

take everything, it's all yours

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by [hollanovbaby](#)

Summary

At a bar in Montreal, Shane is having a drink with Hayden after the rest of the team have left, and two guys approach them, trying to start a fight, calling Shane a slur. Hayden tries to be a good friend, but it's not what Shane needs.

OR Shane has a panic attack and Ilya drives two and a half hours in the middle of the night to be with him

“Don't stay out too late,” J.J. grinned, patting Hayden's shoulder, then Shane's.

“We won't, it's way past Shane's bedtime,” Hayden nodded, earning himself a glare from Shane.

Shane watched J.J. leave the bar, then turned to Hayden. Though he'd had a nice time out with the team, he couldn't help but notice himself visibly relax. Yes, everyone on the team knew he was gay now, and some of the them had even pointed out a guy in the bar here and there to ask if Shane may be interested, but, with just Hayden, who knew Shane had no interest in anyone but his boyfriend, it was different.

“All those guys could have potential, you know,” Hayden grinned. “You might want to consider it.”

Shane rolled his eyes. “Come on, stop.”

Hayden sighed. “You know I'm joking,” he said, taking a sip from his beer. “But, you know, I also wouldn't be mad if-” The way Shane glared at him again stopped him. “He's good with kids, I'll give him that.”

Shane looked around, then lowered his voice when he spoke. “I don't know how I'd ever tell the others,” he sighed. “I mean, I know they'll find out at some point, but...”

“It's fine you're not ready. You told them you were gay, that was a big deal.”

Shane nodded slowly. “I know,” he said quietly. “I just wish they'd stop trying to find me a guy. They always do that.”

“I think they'd try even harder if they knew.”

Shane looked at his hands, both wrapped around his glass. He didn't like it, but he knew Hayden was right.

“At least they support you. Can't blame them for trying to find someone for you.”

“I guess.” He knew he should have got used to people knowing about him by now, but even though he'd told his team mates himself, he still found it strange that now, more and more people talked about it every day. It wasn't like he was the only gay hockey player that was out, thanks to Scott Hunter, and yet, it felt different. He could imagine Scott Hunter put pressure on himself too, but he seemed to be more sure of himself, more confident in who he was. Shane was still working on that. Scott Hunter also wasn't keeping his relationship a secret.

“Hey, man, are you okay?”

Shane lifted his gaze to Hayden again. But before he could respond, he heard his name, his attention drawn to two men sitting at the bar.

“Yeah, that's him.”

Shane tensed when he locked eyes with the man that had said his name. They didn't look like they were about to ask him to sign something.

“Can't believe he's still fucking playing.”

Hayden had noticed too, sitting up straighter as he watched them. “You guys got a problem with my friend?” he asked, calm, but ready to stand up for Shane.

“Hayden,” Shane warned.

“Yeah, I've got a problem with your *friend*,” one of the men huffed, sliding from the bar stool and approaching their table.

Shane swallowed, his heart beating faster.

The other man followed closely behind. “We used to like you, you know,” he said, now directly addressing Shane. “But now we know you're a little f-”

“Shut up,” Hayden snapped.

Shane's pulse slammed into his throat, too loud, too fast. He didn't want to fight anyone in a bar, he didn't want Hayden to fight anyone in a bar because of him, but he also felt like his heart was beating so fast that it may jump out of his chest.

“What? You gay too, Pike?” one of them laughed.

Shane had read tweets and articles, even though Ilya always tried to distract him when he started scrolling and reading hate, he'd been booed at games, and he'd heard comments made about him, but it had never been like this before.

It was one of the reasons he'd thought about never coming out.

One of the men was close to Hayden now, towering over him, and Shane's hands clenched into fists, but he still couldn't move. He wondered if he was having a heart attack.

The words blurred. The bar blurred. Voices, shuffling, chairs scraping. His heart was so fast and he couldn't focus on anything else. He gasped for air, but there wasn't enough.

“Shane?”

He tried to inhale again, but couldn't get enough air past the tightness in his chest.

“Shane?”

Hayden's face came into focus in front of him, just for a moment, then his vision blurred again.

“I can't breathe.”

“What do you-...” Again, Hayden's voice sounded far away. “Shane, what do you need?”

He wanted to feel calm, he wanted to feel like he was safe, like he could relax. “Ilya.”

He felt a touch on his shoulder. “What?” Hayden asked.

“I want-... I need Ilya.”

His vision cleared again and he saw Hayden's eyes widen, panicked. “Shh,” he said. “Shane, buddy...” He turned to look around them. “He's in Ottawa.”

Shane's heart was still racing and he longed for Ilya to hold him, to tell him he was alright. He shouldn't have gone out. He shouldn't have *come* out. “I need Ilya.”

“Shane, what can I do? Maybe have some water? Should we get some air?”

None of this would have happened if he'd gone home, called his boyfriend, read and gone to bed. “I just...” He couldn't think of anything else. “I need Ilya.”

When Ilya's phone started ringing, he couldn't help his excitement. He hadn't expected Shane to call so early, assuming he'd stay out with his team longer, but he wasn't complaining. But when he looked down at his phone, his heart sank.

“Pike, why are you calling me? Is Shane okay?”

His voice was quiet, and Ilya could barely hear him over the music and chatter in the background. “I'm not sure, he's... he's having a bit of a... he might be having a panic attack.”

“Give him something cold,” Ilya snapped, sitting up abruptly. “Helps with sensory focus.”

“He's been holding a cold ginger ale for about twenty minutes.”

“Get him a new one. Ice cold.”

“Alright, alright.”

Ilya heard shuffling, Pike's voice muffled as he ordered a glass of water and “another ginger ale for my friend,” then he was back. “He's not really saying anything, just... that he needs you.”

Ilya felt his chest tighten. It wasn't the first time he considered quitting hockey, quitting and moving to Montreal. What the fuck were they doing being so far apart? “What happened?” he asked through gritted teeth. He knew Shane would be in no condition to tell him, and he wanted to tell Pike what else to do, but he didn't trust that he could.

“There was these two guys that started calling him... well, the f-word,” Pike mumbled.

Ilya tensed, his jaw clenched, his grip tightening on his phone. He tried to keep the anger at bay, staying silent, gritting his teeth.

“I thought it'd get physical, and Shane just... shut down. But the bartender stepped in, and I...” He paused. “I think they're leaving now. I just... fuck, what do I do?”

“It will pass,” Ilya said, but it made his whole body ache, that he couldn't hold Shane until it did. And that he couldn't beat up those guys that had made his boyfriend have a panic attack.

“He won't stop asking for you, Rozanov,” Pike said, his voice quieter now.

Another beat, and Ilya was out of bed, his phone on speaker as he pulled on a pair of sweatpants and a hoodie. “I am coming,” he said.

“What?”

“Will take me maybe two hours, but... can you take him home? And wait there until I am there?”

“Um...”

“Pike.”

“Yes, yes,” he said.

“Okay. I know he won't take phone now, so just... tell him I love him and that I am coming, please. Tell him he is okay, and he can breathe and this is not heart attack.” His words were rushed, but he was halfway out the door now, the first pair of sneakers he'd found on his feet, pulling on his jacket. He wasn't speaking as clearly as he hoped. He knew Shane would no longer be mid-panic attack once he got there, but he would still be raw, and he would beat himself up, for not having control over himself.

“Are you su-”

But Ilya had already hung up.

For the entirety of the drive, Ilya's mind was racing. He knew the route, but he had his phone up with navigation anyway, just to see how much longer it would take him, eager to beat the prediction and be with Shane faster. Most of the time he did this drive, he was excited, that the wait was nearly over, that he was going to get to spend time with Shane, for the day, for the weekend. It'd been less than two weeks since they'd last seen each other, he'd spoken to Shane quickly just that morning. He hadn't wanted to go out, but Ilya had told him to, thought it would do him good. Now it would only confirm what Shane had been afraid of.

His phone screen told him he would get to Shane's just after one. And he knew he'd have to get up early to get back to Ottawa for practice. Not that he wouldn't stay up all night for

Shane. Not that he hadn't before.

Time wasn't passing. The minutes crept on, the remaining time only becoming less much slower than seemed accurate. Ilya's knuckles were white on the steering wheel. The distance was killing him. It wasn't fair. He just wanted to be with Shane.

The thought of someone looking at him like that – talking to him like that – it'd made something violent and dark flare up in Ilya's chest, but he was trying to suppress it, trying to focus on getting there fast, but safely. He knew Shane would blame himself and he wanted to do anything he could to reassure him that he hadn't done the wrong thing coming out, that people like that meant nothing.

Ilya swallowed hard, then pressed his foot down further on the gas.

He looked at the time again.

One hour.

The road blurred past him, dark and empty, headlights carving tunnels into the night. But he barely registered any of it, his eyes flicking to the clock over and over again.

Fifty-five minutes.

It was too long.

He won't stop asking for you.

In his head, he could see Shane, shaking, gasping, eyes wide, but gone quiet, like he didn't want to bother anyone.

Ilya knew exactly how it felt, but Shane never could have been a bother.

He pressed his foot down.

Ilya had told him to go and have fun and the guilt now sat heavy in his chest. Had he been there, he wouldn't have let anything like this happen. Even with the public idea that people had of them, friends, who ran a charity together, he could have stood up for Shane, could have broken someone's nose over using slurs against his friend.

His jaw tightened again and he forced himself to breathe, like he'd told Shane to so many times.

The navigation ticked down another minute.

Ilya flexed his fingers, trying to release the pent up tension that was building on and on as he thought about how he was never going to let anyone talk to his boyfriend like that.

Hold on, my love, he thought. I'm coming.

He managed to be seven minutes faster than his navigation's original prediction. He parked on the side of the road, then rushed up the driveway, already having fished his keys out of his pocket at the last light.

When he stepped inside, there was only a low light glowing in the living room, the flicker of the TV, without sound.

He entered, and saw Shane, curled up on the sofa, his arms around a pillow, Pike sat at the other end, but rising slowly as he met Ilya's eye.

Ilya unzipped his jacket, throwing it onto the armchair as he passed it. "Thank you for waiting," he said. "I am here now."

Pike nodded. "Of course," he said. "I made sure he had some water, he had some of the meal prep in the fridge. Then he... well, I suggested we watch TV, but he fell asleep."

"Okay." Ilya knelt in front of the sofa so his face was level with Shane's. "Goodnight, Pike." His hand curled around Shane's wrist, the other coming up to smooth through his hair.

A few seconds passed, and the door clicked shut.

Shane stirred.

"Sweetheart," Ilya whispered, his thumb stroking over the back of Shane's hand.

Shane's eyes opened into Ilya's and god, it hurt. The smile that seeing Ilya evoked froze within a split second. Tears formed in Shane's eyes.

"Ilya-

"I came as fast as I could, *moy lyubimyy*," he said. He pressed his lips together. "Tomorrow I find those assholes and make them regret."

Shane inhaled sharply. "Hayden told you."

Suddenly, he shot up, Ilya leaning back to give him some space.

Shane blinked back at him. "Ilya-

Ilya shook his head. "No," he said. "You asked for me. I am here."

"But-

He lifted himself up, sitting on the sofa next to Shane just in time for Shane's head to crash into his chest and he wrapped his arms around him, his fingers threading through his hair again. "You are home," he assured him, his voice softened, all anger having left him, because there was no space for it now. "You are safe."

"Fuck," Shane whispered.

A sob shook his entire body and Ilya tightened his arm around him, holding him there, stroking his hair, kissing the top of his head, whispering reassurance and promises and declarations in English and in Russian, so Shane could release all the emotional tension he'd built up in the last three hours.

Ilya kept him there, face pressed into his chest, and didn't rush him until the sobs turned into uneven breaths, his arm remaining firm around him.

Shane's fingers clung to the fabric of Ilya's hoodie, his breath hitched every now and then, smaller sounds followed by forced deep breaths, until he pulled back, only enough to look at Ilya.

His eyes were red, exhaustion written across his face. "I'm sorry," he said hoarsely.

Ilya's jaw set. "No," he said. "Don't."

Shane wiped his face. "I ruined your night, you drove all this way."

Ilya leaned in, shaking his head.

"You needed me," he said, his voice firm. "So I am here."

Shane swallowed, his shoulders slowly easing, the adrenaline gone. "I froze," he whispered. "I couldn't say or do anything."

"I know," Ilya said softly, nodding, his hand coming to cup Shane's face, his thumb brushing under his eye. "Is not your fault. Your body was protecting you."

Another shaky breath, then Shane rested his forehead against Ilya's shoulder.

"You are shaking."

Shane huffed. "I know."

"Okay," Ilya drew a blanket from the back of the sofa, draping it over Shane, then kicking off his shoes and adjusting his position so he was laid back against the arm rest, Shane tucked into his side, head on his chest. His fingers found his hair again and he turned off the TV to leave them in the dark.

Shane was silent for a while, and Ilya thought he'd fallen asleep.

"This has never happened." His voice was nothing but a hint.

Ilya swallowed. "You didn't deserve that, *solnyshko*. But... please don't regret telling your team," he added softly. "I know it is hard decision to stand by after something like this--"

"I don't regret it," Shane said quietly. "But it's... it feels lonely. They only know half of it."

Ilya grimaced, but tried to focus on Shane, rather than the way it was killing *him* that they were hiding still. "I know," he said softly. He didn't like to think about it, let alone talk about it. But if it was what Shane needed, he would. "One day," he said, echoing what Shane had told him so many times.

Shane breathed out shakily against Ilya's chest.

"Do you want me to take you to bed?"

"I don't want to move," Shane whispered, and Ilya felt more weight against him, like Shane was finally allowing himself to relax, to be held.

His heart instantly felt lighter. "Okay."

"I just want it to get easier."

Ilya squeezed him gently. "My whole team thinks you are legend," he said. "Being gay. Being amazing player."

Shane sighed.

"And they are right," Ilya continued. "Does not matter what assholes think, yes?" He paused. "I know is not easy to ignore sometimes. But... will get easier."

There was a mumble, and Shane shifted his head slightly, then his breathing evened.

Ilya kissed his hair, staying as he was. "Goodnight, *malyshko*."

Shane was warm, comfortable, *relaxed*. His mind was clouded with sleep, his heart sinking for just a moment when he remembered the men at the bar, but then, he realised where he was, that he could feel Ilya's heartbeat, his arm around Shane's shoulders, and all tension left him again.

Tears threatened to form in his eyes again, this time from overwhelming relief. He hadn't expected to see Ilya until next week. But he was here. He had practice in the morning, and he'd driven two and a half hours, and would do so again early in the morning. But he was here.

He felt like he couldn't contain just how much he loved the man who held him so possessively against his chest.

His boyfriend was more than he could have ever wanted, could have ever dreamed of. But honestly, Ilya *was* the only man he'd ever dreamed of.

Now, Shane could barely remember how he'd felt at the bar. He lifted his head, could instantly tell that the way Ilya's neck was propped against the arm rest could not be comfortable and would make his spine ache in the morning, so he forced himself to sit up, looping his arm around the back of Ilya's head to lift him slightly.

Ilya mumbled something in Russian that Shane couldn't quite understand, then his eyes fluttered open.

"I'm taking you to bed," Shane said quietly.

"Shane," he whispered into the dark.

"Come on," he said and Ilya's arm curled around Shane's shoulder, Shane's around Ilya's middle and he led the way to the bedroom, smiling to himself at the way that Ilya was sleepily kissing his hair, stroking his fingers over Shane's shoulder. "Thank you," Shane said quietly. "Thank you for being here. I love you so much."

Again, Ilya mumbled in Russian, Shane could make out an I love you, but nothing else. But he didn't need to.

Ilya sat on the bed and pulled off his shirt, kicking off his sweatpants, then shuffling under the covers. "Shane..."

"I'll be right there," Shane said, stripping down to his boxers and T-shirt, then quickly bringing two glasses of water to their bedside tables before joining Ilya in bed, smiling at how quickly his boyfriend's arms wrapped around him, his chest pressed to Shane's back, lazy kisses against the back of his head.

"You are okay?"

Shane intertwined his fingers with Ilya's, turning off the light and closing his eyes. "I'm okay," he said, pressing a kiss to Ilya's knuckles. "*Mne luchshe s toboy, Ilya.*"

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