Little Too Much

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Little Too Much

by rhys_rites

Summary

> “I can’t- I can’t breathe” Shane sobbed, “Hayd, I can’t… Illya”
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> “Illya” Hayden repeated, “Shane I am going to call Illya just try to take a deep breath for me. Please”
>
> “Hmmm” said groaned as he struggled through a shuddering breathe, “Illya-”
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>
> Shane's team is being shitty on a road trip and it all get to be a little too much. Illya is called and Hayden is a great friend.

Notes

> Hello, I couldn’t help myself guys. I am in cottage withdrawals and cannot possibly read the books another time. Please excuse any inaccuracies (and feel free to lmk) cause I know fuck all about hockey, I am trying to learn.
>
> Set after The Long Game
>
> ***Also TRIGGER WARNING for homophobic language and panic attacks***

See the end of the work for more notes

Shane wouldn’t lie things hadn't exactly been easy since he’d come out, or rather since he’d been outed. He was contracted for one more season with the Voyageurs then he had been talking to Farrah about a transfer to the Centaurs. It was looking possible. The success of their team this season would most likely give them more money to mess with meaning they would definitely be able to afford Shane. Not to mention Illya had probably let slip what a… difficult time Shane was having with his own team. It hurt - a lot. Years he’d given this team, they’d won cups, had so many late nights and this was all it took for them to see him as an outsider. At least Hayden and (eventually) JJ had his back. He could tell they were both slightly apprehensive about the idea but they trusted Shane.

To say this road trip was going poorly would be an understatement. The team just wasn't playing like they used to and Shane knew it was because of him. They didn’t respect him as a captain. On the field they didn’t look out for him and as a result he hadn’t been this exposed in years. He was the brunt of every hit and slur and the attacks weren’t only from the opposition. The only thing keeping Shane sane was that tonight was the last game of this trip, they would be flying home tomorrow morning when he would drive straight to Illya. Shane wished Illya could be there to meet him when the plane flew in like the other wives. He watched Hayden's face light up when he saw Jackie in the crowd, the way he would pull her into his arms. Shane craved that so deeply it hurt but they had decided it was not best to risk it, he just needed to get through this season and aggravating his team would do no good.

“You good buddy?” Hayden said, clapping a hand on Shane’s shoulder and breaking him from his thoughts.

“Never better,” Shane said dryly. He was so over this. This buzzing under his skin whenever he was around the team. Like he was waiting for them to pounce, it hadn’t stopped since he’d left Illya’s house last week. And now he was in this too-loud locker room and the fucking light wad flickering and-

“Time for the Captain's Speech” JJ said, falling onto the bench next to Shane, “what inspiring words of wisdom have you got today Cap?”

“Score goals” Shane said, pushing down his thoughts, “It’s the last game so lets beat them and go home victorious.” Honestly, the Captain's speeches had never been his strong suit and since everything went down he’d all but given up. No one was listening anyway.

“What’s wrong Hollander, you’re playing like you’ve got a stick up your ass” one of the opposition sneered as Shane went past, loud enough for anyone nearby to hear. He heard sniggering behind him but when he glanced around he saw two of his own team, their faces curled into a smirk.

While he was distracted, his shoulder collided with someone sending him tumbling to his knees, he could feel the shock through his knee pads as it travelled through his body but instead of escaping it muddled with the buzz that was already there intensifying it. To Shane’s surprise Comeau held out his hand and hauled Shane to his feet except he didn’t let go, dragging Shane in close to him.

“Get off your knees, you're blowing the game” he sneered before pushing Shane away and skating off.

Shane played the rest of the game like shit.

Then suddenly they were back in the changing room another loss under their belt and the fucking light was still flickering and he couldn’t breathe and all he wanted was to call Illya but he had his own game tomorrow and needed his sleep but everything felt so wrong-

“You coming Cap?” JJ yelled

Shane looked up slightly dazed and shot JJ a confused look.

“Drinks” the man clarified, “being the last night and all”

“Ah I really should.”

He couldn’t.

“Come on” JJ begged, “we’ll have fun”

Shane cast Hayden a pleading look but turns out he was going to be betrayed, “Just for a little?” Hayden suggested, “We won’t stay long.” So begrudgingly Shane accepted.

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Being at the bar in these fucking tight clothes with noise absolutely everywhere actually felt like death. A slow brutal painful death. Hayden had gone up for drinks, with a couple of others. Shane had found a spot between JJ and Hayden’s empty chair. He let his team talk as he half-listened, half-daydreamed about his extremely attractive husband he would be seeing tomorrow. He was so distracted that when a glass was placed in front of him and someone announced it was his ginger ale he didn’t even think twice. Taking a big swig he immediately knew something was wrong, it was ginger ale but also…
Rum
Shane hated Rum and he gagged the drink spilling from his mouth down his shirt as he coughed. The team was laughing he would hear them but when he looked up all he could see was Hayden's face with a look of pure horror.

“What the fuck” Hayden yelled, “Why the fuck would you-”

“Oh come on Pike we’re just having some fun” someone laughed, Shane didn’t know who he didn’t care. He could feel the dampness of his too tight shirt striking to his chest and the lingering taste in his mouth he was so hot and everything was so wrong

“Hayden” he managed to choke out

He felt someone grab his arm, Hayden he assumed, and pull him away. He let himself be let out of the bar, his brain tuning out the protests of the others. The wind was cool on the street but he was still too fucking hot.

“Hayd” he said weakly

“Shane it’s okay” Hayden said, “we’re almost back”
Then there was an elevator
A Corridor
A Door
And Shane was stumbling into the room collapsing straight to the ground his back pressed against the wall.
He couldn’t- he was dying holy fuck

“Shit Shane what do you need?” Hayden asked crouching down beside him

“I can’t- I can’t breathe” Shane sobbed, “Hayd, I can’t… Illya”

“Illya” Hayden repeated, “Shane I am going to call Illya just try to take a deep breath for me. Please”

“Hmmm” said groaned as he struggled through a shuddering breathe, “Illya-”

He watched Hayden fish his phone out his pocket before sitting beside Shane and dialling. Shane would feel the faintest wisps of heat from Hayden’s closeness and it burned but he didn’t say anything instead he tried to breathe.
In
Out
In
Out

–

Hayden was out of his depth. He had helped Shane before but it had never been this bad. The shit the guy had pulled today had him ready to murder every single one of them. Shane was their captain. Their friend. And now they had him sitting on a hotel floor with a hyperventilating Shane, calling the Captain of a rival team.

“Pike, what do you want?” Illya said, his Russian accent thicker than normal as the lingering effects of sleep hung on his voice.

“It's Shane. He’s freaking out” Hayden said skipping all pleasantries, “I don’t know-”

“What happened?” Illya said, sounding much more awake and murderous

“We were out-”

“Bar”

“Huh?”

“At a bar?”

“Yes at a bar-”

“Shane’s in his bar clothes? Yes” Illya question not waiting for a response, “Take them off”

“Excuse me?” Hayden said

“His clothes. They are painful for him. Take them off. He will have pyjamas. Top corner of bag” Illya instructed.

Hayden quickly stood and quickly found a worn black t-shirt and gym shorts that were folded neatly in the top corner of Shane's suitcase. “Found them”

“Good. Help him change”

“Shane, buddy” Hayden said softly walking over, “how about we change”

Shane didn’t seem to hear him but Illya somehow knew that.

“I am on speakerphone?”

“Yes”

“Shane, моя любовь”

“I-Illya”

“Hayden is going to help get out of your clothes. They are uncomfortable?”

“Yes” Shane shakily agreed his hand snaking up to his collar

Hayden took that as an invitation enough as he helped Shane shrug off his jacket and pull his still damp shirt over his head. He then quickly replaced it with the oversized black one that had been in Shane’s bag. He then helped Shane to his feet so he could pull off his jeans and put shorts on.

When Shane was done he was standing there looking more at how Hayden recognised him. This was the Shane he shared hotel rooms with, the Shane who came for dinner.

“Shane, better?” Illya said, his voice drifting from the phone and filling the room

“Better” Shane confirmed, his shoulders relaxing ever so gently.

“To Bed. Pike make sure the lights are off” Illya ordered “Curtain closed. He needs dark. And Quiet” Hayden left to go prepare the room leaving the phone with Shane. “Sweetheart” Illya said softly, “you will be okay, yes?. Shane?”

“Yes” Shane managed to choke

“You will let Pike put you to bed then tomorrow I will rescue you from his averageness and we will spend a weekend having mind-blowing sex, okay?”

Hayden chose that moment to return, and he let out a small speak to which Shane laughed a small spluttering laugh, “Illya you can’t-”

“What makes fun of Pike? He must be used to it no? Bad players are”

“I am going to ignore that” Hayden said pointedly, "Everything's done”

“Hear that, Pike is good for something” Illya said flatly his voice full of fake surprise, “Shane open your eyes моя любовь”

Shane blinked his eyes open, not even realising they were closed. He was met with Hayden’s worried gaze masked by a darkened room.

“Bed?” Hayden said softly and Shane nodded allowing himself to be hailed to his feet and guided to the bed.

“Hayd, stay?” Shane said softly, his hand still grasping Hayden’s sleeve. Hayden looked helplessly between the phone and Shane

“Stay Pike” Illya said, “It is okay I won’t be mad”

“I don’t give a fuck if your mad” Hayden shot back but he did climb into the bed next to Shane

“Goodnight помидор, I will see you tomorrow” Shane mumbled back his own goodbyes then drifted off into the painless abyss of sleep.

-

The next morning was a rush of last minute packing, late taxis and almost missed flights. Shane was still feeling uneasy so he stuck close to Hayden. It probably didn’t matter, none of the others paid him much attention. A few snickered when he joined them that morning but no-one had messed with him. He assumed everyone was too hungover and eager to get home to waste their energy. So instead he checked his phone before the flight to a message from Illya trying to ignore the pang in his heart as his brain was forced to remember the old flights. Where they’d be laughing and joking.

Lily
Have a safe flight my love
I will see you when you land <3

Shane felt himself smile. It was ridiculous how much ease Illya brought to him.

Jane
See you soon
Sorry about last night

“Buddy, you feeling better” Hayden asked collapsing into the seat next to him

“Much, sorry about that”

“Sorry? Shane you literally have nothing to apologize for, its this fucking team that should be apologising” he grumbled

“Yeah well lets be realistic” Shane laughed dryly

–

The flight went smoothly, Shane spent most of it falling in and out of a light sleep. When they landed he turned his phone back on to see a lot of missed messages from ‘Lily’

Lily
Sorry?
Why are you sorry
No sorry
I am glad you called

Text me when you land
I am here
At airport
Do you want me to come in
I should come in?
Yuna says yes
I do not want to make it worse

Jane
Just landed
You're at the airport?!?!

Illya replied instantly

Lily
Yes
Should I come in?

Shane contemplated it for a moment. Yes there was a reason Illya had never picked him up before but this time… this time he didn’t care. He needed Illya. Now.

Jane
Yes

As he exited the plane he was buzzing with excitement, and possibly a small amount of nerves but they faded the moment their eyes locked. Illya was standing there with Jackie, he looked tense amongst the Wags but the moment he saw Shane his whole face seemed to soften. Then Shane was running away from Hayden and right into Illya waiting arms

“I missed you so much” Shane said, letting himself be engulfed in Illya’s warm embrace. He had to bite back the tears that were threatening to spill.

“I know sweetheart, I missed you too. So much” Illya said softly, “home?”

“Home” Shane confirmed

–

They made it home with little issue. Normally car trips together didn't go the most… safely but Shane suspected Illya could tell how fragile he was so they drove in silence with the radio playing quietly in the background. When they pulled into the driveway Illya wordlessly got out of the car and walked around to open Shane's door, taking his husband's hand and guiding him inside. They abandoned Shane's bag in the hallways and made their way to the bed room

"Illya-"

"Shhhh" Illya demanded, pushing Shane gently so he sat on the edge of the bed. He disappeared into their closet for a moment before returning with one his own sweaters and a pair of Shane's old worn gym shorts. He began to undo the buttons of Shane's shirt quickly pulling it off and replacing it with the jumper before moving onto his pants, "I am better than Pike at this, yes?" he teased

"Don't be mean to Hayden" Shane scolded, "I did not put him in a good position-"

"Stop," Illya said, "you did nothing wrong. Hayden was happy to help you, you are his friend" He finished changing Shane and folded his old clothes quickly in a neat pile on the floor by the bed then he crawled onto the mattress, pulling Shane with him so he was settled on top of him, his back pressed against Illya's chest. Illya places a small kiss on Shane's neck as his arms snaked around Shane's waist.

"Want to tell me what happened, моя любовь"

"It's nothing really, it's just I think I was nervous" Shane started, Illya rested his chin on Shane's shoulder urging him to continue, "then nothing was going right, the tags weren't off my new gear and the light was flickering and they wouldn't stop making comments. It was too much Illya and then they put rum in my ginger ale and I couldnt…."

"Shhhh звёздочка, you are okay now" Illya soothed

Shane tried to take a deep breathe but failed, letting out a half laugh, half groan, "I'm sorry"

"No. No sorrys, you did nothing wrong. Your team is wrong. They know you and you are their captain. They should respect you. I saw your game, they are not protecting you"

"But I should-"

"Nothing you should do. You are doing so well" Illya said softly, "I am so proud. And soon you will be playing with the best team in the NHL"

"You haven't won a cup" Shane grumbled

"Yes but we are the best, it is just facts"

Shane was about to argue and say something about how he was the best but Illya cut him off leaning down and pulling him into a kiss. And suddenly everything was right.

End Notes

Thank you, first Heated Rivalry fic down, expect more haha. Lmk if there is anything you want I would love to write about the other couples from the books.
Andddddd would anyone be interested in a second part to this fic with a little interaction between Hayen and Shane and maybe a proper Shane and Illya reunion….

Vocab:
моя любовь: My Love
Помидор: Tomato
Звёздочка: Little Star

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