

Five Things You Can See

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Five Things You Can See

by [lillyluna](#)

Summary

“I am sad.” Ilya says shortly. “Very sad.”

“Where do you feel it in your body?” Shane tries to help.

“Feel what? The sadness?” Ilya looks at him like he’s gone insane.

“Yes, the emotion.” Shane starts to feel unsure, “In your body where do you feel it?”

Shane thinks of all the times he’s worried about Ilya; how that worry lives in his throat and in the tension of his shoulders.

Notes

Takes place post Heated Rivalry to maybe the middle of The Long Game? No major spoilers for The Long Game.

There's a very brief mention of suicide.

I love being in this prison with all of you.

Ilya has keys to their house in Montreal. He slips in when Shane is at practice or at a game and makes dinner, plays video games while he waits. Sometimes he comes in late, when Shane should be sleeping.

Shane can't sleep if he knows Ilya is on his way, driving the two hours from Ottawa to Montreal by himself. He reads in bed until he hears Ilya's car pull up, the door open, Ilya's soft footsteps carefully heading to their room.

Sometimes, Shane pretends to sleep so Ilya will slip into bed quietly, curl up beside him, kiss his hair and his shoulder, and fall asleep with his forehead resting between Shane's shoulder blades.

Today, Ilya rings the doorbell. Then knocks. Then tries the doorbell again.

It's 6pm on a Tuesday.

It's pouring outside. A miserable late October day in Montreal when the rain could turn to snow at any minute. Shane is on the couch icing his shoulder, trying to force himself to eat a chef prepped container of millet with roasted vegetables and adzuki beans.

The doorbell rings a third time.

Shane grabs his phone, expecting a delivery, the housekeeper, or Hayden wanting to hang out. Instead he sees Ilya.

Ilya staring at nothing, curls wet and sticking to his face. No backpack. No duffle. No car in the garage.

Shane drops the ice pack on the couch and moves for the door.

"Were you in the rain?" He asks before he says hi, "Where's your car? Did you drive?"

Ilya doesn't move, he doesn't answer.

"Are you drunk?" Shane tries, "Don't you have practice? Where are your keys?"

Nothing. Rain drips down Ilya's face and he doesn't bother wiping it. He doesn't even look at Shane.

"Get in." Shane urges. Not because of the neighbours, not because he's afraid of being seen. Because he wants to get Ilya somewhere warm. Somewhere dry.

Ilya stays where he is. He shivers.

"Ilya. Move." Shane says, "You're freezing."

He takes Ilya by the shoulders and walks him into their house, instantly relieved when Ilya lets himself be guided in. His studded Louboutin sneakers leave wet, muddy prints on the

large marble tiles. A leaf sticks to the floor.

Ilya hates when his shoes get dirty.

“It’s Tuesday.” Shane states, like talking at Ilya will break him out of his spell, “You should be in Ottawa.”

Shane lets the silence stretch between them for longer than feels comfortable. Forces himself to keep looking at Ilya, keeps trying to make eye contact.

This time, Ilya’s the one staring at nothing.

He’s maybe never been quiet for this long.

“Where’s your car?” Shane asks, because he’s out of ideas. “You have practice... Do you have a game? Are you missing a game? Do you have your wallet? Your phone?”

Nothing. Still nothing.

Fuck.

“What happened?” Shane asks more quietly.

He realizes how tight his grip is on Ilya’s shirt and lets go. He brings his hands up to cup Ilya’s face instead.

“Ilya. Tell me.”

Shane moves closer to him, hand still soft on his boyfriend’s face. Palm warm against Ilya’s cold skin.

“Ilya,” he tries again, “Tell me.”

Ilya isn’t even staring at anything. Not at the art they picked together, not at the marble tiles Shane said were too ornate.

“Rozy.” Shane uses the name that usually makes Ilya laugh or at the very least rolls his eyes.

Nothing.

“I love you.” Shane says it softer. “What’s wrong?”

Ilya shivers again.

This isn’t working. Ilya is cold. Ilya is gone.

If Shane can’t get Ilya back, he can warm him up, take care of him. Keep him safe.

“You’re going to get sick.” Shane says, “all your clothes are wet. Here.”

Without asking, he grabs the hem of Ilya’s wet shirt and pulls it up.

Shane's stripped clothes off Ilya hundreds of times, probably a handful in this foyer. Ilya is always eager to participate, pulling his own shirt off, pushing Shane's hands out of the way to get undressed faster. Kissing him before and after fabric separates their lips.

Now Ilya is as still as he's silent.

"Arms up Rosanoz." Shane says, "Help me out."

He expects Ilya to joke; can almost hear it: *I am sad you take your shirt off Hollander*. But Ilya doesn't. He stays silent, staring past Shane at the empty air in the foyer.

"You're freezing. Let me help."

He does finally raise his arms.

"Thank you." Shane grabs the bottom of his shirt and pulls up, "Good job."

Ilya's hoodie is heavy with rain, it clings to his skin and Shane struggles to get it off his body.

"There you go, that's so much better." Shane says and he's sure he's heard Hayden say those exact words to his kids. "I'll get you clothes. Just stay here."

Shane hovers for a minute, waiting Ilya out, half-expecting him to bolt or say something. He doesn't. Ilya stays stone silent and unmoving while Shane watches goosebumps bloom across his skin.

"Come with me," Shane says. He almost adds please, almost explains, but doesn't. He just takes Ilya by the hand. "Let's take off your shoes."

Shane bends down and waits for Ilya to raise his left foot, then his right. He slips Ilya's wet shoes and damp socks off, laying the socks over one of the heating vents, like Ilya is five, waiting to warm up before he can go back to play outside in the middle of winter.

He pulls Ilya through his house, their house. Into their bedroom, to Ilya's closet. Shane opens the top two drawers, but there's nothing there soft or comfortable enough. Ilya usually still packs a bag when he visits.

"I'll give you some of mine." Shane closes the drawer. "Yeah?"

Ilya blinks.

Shane leads him across the room to the second closet skimming past a month's worth of stylist coordinated outfits lined up on identical wooden hangers, and grabs a pair of sweat pants, old sweat pants, and an even older hoodie. Clothes he wears when he's sick.

"Arms up, please." Shane asks.

Ilya obeys.

Shane pulls Ilya's hands through the sleeves, careful not to tug on his wet curl as he stretches the neck opening over his head.

"Why are you soaked?" Shane says, "Did you drive?"

For the first time, Ilya meets his eyes.

"Hey. Hi," Shane says, trying not to sound as worried as he feels, "Stay."

He leaves the shirt bunched up halfway down Ilya's chest and takes Ilya's face in both his hands.

Ilya turns his face against the palm of Shane's right hand, the one with less calluses.

"You don't have to look at me." Shane tells him, "But talk? Tell me?"

He doesn't know what else to do.

"Hey." Shane feels desperate, "What happened? Please."

Shane lets go of Ilya's face and pulls the sweater all the way down, smooths his hands against the familiar fabric, up Ilya's side, to his shoulder and his neck. He smooths out the neckline, tugs on the cuffs because they're half an inch too short on Ilya's longer arms.

"I'm switching your pants too." Shane tells him.

Ilya remains silent and Shane feels weird undressing him without consent. He drops his hands from the waistband of Ilya's track pants.

"Ilya. You're safe."

Ilya doesn't move.

Hospital. Fuck. Shane thinks, *I have to bring him to a hospital.*

He almost pulls out his phone to search.

Doctors have to maintain confidentiality. They wouldn't tell anyone.

Other people in the clinic might?

Maybe he could call ahead.

Maybe he should call his mom.

Ilya squeezes his arm.

"Sorry." Shane says, focusing back on Ilya. "I'm here."

Ilya squeezes his arm harder.

“You’re safe.” Shane cups his face again, thumb resting on the back of Ilya’s head near his ear, stroking soft circles into his hair like he does when Ilya can’t sleep, “You’re home. I love you.”

Ilya presses his face into Shane’s hand again and lets out a breath.

Shane knows what it feels like to feel so overwhelmed speaking feels impossible. To be so frozen with fear and panic that reality is just a step too far. He’d done it as a child, as a teenager, sometimes as an adult still. His parents had taken him to a psychologist.

“Tell me five things you can see.” Shane blurts out.
He remembers it from therapy.

Nothing.

“Ilya.” Shane says impatiently, stretching out the vowels in his name. He gently pushes Ilya’s face up, trying to get him to look around the room, “Five things you can see.”

Nothing.

“Please.” Shane begs, “You’re scaring me. Tell me five things you can see.”

Ilya swallows.

“Okay.” Shane decides, “I have to search something and we’ll... I’ll find someone to help. I’ll make sure you’re okay.”

Shane manages to pull out his phone and open the browser app. He types.

Private English hospital near Brossard.

He deletes it.

Best English Mental health clinic Montreal.

His thumb hovers over the return button before he adds *Emergency*.

“Your boring room.” Ilya’s tone is flat. His voice rough.

Shane drops his phone.

“Our room.” Shane corrects before he can stop himself, he puts his phone away. “this is our...”

“My plant is dead.” Ilya interrupts him, looking at his bedside table.

A small blue pot holds the remains of a wilted plant.

“I was away...” Shane defends himself, “the housekeeper forgot... I didn’t.”

“He was a cactus.” Ilya’s eyes narrow. “Perfect plant for busy people.”

“I’ll get you a new cactus.” Shane would get Ilya anything right now, “Keep going.”

Shane stops having to physically hold up Ilya’s head.

“This ugly sweater.” Ilya looks down at his shirt.

“It’s my national junior Canada shirt.” Shane points out, “I was wearing it when we...”

“Picture of your parents.” Ilya keeps interrupting, “They say you have to call more.”

“How often do you call them?” Shane quips back.

“We have group chat.”

“Without me?”

Ilya nods.

“What’s the last thing, asshole.” Shane breathes out. He knows he should be nicer but the words come out before he can stop them.

“You.” Ilya says.

Ilya makes eye contact again and his eyes look more grey than blue. Sad. They look so sad.

“I’m sorry.” Shane strokes Ilya’s face, his thumb brushing against stubble. “I shouldn’t be angry when you’re...”

He wishes he knew how to take care of other people. He wishes he wasn’t so himself all the time.

“Tell me what happened.” Shane presses their foreheads together. “Then I can fix it.”

“No. Do the rest of the game.” Ilya says instead of answering, “What I feel.”

“Okay.” Shane forces himself to breathe, “four things you feel.”

“My pants are wet.” Ilya answers.

“I have dry ones.” Shane offers, “Take those off.”

“Are they team Canada too?” Ilya mocks, stepping out of his wet track pants.

“They can be.” Shane snaps back again, falling for the bait again before he can remind himself that Ilya is sad. That Ilya needs patience.

Shane hands him the pair of non Team Canada issued sweat pants and waits for Ilya to change. He takes Ilya’s wet pants and lays them carefully on the edge of the hamper so they won’t get the rest of the clothes wet.

“I feel cold,” Ilya says from the bed.

Shane turns on the fireplace.

“Two more.” He urges.

“The floor.” Ilya says, toes curling against the hardwood. “The bed.”

“Three things you can hear.” Shane prompts, walking back towards him.

“I hear nothing.” Ilya says, “You never play music.”

“I hear the fireplace.” Shane answers for him.

“I didn’t know this was a competition.” Ilya points out.

Shane can hear everything anyone has ever said about how impossible it often is to feel loved by him, how despite his best effort he can’t ever get things all the way right. How he always fucks up simple steps every single other person seems to get right without trying.

“I’m sorry.” Shane says quickly, “You’re doing good.”

“I am done with this game.” Ilya shakes his head.

“It’s not a game.” Shane sits down next to him, “It’s a grounding exercise for panic attacks.”

“Thank you Dr. Hollander.” Ilya rolls his eyes. They’re quiet for a minute but the quiet doesn’t feel as scary as before. Shane takes Ilya’s hand, kisses his fingers. Tries to apologize for how much he sucks at this.

“Did you get traded?” He asks the worst question he can think of. “Did something happen in Ottawa?”

“Is not about hockey.” Ilya says his voice rough again.

Shane knows it was the wrong thing to ask.

“How did you get here?” He tries again.

“I...” Ilya says, he sighs like talking requires too much effort. “walked.”

“From where?” Shane can’t stop the question.

“The egg restaurant.”

“Ben and Florentine?” Shane asks, names the breakfast restaurant in the last strip mall off the main road before you turn to drive into the neighbourhood where he lives. “That’s so far Ilya... It’s cold out.”

“I could not drive anymore.” Ilya admits.

Shane’s not dumb, he can figure out what Ilya’s talking about. Once, while drunk, Ilya had admitted that sometimes he drove his fancy cars too fast just to see what could happen. It’s

why Shane refuses to let him drive a motorcycle. Why he's glad most of the fast cars are now gone. Why he'd looked up the safety rating of the luxury SUVs Ilya had been thinking of buying and vouched for the Mercedes that's now probably parked in a strip mall just outside suburban Brossard.

"I am sad." Ilya says shortly. "Very sad."

"Where do you feel it in your body?" Shane tries to help.

"Feel what? The sadness?" Ilya looks at him like he's gone insane.

"Yes, the emotion." Shane starts to feel unsure, "In your body where do you feel it?"

Shane thinks of all the times he's worried about Ilya; how that worry lives in his throat and in the tension of his shoulders. He thinks of the dinner when Hayden had called after they'd left, and Ilya had gotten in his car to drive back to Ottawa. How he'd sounded uncomfortable as he said: "Hey, Jackie says your boy Rosanov looked sad. She wants me to tell you."

How bad had it been for Jackie to convince Hayden to call?

Shane thinks of how Ilya tries to hide his nightmares but he's the one who wakes up to Ilya whimpering in his sleep.

"We can go get help." Shane says. He forces himself not to think of the logistics, to not put the blind fear of getting caught before keeping Ilya safe. "If you're su..." He swallows, almost afraid to say it. "depressed..."

"I don't want to talk about it..." Ilya groans. "I am okay."

"Stop." Shane gets off the bed and kneels in front of him, "It's not just you anymore. You came for help."

"I came for you." Ilya tangles his hand through Shane's hair, "I miss you."

"You walked in the rain." Shane leans his head against Ilya's knee, "I think you need help."

"No." Ilya says, "I don't want help."

"If you feel like you're sad all the time..."

"I don't want to feel sad." Ilya interrupts, "Make it better."

It's a plea more than a demand. Ilya's hand in Shane's hair guiding him towards his crotch.

Shane always wants to suck him off but this time he resists, props his chin up on Ilya's knee instead and pushes back against Ilya's hand. Ilya drops his hand as soon as Shane stops going along with it.

"A blowjob isn't the answer right now." Shane says, "But I read an article about chronotropic incompetence and tricyclic antidepressants but SSRIs are performance neutral so you can still

reach peak aerobic output. You can feel better without being afraid of losing your..."

"I don't want a blow job anymore." Ilya interrupts him, grabs his hand, and pulls him up. "I want to fuck you. In the shower. Come on."

Ilya fucks him hard. Shane's hands slide along the marble shower wall searching for something to hold onto, wishing they'd gone for smaller tiles instead of one large marble slab because then at least his fingers could hang onto the grout lines.

"I will not let you slip." Ilya growls out, one hand bracing himself against the tile, the other reaching around to press against Shane's stomach. "Relax."

Ilya's grip tightens, forcing Shane to back up, ass flush against Ilya's hips.

Ilya uses his thumb to put pressure on Shane's lower back until Shane arches up against him. "Just how I like it." Ilya groans.

Every thrust feels like Ilya stops pulling all the way out, stays deep. There's no break from the relentless pressure against his prostate, just merciless pleasure over and over again.

"Holy Shit." Shane gasps. He's so fucking close.

"Don't cum yet." Ilya warns.

Shane just cries out.

"You're so good for me." Ilya praises, "you take it so fucking good."

Shane's brain is static.

"You're gonna cum from just my dick?" Ilya asks, "you're leaking so fucking much already."

Shane forces himself to read the ingredients on the shampoo bottle.

"It would feel so good if I jerked you off, yes?" Ilya says low. "You're so wet for me."

Chlorella Vulgaris can't help Shane now.

"Please." Shane moans. He can sometimes come from just penetration but he knows tonight's not one of those nights. That there's too much on his mind to let go that far, "Touch me fuck."

"Touch me please Ilya." Ilya corrects.

"Fuck you." Shane breathes out, he reaches down to stroke himself because another second of not touching his dick might kill him.

"Get yourself off." Ilya groans, stepping closer until he can drop his chin on Shane's shoulder to watch him jerk off, "You make me feel so fucking good."

Shane gives himself a few fast strokes and he's embarrassingly so much closer already.

"You make me feel so good." He moans, "Fuck don't stop."

Ilya bites his shoulder, right where the edge of Shane's shoulder pads will press into his skin the next day at practice.

"Fuck Ilya..." Shane whines and the last syllable of Ilya's name drags on.

Ilya's holding most of his weight up because Shane's too blissed out to focus on making sure his knees are doing their job. He tries to lean back against Ilya and gets a mouthful of water when he cries out.

"Can I cum in you?" Ilya asks.

Shane usually says no without condoms but tonight it's the hottest thing he's ever heard.

"Please Ilya."

"So fucking needy." Ilya struggles out and Shane knows he's close too, "You want my cum?"

"Fuck." Shane cries out, "I'm..."

Ilya takes it as a challenge, thrusting harder, deeper into Shane until Shane comes hard. He shoots against his own hand, his stomach and the tiled shower wall.

His knees go weak so fast Ilya's rhythm stutters as he tries to stop him from slipping. But Ilya doesn't stop fucking him, just slows his thrusts to a lazy, grinding roll that isn't too overwhelming for Shane's oversensitive body.

"Can you stand up?" Ilya says breathless, tightening his grip on him, one possessive arm around his stomach. "Are you with me?"

Shane nods. Unable to talk.

"I want to taste you." Ilya growls low in his ear, his voice so good Shane might cum again.

Ilya grabs Shane's hand and brings it up to his mouth, licking Shane's cum off his fingers.

"You're gonna cum tasting me?" Shane says. "That's what you want?"

"I want to cum in you." Ilya says, "Is it okay?"

"Yes." Shane agrees, still blissed out from his orgasm, from Ilya.

It takes a minute until Shane starts thrusting back against him, urging Ilya to pick up the rhythm and fuck him hard enough to get off.

"I love you so fucking much." Ilya moans, "So close again."

Then Ilya's arms tighten around him and Shane feels Ilya's dick pulse as he cums inside him. Ilya's last few thrusts feel hotter, slicker and Shane's half hard again.

"I love you too." Shane says as Ilya breathes hard against his shoulder, still inside him.

Shane doesn't want to leave Ilya alone for long but it takes him a while to clean up. When he finally climbs into bed Ilya cuddles up to him. Long limbs tangling around his head on his chest. Shane's fingers immediately tangle into his hair.

Ilya feels warm. Shane finally feels like he has him back.

"I miss you." Ilya admits, "Sleeping alone is hard."

"Do you have practice tomorrow?" Shane asks, a second away from reaching for his phone to look at Ilya's schedule. "What's your game schedule like this week?"

"I hate when you think in the shower." Ilya groans and covers his own face with a decorative pillow before he hits Shane with it.

"You'll get fined." Shane points out.

"I said I was sick." Ilya explains. "I won't get fined."

"Well you'll get sick now walking here in the rain without a coat." Shane hates how much he sounds like his mother. "Why didn't you call? I would have..."

"Everything is hard." Ilya explains, "I don't know."

"Does it feel better now?" Shane asks, kissing Ilya's hair, then nudging his face up to kiss his lips.

"Better." Ilya says, "warmer."

Ilya is quiet until Shane is sure he's asleep. It's 8pm.

"Are you going to stay next to me?" Ilya finally says into the quiet of their bedroom.

"Yes." Shane yawns.

"The whole night?" Ilya specifies, "Until morning?"

"Yes." Shane promises.

"Then maybe I can sleep." Ilya says, "Can you stay awake until I fall asleep?"

"I promise." Shane reassures, "I'll wake you up if you have a nightmare."

He just wants Ilya to feel safe, to feel how much he loves him.

He remembers a family dinner where his mom had looked at Ilya from the kitchen and sighed.

“I hate thinking how long he went without a family.”

Shane had never thought of it.

The rain is quieter outside and Shane wonders if the sun setting has dropped the temperature enough to turn it to snow. Hopes waking up to it will cheer Ilya up. That it might remind him of some happy part of home.

He smooths a hand over Ilya’s back, rubs smooth circles, and tries to lull him to sleep.

“I feel it in my chest.” Ilya says quiet.

“The sadness?” Shane holds him tighter.

Ilya nods, curls brushing Shane’s chest.

“You’re supposed to notice the feeling and not judge yourself for it.” Shane says, “Then you breathe until it passes.”

The fireplace is still on and the warm air drifts towards the bed. Shane hopes Ilya can forget how cold he’d been earlier. He tucks the blankets tighter around him. Ilya frees an arm from under the blankets Shane’s trapped him under and traces lazy patterns over the outlines of Shane’s abs. His fingers trail lower to brush against the stubble on his lower stomach. They don’t go anywhere, Ilya leaves his palm against Shane’s skin and breathes out.

“Did you want to breathe into the feeling?” Shane checks. “Feeling it is supposed to help.”

“This helps more.” Ilya mumbles, half asleep. “I want to sleep.”

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