

locked in (and not in the focused way)

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by [ur_worst_nitemare](#)

Summary

The moment they were off the ice, there were so many insults hurled his way that he felt like he couldn't breathe.

"We need to put you back in the closet, Hollander. You're clearly no good now that you're out of it."

OR

Shane Hollander literally gets put back in the closet. Also I can't stop writing angst and this came to me.

Notes

I wanted more angst fics involving Shane and the Voyagers since for some reason the book scene and the fanfiction currently available wasn't enough for my brain. So of course I had to make more. Takes place during TLG. Also please forgive me if I'm making mistakes in the timeline, corrections for that are welcome. I have read these books front to back, watched the show a billion times, and studied that damn wiki page religiously yet I still mess up timeline things somehow. Also Drapeau and Comeau are the opps in here, sorry. Enjoy!

DISCLAIMER: I am a vile hater of generative AI, especially in creative fields. I did not use it to create this. Do not use it on my work.

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Chapter 1: Chapter One

Shane was used to some things regarding being a super famous hockey player, or as used to them as you could get because after all, he was still human.

He was familiar with the constant scrutiny on his playing, from his coach, teammates, and himself. He was used to the nitpicking of his fashion style or body shape that some of his fans would claim to be an act of “tough love” for him. Although he couldn’t do so completely, and he wasn’t sure if he’d ever be able to 100% (at least not right now), he was even beginning to tune out the sounds of the fans borderline analyzing his love life and trying to figure out who he was with. That one was the most difficult and had been the most difficult, and now, it was more than difficult. It was suffocating.

He knew that Hayden hadn’t *meant* to out them. His “hatred” for Ilya was more of a playful thing at this point and even so, he’d never do something like that on purpose no matter how he felt. But regardless, Shane and Ilya were outed. Their relationship was a secret no more and a lot of people felt entitled to every detail. The behavior from fans online was expected, a mixture of praise and unwarranted anger, but it was the behavior at home that hurt Shane the most.

Ilya’s teammates had been supportive. They reassured him that they didn’t care, that he was still a god damn great hockey player who had won countless times. They still loved him and understood (mostly) why this news was a secret for so long. Shane wished he got such a reaction. He was so, *so* happy for Ilya and the reaction he got because that was what Ilya deserved.

But, the Montreal Voyageurs, of course, did not react the same.

Shane quickly learned that some of his teammates weren’t as ok with him being gay as they had “claimed” to be (he had managed to start figuring things out with JJ, but his initial aversion was painful, nonetheless). He had Hayden, who stood up for him and fought tooth and nail, but it was everyone versus them. In their heads, whether Shane was gay or not didn’t matter and was fine...as long as he didn’t talk about it. Or bring anyone to group gatherings. Or mention it, *ever*.

Now that they had discovered Shane *was* gay, some let their homophobia loose on him and Roger Crowell certainly wasn't helpful. They were upset and felt betrayed (minus Hayden, the guilt that man felt kept him up at night despite Shane's reassurances). Not only that, but Shane was gay for his archrival who they had played against *countless* times. That was of course the bigger problem and they immediately accused Shane of throwing games and the like. Shane wanted to crawl into a hole and hide.

He tried to move on and go about life, hoping people would come around, but his "team" was going backwards with him, making things impossible. They made sarcastic "jokes" that were really insults in disguise or took to whispering about Shane and his "Russian boy toy" when they thought he couldn't hear. His teammates started asking Shane inappropriate questions about his relationship and trying their best to downright humiliate him, on and off the ice. The amount of snide remarks and crude jokes about Shane "taking it up the ass" could fill the length of a longform podcast episode. They'd even leave things in his locker or get rough with him on the ice, despite the fact that they were supposed to be on the same team.

It reminded him of how kids in school would make fun of him if he was being honest. Their taunts and behavior were akin to that of stereotypical high school bullies in a movie, but it didn't make it hurt any less. Even if their behavior was "childish" it didn't change that fact. Shane was heartbroken. He was utterly gutted at the fact that his team where he had played for 11 years, captained for 6, and won 3 cups with, suddenly cast him aside and treated him with the respect of a bag of trash left in the sun all because of who he loved.

He didn't expect them to understand fully. He didn't expect them to necessarily like the fact that he was with Ilya Rozanov, his #1 archrival for years and years, but he didn't expect *this*. Nothing could have prepared him for this. He wasn't anticipating having a hard time even existing in the same space as people who he had played with for *years*. He didn't expect that he'd be insulted and metaphorically (and sometimes literally) spat at by *teammates* he had led for such a long, long time.

Ilya and Hayden and his parents and even his therapist had described it as more than that. It was, from what he had allowed himself to tell them anyway, bullying; harassment. Even Hayden hadn't seen *everything*. There were quite a few times where Shane had been on his own or at practice later/earlier and anyone who happened to be there would take advantage of Shane being by himself. They wouldn't do too much, but they'd take the opportunity to lop more of their *intense* comments his way due to the lack of Hayden Pike threatening to punch them in the face (it wasn't like Shane couldn't fight his own battles, but he was taken less seriously when Hayden wasn't there).

Shane had a habit of coming early or staying late to practice and despite his team's behavior, this was something that hadn't changed. He found that he could use the time on the ice to clear his head to both prepare for and wind down from long days. Today was no exception. He had had a particularly bad practice and his teammates were *relentless*. The moment they were off the ice, there were so many insults hurled his way that he felt like he couldn't breathe.

We need to put you back in the closet, Hollander. You're clearly no good now that you're out of it.

He waited for everyone to leave until it was just him and Hayden sitting in the hallway outside of the rink.

"If it wasn't a 2 versus like 10 situation I'd start beating people," Hayden sighed, arms crossed as he leaned against the wall, "Which I know you're going to say that violence isn't the answer, and I agree to an extent. Doesn't mean I don't want to watch them get their shit rocked."

Shane hummed in agreement, taking a sip from his water.

"Hey man, are you sure you want to stay by yourself after today? I can stay with you for a bit. Jackie and I are going out and the kids are with her parents since they're in town, meaning I have some time."

Shane turned to Hayden, "Thanks, but I need time alone on the ice. My head is so jumbled right now and this helps."

Hayden nodded, uncertain, but trusted his friend, "Ok. Just don't stay too late. I'm serious! If you're not done in the next hour or so, your man is going to be calling *me* and I would like to have a nice date and spend some quality time with my very lovely wife."

Shane laughed and rolled his eyes, "Oh believe me, I think you get *plenty* of alone time with Jackie. Don't you guys have 4 kids?"

“Ha ha, very funny, Hollander,” Hayden picked up his bag and began to head to his car, saluting Shane, “Catch you next practice. We have a day or two off, take that time to rest.”

Shane waved goodbye and watched as Hayden disappeared outside and drove off. He turned around and headed back into the rink almost immediately. He sent some quick texts to Ilya before diving head first into the drills he’d laid out for himself.

His self practice didn’t last very long and he called it quits after only 20 minutes as he really just wanted to go home and fall apart. He gave a sigh of relief and shot a quick text to Ilya, thankful that the other man had been willing to cart him around today. He opened his locker only to realize he was out of disinfectant for his equipment. Walking out of the locker room, he went to open one of the cleaning closets when he heard a creak in the floorboards. He whipped his head around so fast he felt it in his neck.

Shane shook his head. He was probably being paranoid, the floorboards creaked all the time for unknown reasons. If someone had shown up to the rink while he was there, they’d make themselves known. Hayden knew better than to sneak up on him like that. And what reason would anyone have to *break into* the rink?

He opened up the closet door and proceeded business as usual, grabbing the spray from the top shelf when suddenly he felt two pairs of hands on his back and he was being *shoved*. He collided with the shelves head first and there was an abrupt slamming sound and clicking noise before the closet he was now in grew dark. Cradling his forehead, he grabbed onto the shelves and stood up, trying to gather his surroundings as best as he could in the dark.

“Shit, you think we knocked him out?” He heard one voice outside say.

“Honestly I could care less. Could make the case that he fell or passed out or something, so it works for us,” Another joined in. Shane had a moment of recognition, those were some of his “teammates”, Drapeau and Comeau. He moved his hand forward to the door knob and jiggled it, but it didn’t move. Then the voices stopped.

“Guess that answers our question,” The voice was muffled from the door, but it was definitely who he thought it was, “Hey Hollzy, you awake in there?”

“What the fuck is going on?!” Shane spat. His forehead hurt from slamming into those damn shelves.

“Didn’t you listen? We told you after practice today that you needed to go back in the closet,” So they weren’t kidding. The comment about putting Shane “back in the closet” wasn’t a metaphorical statement or some words to scare him, no, it was real. The fuckers had shoved him into a supply closet. They had *literally* put him back in the closet.

“Go fuck yourself!” He jiggled the handle again, but it still didn’t move, “Alright, funny! Haha, you’re so fucking funny and totally getting to me. Prank’s over, let me the fuck out.”

“Nah, I don’t think we want to do that actually,” Drapeau sounded so smug. Shane wished he could smack the grin off of his face that he was probably showing.

“Yea,” Comeau chimed back in, “Oh would you look at that? It’s getting late. I think it’s time for us to leave.”

He heard the two players turn away and begin to walk down the hallway. They were leaving. They were actually leaving him locked in a fucking closet and he had no way to get out until he either broke down the door himself or Ilya got here and found him.

The closet was stuffy.

Breaking down the door was definitely worth the try.

Chapter 2: Chapter Two

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoyed my silly prompt of angsty word vomit

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

***Boring Canadian* <3:** Staying late after practice today.

***Boring Canadian* <3:** It was bad. Need some time before I come home

- 20 minutes later -

***Boring Canadian* <3:** I lied please come get me

Ilya knew something was off the moment that *Hayden* had texted him that night. Apparently they had a pretty rough practice and one of their teammates had said something pretty disgusting to Shane about “putting him back in the closet”. He already hated the Montreal Voyageurs for their treatment of Shane and this was certainly not helping their case. Shane was his own person of course, but there was no way that he could stay on this team once his contract expired. Ilya would encourage him as much as possible.

He pulled up to the team rink and texted Shane to let him know that he was waiting outside, but the front door didn’t open. He waited 5 minutes, then 10, then 20, then 30 before he just decided to go inside. He knew Shane preferred he waited due to not wanting him to get into it with the Voyageurs, but Ilya was getting worried. Sometimes Shane would wait for Ilya to come get him or say he was coming home and then get stuck in another round of practice.

“Shane? любимый?” Ilya poked his head inside, looking around for signs of Shane. He looked around the front entrance and saw that familiar duffel laying on one of the benches. That was definitely Shane’s bag so he definitely was here. He called Shane again only to see the familiar glow of Shane’s phone next to his duffel.

Ilya found himself walking all over the building, calling out for Shane and grew more worried at the silence as each moment passed by. He wasn't in his usual practice rink or any of the other rooms. The bathroom doors were open and the rooms themselves empty. The locker room did not have a soul nearby. It was unlikely that Shane would be in the Montreal Voyager trophy room, but he checked anyway and was right as Shane was nowhere to be found.

This was definitely not a good looking situation.

Shane’s bag was at the front of the building, his phone laying next to it. He was nowhere to be found in the building. He had a really bad practice with his team, who hated him viciously. One of his teammates expressed a desire to put him back in the closet. Then, again, Shane was nowhere to be found, disappearing like a ghost in the night.

Before Ilya could think any further, a loud banging noise accompanied by a faint, muffled yelp came from down the hallway.

Ilya picked up a hockey stick that had been left out and slowly walked down the hall. Maybe there was some kind of intruder that had broken in and done something to Shane. He crept down the corridor, peeking around the corner to get to the source of the banging. As he walked further and further, the sounds grew louder and the voice grew more familiar. The muffled shouts got less muffled and he was soon able to decipher what they said; and that’s when Ilya's heart shattered in two.

“Let me out! Let me out, please!” Ilya recognized Shane’s voice immediately. His head turned to the jiggling handle of what appeared to be a locked supply closet. He dropped the hockey stick and rushed over.

“Shane?!” He said in disbelief. How had he managed to get in here? “Are you ok? What are you doing in cleaning closet?!”

“Ilya, fucking hell,” Shane was clearly panicked, “I’m so glad you’re here.”

“My love, take some deep breaths for me. I can tell you are worked up,” Ilya fiddled with the closet handle, “Cover your ears and back against the wall. I’m going to smack this door handle, ok?”

“Ok.”

Ilya picked up the hockey stick he had brought at the thought of an intruder and *thwacked* the door handle with all his might. Thankfully, nothing broke completely, but it was enough for the lock to come loose with a couple of hits. Ilya threw open the door and quickly gathered Shane in his arms, looking him over. His throat grew dry at the small bruise on Shane’s forehead.

“Sweetheart, what on earth happened?” He said as Shane hugged him tightly, “How did you get in here? Why were you locked in?”

“Fucking Drapeau and Comeau and their stupid pranks and stupid hatred,” Shane said angrily, “Being homophobic is one thing. Humiliating me is another. Putting shit in my locker is next level, but putting me in a closet??? That’s a whole other level of something.”

“They fucking did what?” Ilya said with venom, “They put you in here? They give you bruise?”

“Bruise?” Ilya motioned to Shane’s forehead.

“You have a bruise on your forehead. Did they do that to you? I’m already at my limit with them, if they put their fucking *hands* on you-”

“No, no, they didn’t hit me or cause this. At least not on purpose.”

“Hayden told me about what they said after practice to you today. I come to get you and find you locked in a closet and then you tell me that they put you in there.”

“Ok, let me rephrase. They did put me in a closet. They did not, at least I think they didn’t, give me this bruise purposefully.”

“Then how else did you get? Did you fall on ice?”

Shane shook his head as Ilya helped him up and they walked to the front of the building to leave, “I was cleaning up and noticed I was out of disinfectant in my locker. So I went to the cleaning closet and then next thing I know I was being shoved head first into the fucking cleaning shelves and being locked in the closet.”

Ilya nodded. He was clearly livid at the situation at hand. Grabbing Shane’s stuff, he helped him into the car and they began their drive home.

“Ilya, I can hear your thoughts.”

“They will pay,” Ilya turned into their driveway and put the car in park. The pair went inside and sat down on the couch before resuming their conversation, Shane wrapped up in Ilya completely.

“They will have some kind of consequence. They cannot just get away with this, with this bullying you.”

“Ilya-”

“No. I am doing something. Imagine if I had been gone and you were home alone. You could have spent *hours* there. They shove you in closet because they cannot handle the fact that you are happy. Not ok.”

“I didn’t think they were being serious.”

“Have they said stuff like this before?”

“Nothing like...this,” Shane leaned into Ilya, “I thought that maybe it was just a prank. Or words to scare me like always. I didn’t think they’d go through with it and just leave me in there.”

“We are taking this up with someone. You need to leave this team. Your safety is big concern.”

“My contract expires next month, I’ll leave then-”

“*No*,” Ilya sounded desperate, “You will leave now. We will figure it out. Your so called ‘teammates’ just locked you in a room because of their big- what is the word, fuck-”

“...Bigotry?”

“Yes, that. Because of their bigotry,” Ilya stroked Shane’s hair, “We will find a way.”

Shane nodded, leaning further into Ilya’s side as the night continued. Ilya called their agent, informing her of the incident and asking about legal options regarding Shane’s contract and his placement on the Voyagers. She said she’d see what she could do.

His contract magically expired the next day and an offer from the Ottawa Centaurs appeared in his inbox.

Translations:

любимый - favorite/loved

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