i wanna know peace again (wanna be singing a different song)

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by alternateevak

Summary

Shane Hollander knew a lot of things. He knew that there were not many things easier than breathing, but that Hockey was one of them. And the other was loving Ilya Rozanov. One of these is easier than the other, especially when he also knows he's probably been having a panic attack for a whole day and under no circumstances can Ilya Rozanov know about it.

Notes

hey hey hey all. this is shockingly written because i a) know absolutely nothing about hockey and b) decided to study poetry and not prose writing at degree level. but hey we are here now and i really hope nobody i know reads this. enjoy whatever this poorly paced shane hollander has a panic fic has to offer you <3

i've been here for far too long btw guys why have i been on ao3 for nearly 10 years

Shane Hollander was many things, this he knew well. He knew that he made a great smoothie in the morning, even if Ilya says they're the worst thing he has ever drank. He knew that he was a morning person, he loved to wake up with the sun and go for a run. He new that Hayden Pike was his best friend, and he knew that he had way too many kids - each of which he loved dearly. He knew that he was a bit controlling, and he really knew he was good at hockey. Hockey was as easy as breathing, a simple calming pressure in his head that sat there his entire life. Hockey was as easy as breathing and Shane Hollander could manage that.

Ultimately, in the scariest realisation of all, Shane Hollander knew that the only thing easier than all of it was loving Ilya Rozanov. He knew he could speak very minimal russian because he loved Ilya Rozanov and he could wake up with the sun and take their dog running with him because he loved Ilya Rozanov. He knew if he overworked ("*Yes, Shane. Is overworking. It is 4am, come back to bed."*) Ilya would pull him out of it, hold his hand and make sure that Shane was okay. Most of all, Shane wished that all of these things he knew would change what was about to happen. But it wouldn't and it couldn't.

As he skated out onto the ice in one distinctive shade of Ottawa yellow, all he could hear was the rushing blood in his ears. He didn't know if he was breathing, actually, all the people on the ice opposite him were stretching and blurring into shades of blue. He wasn't sure who was an ally or who was an enemy. He couldn't decipher Hayden or, god forbid, even JJ in the mix ahead of him. He was nervous enough for his first match on the Centaurs as it was, knowing he wouldn't be playing center for the first time in his long career and would be playing alongside Ilya *on the same line*. The thrill was exciting at first, but he felt like he was looking down the barrel of the gun when he saw the play schedule and the Montreal Voyageurs were the first team up for them to compete against.

Secretly, he threw up at least once following that information. Maybe even twice, but Ilya didn't have to know about either time. Troy Barrett has almost caught him in the act, but he'd eaten junk food and played it off as a bad response to something his body wasn't used to. He still isn't sure if Troy believed him, but he didn't care. As long as he didn't tell Ilya, they could move on.

Him and Ilya had been doing well recently. The colour was back in Ilya's face and his joy was truly radiant. Sometimes, when Shane ignored the pit in his stomach and the gnawing ache in his heart, if he closed his eyes and pretended none of it was real, his happiness was just too contagious. There was nothing Shane would hate more than to ruin that, to get in his head and make him think that Shane didn't want this. Because he did want this, more than anything. He just wished it had come about another way. He also missed the Voyageurs, but looking at them now he actually never wanted to see any of them again. Hayden could never wear his uniform in front of him or he might scream.

Actually, Shane thinks he might throw up right now until a heavy hand lands on his shoulder. *Shit*, he thought, *was I spirally so hard they can tell? Can the Voyageurs tell? How could I let them get in my head so quickly, I need to-*

"Hollander!" Hayes voice rings out, a hissed whispery sing-song in his ear. Shane blinks once. Twice, before looking over his shoulder. "Chill. It's gonna be fine. You have Ilya on

your line, he'll have your back."

"I actually think I'll have his, Hazy." He responded, trying to evade any shakiness in his voice.

"Did you not hear them just now? Rozanov made you starting center. You're facing off against Drapeau in five minutes." The concern in Wyatt's voice was more than evident, that Shane had missed the entire conversation. Presumably, the entire game plan.

"Nope. No, I did not hear that."

"Hollander, you need Rozanov?" There was careful calculation in his eyes as he watched Shane finally look up from the ice and towards his smiling husband on the bench. He turns his head to look towards the Voyageurs, locking eyes with Comeau and Drapeau - who was never built to be starting center - with a small, teasing wave. A look at Hayden as he seems ready to kill them both.

"No." He finally responds, pulling himself towards the bench and abandoning Hayes' comforting hand. It was quite grounding. Ilya smiled as he approached the bench, the ice being cleared with only 3 minutes to the game. *Three minutes.* Shane still can't breathe.

"Hi, moya lyubov. How are you feeling?"

"I'm okay." He lies through his teeth, and hopes he doesn't notice.

Maybe he does, or maybe he doesn't, but he does pull Shane into a tentative hug, almost reaching like he'll run away. Like he's a scared kitten. He hates that he flinches anyway, and his eyeline gravitates towards Montreal.

"Sorry, my love. Are you okay with all the changes I made? I'm sorry I didn't ask you before, I know you hate changes like that last minute especially for your first game but I thought-"

"Ilya, it's okay. Don't worry. Far to late to change it now anyways."

The buzzer rings. Ilya taps him on the shoulder in a friendly team way, like a captain would any of his teammates. Not like Ilya Rozanov would. Suddenly, Shane is hyper aware again that this is it. This is happening. He can't remember the last time he breathed when he comes face to face with Drapeau, center. The first face off. He is going to die.

"Hey, Hollander. How's the *wife*?" Drapeau chirps, a cold smirk on his face. Shane doesn't move, doesn't speak. There's anger in his bones.

Shane Hollander knows hockey is easier than breathing, so when the puck drops and he wins the face off and scores a starting goal, he doesn't even have the energy to celebrate. Instead, he just looks towards a seething Drapeau as he fiddles with his gloves. Shane doesn't even know why he's panicking. He can't even breathe, he could beat this team in his sleep.

As the game continues, Shane is constantly being slammed against the boards. He still can't breathe, and he's sweating and his body is tired and he takes one more check from *fucking Comeau* he is going to start having a panic attack. As if he hadn't been having one already,

but he's starting to worry he won't be able to play. Barret has almost dropped his gloves in his honour already, and the rookies are struggling with the vibe.

The match finishes quickly, with a Ottawa Centaurs win 5-4, but Shane *still can't fucking breathe*. He definitely can't breathe when Comeau grabs him by the arm when shaking hands, freezing the line to whisper "*Fucking traitor. I hope Dallas Kent does everything he tells me he will, next time he sees you."*

Shane freezes and as he does, Comeau lets go and he crumples to the floor, losing balance on his skates. Dallas Kent was arrested, what was that even supposed to mean? What could that *possibly* even mean? Clearly, he was just trying to get under his skin and he only knew one homophobic player on the top of his head. Obviously.

At least, he really fucking hoped so.

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When he opened his eyes again, he can see he's in a changing room but the swimming yellow and blue in front of him is overwhelmingly confusing and he isn't really sure what to do about, except bolt to where he might assume the nearest toilet is to throw up. He's aware of reassuring hands on his back and shoulders and mumblings in Russian that he doesn't have the mental capacity to understand right now but he appreciates anyway. Then, he connects the dots. Ilya can't see him like this right now, not when he's happy. He's going to ruin everything and he's going to think that he doesn't love him anymore or that this isn't what he wants and he doesn't want that and he doesn't want that and-

"*Shane."* The calming voice says, strong and constant. "Look at me."

But he can't. The hands in his hair moved to pull his face towards them. He's even more swiftly aware that someone removed his helmet. He really should've checked that before he threw up everywhere.

"Tell me what's going on. *Please*, moya lyubov."

He startles himself with a sob. Quick and strangled, like a climax. Something waiting to happen, like the fizzling under his skin has been unleashed and he can't contain it.

"I can't breathe-" He gasps, grabbing what he presumes is Ilya's top with both hands. A gentle hand moves his, places it against his heart and the thrum is gentle. Faster than usual, but still gentle and there.

"Hayden, can you go grab a bottle of water? I will deal with breathing."

Huh. Yellow and blue. It suddenly seems really obvious.

“Shane, baby, you copy me, okay?” He doesn’t know how long they sat there, Shane’s hand against Ilya’s heart, feeling the thrum and listening to his breathing, his head balanced on Ilya’s shoulder. He gets there though, breathing steady and hands clammy but he’s back.

Shane Hollander knew he had panic attacks. He just didn’t want to tell anyone. Ilya Rozanov knew he had panic attacks, and had made Shane promise him to tell him if things were too much. Shane Hollander hasn’t had a panic attack this bad in years.

“What just happened?” Hayden asked, awkwardly standing in the doorway with a bottle of water, passing it over to Shane. At this point, he was essentially just being petted by Ilya but he didn’t have the energy to care.

“Panic attack. I’m fine, Hayd.” He breathed, taking small slow sips from his water.

“You didn’t look fine. You basically collapsed-”

“Hayden, you have been very helpful, yes? But Shane needs space after panic attack. I call you later, when Shane is ready. He needs home, now.” Ilya said. Shane could tell he was upset and that was all Shane didn’t want. He’s ruined it now.

“Thanks, Hayd.” Shane mutters, trying to ignore his thoughts. He doesn’t want to have two in a row.

“Yeah, all good buddy. Always here for you man. I’ll talk to you both soon, yeah?”

With nods from both parties, Hayden finally leaves. Shane tried to get up and with support from Ilya they make it to the car, their things all put together in a messy pile. Shane would regret that all the bags were mixed up later, when he had to fix them. Because right now, he just wanted to breathe and see. He wanted to see Ilya and he wanted to see him smile.

“I’m sorry.” Shane says from the passenger seat, because he *is.* Ilya says nothing, his eyes trained on the road.

“Like I say to Pike, you rest first. Then talk.”

“I need to shower.”

“Okay. Shower first. Rest. Then talk.” Shane can almost hear him roll his eyes.

He suddenly has an overwhelming insecurity flood into his brain. What if Ilya doesn’t want to stay with him while he calms himself down? What if he’s mad that Shane ruined everything. It was just a stupid hockey match with made up accusations and Shane ruined everything because of it.

Against his better judgement, he asks. He doesn’t have the energy to keep it up.

“Will you stay with me?” The words were softer than he meant for them to be. They made him seem smaller. Scared.

“I will always *stay*, Hollander. If this is what you want.”

Shane lets out a huff of relief and closes his eyes for the remainder of the journey home. He's distantly aware they should be out celebrating with their friends, that Ilya would be missing that for him tonight as well.

"I will always want." He says, selfishly.

How does Ilya put up with him?

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He isn't sure what time it is when he wakes up, but Ilya isn't next to him. Usually, Shane is the first awake, Ilya still snoring away as Shane goes on his morning run with Anya and has coffee on the deck in all weather.

He pulls himself out of bed, bare feet flat on the cold wooden floor and drags himself further into the house. There is no sound, no TV or music as Ilya would typically be playing. After searching the house, he's starting to think Ilya left. Which would be fine, he could be out celebrating or venting to Troy and Harris or maybe Wyatt came over and he had some cool new game to show him.

Until he turns his head and sees Ilya Rozanov sitting outside, drinking coffee. Just like Shane does.

Huh.

He slowly walks out and sits beside him, dropping his head onto Ilya's shoulder. The sigh from Ilya is a good sign, Shane hopes. The blanket he is using being maneouvered to cover them both was also a good sign, if Shane did say so himself. It was moments like these where he loved Ilya the most. Dragging him into his own space and sharing the things he desired. When they were alone in the cold and nobody could ruin it. Like Shane knew, there was nothing easier than loving Ilya Rozanov.

Shane is never typically the one to break silence between them, but it feels like that's what Ilya is waiting for. He's been doing a lot of things non typical of Shane Hollander lately.

"I'm sorry." He starts. "I really am. I didn't want to scare you or- or make you *sad*, Ilya. I love you."

He hears Ilya sigh slightly beside him.

"Okay, Shane." He says. "Are you ready for us to do this now or will you run like scared kitten?"

He chuckles lightly at that.

"I promise you I will not run like a scared kitten."

“You promise to be *honest* with me?” Ilya says, with far more emotion in his voice than the previous times. Last time he tried to lie to Ilya, he imploded on the ice. So, Shane nods.

Ilya, seemingly satisfied, moves so he can look at Shane. He always feels like Ilya can read him like a book when he looks at him like this. When he really looks at him.

“You scared me.”

“I know but-”

“Let me finish, Shane.” He cuts him off and Shane shuts up. Listening, one thing he is good at. “*Ya tebya lyublyu*. I *love* you. But, I am very mad at you right now, for breaking promise to me. You remember, yes? Why? Why did you not tell me, if you were having hard time? I asked you.”

Shane waited another moment. He wasn’t sure if Ilya was trying to compose himself or if he was finished, but the silence passed and Shane decided it was safe to answer the questions. He’d do it in order.

“I remember.” He whispered. “It’s hard, Ilya, knowing what I should and shouldn’t tell you. You’ve been so happy lately and I didn’t want to be the reason that stopped. There is nothing I love more than seeing you smile, Ilya, and my stuff all felt so stupid. I’m sorry I scared you when I fell on the ice and I’m sorry I broke my promise but this is what I was trying to avoid. I never want you to be sad *because* of me, Ilya. It happened once before and I won’t let it happen again.”

“*Shane*. We have talked about this, no? When I am sad, is not your fault. I am depressed. You can only help by being you. Why this is different for you, when it’s you in pain?”

Shane thinks about the question, and he isn’t really sure what the answer is. He feels stupid, like he doesn’t have a real reason to be sad. Like this consuming panic he feels is so unwarranted and he’s *stupid.*

He promised honesty. He thinks he’s broken enough promises lately. He stands up, throwing the blanket off his shoulder.

“Because it’s all stupid! I’m so stupid, Ilya! How could I have ever thought they would -” He pauses to breathe. “I don’t want you to think that I’m unhappy with where we are now because I miss Montreal. Because I love you more than anything. Loving you is the easiest thing in my life and I feel stupid because my life is pretty *fucking* easy compared to -”

“Compared to mine?” Ilya asks. His response is curt, almost mad. “It is different yes, but not stupid. You love me, you ask me to tell you when I am sad. I do not think you love me less because you miss the Voyageurs. I am scared that you love *yourself* less. You played game yesterday not okay. Was just a stupid hockey game.”

Shane often forgets that for Ilya, hockey was a means to an end. He knows Ilya loves hockey, but all of their arguments somehow form around Shane not being able to separate life and

hockey. Shane Hollander knew the only things easier than breathing were hockey and loving Ilya. It was fact.

“It is never going to be just a stupid hockey game to me. I had so much to prove yesterday and I was scared but you were just so happy.”

Ilya follows with silence. Deliberating on something and Shane is not sure what.

“You know, we all hear what Comeau says before you fall. He is not, what is word, when someone is very loud and obvious when trying not to be?”

“Subtle?”

“Yes, Comeau is not *subtle*. We all hear and Pike drops his gloves to fight his *own team* as I catch you so you do not hit head. Was very scary, Shane -”

“Hayden dropped his gloves for me?”

“Of course he did, Hollander!” Ilya is now also standing, hands making gestures louder than his words. “Because he is your best friend and he loves you too. Was very scary.”

“But I’m fine!”

“Neit! No, you are not!” Ilya shouts and Shane recoils.

It is moments like these, and like yesterday, that make him hate the fact he is a crybaby. The tears pool in his eyes.

“I was just scared, Ilya. I’m sorry.” He mutters. The hand that falls on his face after is soft, wiping his tears away slowly and deliberately.

“I think-” Ilya takes a steeling breath. “I think maybe you should try therapy, Shane, yes?”

Shane instantly bristles. Then he regrets it immediately because he knows therapy has been a massive part in Ilya’s recovery and he knows it could help him. He isn’t really sure why he bristles, why the idea makes him feel weak.

“Would that make you feel better?” Shane asks, curiously.

“It would make me feel better if you *try*. If it does not work then all is okay, we find something else. But, you are not okay, moya lyubov. If you can get help, you should, you are richest hockey player ever.”

Shane laughs, a small, teary eyed laugh.

“Yeah, okay. We can find one later though. I hate it when we fight.” He says, taking a seat back on the deck, suddenly aware of how fucking cold he is.

“Yes.” Ilya says.

They sit like that for a while, just holding eachother in the cold, sharing a cup of lukewarm coffee that slowly turns cold. The view of their back garden, the first signs of snow glittering the uncut grass.

“Also, you need to call Pike.”

Of course, the moment is always broken by Hayden Pike.

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