# My walking headache

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# My walking headache

by sarahleein98

Summary

Shane Hollander hated changes. Changes brought him anxiety and panic attacks. Coming out to his parents like this changed everything.

This is a story set at the cottage after Shane and Ilya had their dinner with Shane's parents and it looks into Shane's anxiety caused by his dad walking in on them.

Notes

Here we are, my second story I wasn't sure I want to post. But after your appreciation towards my last one, I decided I should go for it! Nothing could have prepared me for so much love from you, thank you so much everyone! <3

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When I was watching the last episode and the scenes where Shane was freaking out and Ilya was able to pull him out of it (once when Shane's dad walked in on them and then at their parent's table while eating spaghetti), I always thought that Shane wasn't done "freaking out" (like he called it himself). He had carried this burden being gay and not being able to tell anyone next to Ilya for years and having his parents to find out like this, made me feel like there was more to it.

So, this is was came out of my head!
I hope you enjoy :)

* I'm no native speaker, English is not my first language
* I'm no expert on panic attacks, diagnosed anxiety of anything like that - I wrote it like I would imagine Shane experience it in such a situation
* please be aware of the tags!

See the end of the work for more notes

It was the day after his worst nightmare.

It was the day after coming out to his parents in the worst way possible.

It was the day after, not only telling his parents he was gay but that the man at his side being Ilya fucking Rozanov for the past 9 years.

Shane felt off the moment he woke up this morning and opened his eyes. He felt sore, like after a night full of compassionate sex with his boyfriend Ilya (Shane was positive it would take him a while to get used to this new… label). But he hadn't had any sex last night; instead, he had had his coming out to his parents because his dad had caught him kissing Ilya which caused Shane's anxiety spiraling and pushing him into at least 3-almost-panic-attacks. The only reason they didn't blown up to their fullest was Ilya.
Laying down in bed suddenly felt constricted to Shane, so he almost scrambled his upper body into a more upright position, almost smacking the warm body lying next to him. Ilya was still sleeping soundly, snoring a little. That man was not being woken easy. Right now, Shane felt grateful for that, because he didn't think he would be able to deal with Ilya looking at him in this very moment.

*You just told your parents you are gay after getting caught. With Ilya Rozanov. You rival for the past 9 years.*

Shane felt his chest tighten.

*This was just the first step. From now on, everyone can read it you like its printed on your forehead.*

*I'm Shane Hollander and I'm gay.*

*I'm Shane Hollander and I fuck men for pleasure.*

Shane scooted onto the edge of the bed, putting his head into his hands. Forcing himself to take deep breath. Unconsciously, he grabbed his own hair between his fingers. Squeezing hard, pulling. The slight pain pumping over his scalp seemed to calm his nervous system a bit, helping him to escape his spiraling thoughts. Behind his back Ilya was still sprawled across the bed, his face smashed into the pillow where Shane was laying a second ago. A very big part of Shane wanted to just lay back down next to him, tucking himself into the warmth of Ilya's body and forget about the world for a moment. Like they did since their arrival at the cottage.

But Shane didn't do well with change. And outing himself to his parents that way was *certainly* some change he couldn't count on just vanishing from his wired mind. Still, the little part in his head telling him to get up and get himself together, won. Shane was convinced he would be fine after his morning routine, and he would just slip back into bed before Ilya was even going to wake up and suspect anything was wrong. Flawless plan. Sometimes, Shane feared himself how he was able to lie to himself in such a way.

He went through all the steps of his routine, until he found himself in the kitchen standing in front of the coffee machine. As Shane stared at it like it would been responsible for this whole mess, he felt an uncomfortable sting in his stomach. Has he been nauseous since waking up or did that just pop up? Shane rubbed his hand absently over his sore stomach, continuing to stare at the coffee machine. Nope, no coffee for him today. Instead, he wandered to the fridge and grabbed some cranberry juicy, leftover from yesterday's dinner with his parents. Then he headed outside to get some fresh air.
It was still early but the sun had risen, glooming warmly over the fields stretched out before him. The orange-tainted light glazed the sky up like a lightbulb and Shane had to squint. *Fuck, his head hurt.* As Shane rubbed his eyes, a thought scurried through his head like a lightning strike. He wasn't getting a migraine, was he? It could be just a headache. It had been a rough day, and he had slept poorly. That could cause headaches. Also, his anxiety caused headaches. It also caused his migraines. *Fuck, fuck, fuck.* Shane found himself spiraling again. Hurriedly, Shane got back inside and shut the door leading outside. He should make some breakfast for him and Ilya, that would give him something to do and stay off his mind.

Opening the fridge again, Shane grabbed a dozen eggs and some extra bacon for Ilya. His boyfriend ate like he didn't need to stay in shape being a professional hockey player. But who was Shane to judge? That man's body was God-given, that's for sure. He could eat as much greasy bacon as he would like, for all Shane cared. While he prepared the first round of eggs, he got carried away again inside head. That way he didn't notice Ilya descending the stairs until the wooden floor creaked under his boyfriend's feet. Shane was startled by that noise and one of the eggs on the counter dropped to the ground, cracking open, getting its mess everywhere.

"Huh. Good morning or… is it one?", Ilya smirked, coming into the kitchen.

"Fucking hell, Ilya…", Shane braced himself against the counter, staring at the mess between his feet. Next to him, the eggs already in the pan continued sizzling. Ilya came up to him from behind, wrapping his arms around Shane and pressed a couple kisses onto his neck. Usually, this had like a… magic effect on Shane. He would melt into Ilyas's touch, yearning for it. Like he had done for the past 9 years. Right now, it tensed him up and made him felt like ants crawling all over his skin. Not because of Ilya, but because of… simple touch. Before his boyfriend could notice anything, Shane wriggled himself out of Ilya's wrap and knelt to clean up the egg-mess.

"I… I dropped it, you scared the living shit out of me.", Shane sputtered, while picking up the cracked shells.

"I was looking for you. Bed is cold without you.", Ilya came closer again, when Shane stood again, cracked eggshells in his palm. With another attempt to cling onto his boyfriend's back, he purred "Was hoping for some hot morning sex."

The touching, the tight embrace and the nuzzling around his ear snapped Shane's foaming anxiety in half. He dropped the shells again, vibrating. "No!"

Ilya froze and immediately backed up, but not fully. He kept his arms around Shane's wait, loosely but still touching. He slightly dipped his head to catch a glance of Shane's face,

which was turned away from him. Before he could say anything, his boyfriend did.

“I… I mean, not… No, I’m not really in the mood. Need to wake up first, maybe after breakfast?”, the words toppled out of Shane’s mouth.

Ilya was having none of it. He gently grabbed Shane’s chin, turning his head towards him. “Hey… what is going on? Are you okay?”. His accent had thickened over studying Shane and his emotional turmoil. It always did.

“I’m fine.”, the answer came immediately.

Ilya didn’t react to that, just continued to look at him while rubbing his thumb softly over Shane’s hipbone. Shane himself wouldn’t look him in the eye, his lip shivered like the rest of his body. Subtle, but evident. When he seemed to understand that Ilya wouldn’t let him go, he swallowed indistinctly before talking again. “I, uh… I haven’t slept well. After yesterday. It was just a stressful day overall, you know? It just… caught up to me, I guess.”

Not completely a lie. Ilya seemed to consider this as well, watching Shane with furrowed brows. “Yes, it was stressful day. And a bit much.”

Shane nodded mechanically. Ilya’s hand left his hip and was brought up to caress Shane’s cheek now. Faintly rubbing the shiny freckles under his eye. “I’m sorry it was that stressful for you.”

Shane closed his eyes. “It’s okay, it wasn’t your fault. I’m kind of… glad it’s off the table now, but that doesn’t make it any less scary.”

Ilya hummed. “You were freaking out a lot. At least three times yesterday.”

Shane huffed. “Thanks for reminding me.”

“You still freaking out?”

Shane opened his eyes again, regarding at his boyfriend who was certainly a bit more than just concerned. Guilt gnawed at him, for making Ilya feel like this was his fault. Because it wasn’t. “A bit… maybe. But I’ll be fine.”

Ilya studied him, rubbing his thumb over Shane’s nose. “You promise you tell me when you freak out again? Big time?”

“I promise.”

“Okay.”, Ilya apparently decided not to push and retracted his hands from his boyfriend. “Why don’t you go lay down for a bit while I finish breakfast?”

Shane was clever enough not to protest. Ilya was watching him like a hawk and Shane was just relieved he had gotten rid of the anxiety topic. Therefore, he nodded and shuffled to the couch placed next to the open kitchen. He laid down the way he could gaze outside, watching the sun rise and the wind blowing through the trees, making them sway gently. Instinctively, Shane had curled himself into a form of a pretzel, feeling sheltered and comfortable like this.

He continued to stare outside, listening to the sounds of Ilya finishing to grill the eggs in the background.
His head hurt worse; his stomach seemed a bit better. At least he guessed so. Shane didn't really do it on purpose, but he blanked out for a couple minutes. The spiraling thoughts from earlier had vanished into a black hole, consuming him like a heavy blanket, drowning him. His limbs felt heavy and almost numb, not belonging to his body anymore. It felt like hours until Shane was pulled back from the abyss, he had fallen in.

"Shane? Breakfast is ready."

Shane blinked, moisturizing his parched eyes. Breakfast? Ah yes, the eggs. He had messed up and Ilya took care of it. Great.

As he sat up, a plate was thrusted into his hands. Shane looked at it and suddenly the nausea flared up again, hitting him like a ton of bricks. Delicious, well-made eggs were cluttered on his plate, no bacon. Because Shane didn't like bacon. But there was a bit of mashed potatoes on the side, not touching the eggs. He would never say it out loud, but that was Shane's biggest comfort food ever. He would love to kiss Ilya, just because he knew what Shane liked and needed in this very moment. He would love to tell him that. Tell him thanks for knowing me so well. Instead, his stomach took turns and goosebumps were spreading across Shane's skin. He was so busy staring at his plate, he didn't notice his breathing picking up again, his chest starting to constrict.

Ilya had already started to dig in, but the color leaving Shane's face from one second to another left him almost choking in his next bite. He sat his plate aside and scooted closer to his boyfriend. "Shane? Shane, what the hell? You going to be sick?!"

At the word sick Shane was positive he would throw up on the couch; right here, right there. Right on Ilya. Thinking about this kind of scenario alone made him wheeze, his anxiety going through the roof without any prewarning. His hands started quivering in earnest and he wouldn't know how the plate in his hands was gone a second later. Sitting like he was, Shane immediately edged his fingernails into his knees, craving for the sharp pain to reset his nervous system. When it didn't work, he tried harder. Shane. His name was called but Shane felt it reaching his ears only through thick cotton. Shane! Someone grabbed his hands and made him jump violently.

"No, hey! It's okay, it's just me. Ilya."

"Ilya?", Shane's voice cracked into a sob. *Huh, when did he start crying?*

"Yes. I grabbed your hands, because you were hurting your skin. Is it okay? Or do you want something else to grab?"

Shane squeezed his hands as hard as he could, feeling the calloused fingers that were wrapped around his own. He squeezed again, desperately trying to calm himself.

"Shh, shh. You're okay. You're fine."

Shane squeezed his hands again and a moment later he was squeezed back. It startled him at first, but in a good way. For a moment, he forgot he was in the middle of a meltdown. Ilya seemed to have caught up on that, because he did it again. “Does that help you? When you squeeze one time and then I do?”

Shane didn’t know. Right now, he felt like dying and that there was nothing more to be done for him. Then he felt a squeeze again and on instinct, he squeezed back. It got into a kind of rhythm, either of them squeezing their hands tight like it resembled a beating heart.

“Okay, breathe. Baby, breathe.”

And Shane did. Through the constants squeezing, he didn’t notice how his hitched breathing finally calmed down a bit, letting some much-needed oxygen into his lungs and brain. The shaking continued but at least Shane didn’t feel like he would faint any second. The provided oxygen was enough to get his brain and nervous system to work again and suddenly, the lingering nausea crashed into him out of nowhere. And this time, Shane couldn’t resist it.

“’m gonna be sick.”, he slurred panicked, wheezing again.

Ilya stared at him slightly confused, not being able to understand his boyfriend muttering the words under his breath. But the moment the first retch occurred, Ilya scrambled around to grab the little bin next to the couch table and thrusted it under Shane’s nose. Not a second to early. Shane threw up the meager leftovers from dinner last night, coughing and splattering everything into the bin. Shane absolutely *hated* throwing up. Who didn’t? But for him, it meant losing control over his body. It meant overstimulation at its best; disgusted by all the bodily fluids that filled up his mouth, his nose and – in the end – also his face. Gasping, Shane clasped the basket as his life depended on it; even after the retching seemed to have stopped. But he was too scared to let go for now. Ilya didn’t take it away from him; instead, he had sat down next to him and slowly, repeatedly rubbed his back. Up and down. Up and down.

It wasn’t until a few minutes later, when Shane’s breathing came down to a more regulated one and Ilya allowed himself to take away the wastebasket. For now, he just put it aside to deal with it later. Shane felt a warm hand on his cheek, stroking it softly. “How are we doing?”

Shane gulped, the snot clogging his nose was making his voice sound weird. “B… Before, when I… promised I would tell y… you if I’m freaking out again…”, he stammered, another sob mixed with a laugh escaped his mouth. “I… I think I’m freaking out a… a bit right now.”

Ilya snorted, pressing a kiss on his boyfriend’s forehead. “And people say you no funny.”

Shane attempted another wet laugh, but it dissolved in him starting to cry again. Ilya shushed him gently, continuing to rub his back. Another kiss was pressed onto Shane’s temple and then a chin was laid down on his shoulder. “Okay, it’s okay…”, Ilya whispered. “Can you do something for me?”

Shane exhaled loudly, erratically. Then he nodded. Ilya smiled gently. “I will… draw something on your back with my fingers. You guess what it is.”

“Huh?”

But Ilya didn’t answer; he just started moving his finger over Shane’s back in a certain pattern. At first, Shane didn’t recognize anything. Everything felt the same, his skin felt numb. The pressure was not individual enough for him to stand out as a pattern. But as he tried to close his eyes and really concentrate on Ilya’s fingers moving around on his back, he was able to feel better.

“A... star?”

Ilya beamed. “Good. And this?”

Shane kept his eyes closed. “A heart.”

“Too easy then. How about this?”

“A tree?”

“Hm.”, Ilya hummed, continuing with a new pattern. Shane hadn’t notice himself, but his breath came slower, and his tears were starting to subside.

“This is a car.”

“It’s a Porsche but I’ll take it because it’s you, yes?”

Shane huffed a wet laugh. They kept going for a few more minutes; Shane slowly coming down from his meltdown. It wasn’t until Ilya stopped his fingers and leaned back a bit to look at him that Shane really noticed he felt… calmer. Ilya stroked his freckled cheeks, getting rid of any last stray tears that were finding their way down Shane’s swollen face. “Are you feeling better?”

“Yeah.”, Shane whispered with a cracked voice, smacking his parched lips against each other. *Jeez, his throat felt like raw paper.* Ilya seemed to have caught up on that – *again* – and thrusted a glass of water in his hands out of nowhere. Shane gulped the water down like he’d been in a desert for the last three days.

“Slowly. Don’t want you to get sick again.”, Ilya scolded lightly, grabbing the almost empty glass from his boyfriend’s hands.

Now that Shane hydrated a bit and was able to feel himself again, he was aware of his pounding head and the intense fatigue that creeped into his bones. Ilya was still watching him, concerned. “How do you feel?”

Shane’s eyes fluttered. “Think I’m… getting a migraine or something.”. That was one thing a full-blown panic attack would do to him from time to time. Sometimes, Shane had a hard time to different a migraine from headaches caused by his anxiety. At least until said migraine would unfold itself by its fullest beauty.

Ilya rubbed Shane’s scalp under his hair. “Hm. You get them after panic attacks, yes? I know.”

Shane was a bit out of it, and it took him a few seconds too long to process his boyfriend's words. A puzzled look settled on his face. "How would you?"

Ilya just shrugged. "I watch. You were panicking a lot over the last years when we met somewhere to fuck. You always had headache after."

"Yeah well, what can I say? You are my walking headache."

Ilya scrunched up his face. It was very cute. "Is this some stupid Canadian saying?"

"Ah, no. Not really.", Shane smiled tiredly.

A kiss was pressed on the top of his head. "You should take a nap. You are exhausted."

"I know.", Shane whispered.

Ilya studied him. "You want to go upstairs to lay in bed?"

Shane ignored his question. Instead, he bit his lip and looked at his boyfriend through half-lidded eyes. "I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry about?"

"This.", Shane waved half-hearted between the two of them. "Me, being a mess about a stupid talk between me … us and my parents."

"It's not stupid. It meant a lot to you and made you scared for a long time. You were brave.", Ilya now cradled Shane's face in his hands while Shane himself had his hands laid down on his boyfriend thighs.

"You said something like that before."

"It's true.", Ilya know kissed Shane gently on the mouth, then again on his nose. That always made Shane smile. "Я тебя люблю."

„I love you too. ", Shane whispered back, leaning into Ilya's space.

The Russian laid down on the couch and took Shane with him, wrapping his arms around him. Shane nuzzled his face into his boyfriend's neck, seeking his warmth and the feeling of being protected. Maybe it was going to be okay in the end. Right now, it didn't feel that way, but there was still hope. Shane thought back to all the moments he had been scared, *terrified*, to death because he caught himself falling in love with a man. That were moments he felt like dying. And now he was cuddling with his newest boyfriend, Ilya fucking Rozanov; after admitting to himself (and his parents in the end) he was indeed gay and there was nothing to be changed about. If Shane was honest with himself now, he wouldn't want anything to change. He hated changes, remember?

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

I'm really looking forward to season 2 and how their story is going to continue. I only started with the second book and I heard it's going to be a deep dive into Ilya's depression (great!). I just hope we also get to see Shane fighting his inner demons on the show, I can't help but think it would be such a gift seeing Hudson bring Shane's emotions to life once again.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!