breach

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breach

by relativelylavender

Summary

breach, noun: the act or a result of breaking; a break or rupture.

Shane Hollander has routines, he has a schedule, he has his lists. Sometimes going through the motions proves harder than anticipated.

Shane spirals, luckily for the first time, he's not alone.

Notes

We all know that Shane has a thing about his diet, I am a firm believer that he has some ocd tendencies primarily when it comes to preparing and eating foods. I don't have contamination OCD myself but I've helped multiple friends work through their own struggles with it and I think that Shane would have similar processes.

Sorry for any inaccuracies in the Russian translations!

See the end of the work for more notes

"You hungry?" Shane whispered, peering over at the man that hardly stirred beside him.

"Mm." Ilya grunted in response, trying to pretend that he was still asleep, though Shane knew better.

The Canadian propelled himself to stand, taking care to remake the side of the bed he occupied, replacing the pillows that had fallen to the floor in the wake of the two men's nap. It was a strange domesticity the pair had settled into, sleeping together in the most innocent sense of the word was still a rarity, with Shane unsure of how to approach the increasingly common routine they had begun to settle into.

The fridge door swung open with a quiet woosh. Shane's eyes scanned the shelves for what he was looking for. He pulled the containers out as if by second nature, setting them on the counter fluidly.

Each container was carefully labeled with a small piece of tape displaying Shane's handwriting keeping track of the day the food entered the kitchen and the day it needed to be discarded by.

Shane began preparing the ingredients in the same order he always did.

Tuna and mayo

Tomatoes

Bread

Butter

Cheese.

Shane hummed as he spread the butter on four slices of bread, pleased with himself that he was getting used to making food for two instead of his usual lone meal.

Suddenly, his hands froze as he reached for the cheese. His vision began to swim as he noticed a small bloom of greenish blue mold on the slice his fingers had almost touched.

'No.' Shane's thoughts echoing in his head. *'No that's not right. It's ok until Monday. There shouldn't even be visible spores until Thursday at the earliest'* and Shane never even risked keeping food that long. His hand began to shake as the rigid compartments in Shane's mind began to crumble.

How long had it been there?

Shane knew that food spoiled well before there were visible signs. His breathing became more ragged.

Suddenly his vision got darker around the edges, his breaths becoming raspier.

Thud.

The knife Shane was holding clattered to the floor as he collapsed, his hands shaking as his breathing sped up into shallow gasps.

He struggled to catch his breath, the kitchen spun around him as the intrusive thoughts he had been pushing down flooded his mind.

His most recent game with the Metros, which ended in a humilating 4-0 loss against Minnesota, a game that Shane knew they had no business losing. No excuse losing.

His mom constantly checking in on him, making sure he was keeping up with the seemingly never ending list of company sponsorships.

His team always relying on him for what to do. Always asking him for direction, they couldn't tell he felt like a complete fraud.

The words replayed in his head, growing louder as his body began to rock back and forth in a vain attempt to calm himself before Ilya could figure out something had gone wrong. He prayed and pleaded the Russian had fallen back to sleep.

Humiliating.

Imposter.

Unreliable.

Liar.

Fraud.

It felt as though waves were crashing against a cliff, the water roaring in Shane's ears as the pounding in his head grew louder.

Embarrassment.

Let down.

Useless.

Disappointment.

Deceiver.

His cheeks grew wet as he felt tears begin to roll, his hands shaking incessantly. Seemingly every bad memory lined up to present itself to Shane.

Sochi. "We are nothing, there is no us." The sharpness of Ilya's voice pricked Shane, as if he accidentally brushed against a cactus.

Vegas. "Goodbye Hollander." His voice echoed, thundering in Shane's ears as he relived one of the worst nights of their whole ordeal.

'We didn't even kiss' the unsent text message remained a pit in Shane's stomach though that evening was eons ago in comparison to where he and Ilya found themselves now.

"Hollander you are having panic attack. Hollander. Shane." Ilya's voice echoed, suddenly absent of the venom that leeched out of the conversations Shane had been replaying over and over.

"медвежонок. Little bear. Can you hear me?" Shane felt Ilya's hands brush over his cheeks, gentle fingers wiping away the tears that continued to roll down.

Shane's response was largely unintelligible, but he began to become aware that his prayers of his lover being fast asleep had proven fruitless.

"Deep breaths. дорогая, sweetheart listen to my voice." Ilya's voice became a beacon, a lighthouse amidst the raging storm that was flooding Shane's psyche.

His hands blindly grasped for whatever part of his lover he could, feeling his hands curl around the soft fabric of Ilya's pajama pants, the ones Shane had given him for Christmas because they had bears with little hearts on them and they screamed Ilya the moment he had set his eyes on them.

"Are you trying to tell me I am large and scary Hollander? Is this your admission that I have bested you in our battle for intimatin-" Shane cut him him off with a kiss "It's intimidation, and you're an asshole." He had responded with a grin.

"Deep breath now. In and then hold, and then out." Shane began to feel himself calm slowly, taking in the instructions given to him, fighting to remember the grounding techniques his therapist had explained to him while his vision began to clear.

Five. Five things you can see. Shane strained his vision as he blinked the room back into focus. He first noticed the clock on the wall. Then the photo of him and Ilya beneath it, one of the many sneaky photos the Russian had taken when Shane was asleep. Next was the closed fridge, the metal reflected an altered image of the room. Next, the drawers, the top drawer remained open, Shane hadn't quite closed it after reaching for the butter knife that still laid scattered on the floor. Finally, his eyes moved to the man sitting in front of him, with an anxious expression that Shane had only seen him wear when he was talking to his father.

Four. Four things you can touch. The cold hardwood floor, the chill present on his bare thighs. His hands slowly unclenched around the soft fabric, one frantically moving to his hair in a vain attempt to brush it out of his eyes. Ilya's hands that continued to hold Shane's cheeks. He slowly leaned towards him, until his forehead rested against Ilya's.

Three. Three things you can hear. The distant tick of the clock, the second hand sounded out a gentle rhythm. The pounding in Shane's chest began to calm, his heartbeat transforming

into a metronome, beginning a rallentando. Ilya's voice took the spotlight, his gentle words washing over Shane in a gradual wave of serenity.

Two. Two things you can smell. The scent of the tomatoes on the counter wafted into focus, though that was quickly replaced by the scent of cologne Ilya had applied that morning, before the two had decided on a lazy day instead of going out.

One. One thing you can taste. Shane's arms outstretched to pull Ilya even closer into him, until their bodies were pressed together on the kitchen floor. His lips desperately searching for the familiar taste that Shane knew was waiting for him.

Ilya had managed to coax Shane to move from his spot on the floor onto the couch, where he insisted that Shane needed to stay wrapped in one of the many plush blankets that adorned the living room. Ignoring all of Shane's protests stating he was fine, Rozanov shook his head, insisting that he stay put while Ilya took care of cleaning up the kitchen, and finding an alternative meal for the two of them to share. Once the utensils had been put in the dishwasher and the spoiled food had been properly disposed of, Ilya returned to the couch with a simple peanut butter and jelly sandwich on an english muffin and an unopened can of ginger ale. Ilya placed the plate gently on the coffee table in front of Shane. Sitting quietly beside him, placing a gentle arm around him as he did so.

"You should eat." Shane knew that he was right. He knew that Ilya had taken care to not include any of the ingredients that had previously been on the counter, and were therefore contaminated. He knew that the unopened can had been wiped off before it was placed down in front of him. And yet, he couldn't bring himself to move, he was still frozen on the couch.

"I'm fine. Not hungry. You eat it." He protested with no real fight in his voice.

"You are still bad liar." Ilya shook his head. "Do not make me feed you like small animal Hollander. I do not think it would be pretty if I fed you like baby bird."

The corners of Shane's mouth turned up into a weak smile, he reluctantly reached for the sandwich that was in front of him.

"There you go. There is my дорогая." Ilya continued to give Shane space while he ate, understanding that his sensitivities to food and germs were understandably heightened following the episode he had just witnessed.

Once the sandwich had been eaten, Shane curled up into Ilya's side, pulling the blanket over both of their laps. "I'm sorry." He said meekly, embarrassed that Ilya had seen his freak out.

"зачем? What for my love? You have done nothing wrong. Nothing to say sorry for." Ilya's hands threaded through Shane's hair, absentmindedly twirling the strands between his fingers.

"I just, I'm just sorry you had to see that. I promise, it's not a big deal. I don't want you to worry, I'm fin-" Ilya brought a finger to Shane's lips, effectively cutting him off.

"Hollander listen. First thing, I know you are bad liar, do not try to lie to me we have been over this. Second thing, I know you have weird food things. Do I know why you get this way? No. But I know that you pay attention to germs and gross thing with food. More than normal person." Ilya's hand moved to Shane's chin, pulling his head to face him so the two's eyes locked. "Do I think you are are weird freak? Yes but only when you are begging and pleading for my cock as the first thing in the morning. This" He motioned towards the kitchen. "This does not make you weird freak." Ilya's gentle smile anchored Shane back to reality.

"Okay.." Shane reluctantly acknowledged what Ilya was saying.

"If that ever happens and I am not here, I want you to call me." Shane nodded slowly. "No matter where I am, I will drop everything and come to you. Because you are my медвежонок and I love you."

"I love you too." Shane's words trailed off as his lips met Ilya's. As the two melted into a gentle embrace, Shane finally realized he had found a beacon to bring him home, regardless of how rocky the waters got.

End Notes

Shane Hollander my beloved. I need to put him in a bubble and destroy every bad thing in his life.
-val

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