Not Too Much

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by CC99trialanderrorgirl

Summary

Shane has a panic attack/autistic meltdown in the bathroom at an event. Ilya helps.

Notes

Finally my years of crying in public bathrooms are useful for something!!

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Shane swears. He’s hunched over the mirror in a deserted bathroom two floors down from the gala. He’s wearing a suit that itches (no matter how much money he spends, he’s never found one that doesn’t) and he’s been trying to make his face look neutral and normal for over two hours, smiling and nodding like it’s not all too loud, too bright, and too pointless. Now he can’t breathe.

He stands in front of the mirror, gasping through another anxiety attack — it’s just par for the course for him. No one ever sees this; everyone always assumes he’s the perfect little hockey player he tries so hard to be. He carries the responsibility he feels to be beyond reproach in every line of his body. He needs to win, he needs to be articulate, he needs to look good, he needs to represent for all of the young Asian kids out there, and he needs to not. fucking. *panic* like a pussy.

Shane’s greatest fear is being seen. Not only for being into Ilya Rosanov — and what the *fuck* is that, what has he been *doing?!* — but also for *this*. Whatever it is. Anxiety. Panic. Being fucking insane.

Shane is tired, so tired.

Nobody else is bothered by talking to VIPs and sponsor reps for a few hours. They all seem to be having a good time, even, sipping drinks and laughing along with the gentle jokes that Shane doesn’t fucking get. Nothing seems too loud or too bright. None of the other players seem to worry about what to do with their faces or what to say when someone asks them a question. They don’t seem worried about how they’re being perceived.

Shane is always and forever worried about how he’s being perceived.

He’s scared of fucking up, he’s scared of losing things and people he loves, he’s scared of letting what feels like the entire fucking world down. He’s just…scared.

All the fucking time.

When he’s on the ice, it kind of goes away, everything narrowing down to the goal of skating and scoring and winning. There’s a clear objective and he knows the rules. He knows how to behave and what do to. He’s there to win and he’s *good*.

And with Ilya…well. It’s quieter in his head then, too. He tries not to think too much about why.

But right now, he’s hiding from his sponsors, his mom, all of them. They can’t see him like this. His mom would be concerned, then disappointed, then annoyed, probably. His sponsors would drop him immediately. His teammates and rivals would see this — whatever it is — as weakness. He’s never really felt able to trust anybody because he knows, deep down, that *this* is always going to be lurking underneath.

He chokes on nothing and spits into the sink, then chances a glance up at his reflection. His eyes look angry. He’d tried anxiety medicine once as a kid and again as young teenager after

his mom got concerned about his constant worrying and need to know what was coming next. It helped a little, but not enough, and it wasn't worth how shitty the meds had made him feel. He wishes they had worked for him. He wishes he wasn't like this.

He chokes in another breath and hangs his head, unable to maintain eye contact for too long even with himself. He's got one hand on his heaving chest and the other in a death-grip on the counter's edge when *he* walks in.

Ilya.

"Hollander. Are you…okay?"

Shane's head snaps up in horror at being seen like this. He narrows his eyes and scrunches his face up, hoping he'll look angry enough to make Ilya go away.

He doesn't go away.

"Hollander. Shane. You are having panic attack again."

"What?" Shane snaps. "I'm not. I-I don't have those. I'm — fuck — I'm fine."

"Is okay," Ilya says, stepping closer to Shane.

And that brings Shane up short, even in the midst of placing both hands over his heart as he stumbles backward into the wall of the nearby stalls gasping.

"Hollander. Shane. Is *okay*," Ilya repeats.

Shane stares in his general direction, desperately hoping he'll be able to see the anguish he's feeling on the inside. He isn't sure if it shows on his face but maybe, somehow, Ilya will *know*.

"Just breathe, Shane. You can breathe," Ilya says calmly.

Shane is confused.

Ilya isn't angry, or repulsed. He's not upset by Shane's pain, only concerned. He cares, but he isn't overwhelmed. He's trying to help Shane calm down, but he isn't trying to *fix* him. It's the best reaction Shane could have ever hoped for.

He stares at a point slightly to the right of Iyla's left shoulder as his breathing finally starts to even out.

"Is okay," Ilya says softly, and Shane *breaks*. He doesn't mean to — it happens without conscious effort — but suddenly he's throwing himself forward into Ilya's arms. Ilya is clearly not expecting it, but he catches Shane anyway. Not only that, but he wraps his arms tight around him and lets him cry silently into his dress shirt for what feels like way too long before Shane turns his head a fraction to be able to speak. His lips feel dry and cracked, used up.

“I’m sorry,” is the first thing he says.

“Do not be sorry, Hollander. Is not necessary.”

Shane backs up. “I think it’s very fucking necessary. I was— I am—”

“You are anxious. Lots of people are. Svetlana has, how you say, anxiety disorder. She is from the States. This is why I know.”

“Fuck you, I don’t have —”

“Shane,” Ilya says in the tone he uses when they have sex.

“What? Fuck!” Shane yells.

“Shane. Is fine. I can leave if you…”

“No! Fuck, no. Please don’t leave. I don’t want…”

“You do not want what, Hollander?”

“I don’t want to be alone, okay?”

“Okay,” Ilya says simply.

“Fuck, I can’t go back out there,” Shane is pacing now, panicking again.

“So we will leave. I have car here. Is nice car. Porsche. You will like it.”

“I can’t leave with you, are you crazy? Fuck, I can’t leave at *all*. People will— they will—“

“What? Miss you?”

“Be *disappointed* in me, asshole.”

“So? I am big disappointment at home. Does not stop me. Should not stop you.”

“You—what?”

“Is how I said. You want to leave, we go. You want to say, is okay. I will be here, too.”

“I—”

“What do you want, Shane?”

“Fuck, I want to leave,” Shane feels nearly hysterical admitting it.

“So we go.”

“No. What? Fuck!”

“You have already talked to Rolex, yes? With your mother.”

“Yes.”

“So is fine.”

“I guess…Wait. How do you know that?”

“I watch you, Hollander,” Ilya shrugs, like it’s nothing.

It is not.

“That’s— I— *fuck*.”

Suddenly all the fight drops out of Shane. He can almost feel himself switching his internal focus from the well-worn track of panic and overwhelm and worry to his brain’s only other hobby aside from hockey: Ilya.

“Fuck, that’s hot. Why is that hot?”

Ilya is just staring now. It’s making Shane itch.

“Text your mother. Tell her you leave.”

“Lie?”

“Lie.”

“Fuck, okay.” Shane pulls his phone out with shaking fingers. “Wait, no, I can’t lie to her.”

“You are bad liar,” Ilya observes.

“Fuck you, I can lie if I want to, I just don’t.”

“Sure.” Ilya doesn’t sound like he believes him. “So we will leave now, yes?”

“I can’t.”

“Shane.”

“Ilya.”

Shane doesn’t know who steps forward first, but suddenly, he’s in the middle of the room and his body is crashing into Ilya’s and Ilya is *devouring* him. Shane melts into it, ignoring the emotional whiplash in favor of grabbing Ilya’s lapels and mashing his face against Ilya’s as desperately as he can. It’s Ilya who steps away first. Shane feels himself chasing after his lips, dazed.

Ilya pulls a set of car keys from his pocket and dangles them in Shane’s face.

“I meet you at back exit in five minutes.”

Shane stares.

“Please,” Ilya adds.

Shane stares some more.

“Five minutes, yes?” Ilya ducks his head, checks for brief eye contact to make sure that Shane heard him. Shane manages to flick his eyes up for just long enough to confirm that he did and slowly nods.

“Hollander,” Ilya says just as he reaches the doorway and flips the lock that Shane, in his panic, somehow didn’t even notice. “Is really okay.”

“It’s not,” Shane says, automatic. But that automatic response of feeling like he’s not enough and too much at the same time, that he’s a problem? It feels less true today.

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