

## **I was drowning (you pulled me out)**

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# **I was drowning (you pulled me out)**

by [VKookies\\_ot7](#)

## Summary

4 times Shane kept it for himself, 1 time he didn't have to.

or Shane struggles 4 times and 1 time Ilya is here to help.

## Notes

Hi,

I cannot believe I have wrote this thing in one night, so bear in mind that it was not beta read, though I tried to find all mistakes and correct them.

God, I need to get myself together, because I literally should be studying and I already screwed up my last exam. I just can't stop thinking about HR, save me, pleaseeee...

Anyway, enjoy!

(the PA tag is mostly because the situations here can be considered as it, but it's nothing heavy, same for ST)

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

1.

The game did not went as Shane would like it to. It was not terrible, surely, but that was their first game against Boston this season and losing 4-2 was definitely not the outcome he would like. Ilya Rozanov scored three goals, defeating Metros almost on his own. He also couldn't miss the chance to bump Shane into the boards, so hard he felt the ribs bruise up.

And now, to make it even worst, as a captain, Shane was quite forced to go out to the press and reporters standing outside as wild animals, ready to jump over him and crash him with questions about the game, making him replay the events in his mind once again. Normally, that would not be a problem. Shane was prepared, he went through all the possible scenarios in his mind, answered each question, followed every response he could get. It would all be fine if his mind wasn't starting to blur, quietly urging Shane to take a break.

It was not an option now, though. As he stood here, fingers fidgeting with the hem of his shirt that he only managed to throw on after a shower, along with a pair of sweats. They didn't even give him time to properly rest after the game. Not even to pack his things.

He took a deep breath followed by a slow exhale.

One... two... three... He counted slowly.

Just as his therapist had told him.

The reporters were waiting for him. They didn't left, of course.

Shane saw Ilya walking to talk to press a few minutes ago, which meant he was probably done by now and Shane shouldn't keep everyone waiting, right?

His breathing slowed down a bit and Shane forced himself to start moving toward the door to the hallway.

Everything felt so surreal, the seconds felt like entirety as he finally entered the room, flashes lighting up the entire space.

Only then Shane knew it wasn't going to go smoothly.

Rozanov was still standing here though, only a meter away from him, making the suffocating feeling consume Shane even more. But his presence somehow stopped Shane's brain from turning off, forcing him to stay focused on the surroundings.

His fingers were still gripping the edge of his shirt, the soothing feeling of the material comforting Shane in a way. He noticed the look in Ilya's eyes, something he didn't see there often. Ilya seemed curious, worried almost, his gaze locked on Shane's face.

It didn't go on for long time.

It couldn't.

But Shane felt warm in his chest when the taller player smiled at him, encouraging, before walking away.

2.

Shane was questioning himself why the hell did he agree to schedule the last photoshoot of the week on Friday evening. Not that he had something against Fridays or evenings, it was just...

He knew how this would end.

Shane knew himself, even though he sometimes desperately tried to push away the thoughts. But after the whole week and even more importantly the two games that, even though they won, costed Shane a fair part of his energy, he wasn't feeling very well.

He wasn't sick, he almost never was.

It was just the silent need to bury himself in his bed, under the warm covers, feeling the comforting weight on his body. He would turn off all the lights and just slip away from the world that felt too offensive today.

Shane felt a flash of the camera, eyes closing on an instant.

"Shane, please keep your eyes open, okay? We know it's tiring, but we are almost done." The director's voice reached Shane and he nodded, fixing the white blazer.

The material of his outfit was shiny and sleek. Not the type of comfy hoodies he had or the fuzzy blankets that he stored in each of his apartments.

He noticed one at Ilya's too, recently.

Right, what was Ilya doing right now?

God, he would kill to have Ilya by his side now.

They wrote for a while before and it managed to calm Shane down, so he felt pretty decent for now. At least he was desperately saying that to himself.

A series of flashes went on and Shane focused on not changing his pose, staying as calm as he could.

He felt very hot in here. The clothes weren't light, making it hard to not sweat. And feeling a trace of water on his back was not helping.

The director muttered something to the cameraman and suddenly the lights went on, signaling the end of the shot.

"Alright, thank you so much, we have everything we need!"

Shane heard people running around, the noises of workers too loud, *too loud*.

There was an arm on his back, moving in a circles, soothing his tensed muscles.

His mom was there, with a big smile on her face.

“Shane, honey, everything is fine?”

Shane flinched.

“Yeah, I’m great.”

That was surely a lie.

3.

“Shane Hollander, you fucking loser, come here!” JJ’s voice somehow reached Shane as he wandered through the bar, looking for his teammates.

The place was crowded, definitely more than usual. People must have heard that some of the Metros and Boston players went here for an after game party. It was unusual for the two teams to end up in one place, but it somehow happened, the Metros sitting on one side of the room, the Bears gathered together as far as possible.

Yes, that was not usual.

And even more for Shane to be here.

He smiled when he reached the guys, Hayden throwing an arm over Shane and pulling him to his side.

“Dude, we should celebrate! It’s like the first time I see you here!”

Well, that was not true.

“No, you forget about-“

“Oh, shut up!” Hayden handed Shane a glass of beer, laughing as the other gripped it tightly, surprised.

Shane couldn’t remember how JJ managed to make him come here at the first place. Maybe that was because Shane was already a bit drunk. Just a little but, though, to distract himself from the events of the day.

Every time Shane hit the club, he instantly remembered all the reasons why he did *not* hit the club on daily basis.

There was loud music. And while he liked listening to music on his own, where he had his own soft playlist, here the beats were too loud and too noisy.

The ocean of the bodies of drunk people dancing everywhere was suffocating in a way that made Shane grip the glass of beer so tight, his knuckles turned white. He felt Hayden's arm on his back, the voices, laugh and music banging in his ears.

The first inhale came unsteady, heavy as he forced himself to breath. It always started like this. His lungs forgot how to function and he had to think about breathing. Every gulp of air was harsh, painful.

Sometime he wondered what would it feel like if he stopped.

If he stopped forcing himself to breath.

Suddenly there was nothing in his head. Only the distant chattering, the weight on his back disappeared or maybe he just went numb. The feeling was scary, he couldn't focus. The glass in his hand seemed blurry and it shook, spilling a bit of the liquid on Hayden.

Did the glass shook or was it Shane?

It had to be the glass, right?

"Hey" He heard someone calling him.

Who was it?

Where was he?

"Hey, Shane, buddy, you hear me?"

Hayden's face appeared in front of him, concerned.

*Take me out of here.*

Shane wanted to scream.

Those words never came out.

"I'm fine." He muttered, taking a small sip of the drink as he sank down on the nearby chair.

4.

As for flights, Shane always liked them. He liked the feeling of being on top of everything, beyond the clouds. He loved the views, the atmosphere, the movies he could watch.

In fact, that was one of his favourite ways to travel.

It was comfortable and he didn't have to bother with buying the tickets or organizing a car. The managers did everything.

Well, at least until the flight service messed something up with his luggage and he was left waiting on the airport in Toronto in the middle of the night to get his things from another plane.

That was not fun.

And what was worst, all his team had landed yesterday, because Shane had intentionally asked for a ticket one day later, just to have additional hours with Ilya Rozanov.

Which meant, he didn't have his teammates to accompany him.

In whole honesty, he would give everything to be with Ilya right now.

To just have someone who could sit here with him and hold his hand or something.

Because he was here all alone and it was so fucking scary.

And even though he wasn't necessarily alone, there were some people from time to time, he couldn't be noticed. That would surely lead to full attention on him and Shane wasn't ready for this.

So he was sitting on the bench in the corner of the baggage reclaim space, his backpack lying on his knees, his arms resting on it. He had his hoodie on, silencing the outside a bit, but it was still loud. Much too loud to Shane's liking. And of course his headphones were in his luggage.

Great.

He rested his head on his backpack, letting his mind go blank, his breathing hitching.

*Please, just not here.*

*Not here.*

+1

Ilya had seen Shane in many situations.

On the ice, holding the Stanley Cup, on the TV, in his bed.

Yeah, Ilya Rozanov thought he had seen all of Shane, at least everything that could somewhat shock him.

So now, when they were both in the hotel room, he knew something was wrong. It was in the way Shane moved, the way he hanged his jacket too carefully, how he put his shoes in a perfect line.

It was obvious that Shane was distressed, Ilya noticed that even before, during the game, the other man moved slower than usually, avoiding dangerous situations and basically not playing the Shane Hollander's hockey.

But Ilya didn't ask, instead he followed the other into the living room, sitting on the counter in front of Shane who sat down on the couch, curling into himself in the corner.

There was something very wrong about this.

Among all his experiences with Shane, Ilya picked up a few things, so now, instead of staring at the other, he stood up, turning off all the lights in the room, leaving only a small lamp on.

That was something that helped the other relax, or at least Ilya thought so, because every time he was at Shane's, the room was dim, sometimes almost dark.

After that he moved over to the couch, sitting down near Shane, leaving some space in between.

He could see the other flinch and bit his lip, hands gripping the material of the sofa underneath them. Ilya leaned back, slowly.

Shane's breath hitched and he inhaled sharply.

Things like this happened.

Ilya saw that a few times before, how the Metros' captain had to stop before an interview to slow down his breathing or how he avoided the flashy lights during events.

And every time, as much as Ilya wanted to wrap his arms around Shane, stand between him and anything that was scaring him and just protect him from the outside world, he couldn't.

And now, when he had the other fighting his own battle, Ilya didn't wrap his arms around him.

He didn't say anything.

He just was there, his presence making Shane feel safer, reassuring that someone was there, that he was not alone.

Shane shifted a little, curling more into himself.

Something inside Ilya hurt when he saw the other like this.

He extended his arm, placing it gently on Shane's knee. The touch was soft but firm, steady. Indicating that Ilya was there, and that he would be.

That he won't go.

And that was enough.

Because Shane didn't pull back.

## End Notes

So, that's it!

Three hours during which I should have been studying.

Please, leave kudos and comments if you enjoyed!

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