

Side effects may include: reliving trauma?

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Side effects may include: reliving trauma?

by [brain0worm \(EmoBoyShu\)](#)

Summary

Ilya has a panic attack

Notes

As I was working on my DC and Creepypasta crossover fic I got hyperfocused on Heated rivalry, so here's a quick fic as I keep working on my crossover fic :>

He knew he played like shit during the practice in Montreal today. His vision was not exactly blurred but it felt cloudy and dark around the edges. His head was pulsating painfully the entire day. It felt like his skull wanted to squeeze itself apart.

He couldn't tell if the pressure was inwards or outwards... either way, it was painful as shit and he didn't want it.

“Roz! What was that about?” Someone asked as he entered the locker rooms, “you're usually good but today you were worse than shit?”

Ilya couldn't even process who had entered, his head hurt so bad. He'd never been shot with a gun to the head, but he assumed this is how it would feel.

“Shut up.” Ilya hissed, his accent slightly stronger than usual, he could barely think in Russian, he couldn't be bothered with anything or anyone right now.

“You better play normal in the game tomorrow.”

“Shut up! I will.” he hissed again and threw the last piece of his gear into his own bag, shutting the locker aggressively as he quickly headed to leave.

He just wanted to get to his hotel room and have some painkillers. He did not need any distractions right now.

He wasn't even processing most of the things on his way to the hotel. He only remembered the pain amplifying every time he took a sharp step. Each hit to the ground with his heel shot a shockwave straight up to his skull and brain.

His jaw was clenched nearly the entire time, his thumb gently rubbing his own index finger as he tried to soothe his own nerves. He wasn't angry, but the pain was making him angry, which was only causing more pain. *Fuck.*

He should've just drank a painkiller pill when it first started hurting.

He didn't even know how long it took until he got to the hotel, he just knew it was too fucking long. Everything up until this point was too fucking wrong.

His vision in corners felt dark, the pain and pulsating hadn't stopped for one moment.

He dropped his bag by the door, quickly walking, taking off his own shoes and going to grab painkillers he left by his bedside table.

Ilya grabbed the bottle and quickly screwed it open, he poured some pills into his palm and without counting them quickly threw them into his mouth and swallowed them dry.

His head hurt so much he couldn't even care about anything else other than making the pain leave.

He dropped onto the bed and shut his eyes for a moment. Curling up so that the cold pillow perfectly presses on the most painful spots and just briefly, just for a couple of minutes suppressing the pulsating.

Ilya didn't even know how he managed to fall asleep for a couple of minutes. He was just lying and focused on breathing as the pulsating slowly eased up and soon he felt nothing at all.

He slowly opened his eyes to find himself back in his birth country. He was back in the house. He felt so small and like nothing at all — void spreading through his gut once more.

Staring up at the intimidating door. He knew *exactly* what was behind the door, but he couldn't brace himself enough to open the door.

He was staring at it, dread flowing from the door, covering every centimeter of space with fear. It felt like the space had gotten darker and more moist, the air was starting to get impossible to breathe in.

The door was starting to stretch further and further away. Becoming a haunting hallway of dread and terror. Until the door opened on its own... and instead of his mother he found a mirror, his own reflection staring back at him with those same glassy dead eyes.

He held his breath, slow exhaling, the mirror tilted closer to him, towering over Ilya with his own reflection.

The surface was so close to his face he was breathing on it, yet no breath appeared on his reflection.

Ilya woke up with a sharp gasp, sitting up clutching his own chest. “*Bozhje moy! Mama-*” he said without thinking. His head was still aching a bit but definitely not as badly as before.

He looked over at the painkiller bottle, quickly — maybe desperately — trying to remember how many pills he swallowed.

He had not even eaten since the morning. He swallowed fuck knows how many pills straight on an empty stomach... he subconsciously began to fidget with the cross around his neck.

He couldn't have drunk a lethal amount, could he? The bottle was still mostly full and he didn't even have a full palm of pills.

Ilya quickly grabbed the bottle and looked at the recommended amount. *Up to 3.*

He probably drank somewhere around that amount, right?

Probably.

Mozhet byt'

He got up and went to grab a bottle of water, ignoring how his chest felt tight and fingertips felt cold.

He was probably still stressed from the nightmare. He could text Shane. Shane always made it all feel better.

Ilya walked back to his own bag and pulled out his phone, quickly unlocking it and finding *Jane's* contact.

He looked out the window, hesitating a bit, it was already pretty late. He shook his head and texted him.

'Are you alone?'

He began pacing around the room, his arms crossed over his chest. Tightly holding the phone in one hand and clutching the cross.

Ilya usually didn't pace... His chest usually didn't feel tight. His breath usually wasn't quick. His hands usually weren't shaking.

"Prosti menya, Mama" he apologized into the empty room, shutting his eyes and turning his head up to the ceiling, squeezing the cross in his hand.

"Ya ne khochu umeret', kak ty. Prosti menya-" he mumbled as he felt his entire body shaking a bit now. He felt cold, light headed and dizzy.

He leaned against a table and kept fidgeting with the cross as he tried to think of anything he could do.

He could drink salt water and make himself throw up... unless it was too late, and how much salt would he even need.

Ilya ran a hand through his own hair and down his neck, it was all sweaty. He didn't know how close to death he was. Should he stay still and let it take him? Lay down? Keep pacing? Was pacing even helping?

He felt cold, yet was sweating at the same time... maybe it was sweat from practice, he hadn't showered because of pain.

His mind was racing all thoughts turning into violent whirlpools. His composure had started cracking long ago, but now water was flowing through the ice cracks.

Should he call Shane and apologize? Beg for forgiveness in advance?

The cross in his hands was warmer than anything else. His head was spinning.

He took a deep breath — or as deep as he could — before glancing at his own phone and calling Shane.

He could feel his heart beating against his own ribcage. His hand was shaking so bad the phone nearly slipped out of his hand.

Each ring as he waited for the call to connect seemed longer and more devastating than the last... he shut his eyes, squeezing both the phone and the cross in his hands. His heartbeat getting louder, breathing becoming more shallow and pulling in air becoming harder and harder with each time.

“Ilya?”

Shane's voice snapped him out of it, for just a brief moment, before he quickly spoke.

“Shane- I am sorry- I- I think I am dying-”

There was a stunned silence before Ilya heard some fabric shuffling “Hold on, take a few steps back, what's going on?”

“I— *ya.. ya dazha ne znayu, kak eto obyasnit'.*” he muttered, his vision going even darker and blurrier around the edges as he imagined Shane being the one to find him dead on the floor.

He wasn't even trying to breathe now, air was so thick and so painful to try and pull in. His lungs felt like they were full of glass and piercing him open from inside out.

“*Ilya-*” Shane called desperately, Ilya doesn't know how many times his boyfriend called his name before it finally reached his clouding mind.

His legs were shaking, he couldn't hold himself up. He was going to fall— he leaned against the nearby wall for support, slowly sliding down, pulling his knees close to his chest, still clutching his phone and cross.

“*Ilya, talk to me*” Shane demanded, Ilya could hear him walking and shuffling around.
“What's your room number?”

“Uh-” he was panting a bit, as if he just ran a kilometer under a minute.

Shane took a deep breath “Ilya, I understand you're panicking and scared, and probably can't think in English really well, but what is your room number?”

Ilya couldn't help but take a breath along with Shane, focusing on trying to remember his room number "1007-" he muttered out.

"You are in the hotel near the skating rink?" Shane asked.

"Yes-" he said, taking a short breath. He could hear Shane rushing over the phone. He felt a bit calmer with him on the phone. His body was still cold, shaking and lungs hurting and tight, but he felt safer. He would be fine dying if he knew Shane was nearby.

"Can you talk to me? What's happening?"

Ilya shook his head, before remembering he's on the phone "No- English hard-"

"I'll be over in a few minutes, stay on the phone with me. Okay?"

"Okey-" he barely responded, his brain felt like it had melted into mush and couldn't even function now. All he instinctively knew is that he didn't want to die... at least not while on the phone with Shane and not in the same way as his mom.

He squeezed the cross and shut his eyes once more, turning his head up to the ceiling again. "*Prosti menya*-" he didn't know if he was asking his mom or Shane. He just wanted to plead for forgiveness over and over before he dies.

Shane was saying something over the phone, but his brain had started blocking even that out. His own heartbeat was beating in his ears. His fingers were numb. He was afraid of opening his eyes and looking at how pale his skin has gotten by now.

Were his ears starting to ring or was it the phone? He didn't know, he could feel his sweaty shirt sticking to his body, it felt cold against him, the floor he had collapsed down to was also cold underneath him.

His vision was fully going blank, black dots appearing all over. He didn't even know if he was breathing anymore, his lungs and chest felt like a burning void of mass about to eat him.

How long has it been since he called Shane?

Would he die just as Shane walked in?

He couldn't feel his hands or feet at all.

He wanted to apologize one last time, but he didn't even know if he was moving his mouth. His face felt so stretched out and far beyond...

Ilya was about to give into the deep burning feelings within his chest when he felt a warm hand touch his cheek and something pressed on his chest, nearly forcing him to take a deep breath.

His vision briefly fell into place again and he saw Shane's beautiful face come into view through a small tunnel of vision.

“Ilya-” Shane said, his voice distant yet going through all the other loud sounds.

Shane grabbed Ilya's hand, forcing it onto his own chest and met Ilya's hazy eyes. He didn't try talking much, knowing it would probably lead to nothingness.

He ignored how his boyfriend's hand shook and felt cold. He forced himself to take exaggerated deep breaths as he applied light pressure to Ilya's chest.

Ilya slowly subconsciously followed Shane's lead, his breathing evened out to something more normal before Shane pushed himself close to him and kissed his cheek. “Ilya?”

“Shane-” he responded, his voice a bit dry.

Shane slowly grabbed Ilya's face and gently kissed him on lips, softly pulling away and gazing in his much clearer eyes. “Can you tell me what happened?”

Ilya shrugged weakly. “I don't know how to explain it-”

“Start from the start” Shane said calmly. “When did this start?”

“Morning.” Ilya said, trying to pull his brain cells together and make cohesive sentences. “I had headache. I ignored it. After practice it hurts too much.”

Shane nodded slowly, showing that he was listening to him.

“I came to hotel” Ilya continued, “and drank pills... I don't know how many. But I fell asleep and woke up feeling weird.”

Shane got close and carefully climbed into Ilya's lap, hugging him and kissing his neck “You were having a panic attack, have you had one before?”

He shook his head a bit now and Shane nodded “Okay, here's what we are gonna do.” he said calmly “I'll get you some water, we will get up and you will get a shower, if you can stand, okay?”

“Okey” Ilya said and nuzzled Shane's neck a bit, gently going to touch his hair and run his hand through it. “Were you in practice?”

“Yes, we were ending anyways, and I rushed over as soon as you called.” Shane nodded and gently played with Ilya's hair a bit, it was sticking to itself and clearly hadn't been washed or

even rinsed out after practice.

He carefully pulled away, watching Ilya, to make sure that the other was fine, or relatively fine, after calming down from the panic attack. Ilya only squeezed Shane's hand a bit before fully letting him go.

He walked over to the room's mini fridge and grabbed a bottle of water. He walked back to Ilya and offered it to him.

He took it slowly and opened it, starting to sip on it. "How long did it take you to get here?"

"Just a few minutes, don't worry about it too much" Shane said "I was carefully getting over here."

"Of course, yes? You are not me, you drive safely." Ilya said and kept sipping water, slowly feeling fine enough to stand up from the floor.

Shane nodded a bit "will you be taking a shower?"

"I should, I already slept without, I can't sleep again while this dirty"

"Alright, I will wait for you, take your time."

Ilya nodded and disappeared into the bathroom.

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