i'm not how you hoped

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by sunsetcherry

Summary

"And the Montreal Voyagers take home the cup once again! Never in the history has the same team taken the cup home back to back. Congratulations Voyagers." Shane shut off his phone as he closed his eyes. He head led them to victory, twice. He had been captain. He had cared for his teammates, people he saw as brothers. The hard work had forged unbreakable bonds, or at least bonds he thought were unbreakable. He was wrong.

or Shane Hollander is working through his feelings of being shunned by the Montreal Voyagers.

Notes

title from northern attitude by noah kahan
unbeat'd so if there are any problems please let me know!
PLEASE READ THE TAGS!

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Parallel Nights by Matchahaterfrv

"And the Montreal Voyagers take home the cup once again! Never in the history has the same team taken the cup home back to back. Congratulations Voyagers." Shane shut off his phone as he closed his eyes. He head led them to victory, twice. He had been captain. He had cared for his teammates, people he saw as brothers. The hard work had forged unbreakable bonds, or at least bonds he *thought* were unbreakable. He was wrong. Besides Hayden and JJ, though their relationship was still rocky, everyone had discarded his friendship so easily. He felt the bed shift and he looked down at his husband who scrunched his face up as the morning light poured in through the curtains. Shane watched as Ilya slowly blinked his eyes open and took a minute to get his bearing straight before he smiled up at Shane.

"Good morning sweetheart,"

"Good morning. Sleep well?" Ilya nodded as he nuzzled into Shane's chest.

"Yes, I slept very well moya lyubov. The sex marathon *really* wore me out." Shane laughed as he pushed Ilya's shoulder.

"It wasn't a sex marathon!"

"Whatever you say love." Shane shook his head as he placed his phone on the bedside table.

"Are you hungry? I can make you breakfast." Ilya scrunched his nose up in disgust.

"Are you trying to poison me with that smoothie?"

"It's a good smoothie…" Shane said as he shifted his body to get out of bed.

"Mmm…"

"I'll make you eggs and toast if you'd like."

"Yes, I would like. Much better than your smoothie." Shane sighed as his feet slipped into slippers.

"One eggs and toast coming up." Shane slipped out of the room and Ilya watched him leave. His eyes looked his husbands body up and down, and while usually it was because he wanted to admire him, this time it was more out of worry. Everyone knew that Ilya was always tuned into his surroundings and the people in them but he was most attuned to Shane, the way he talked and walked. The way emotions would flit across his face before being placed under lock and key when his mask came back on. Ilya knew something was bothering Shane the moment he woke up. There was a tense air around his husband and it had slightly loosened when he had made Shane laugh but he knew that Shane would come to him eventually and he didn't want to push. Shane never pushed Ilya before he was ready to talk about his depression, so Ilya wanted to return the favor, even if it did worry him.

Shane sighed as he placed the bread in the toaster as he looked at the eggs sizzling in the pan. The smell wafted up to his nose and it made him ever so slightly nauseous. Shane set the timer on the toaster oven as went to grab his smoothie ingredients. His hand trembled as he placed them on the counter just as Ilya was walking out of the bedroom. Ilya watched Shane as he placed all the ingredients, Ilya *would not* put together, into a blender.

"Here." Shane slid Ilya his breakfast as he took a steadying breath in. He watched as Ilya took a bite of the toast with the egg yoke dripping from it. Shane bit the inside of his cheek as he turned off the blender and poured his smoothie into a cup. He turned back to Ilya who was now half way done as he took his first sip. He wanted to gag. It tasted horrible, but he *needed* this. To keep on top of hockey. To make sure he played a good game with the Centaurs. To prove the Voyagers were wrong for throwing him away.

"Good smoothie?"

"Yes. Do you like your breakfast?"

"Very good moya lyubov. Thank you." Shane smiled, it didn't reach his eyes. His smoothie still sat full in the glass. He *really* didn't want to drink it, but he *had* to. Shane took a second sip as he watched Ilya shovel the last of his breakfast into his mouth. Ilya watched back as Shane slowly took sips of is sickly green smoothie,

Shane never finished the smoothie. Ilya learned this as later in the afternoon the smoothie was sitting on the counter half drunk. Ilya's eyebrows pinched in confusion as he knew how Shane liked to keep everything clean and organized.

"Shane?" He called out. Anya's head peek up from where she was laying on the couch as she heard his voice.

"Do you know where your Dad is?" He asked as he walked over towards the couch, "hmm, do you." Anya just rolled on her back with her paws up. Ilya smiled fondly was he started to rub her belly. Just then he heard the door open once again and footsteps.

"Oh, I'm sorry Ilya. I meant to wash that before I went on a run." Shane said as he hurried past the couch and into the kitchen where the smoothie is sitting.

"It's alright Shane. I can put it in the dishwasher-"

"No it's fine," Shane interrupts, "I'll wash it by hand before my shower." Ilya just nodded as he watched Shane from the living room.

Dinner was an even worse affair. Shane barely had anything on his plate and the food that he did have on their was picked at. Ilya swallowed harshly as his eyes flitted from Shane to his plate and back.

"I can make you something else," Ilya offered quietly.

"What?" Shane looked down at his plate, "Oh, no. It's fine. I'm just not hungry." Ilya bit the inside of his cheek. He didn't want to start a fight. Not at the moment.

"Okay, moya lyubov. But if you get hungry later just let me know."

"I will."

Ilya plopped himself down on Galina's couch. It had been about a week and a half since Ilya noticed Shane retreating into himself and it had gotten worse since then. He knew he needed to bring it up to Shane, he just didn't know how.

"Is there anything specific you want to talk about today?"

"Shane. I'm worried about Shane."

"How so?"

"He's retreating into himself. He's not eating much. He's scaring me." Galina nodded as she started writing notes down.

"Okay, have you brought your worries up to him?"

"No, I don't know how without scaring him off. He can be skittish at times."

"Okay, and how are you feeling about what is happening?"

"Scared, worried. I can't seem to do anything to help the man I love."

Shane stared at the Montreal Voyagers jersey that was stuffed in a box in the back of his closet. He didn't have the heart to get rid of it. His hands trembled as they traced over his number. 24. He could feel the tears welling up in his eyes. God, it was so stupid that he was crying over this. Shane shouldn't be crying over this. Everything was *better* now. He wasn't hiding anymore. He could love Ilya in the light instead of the darkness. Ilya was happy. After everything Ilya has gone through he deserved to be happy. Shane had no reason to feel the way he did. Ilya hadn't asked him to leave his home to where he knew no one, to play on a team that hadn't won a cup in years and to keep hiding their relationship until they retired. No, Shane had asked that of Ilya. He had asked so much of Ilya and he knew that he had broken Ilya's heart, so now he tried his best to mend it.

"Fuck…" Shane sighed softly. He shoved his old jersey back into the closet and shut the door. He wasn't going to think of them. Wasn't going to think how they wanted to hide him, now broke his heart like he broke Ilya's.

"Oh god. I'm so sorry Ilya. I'm so sorry for everything."

Ilya sighed as he parked the car in the driveway. He rubbed his temples. He felt so drained but more confident in trying to talk to Shane. It had taken weeks as he needed to keep asking Galina for advice on what he should do but finally he felt ready. He stepped out of the car and unlocked the door. As he opened the door, a smell wafted from the kitchen.

"Ilya! Did you have a good appointment?" Ilya's brain seemed to screech to a halt as he looked at the scene in front of him. Shane in the kitchen wasn't unusual but what he cooking was. It was chicken Parmesan. Ilya's favorite. A dish he would usually only have at David and Yuna's because Shane didn't like eating the dish. *"Too many carbs,"* He would say.

"Yeah, I did. Moya lyubov what are you doing?"

"Making dinner. Chicken Parmesan. *Your favorite!* Come on, sit down it's nearly done." Ilya's brain seemed catch up and he slipped his shoes off and padded towards the kitchen. He looked around and it was completely spotless. There was no evidence of cooking. Only a baking sheet held the chicken and a pot of pasta on the stove.

"Here." Shane turned around with a small smile on his face as he passed a plate of chicken Parmesan towards Ilya. Ilya took it along with the fork and knife he was handed.

"Thank you." Ilya watched as Shane turned back around and started cleaning up.

"You can start eating, I ate something earlier." Ilya's brain seemed place his silverware down a frown forming on his face as he remembered his mother saying the exact same thing when he was little. She never ate with them. She *always* ate earlier.

"Shane," the tone wasn't unkind but it was serious. Shane seemed to freeze and turn around.

"Ilya,"

"Are you okay?" Shane didn't reply at first but he gave Ilya a half smile.

"Of course, why wouldn't I be?"

"*Because you remind me of my mother*" Ilya wants to say, "*and that scares me. I can't lose you like I lost her. I wouldn't survive it.*"

"I just wanted to check in," Ilya says instead, "I'm worried about you." Shane's small smile drops.

"There's no reason to worry, I'm fine Ilya." Ilya wanted to push, wanted to know what Shane was thinking but he didn't because he didn't want to lose Shane any faster than he already was.

"Okay, whatever you way moya lyubov." Shane didn't seem to know what to do with himself as he took a second before going back and packing up the rest of dinner into containers.

"I love you Shane."

"I love you too Ilya."

Shane took out the jersey once again. He doesn't know why. Ottawa had been on a winning streak lately at it had felt good. That everything they had worked for was finally paying off. That Shane could finally show that he didn't need the Voyagers to keep his winning streak in hockey, that he just needed a team that supported him, to show that team was the Centaurs and he didn't make a mistake of choosing Ilya over hockey like he heard so many people whisper when they thought he wasn't listening. But despite everything good in his life he could feel sadness settle deep in his soul. The sadness of not retiring in the number he planned to for his whole career. The sadness of broken friendships and the sadness of how he gave his whole life to the team and he got nothing in return. But this wasn't depression, no it was just sadness. Shane had no reason to be depressed over the way his old team treated him at the end because he got out of there. He got out and now he was living a good life. *There was no reason for him to be depressed. He was just sad.*

"Shane, sweetheart, what are you doing?" Shane looked up at the doorway, Ilya was leaning slightly against the door as he looked at the jersey and then back to Shane's face.

"Oh, I- I guess I was just reminiscing," Shane shoved the jersey back into the closet, "It's stupid. Me nearly crying over a team that dropped me."

"It's not stupid. They were your friends for years, it's okay to feel sad over what happened."

"Yeah…" Shane trailed off. Ilya sighed as he walked further into the room and gathered Shane into a hug.

"What's wrong moya lyubov? You're scaring me." Ilya wasn't sure if this was the *best* moment to bring up his worries but it had been months with Shane acting like this and Ilya was at his breaking point. He needed to know what was going through Shane's head. Shane buried his face into Ilya's neck as he felt the tears finally break through the dam he built trying to keep them back.

"I'm sorry Ilya. I'm so sorry for everything."

"What are you sorry for? Hmm?"

"Everything Ilya. You sacrificed so much because I asked you too and I didn't even see how I was breaking your heart and I'm so sorry Ilya."

"Shane…baby, we've talked about this," Ilya kept rubbing circles into Shane's back, "I forgive you Shane. You know I do."

"I just needed to be good. So you could see that your sacrifice wasn't in vain, that you were still on a team that could win the cup." Shane's confession was so quietly whispered that Ilya barley caught it.

"Shane…."

"I just wanted to make sure I was in tiptop shape while I'm playing. That's why I'm on this diet, why I so rarely drink alcohol or have any carbs. Why I only eat what's on my meal plan. It's why you *knew* something was wrong when I ate that…fucking snickers bar." Ilya nodded softly as he let Shane continue, knowing he need to get it out.

"I wanted the throw it up the moment I ate it Ilya. It's why I went back to those horrible smoothies and the bland meals. I needed to get control back into my life. I *needed* to have control over *something* now that our secret was out. But I think I went overboard. I've been skipping meals," Shane sighed heavily as Ilya listened his heart breaking for his husband.

"I-I don't know why. I know it's not good for me, especially playing hockey. But maybe I thought I could get rid of this sadness I feel for the Voyagers if I replaced it with hunger. I know that doesn't make any sense, but it made sense to me, but I feel so sick Ilya. All the time. I feel so sick and I'm tired all the time. It's like I'm moving through molasses." Shane sniffed, his arms squeezing tighter around Ilya's waist.

"I need help Ilya."

"We'll get you all the help you need sweetheart. I promise."

Shane stared at the plate of food in front of him. It was full of food he usually never let himself have. Ilya was sitting next to him, so patiently as he waited for Shane to make any move towards the plate. Shane wanted fo throw it across the room and watch the plate shatter and food fly everywhere. It has been months and months of therapy to get to this point, and both Ilya and him were delighted at his progress but seeing this plate of food made him want to run and hide again.

Shane took the fork and poked the breaded chicken on his plate. This was a start. He swallowed harshly as he picked the chicken up on his fork and it hovered near his mouth. Shane slammed the fork down.

"I can't do this Ilya. Not today."

"Okay. We try again tomorrow?" *We try again tomorrow.* A phrase that Shane has heard so many times in his recovery. But then tomorrow would lead to the next day and then the next day after that until Shane would just have to eat the fucking chicken.

"No. I'll eat it right now." Ilya gave him a small smile as he relaxed back into his seat. Shane picked up his fork and brought the chicken into his awaiting mouth. Shane bit down and started chewing slowly. This chicken *was* the progress. It wasn't going to ruin anything. Shane swallowed and then slowly took another bite. He repeated this until the strip of breaded chicken was gone.

"You did so well moya lyubov. I'm so proud of you." Shane felt the tears collect in his eyes once again."

"Thank you Ilya. I love you."

"I love you too, so much."

End Notes

if you want to come say hi my tumblr is @laundryandtaxesworld :)

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