

i'll find a way to scare you too

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i'll find a way to scare you too

by [laszlokreizlers](#)

Summary

“How are you not fucking terrified?” His whisper almost sounds angry. “You almost died in a plane crash, and you aren’t freaked out at all. It’s the fucking—the anniversary of it, and you want to get on a plane?”

Ilya’s blocked most of that day out, shoved that moment of terror and grief into a little box in a dark corner. He didn’t know it was today. And now he does, and the box unlocks.

Notes

i got lot of ideas this was the first one to actually get finished . these little gay hockey boys have taken over my life and rachel reid much love is dumb as rocks for not having ilya's near death experience affect him at all ever . so here we are .

betaed and cheerlead by mia . i don't know how traveling for sports works and i don't care enough to find out . apologies if the russian is entirely wrong , i used google translate and prayed . title is from baby you're a haunted house by gerard way . enjoy !

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

Ilya hasn't told Shane what's wrong. He usually does, but Shane's been busy with his parents, and brand deals, and grinding his teeth through post-game interviews that keep veering away from hockey. So, no, Ilya isn't going to add a minor depressive episode that he's perfectly capable of handling by himself to that list.

They're both tired today, dragging to get out of bed and finish packing, grumbling complaints that they don't really mean. Well, Ilya means his complaints about leaving Anya behind, but he doesn't mind the rest.

He's living the dream. He has a beautiful home and a loving family. His husband, after so many years of separation and secrecy, is on his team and holding his hand while they walk their dog. His neighbors always hold up a sign when they go to games, and the Centaurs are serious Cup contenders. Ilya reminds himself of those facts every time he feels his practiced smile slipping, his eyes drooping with exhaustion.

"You okay?" Shane asks him, right before they leave, a hand on Ilya's back. His shoulders are tense, not unusual for pre-game Hollander, so Ilya lets it slide.

"I'm fine," he replies, picking up his bags.

Shane hums, picks up his own bags a little warily. "How's your head?"

"Never had any complaints." Ilya laughs at the disgusted noise his husband lets out, a bright spot in the haze, and gives him a long kiss. "Stop worrying about me, Hollander. Worry about the second line."

"Don't remind me," Shane grumbles. "I just mean—I don't know, you seemed kind of... out of it yesterday."

"Out of it?"

He nods. "Like, I don't know, like you had something else on your mind."

"Ah." He has nothing on his mind other than getting through the day as quickly as possible and going back to sleep. "No, *moy malen'kiy chaynik*, just thinking about you."

Shane looks at him like he's insane. "Little... pot?"

"Teapot. Because you are so warm and sweet."

"Fuck off." But Shane is still looking at him all worried. Even though Ilya just said he was fine. Because of course he's fine.

So he kisses him again. "Come on, teapot, we have to murder Detroit, send my apologies to Rose Landry about it."

Ilya loves his job. He has to remind himself of that when he sees today's sign, two crudely drawn figures in Centaurs jerseys with shaky handwriting about love and winning. Ilya loves his job. He has to remind himself of that every time they hit a red light. Ilya loves his job. He has to remind himself of that as he gets the bags out of the car and puts his sunglasses on, just in case they're recognized.

Ilya loves his job, but he wouldn't have made it into the airport if he didn't have Shane next to him, talking over the radio announcers about how Yuna bought a new bed for Anya and how Hayden thinks he might retire and how Rose will be in Vancouver soon, maybe they should fly out and meet up with her. Ilya barely hears it, the shake in Shane's voice dulled by the fuzziness in his own head.

Just a few hours, and then he can sleep, and maybe Shane will break his 'no sex before a game' rule, and then a game, and then back home so he can sleep some more.

Shane freezes, and Ilya's too preoccupied with mulling over how he can justify hiding away tonight to notice until he bumps right into him with a surprised huff of breath.

"Hollander," he says lightly, "you don't need to worry. You are not carrying pepper spray this time, they will let you on the plane."

Shane doesn't move, doesn't speak. Ilya isn't even sure if he's breathing. He drops his bags, letting his backpack crash to the ground as he steps in front of Shane, hands gripping his shoulders. "Shane." It comes out a whisper. "Hey. Everything is okay. We have to get through security, and then I will take you to the lounge, and it will be better."

Shane shakes his head, and now he's moving. He's pulling himself out of Ilya's grasp and picking up his bags and Ilya's bags and he's shoving his way out of the security line as fast as he can, and Ilya is following him, calling out to him, but not to get back in line. No, something is truly wrong, and Ilya curses himself for not noticing sooner; he should know better than to let this happen, even if he's been dark too. And in public—Shane freaking out for all the world to see—how could he not catch this?

Ilya follows him all the way out to the curb, across the street, into the parking garage they just put their car in for the next three days. "Shane," he says, barely managing to grab his arm. "Slow down. Come to me, *dorogoy*."

He does. He stops, freezing up again, suitcase handles held with white knuckle grips, shoulders high and tense even with bags weighing them down. "We can't get on that plane," he says, like it should be obvious.

It is absolutely not obvious. "We have to get on the plane. To go to our job."

"We could drive," Shane replies, a little too quickly, head shaking a little too fast. "Ottawa to Detroit, that's not too awful—"

“Is almost eight hours. Flight is two.” He squeezes Shane’s arm gently. “We need to go, sweetheart.”

His head is still shaking, and he’s let go of the suitcases to tug at his hair, still white knuckled, still tense. “The weather’s bad. And it’s so late. I just—” He takes a shallow breath, and his voice starts to tremble. “I have a bad feeling, Ilya, I can’t let us get on that plane.”

Ilya’s never really understood the level of certainty Shane feels when he gets like this; he believes it every time, even though he’s usually wrong. Ilya’s talked to Galina about it a few times, trying to make sense of his husband’s anxieties and figure out how to fix it, and he tries to remember her explanation. Something about fight or flight, panic taking over rational thinking. Ilya can get like that, too, when the darkness gets too much, but he’s always forced himself to function despite the desperate sadness. He’s not judging Shane—he’d *never* judge his husband for this—but he can’t make sense of it.

“Okay,” he says, moving into Shane’s eyeline, cupping his face and running his thumbs over his cheekbones. “But you have had these feelings before, and nothing bad happens. Planes are safe. And I am safe. And I keep you safe, yes?”

Shane’s eyes shut, face screwing up. “Sometimes bad things happen. Sometimes I’m right.” He pulls away from Ilya, presses his palms into his eyelids. “Fuck, Ilya, if I’m right this time—I’d never forgive myself.”

All Ilya wants to do is pull his hands away, wrap him up in his arms, kiss every worried line on his face until he laughs and squirms away. But he doesn’t, because he knows Shane won’t laugh, and he won’t hug Ilya back, and he won’t like the harsh fluorescent lighting of the garage. He settles for wrapping his hands around Shane’s biceps, rubbing up and down as if to keep him from the freezing January air, despite the layers of sweatshirts and jackets. “*Moya lyubov*. It will be okay.”

“How are you not fucking terrified?” His whisper almost sounds angry. “You almost died in a plane crash, and you aren’t freaked out at all. It’s the fucking—the anniversary of it, and you want to get on a plane?”

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“I can’t do it,” Shane continues. “I keep remembering your messages, and not knowing if you were okay or not.”

Ilya remembers those messages, too, the last minute, desperate confessions of a dying man, remembers the feeling of his chest cracking open when he thought about leaving Shane like that. “That was....” He searches for the right word, grasping for it through the sudden fog of remembering. “Fluke, I think is right word.” He mostly believes it, he *has* to believe it to stay upright. “Will not happen again. And didn’t have to do with weather, or time—” He needs to be comforting, but he’s dropping articles, and that betrays the darkness he’s been holding off the last few days, makes Shane open his eyes. “It will not happen,” he repeats lamely. He holds Shane’s arms a little tighter. “Plane will stay in the air.”

There was turbulence, and then the drop, and Ilya screamed like a child, and his only thoughts were *Shane, Shane, Shane*. How they hadn't had enough time. How they hadn't been allowed a life together. How much they had missed, all those years of hiding.

It's been two years, and they still haven't had enough time.

A random piece of trivia pops into his head, something said to him before he flew to Canada from Russia for the first time. "Planes are safer than cars."

Shane makes a sound almost like a laugh. "Is that all you have to say?"

It's all he can say in English.

The near-crash came up once in therapy, an emergency phone appointment before an away game. It had been dark for a week, and he thought, just once, for the first and, hopefully, *only* time, about disappearing. And then Ilya reread the messages after he forced himself to pack. Shane hadn't joined the Centaurs yet, still safely away in Montreal when Ilya called Galina from bed, blanket over his head while he held back tears and told her he loved Shane too much to die.

In a twisted way, almost dying saved his life.

"We would be together," he says, a little haltingly. "If something happened, would be together." Shane lets out a shocked little gasp. Ilya's quick to add, "But nothing will happen, sweetheart. It is safe."

He's holding onto his husband's arms and trying to push everything back in the box. He's holding on maybe too tight and shoving back the looming darkness. He's holding on like Shane is the only real thing in the world and taking exaggerated deep breaths that he needs to hear just as much as Shane does.

Finally, Shane takes a real breath, tips forward into Ilya's chest, and chokes on a sob.

Ilya doesn't let himself cry, not now. Later, in a hotel bathroom, he will break down and remember all the planes he could have lost Shane to and text Galina for an appointment when he's home. He can't do any of that while he keeps Shane standing, crushing him against his chest, arms tight and heart pounding.

"You hear it?" he says softly, hand coming up to grasp the back of Shane's neck. "Heart is beating. I am here. I keep you safe." He shifts his fingers just enough to feel Shane's pulse. "And you keep *me* safe." It's the closest he'll come to admitting what those messages kept him from doing.

Shane presses his ear to Ilya's heart, head tucked perfectly under Ilya's chin, and doesn't move for a long time.

"*Ya lyublyu tebya bol'she vsego na svete,*" he whispers into Shane's hair. "*Ya nikogda tebya ne broshu. Pozhaluysta, nikogda ne ostavlyay menya.*"

Shane looks at his watch when he finally pulls away, cursing under his breath. “We’re going to miss the flight.” He presses at his eyes again, and Ilya pulls his hands away, kissing his palms, his fingertips, his knuckles. “I’m sorry, I should have made it into the airport first, and now we’re late.”

Ilya shakes his head, kisses Shane’s hands again. “No sorries. You do not need to be sorry. If we run, we will make fl—the flight.”

Shane nods. He’s calmed down enough to get through it, but he looks miserable. “I can’t believe I fucked it up. Coach is going to kill us.”

Ilya lets himself smile, hopes it doesn’t let the darkness through. “Coach can’t kill us. We are the best on the team.” He lets go of Shane’s hands, grabbing for his hips instead. “Give me a kiss,” he says, pulling him in so they’re flush against each other, “and then we will do fastest security ever. Set a record.”

“I don’t think that’s a real record,” Shane says with a watery smile, and grabs Ilya’s face and kisses him. It’s long and deep and loving, and Ilya could cry at the tenderness of it, the warmth and reassurance.

“It is,” he says when they pull away, “and we will set it.” He picks up the bags, grabs the suitcase handles. “Race you there.”

Later, after he sobs so hard he nearly vomits and reassures Galina that he’s not in danger, he will climb into a hotel bed with scratchy sheets and a hard mattress, and he will hold his husband tight. He will clutch his crucifix, his mother’s crucifix, and thank God for his life. He will pack the plane from two years ago back in the box, and think about the game tomorrow, and maybe give his husband a blowjob.

For now, he will settle for seeing his husband beat him to the security line and hold his hand until they touch down. For now, it pushes the darkness back. For now, that is enough.

End Notes

russian translation: "I love you more than anything. I will never leave you. Please, never leave me."

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