

control

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by [Tizniz](#)

Summary

The call rings through to voicemail, but Ilya doesn't listen to the message as he hangs up and starts calling again. Only two rings sound into his ear as he shoves his feet into some shoes before the line connects.

“Rozanov.” Hayden Pike drawls, “I thought we agreed to only call if there was an emergency.”

“Why the fuck do you think I’m calling?” Ilya snaps, hating that he has to talk to Pike. But Pike is Shane’s best friend. He is also in the same city as Shane and can get to him before Ilya. He can stay until Ilya gets there.

Notes

Mind the tags. Take care of yourself. Love you.

Xx

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

Ilya notices the missed call when he picks up his phone after his shower. He and Shane hadn't had a call planned – Ilya certainly wouldn't have gone and showered if the love of his life was going to call him – but it's not completely out there for one to call the other randomly. What is a bit odd is that there's no text from Shane first, asking if Ilya is busy. He typically texts first.

With a frown, Ilya taps on Shane's contact and brings the ringing phone to his ear, wandering over to his closet as he listens. And just before the call goes to voicemail, there's the click of the call connecting, a moment of heavy silence, and then, "Hi."

"Sorry, *moya lyubov*, I was in shower." Ilya greets, tucking the phone between his shoulder and head as he grabs a pair of sweats, tugging them on. "I did not know you would call or I would have waited."

"No, it's...it's okay..." Shane sounds small. Quiet. But not the normal quiet that Ilya has come to associate with this man. This type of quiet has Ilya straightening, grabbing his phone in a tight grip.

"Shane?"

"It's nothing. Really." Shane rushes out and there's something that could be a sniffle but Ilya isn't entirely sure. "S-sorry for bothering you."

"*Shane.*" Ilya says firmly, "You are never bother. I always want to talk with you."

There's no reply then, but there is the sound of...Ilya's heart breaks. Because Shane is *crying*.

"Shane." Ilya's voice is much softer this time, "What is wrong?"

"Nothing!" Shane's response is quick, too quick. "Nothing is wrong. I don't...I shouldn't have...I'm going to go. Okay?"

"What? No. We talk! Video even. Yes?"

"No. No, I...I just...I'm sorry, Ilya." Shane's voice wobbles and cracks. "I have to—" The call ends abruptly. Ilya is left standing there, staring at his phone, worry knotting itself into a jumble in his stomach.

Something is wrong with Shane. Very wrong. Ilya can feel it in his bones that something is wrong. But he is in Ottawa. It'll take him about two hours to get to Shane, a little less if he pushes the limit and the traffic isn't too bad, which it shouldn't be considering how late it is.

But that is two hours for Shane's mind to produce cruel and mean things. Two hours where Shane will not let Ilya reach out to him, because Ilya is already calling Shane back and being greeted with voicemail. Two hours where Shane will be *alone*.

Cursing in Russian, Ilya quickly tugs a shirt and sweater on, stabbing at his phone as he selects a significantly less used contact.

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"Rozanov." Hayden Pike drawls, "I thought we agreed to only call if there was an emergency."

"Why the fuck do you think I'm calling?" Ilya snaps, hating that he has to talk to Pike. But Pike is Shane's best friend. He is also in the same city as Shane and can get to him before Ilya. He can stay until Ilya gets there.

"What's wrong?" Pike asks, voice serious and attentive. "Is Shane okay?"

"No. I don't know." Ilya pauses, running a hand through his hair, "He called. And he...he was crying. And something is wrong but he would not say. He will not answer my calls either."

There's a sharp inhale from the other end of the line, "I...I noticed he was quiet at practice earlier. Well, quieter than Shane usually is. And he just...he seemed...distant?"

Ilya curses as he locks his door, clicking on the fob for his car, "I am leaving now. It will be almost two hours before I am there."

"I'm already on my way. I'll be at his place in ten."

"Thank you, Hayden." Ilya says before ending the call and jumping into his car, cranking the key in the ignition.

An hour and a half later, Ilya is letting himself into Shane's Montreal apartment. There's the faint sound of music, some piano stuff that Shane often puts on in the background when the quiet gets to be too much for him but he can't handle lyrics, but otherwise the place is still.

Ilya kicks his shoes off and puts them neatly alongside Shane's, noticing Pike's haphazardly sitting on the floor like he'd been in a rush. There had been no update from Pike while Ilya had raced to his love's home, but Ilya was putting that to Pike focusing on Shane. If it were truly serious, then Pike would have said something.

Just as Ilya is placing his keys and jacket onto the kitchen counter, Pike wanders down the stairs. He gives Ilya a nod, taking a seat on the stairs, hands clasped and hanging between his knees.

“Shane?”

“Asleep in bed.” Pike explains and Ilya leans against the counter, arms crossed against his chest. “It...it was good you called. He needed someone.”

Ilya swallows, throat tight. “What was wrong?”

Pike’s jaw works from side to side, “Has...has Shane told you about his past? About the... darker parts of his past?”

Faint silvery marks of skin flash into the forefront of Ilya’s mind. Marks that he has kissed so softly as Shane’s breath had hitched; not from arousal but from fear. Ilya had never said anything about those marks on Shane’s legs and arms. Had not wanted to push Shane. Wanted to wait until Shane was ready.

“He has not told me, no.” Ilya states quietly, “But I know.”

Pike nods, obviously understanding that there’s no way Ilya hasn’t seen them by now, but he doesn’t seem surprised Shane hasn’t said anything. “It’s not...it’s not because he’s sad or depressed or anything.”

Ilya knows that. Shane is not like him. Does not have the same dark thoughts that Ilya has. Something Ilya is grateful for.

“For him, it’s always been about control. Shane needs control.” Pike sighs, rubs at his face with both hands, “I found out our second year playing together. I walked into the bathroom of our hotel room and saw him sitting there. A razor pressed to his thigh.”

Ilya closes his eyes as bile rushes up his throat.

His Shane. His beautiful, wonderful, amazing Shane. Feeling like he needs to do this horrible thing to himself.

“He and I talked for hours that night. He explained to me about the control thing. How it had been a good few years since he’d done it. But being in the big leagues...more pressure, you know?” Pike rests his chin on his hands, elbows braced on his thighs. “Shane takes all of it on, even when he doesn’t need to. And it fucking kills me. Because he doesn’t...he’s just so good, you know?”

Ilya gives a small, sharp nod. He does.

Pike stands, walks the remaining steps down onto the floor, “He felt out of control tonight. He said he was close to doing something. Its why he called you.” And Ilya hadn’t answered. “But don’t blame yourself, Rozanov. He doesn’t blame you. I don’t. Hell, if it wasn’t for you...” Pike shakes his head, “I’m gonna go home. I know you’ve got him. And thanks. For calling me.”

“Thank you for coming.” Ilya replies as Pike walks over to put his shoes on.

“For Shane?” Pike throws a smile over his shoulder, “Always.”

The door clicks shut behind him as Ilya starts to climb the stairs, ready to take care of his Shane.

Shane drifts back to consciousness to the sensation of fingers moving gently through his hair. “I really hope you’re Ilya and not Hayden.”

A small scoff comes from somewhere vaguely above him but Shane isn’t ready to open his eyes yet. He can exist in the small reality of in between, where he can keep being in denial about what happened.

“You telling me you cuddle with Pike?” There’s the lightest of tugs to his hair, “Do not make me jealous, Hollander.”

“He and I do share a hotel room every time we go on the road...”

“And you would be uncomfortable sharing a bed with anyone.” Ilya states; not because he’s jealous or possessive (which he has been both and usually is the latter) but because Shane had told him, at some point before they became official, how Shane doesn’t normally like sharing a space with someone. Ilya was simply different. Special.

Shane hums, curling closer into Ilya’s side. He can feel the last tendrils of sleep slipping away, meaning he’ll have to face the real reason Ilya is here instead of in Ottawa. The reason Shane had called him in the first place.

“Shane.”

“No.”

“Shane...”

“Don’t wanna.”

“*Shane.*”

Huffing, he pulls himself away from Ilya and sits up, leaning against the headboard next to his boyfriend. Immediately, Ilya reaches for one of Shane’s hands, tangling their fingers together.

“I’m sorry I did not answer your call.”

Shane shakes his head, “No. Don’t. You...we didn’t have plans to talk. I called out of the blue.”

“...out of blue?”

“Out of nowhere. Randomly. No warning.”

“Ah.” Ilya’s thumb moves along the back of Shane’s hand. “That is okay though. You can call out of blue. I always want to hear from you.”

Closing his eyes as tears build, Shane turns his head into Ilya’s shoulder, “No. You don’t.”

“Yes. I do.”

“Not when—”

“Yes. Even then.”

Shane blows out a breath, “You didn’t even know.”

“Does not mean I do not want to talk to you. I am here for all of it, Shane. The good and the bad. You have said same to me.”

It’s different. Shane bites his tongue, holds the words back. He doesn’t want Ilya to think it’s bad that he shares his darker days with Shane. Because the only reason there is any difference between them sharing is because...well because it’s Shane.

“Talk to me, *zlotse*. Do not keep me away.”

“I know you’ve seen them.” Shane whispers, eyes open and watching as Ilya’s thumb keeps moving along his skin. “We don’t talk about them, but you’ve seen them.”

“The scars, yes.” Ilya says it so easily. Bluntly. Shane hates that his chest tightens at the word. *Scars*. But not from hockey injuries or reckless childhood moments (not that Shane had any of those; always playing carefully and usually by himself). No, these scars were made by his own hand. “I did not bring them up because you did not seem to want to talk about them.”

Shane shakes his head lightly, “I didn’t. I don’t.”

“I know,” Ilya turns his own head, brushing a kiss to the top of Shane’s head, “But I think we must.”

“Yeah...” Shane tugs the blanket higher up his chest. “I didn’t...I didn’t do anything. Tonight.”

“That is good.”

“But...” Shane’s voice wobbles, “I wanted to. I wanted to...” He trails off, swallowing.

“You do not have to say it.”

“I think I do.”

“Okay.” Ilya replies, patient and calm. There’s no pressure from him. Shane loves him even more.

A full minute passes before Shane exhales shakily, “I wanted to hurt myself.”

Ilya’s hand tightening a fraction around Shane’s is the only reaction he gives. Otherwise, Ilya remains quiet and calm, letting Shane lead the conversation.

“Not...I’m not depressed or sad or wanting to like...*die*.” The words rush out of Shane. He needs Ilya to know this is different. This isn’t history repeating itself for Ilya. “I just...fuck.” Shane curls forward, over their bent hands. “Everything is just so fucking *hard* right now. And I feel out of control. All I want is...I want to just play fucking hockey and be with you. But I *can’t* have both and it’s killing me. We’ve been on the road so much and my eating has been fucked up and there’s been so many people wanting to do campaigns with me which is great, really, but I’m just—”

“Shane.” Ilya’s voice is firm while the hand he places on the back of Shane’s neck is gentle. At some point during Shane’s rambling, Ilya had slipped his hand out from where it had been trapped, using it now to ground Shane. “You need to breathe.”

“I *can’t*.”

“Yes, you can.”

“Fuck you.” Shane mutters with no heat, taking a breath. It’s not the greatest, not with how he’s bent over himself, but it’s something.

“Sit up. Please.” Ilya squeezes Shane’s neck and he does as asked, sitting up and leaning heavily against Ilya. “Thank you.”

“Mm.”

“Do you have more to say or...?”

“No. I think I’m good.”

“Okay. Then I speak.”

“Go for it.”

Ilya doesn’t say anything right away. His hand moves to Shane’s thigh over the blanket, fingers tracing where the scars on Shane’s skin live. “It helps you feel in control?”

“Yeah. Not healthy, I know.”

“You do same thing with eating.”

Shane flinches, “Yeah.”

“Also not healthy.”

“Can we not double down on my unhealthy habits right now?”

“Fine. We talk about eating another time.”

“Okay.”

“I am proud of you, Shane.” Ilya bends his arm at the elbow, taking Shane’s chin in his fingers and turning Shane’s head to look at him. “For not doing it tonight.”

“I really wanted to.”

“But you didn’t.”

Shane blinks away the tears, “I didn’t.”

“You called me.”

“Yeah. Thought...hearing your voice helps. *You* help.”

“But I was in Ottawa.” Ilya hums, thumb brushing along Shane’s lip before his hand falls away. “I knew something was wrong.”

“I didn’t want you to.” Shane admits, “It’s why I didn’t say anything.”

“I know. But I worry.”

“Sorry.”

“No. No sorry. I love you. I worry. They go together.”

“But—”

“No.”

“Fine.” Shane grumbles, slouching down a bit. “You called Hayden.”

“Yes.” Ilya nods, “Because I did not want you to be alone.”

“...thank you. For calling him.”

Shane had been surprised when his best friend had walked into his bathroom, finding Shane sitting on the floor with a razor in hand and wearing nothing but his briefs. Almost the same as that night all those years ago in a shared hotel room. But Hayden hadn’t said anything. He simply held his hand out for the razor, waiting for Shane to place it there. Once it’d been disposed of, Hayden had pulled Shane to his feet and wrapped him in a tight hug.

That’s when Shane had fallen apart. He had clung to Hayden and cried. Sobbed brokenly into his best friend’s shoulder, releasing all of the emotions that had been built up inside of him.

They'd talked for about an hour, sitting together in Shane's bed, until he had drifted off.

While Shane had wanted Ilya the entire time, he had no idea that Ilya was on his way from Ottawa. It hadn't even crossed Shane's mind. It had already been late when Shane had called. And there was a two hour drive separating Ilya and Shane.

Yes, Shane knows Ilya loves him, but Shane's mind can't quite process the fact that Ilya loves him *this much*. Enough that he'd drive late at night just to be here because Shane was having a bad night.

"I love you." Shane says, twisting and moving until he's straddling Ilya, cupping his boyfriend's face tenderly in his hands. "I love you so much, Ilya. You know that, right? You know I love you and that I don't ever want to leave you."

"Yes, *moya lyubov*, I know." Ilya curls his fingers around Shane's wrists. He doesn't pull Shane's hands away, just squeezes them in reassurance. "I love you too."

"A-and I'm sorry. I'm sorry for...I'm sorry."

"Shhh," Ilya turns his head enough to press a kiss to the inside of Shane's wrist, over his pulse point. "While I am not happy about what you almost did, I do not blame you. I know how control is hard for you."

"Ilya." Shane gasps, tears falling down his cheeks. "I don't...I don't want...I need...help. Please."

"Okay. Okay." Ilya tugs Shane's hands away then, wrapping his own arms around Shane and pulling him close, "We will get you help. We will not let this happen again. I love you."

Shane thinks he mumbles the words in reply through fresh tears and broken sobs, but he doesn't know. All he does know is the steady presence of Ilya wrapped around him. Keeping him together. Loving him.

End Notes

Guarantee this will not be the last story exploring Shane and his need for control. Whether it be through SH or through eating. I have a story exploring the latter that I will post soon. And I have other ideas/thoughts I want to explore. I also am experiencing a tough time so using Shane as an outlet, who I believe has experienced similar feelings as me, is helpful for me.

Tumblr: [Tizniz](#).

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