

fear moves me

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by [4hollanov](#)

Summary

"I need my laptop. For the transfer." He finally says. "It's in the top drawer next to the fridge. I don't think I can walk right now." The second the man has his back turned, Shane is turning around and fumbling with the key in the patio door and finally, it turns. He's able to push the door open and he doesn't look back as he starts running as fast as he can while being injured.

or, Shane is attacked while home alone

Notes

I have no idea where this came from.

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

Shane is standing in the kitchen doing the dishes from that morning's breakfast when he hears the front door open and close. "Back so soon?" He calls out in confusion, rinsing the pan he'd just scrubbed clean. Ilya had left not even 15 minutes prior to take Anya out for a walk on one of the many trails near the cottage. Usually they'd be gone for an hour, even longer on days like today since they'd arrived late last night to spend the summer here. "Ilya?" He shouts when he doesn't get a reply and shuts the water off.

There's footsteps making their way towards the kitchen but he doesn't hear the usual sound of Anya trailing behind Ilya, or the happy yipping she does after a walk in the woods. His shoulders tense up when the steps stop outside the kitchen and he swallows nervously before turning around slowly. There's an unknown man standing in the doorway, dressed in all black and staring at him with a satisfied grin on his face.

"Who the hell are you?" Shane demands, going for sharp but unable to hide the quiver of fear in his voice. "What do you want?"

"Shane Hollander." Is all the man replies, taking a step into the room and spreading his arms wide open. "In the flesh. Amazing!" He's still grinning and Shane's stomach drops as his eyes scan over the man quickly, noticing the knife in his right hand.

Shane is already backed up against the counter as far away as he can get with the only exits being the door this still unknown man is blocking and the glass door to his left leading out to the patio. He casts a quick glance at it, wondering if he can make a run for it.

"*Ah, ah, ah.*" The man taunts, waving the knife around. "Don't even think about it." He takes another step into the room and Shane moves to the left without thinking, not once taking his eyes off of the stranger. His heart is beating so fast it feels like it's about to jump out of his chest. "Where's that husband of yours?"

At the mention of Ilya, Shane throws all caution to the wind and turns his back to the man, running towards the patio door. He's fumbling with the key to get it unlocked when he feels a presence behind him followed by an excruciating pain in his side. He gasps in shock and glances down just in time to see the knife that had struck him get pulled out. The white shirt he's wearing immediately starts turning red.

"You...you stabbed me." He says in disbelief, pressing a hand against the bleeding wound and immediately groaning in pain. The man behind him just chuckles, taking a step back and Shane turns around slowly, already feeling unsteady on his feet. "W-why?"

"Why? Well, you were about to run out on me." The man replies like that would be an obvious reason to stab someone. "Now, I'll ask again. Where is your husband, Ilya Rozanov?"

Shane glares at the man, taking deep breaths through his nose. "He's not home." He says through clenched teeth. "What do you...what do you want?" Shane falters halfway through the question, feeling his head swim and vision go blurry before it clears again.

"Oh *Shane Hollander*, I want what anyone would want from you and your husband. *Money*." The man leers at him and suddenly there's something familiar about him. About his eyes. "I know my dear cousin has plenty of it. I will take yours while we wait for him to get home."

"Cousin. You're Ilya's *cousin*?" Shane had no idea Ilya had any relatives outside Russia, but this man claiming to be his husband's cousin speaks perfect English with barely a hint of an accent slipping through.

"Distant." The man shrugs. "He won't remember me."

Shane stares at the man in disbelief. He can't fucking believe this is happening to him right now. There's still blood seeping through his fingers where he has his hand pressed against the wound in his side and by now a small puddle has formed on the floor. He's starting to feel woozy and with no way to reach his phone, left upstairs in their bedroom, he needs to get himself out of there. "We don't have any cash." He tries.

"Of course you don't. You will transfer me the money." The man pulls out a slip of paper and puts it down on the kitchen island, too far away from Shane to be able to read what's on it. "To this account. The name will be Alexei Rozanov."

Shane snaps to attention at that, immediately recognizing the name. "But that's- that's Ilya's brother." The man rolls his eyes, his expression changing into something sinister. It seems he

has lost his patience with Shane.

"Yes Alexei. He hates your husband for abandoning his family in Russia. He's just taking what he deserves. Now get a move on, we don't have all day." He gestures to the paper and Shane tries to think of what he can do. How he can get out of here and make sure Ilya doesn't come back home and gets himself hurt.

"I need my laptop. For the transfer." He finally says. "It's in the top drawer next to the fridge. I don't think I can walk right now." The second the man has his back turned, Shane is turning around and fumbling with the key in the patio door and finally, it turns. He's able to push the door open and he doesn't look back as he starts running as fast as he can while being injured.

He doesn't make it further than the edge of the patio leading to the side of the house before he feels a heavy weight crash into him from behind. He loses his balance and falls to the ground, screaming in pain when he lands on his bad side. There's a pair of hands wrapping themselves around his ankles before he's being dragged across the wooden patio deck, back towards where he'd just run from. He's clawing at the ground, trying to find anything to hold onto while weakly trying to kick his legs free. He's losing all his energy too quickly and he forces himself to relax and go limp, making it harder for Ilya's cousin to drag his deadweight. It doesn't stop him though and soon enough Shane is being roughly dragged over the threshold and back into his kitchen.

Ilya's cousin is breathing heavily as he slams the patio door shut and locks it before he turns his murderous gaze back to where Shane is slumped on the floor. He's on his back, trying to use his arms to push himself up but his muscles feel like jello and he keeps falling back down. "That was, a *big* mistake. I'm done with you." He climbs over Shane's body on the floor and stalks over to the kitchen island where he'd left his knife to chase after Shane. "We'll get Ilya's money when he gets back and I'm sure he knows all your info too."

Shane's throat tightens with panic and his breathing quickens when he sees Ilya's cousin grabbing the knife he's already been stabbed with once before. "Please don't." He begs, choking out the words as he begins to cry in pure terror when the man starts making his way back to him. "Please. *Please*. I won't tell anyone. Please. No, no, *no*, *don't*."

Shane thinks he screams in pain when the knife is plunged into his stomach, but it's almost like there's cotton stuffed in his ears and he can't hear a thing. There's another sharp pain when the knife is pulled out and he coughs, tasting copper on his tongue. His eyes are darting

around the room unseeingly, not able to make out anything other than dark shapes. Much too quickly the pain is fading to numbness and he shivers as something cold settles deep in his bones. Slowly, his hearing starts coming back and he can hear Ilya's cousin pacing the length of the room, muttering things under his breath. Shane coughs again, tasting more blood on his tongue. He thinks this might be it. He will die here, on his kitchen floor. Alone except for the company of the lunatic that did this to him.

Suddenly he can hear the front door open and Anya yipping happily followed by a "Husband, I'm home!" from Ilya. The door slams shut. "Sorry!" Ilya knows Shane hates it when he slams the door shut. "Shane?"

Shane tries his hardest to call out, to warn Ilya about his cousin hiding in the kitchen with a knife, but all he gets out is a worrying gurgle. Anya makes it into the kitchen first and she immediately growls before she starts barking at the strange man she doesn't recognize.

"What's wrong sweet..." Shane hears Ilya's question trail off and knows he's reached the doorway to the kitchen, but he can't see his husband where he's hidden from view behind the big island in the middle of the room. "Who the fuck are you? Where is Shane?"

"Do as I say and you won't have to worry about him." Ilya's cousin replies and Shane tries to call out again. When it doesn't work he uses all his energy to lift his head, before letting it drop back down on the floor with a thud. "No! Stay where you are!"

Shane can't see what's going on, too tired to move his head again, but he can hear the loud thud of someone falling to the floor. The knife clattering to the ground. Angry fists raining down on someone's face. Silence. And then-

"Shane? Shane, sweetheart. Open your eyes. *Please.*" Shane hadn't even noticed them closing. He feels soft hands caressing his face and a phone call to 9-1-1 but he doesn't manage to flutter his eyes open until he feels pressure on his stomach. He groans in pain. "I know. I'm sorry."

"I-Ilya?" He asks, no louder than a whisper. His eyes dart around for a bit until they finally settle on his husband's. "You're here." He tries to smile and feels something running down the corner of his mouth.

“Shh, I am here. Help is coming.” Ilya looks terrified as he speaks with tears streaming down his cheeks but he’s running one of his hands softly through Shane’s hair and it feels so nice. “You will be okay.”

“Good. I didn’t-“ Shane tries taking a deep breath, feeling his heart stutter in his chest as sirens can be heard approaching in the distance. “-didn’t want to die alone.”

“You will not die. I will not live without you.” Ilya says fiercely and carefully moves Shane so he can cradle him against his chest. “You will be okay. I love you.”

I love you, too. Shane thinks, but he’s too tired to say it out loud. His vision is darkening in the corners and he can vaguely hear Ilya saying something else, but it’s muffled, almost like he’s under water. Finally it’s quiet. Dark. Shane doesn’t feel any pain, just peace. *I’m so glad I’m not alone* is the last thing he thinks and then. *Nothing.*

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BREAKING NEWS:

OTTAWA CENTAURS SHANE HOLLANDER CRITICALLY INJURED IN HOME INVASION

The 32 year old hockey player was rushed to the hospital on Friday after what’s believed to be a robbery gone wrong. According to inside sources, Hollander was stabbed twice and has not regained consciousness as of yet.

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ONE ARRESTED SUSPECTED IN STABBING OF HOCKEY STAR

An official arrest has been made after the stabbing of Ottawa Centuars Shane Hollander. The suspect was apprehended at the scene of the crime. No further details have been released on Hollander's condition.

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Ilya Rozanov spotted - it's looking rough!

The Ottawa Centuar captain and husband of injured Shane Hollander was spotted looking grim as he stepped out of the hospital for a quick smoke. Most noticeable is the cast on his right hand. No details have been released about the home invasion in which Rozanov's husband was stabbed twice but it's looking

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Shane wakes up to a persistent and annoying beeping. He knows it's not his alarm because Ilya had chosen some Russian song years ago and Shane had just not bothered changing it. His eyes are too heavy to open and there's an ache in his stomach and side that won't go away. After several painful minutes, he finally manages to get his eyes open a bit but he groans and close them again when he's hit with a bright light.

"Shane?" He hears the sound of a chair scraping against the floor and then feels a hand squeezing his own. "Shane? You can hear me?"

"B-bright." He manages to croak. The hand lets go of his and he immediately whines at the loss. It's only gone for a few seconds.

“The lights are gone. Can you open eyes? Please?” Shane can hear that it’s Ilya now, but he sounds different. Worried, voice trembling like Shane’s never heard it before. “Please, sweetheart.”

Shane starts struggling with getting his eyes open again and it takes another few minutes before he can see the blurry outline of his husband leaning over him. He blinks slowly a few times until his vision starts to clear and he can see Ilya’s face properly. He looks horrible.

“You look horrible.” He says and starts coughing, his throat is so dry. Suddenly there’s a straw against his lips and he immediately wraps his mouth around it and starts sucking. The cold water is such a relief on his throat that he closes his eyes, humming lightly in satisfaction. Too soon the water is being taken away from him.

“Not too much. Not good for you.” Shane opens his eyes so he can glare at his husband but his expression immediately melts into something softer when he catches sight of Ilya’s trembling chin.

“Hey.” He says softly, reaching out to grab Ilya’s hand when he notices the cast on it. Brows furrowing in worry, he asks “What happened?”

“What happened? My husband almost died on floor and a strange man is in our kitchen. I almost kill him of course.” Ilya replies in a tone like it should be obvious but Shane can still hear the quiver of fear in it. “I almost lost you.”

“Hey, I’m right here.” Shane reaches for Ilya’s left hand that’s without a cast and squeezes it before he brings it up to his lips so he can press a quick kiss on top of it. Then he puts Ilya’s hand on his chest, right over his heart so he can feel it beating. This seems to be what finally breaks the final thread Ilya had been hanging onto as he leans over to rest his head where his hand had just been resting, sobs wracking through his body as he listens to Shane’s heart beating. “I’m not going anywhere.” Shane tries to soothe his husband, carding fingers through his curly hair.

“I’m sorry.” Ilya hiccups, sounding more distraught than Shane’s ever heard before. “I can’t live without you. Is all my fault.”

“Hey, no, it’s not your fault.” Shane replies immediately and Ilya finally lifts his head so they can lock eyes. He looks deadly serious all of a sudden.

“*My* cousin. *My* brother. *My* fault.” He says matter of factly and Shane shakes his head no.

“Your cousin. Your brother. But *not you*.” Shane’s about to keep going when a knock on the door interrupts them. It’s pushed open by a nurse before either of them can call out a come in.

“Good morning Mr. Rozanov!” She’s calling out before she looks at the bed and notice that Shane is looking right back at her. “Mr. Hollander, it’s so good to see you awake! Let’s get the doctor in here right away and get a checkup done.”

Ilya sits back down in the chair next to the bed he’d been slumped in when Shane first woke up. Shane spares him a quick reassuring smile before he tunes in to what the doctor is telling him. Apparently he’s been unconscious for two full days. He’d suffered major blood loss from two stab wounds when he was brought in. The one on the side had been deep but hadn’t hit any major organs, the one in his stomach however had nicked his spleen and it had been removed during surgery. His head spins slightly with all the information but Ilya is a reassuring presence at his side. Finally, after what feels like forever, the nurse and doctor walk out and leave the two of them alone. Ilya immediately scoots his chair closer until he can grasp Shane’s hand again.

“I love you.” He says, lifting Shane’s hand so he can press a kiss to it. “I love you. I love you so much. You cannot leave me. Ever.”

“I won’t. Promise.” Shane replies. “I love you more than anything.”

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Shane Hollander - back on the ice!

Ottawa Centuars Shane Hollander played his first game of the season tonight against his old team Montreal Voyageurs. He missed out on last season entirely after being stabbed in a home invasion during the summer. And what a comeback he got! The center scored two goals in the first period and another two in third period. The game ended with Ottawa Centaurs winning 6-3.

Welcome back, Shane Hollander!

End Notes

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