone else out.” Ilya commanded.

“Shane will be fine. Everything will be fine. I know you are all sweaty and tired. Go to the shower rooms and take your things with you. Do not come back in here. Leave through the exit next to the shower rooms.”

Everyone quickly filed out murmuring quiet words of encouragement.

Now Ilya has to help his husband.

Shane is still hyperventilating. God his head feels like it’s gonna burst.

Someone’s been trying to look through the blinds that covered the storage room window hopefully they couldn’t see much.

Shane was a mess. He covered and snot and tears and sweat. Most of it from this freak out not the game.

“I can’t..” he muttered, he can’t do anything he can’t be anything not ever.

“Shane, Доторой open the door.” It was Ilya. The game was over. He missed his husbands fucking game over this bullshit. He couldn’t stand it.

He wishes he could be someone else. Not this high strung pathetic little man. His brain is broken and there is no fix, nor is there a cause. He has two parents that love him. Who give him endless support. He grew up financially stable. Not like his husband. There’s no reason he should be so messed up and yet he is. Nothing bad has ever happened to him. Nothing truly horrible. His life is perfect. Why is he still like this?

Another sob ripped through him.

“Shane baby?!” The door handle was jiggling hard.

He sobbed desperately. His hair tugging became more aggressive. His face pressing became more like rubbing his face raw.

“Ilya, he’s doing something to his face!” Someone who had been watching through the window called out.

The door suddenly broke open.

Shane curled away from the direction of the door.

“Shane...Shane...” Ilya was now right next to him. Not touching just hovering.

He began to mumble something in Russian.

Shane was too ashamed to even look at him. his body felt exposed.

“Shane we need to know if you are hurt....just nod baby.” Ilya was whispering against Shane’s neck.

“Are you ok?”

Nod.

“Can you stand up.”

No.

“Can we help you up.”

Nod.

“Can I hold you?”

Enthusiastic Nod.

God, he was so scared.

Shane looked horrible. His face was rubbed raw. There was red marks over his eyes and cheeks and forehead. His hair was all messed up.

He was tightly clutching his jersey, which must have been taken off in his panic.

Ilya held onto Shane and rocked back-and-forth. He squeezed tightly around Shane, knowing the pressure helped ground him.

He could feel Shane becoming calmer and more relaxed. Leaning into him with every sway.

He slowly stood up Shane following his lead.

He placed his hands above Shane's eyes lightly to keep the light out and guided him onto a bench.

Shane was sitting on his lap. He was out of it. Too exhausted too overwhelmed.

“Мой милый мальчик, будь спокоен, будь спокоен, будь спокоен” Ilya whispered, rocking back and forth.

He shot Troy look, and Troy moved over and started taking off Shane's skates.

He gave Ilya a worried look. Ilya kept his face neutral and kept repeating the words into Shane's ear.

Ilya slowly pulled off Shane's gear and handed it off to a nervously hovering coach Wiebe who placed it into Shane's game bag.

Bood was already on the phone with an Uber to get them both back to the hotel since Shane clearly couldn't get back on the bus.

Shane stirred a bit. Everyone froze.

He still had his eyes closed with a tired look on his face. But he was ok

The drive back to the hotel was a blur. Shane was asleep in his arms essentially.

He wouldn't speak, wouldn't move.

Ilya had tried to get him to walk side-by-side with him into the hotel but as soon as they got into the elevator, picked him up newlywed style.

Once they got to the room, he placed Shane on the bed and went to run a bath.

He stepped out of the room to call Shane's mom and explain to her what had just happened.

“He hasn't freaked out this bad since he was a teenager. Used to have them all the time when he was really young, but he was a high strong kid, a perfectionist even then.” Yuna spoke slowly.

“This has happened before so many times, but not this bad this isn't normal. This is really bad. I run a bath for him now. I'm really scared Yuna.”

“I know, it's scary and it's hard to explain even, I don't have all the answers and I probably should but he always shuts me out whenever I try to press about, for now all we can do is react. A bath will be perfect. Get a cup. Fill it up and pour it over his head and back that always calmed him down. Call me again if you have any more problems take care of yourself. Ok I love you.”

Ilya did as he was told. Shane was cooperative and calm. It was as if he wasn't there, but his body still was.

One Ilya played Shane back down in bed. He finally gave himself a minute to breathe.

He realized as captain he should probably let his team know that nobody died.

Group chat:

Rozy Posy: Shane is good thank you for cooperation. Good night everyone.

Shane woke up to Ilya already awake and packing bags. Which was very rare.

“Baby?” Shane sat up. His voice was hoarse.

Ilya sprinted to his husband’s side and placed a gentle hand on his.

“Shane, do you remember what happened yesterday?”

A sinking feeling hit him. Short memories came flooding back.

“Oh god Ilya...” he looked down

“Shane you are not ok. What happened last night..” he paused for a moment “I never want you to feel like that again.Ever.”

“I love you, I’m so s-“

“No. No sorry. You are so...so much to me. I do what I did 100 times if it meant you ok. But you have to be honest with me. Cant hide.”

Ilya’s English always got bad when he was overwhelmed.

“Bus leaves in two hours. I picked up breakfast an-“

“I don’t want to eat that.” Shane blurted “Honesty.”

“What will you eat. You must eat something.” Ilya kept his face neutral.

“I packed some protein bars in my bag. I’ll eat two.” Shane never broke eye contact.

“Can I change your mind.”

“No, I-I can’t do more food today, not today.”

“I worry about that. Your food I mean.”

“I know.”

“Ok. Get dressed, we bring stuff to the buss then eat on the road.”

“How am I gonna face everyone...Ilya..”

“I talk to them.”

“Thank you. I love you.”

“Shane.”

“Ilya.”

“Shane, you need help.”

Shane took a deep breathe and looked up at the ceiling.

Ilya placed his hand on Shane’s face and gently led it back towards him.

“When you are hurting. You get help from doctors. You are anxious. Get help from therapist. Is simple Shane.” Ilya’s English always got worse when he was upset

He leaned in to meet Shane’s eyes.

“I don’t...need it. Nothing happened to me, I don’t have any...trauma. I just-“

“Bad things have happened to you. People in the crowd make squint eyes at you to make fun of your beautiful face. Bad people throw slurs at you during games. Team you spent years playing for, threw you away like dirty trash. Reporter people ask if you identify as Asian because your father is white.” Ilya saw that interview? It was from years ago, before they were even seeing each other exclusively. “I see the hurt it brings you. The weight it puts on your shoulders. You don’t...you don’t eat normal Shane. You push you body until you almost collapse. Is not good.”

“I eat fine...it’s just. Too much to deal.”

“You eat just enough to keep alive. You don’t eat sugar you don’t eat carbs. You eat like it’s a chore, like is a goal that needs to be fulfilled, not for enjoyment. Sometimes when you’re really stressed, you don’t even bother to pretend to eat normal. You take small bites, push food around and make sad face. Sure you ate on honeymoon and you try to eat normal in front of others but now it’s getting worse again is like you were putting on a performance and now the show is over, back to usual program.”

Ilya waved his hands around. Not quite angry, more like hurt.

“I’ll try therapy.”

“Ok. Thank you. Я хочу, чтобы ты была счастлива со мной, детка”

“Я постараюсь для тебя”

Ilya went down to the bus while Shane hung back in the lobby.

“Good morning team, and coach.”

Everyone met him with solum stares.

“You all worry for Shane is good. You know my husband is strong. He is second best player in league. He pushes a lot...it hurts him sometimes. Last night was one of those times. Be calm with him today. Do not ask him anything. You ask me. Ok?”

The Centaurs, of course, were understanding. Some had questions that Ilya answered with Shane’s blessing. Shane was ok with the team knowing HE just didn’t want to be the one explaining.

“Is this gonna happen again?”

“Maybe.”

“Will we ever have to take him to the hospital, cause that was the move before you came in.”

“Depends on how bad it gets. He’s never had to go to the hospital before but...first for everything da?”

“Does he wanna talk about it...with us.”

“Someday maybe. Not today.”

The questions ended and Ilya went to go get Shane from the lobby.

After some steady coercion. Shane got onto the bus.

He sat in the back. Hood on and his hoody string in his mouth.

Bood can up to the both of them just as the bus was pulling off.

“We love you Shane. We really do. We are here.” Bood knelt down when he said it.

“Thank you.” Shane said back. Ilya could see his shoulders loosening.

Shane had his first therapy appointment a month later. Ilya couldn’t help but be proud of his husband. The whole day he swooned over Shane and made sure he knew how brave he was being. The journey was long from over but at least the where at the beginning now.

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