

How much sorrow can I take?

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How much sorrow can I take?

by [Sweettree](#)

Summary

Everything is fine. They're playing a normal game against Montreal. Shane is trying his best and the Centaurs are winning, despite Montreal's best effort. One dirty hit, one dirty move. Sends Shane spiraling but not in the way you think.

Notes

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

Shane was putting in fucking work. He was showing them what they miss. His talent, his skill, his dedication. Something they'd never have again.

He was on a roll with two beautiful assists from his beautiful husband. And an amazing hat trick that's solidified the win essentially.

She had been working with his therapist, not to put so much pressure on himself when he's on the ice that this was supposed to be fun. It was supposed to be good because it was fun.

He would make lazy circles around the rink during intermission, waving at all the fans screaming his name.

A gay couple was raising their child above their shoulders who is holding a plush bear with Shane's number on it. Shane's heart almost melted.

He waved the couple down and it took a minute, but they eventually got to where Shane was standing at the bottom of the arena. The little boy tossed his bear over the divider, and Shane caught it. He quickly made his way over to his bench.

"Awww Hollander has a fan." Bood chirped patting Shane on the back.

He quickly handed Shane a marker for skating off, and Shane signed the front of the bear's jersey.

He skated back over, tossed it up above the divider and waved before heading back to his line. The kid and his dads were losing it and so was the rest of the crowd.

Shane felt good. His anxiety was nothing but a low hum in his body. He was going to win, and he was going to go out with his team and celebrate and maybe even order dessert. Then his husband was gonna fuck him later. It was perfect.

Of course it all had to be ruined.

They were in the third period now. Shane was at the face-off, taking calm grounding breathes. When some sleazy forward, he never met before skated up.

"You know Shane I'm surprised." He said. His voice was calm. It seemed like a genuine question to Shane. Fuck was he missing something, he didn't wanna be an asshole to somebody who might have nothing against him.

The only thing the other guy had done wrong was play for the Montreal Voyageurs. Not every one of them was an asshole, Hayden, for example. Fucking fuck say something Shane.

"Surprised by what?" Shane hoped that sounded calmer than he felt.

The guy looked up with a surprised smirk, as if he didn't expect Shane to actually respond with the sincerity that he did.

“ I'm surprised you're gay. I mean, don't you have to have a big dick for that? Unless Rozanov does the bending.”

Scratch that he's definitely an asshole.

Shane couldn't decide if the small dick comment was because the guy was trying to get under his skin and it was completely random or if it was because he was Asian. Shane didn't wanna find out.

Shane won the faceoff and made his way through their defense. He passed the puck to Young who quickly took control of it and sped off. Shane was still focused on the pass when he saw Werner, A giant chunk of a man, coming in for a check.

Shane stood up as the impact came in, while Werner crouched down. Werner's elbow hit Shane's pelvis. Hard.

He lurched over and fell. Well there goes any hopes of kids.

Everything was going so well. Shane was on fire. He was so relaxed on the ice as well, Eli took his hand and kissed his glove, and Shane didn't even make a gross face. He actually smiled. That was a huge win.

No, he was on his hands and knees on the ice clutching his stomach. Everyone was rushing to stand up now. The crowd was furious and play had been paused.

Before anyone could truly react, Shane skated off the ice faster than Ilya had ever seen him skate and pushed his way through the exit doors towards the locker-room.

That's just like Shane to push himself even though he's hurt just to not inconvenience others . But this was different. He wasn't moving like he was in pain. He was moving like he was scared. Ilya knew his husband's face. He knew when he was sad, when he was happy, when he was horny. Everything.

Wiebe was flagging over the medical team when Ilya rapidly began making his way from the bench.

“Wait no bring them yet. Shit shit shit. Shane baby.” Ilya was hurriedly making his way towards the locker room door.

Everything went silent he couldn't hear anything. He had one objective one focus.

To find his husband.

He didn't even notice the rest of the team had followed him. They were whispering to each other in a panic.

Please God let chain be OK. Please don't let him have died in this bathroom. It was Shane's least favorite place too. A nasty Arena bathroom was no place to go.

Go. Shane was not gone. He couldn't be. We need to think positive.

Ilya was going to kill Hayden for letting that semi truck of a man near his husband.

Ilya was looking around the locker room for Shane. The entire team was.

"Shane?!" Young yelled down the entrance hallway

"Well he's not down there idiot!" Hayes yelled while grabbing Young's collar.

Finally Troy came running from the direction of the bathrooms. "He's in the bathrooms, he locked the door."

Ilya was moving faster then he ever had despite still having his skates on.

"Shane?!" Ilya wiggled the handle "Shane baby open the door." Silence. The entire team froze. Ilya thought he might collapse.

"I'm *gasp* ok." Shane responded faintly.

Ilya knew those gasps. Shane was having a panic attack.

"Shane I need you to open the door please." Ilya said calmly. He needed to be level about this so Shane didn't get more upset.

"Just you..." he heard from the other side of the door followed by a quick click of the lock.

Ilya immediately went inside, locking the door behind him.

When he turned back around, he was going to hug his husband immediately, but Shane was standing on the other side of the bathroom. It was evident why he was in there now.

Shane had a wet blotch on the front of his pants and down his leg. It was big. It would be obvious to anybody who saw it that he pissed his pants. Shane was standing there, eyes looking down. Clenching and unclenching his fists while breathing way too fast for Ilya's liking.

"It's ok baby. Your ok. This, this is fine this is normal. You got scared, is ok." Ilya made his way up to Shane who was still hyperventilating.

He ran his hands up Shane's back and squeezed his neck. "In. Out. Feel my breathing and match. In. Out."

Shane was now clutching onto Ilya's jersey and quietly taking deep breaths

"Y'all ok in there?!" Wiebe said from outside the bathroom.

"Da! Shane is fine." Ilya called back never letting go of Shane's neck.

Shane was calm enough to finally speak again, although not fully out of his panic attack.

“I didn’t get scared! He checked me below the belt, his huge shoulder hit my stomach and before I even knew it I was peeing.... I couldn’t stop. God everyone’s gonna know I’m 31 year-old man Ilya. I don’t have accidents. I had just been drinking so much water trying to push myself to the game and I hate using public bathrooms. I’ll never live this down oh my god. I’m gonna die. I’m gonna fucking die...” Shane’s head returned to the nape of Ilya’s neck.

“I will handle this. I won’t say a word will be very discreet, but our team has to know they’re worried about you and so does coach no one else though.” Ilya firmly held Shane’s wrists to his chest.

Shane gave a calm nod and headed into one of the bathroom stalls as Ilya opened the door.

“So he’s OK right? We can call off the medical team.” Wiebe asked as Ilya came out and made his way to the locker room.

“Da. He is fine, or, will be fine.” Ilya walked into the lockerroom filled with worried Centaurs. The game was over and they had won but none of them seem to be in the celebrating mood.

When Ilya came out, everyone began to stir asking if Shane was gonna be ok.

“Men! I love Shane you love Shane. So I need you to do this for him. I am going to tell you what is wrong and if I hear a single snicker or laugh or chuckle or giggle you’ll be running basket skates, until your legs give out. He is your teammate and you will respect him. Da?”

Everyone went quiet and listened intently.

“Shane got checked hard in low place. He lost control of his bladder and pissed himself. He is OK otherwise maybe bruise. I need someone to go back onto the ice and get Shane’s stick. I need someone to go back to the bench and grab Shane’s things. Can someone do this?”

Everyone immediately sprang into action.

A few teammates went to go retrieve Shane’s stuff from the arena. Bood stood post by the door keeping any reporters looking for details from wiggling their way in.

Before Ilya could get to Shane’s locker, Troy already had it open and was holding his game bag. He looked up at Ilya who nodded at him in return, and they both went towards the bathroom.

Wiebe was outside, trying to mediate the media as best he could.

Shane was pacing inside the stall. Eli could see his little feet walking back-and-forth.

He and Troy went in, and Troy slid his game bag under the stall.

“Thank you so much for....” Shane trailed off

“It’s fine. Shane don’t be embarrassed. I mean, how many times has one of the guys gotten blackout drunk, and some type of bodily fluid was on them.” Troy let out a small chuckle earning a nervous laugh from Shane.

She slid his dirty clothes under the stall. Of course they were folded perfectly. Then he slid the rest of his gear under.

Ilya picked up all of it and shoved it into his duffel bag. He knew Shane would insist that they wash the entire thing, but he didn’t care.

Troy left the bathroom after giving some reassuring glances Ilya.

“Baby do you want to shower? It’s right across the hall. I’ll make sure no one comes in.” Ilya leaned his forehead against the stall, as if he would be able to feel Shane through it.

“Yeah, let’s go. I’m all gross.” Shane responded. He could almost imagine the whiny scrunched up face he was making while saying it.

The locker room was pretty vacated so as a naked Shane quickly scampered across the hallway to the shower room, there was no awkward encounters. Ilya made sure to cover him up anyway.

Shane’s showered faster than Elia had ever seen him and immediately slipped on his after game clothes.

Most of the team was nowhere to be seen. They probably went back to the hotel on the bus. Ilya could call an uber....

“Shane big man!” Bood called from the parking lot, where the bus was still waiting.

Shane’s grip on Ilya’s arm tightened.

Bood could sense Shane’s discomfort. And gave a quiet smile before walking back onto the bus.

Ilya went up first. Looking around the room with questioning eyes. Then Shane came up behind him and everything made sense.

“Shane thank god your ok!” Young said sitting up from his seat.

The entire team seemed to have the same energy.

Marlow rubbed Shane’s back as he passed “We love you brother. You’re all good.”

Every bit of anxiety evaporated from Shane as the rest of the bus chimed out ‘I love yous’. Ilya was so proud of his boys.

“At least you have a valid excuse. Once I pissed myself because I lost track of time and heard the second period buzzer.” Dykstra recalled while lazing back onto his seat.

An eruption of chirps came from every direction.

“Last time I’ll ever bring that up.” Dykstra pulled his hat over his eyes

“What are you talking about you tell that story every time you get drunk like it’s a war story.” Shane retorted. Dykstra clutched his chest as if he was being stabbed while looking at Shane with fake betrayal.

Shane was laughing, Ilya was laughing, coach was laughing, the whole fucking bus was.

But not at Shane. And that was the best part.

End Notes

And before y'all start, this has happened to me. I played field hockey. One girl tried to get the ball away from me elbowed me so hard. I started pissing myself. Yeah I'm putting myself on blast. Apparently it's something a lot of athletes go through so no shame in it. you pump yourself full of fluids to try and keep your energy up and it's not like you want to use the nasty Porta potties or in arena bathrooms that probably get cleaned once a year. So I did it to Shane because I can.

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