

I wish you could see how perfect you are

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76090546) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76090546>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Bottom Shane Hollander , Insecure Shane Hollander , Top Ilya Rozanov , Insecurity , Eating Disorders , Fluff , Angst , Hurt/Comfort , Cuddling & Snuggling
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-20 Words: 4,073 Chapters: 1/1

I wish you could see how perfect you are

by [AlphaDaddy123](#)

Summary

As Shane is watching Ilyas posts he realises that Ilya could replace him anytime once he realises how boring and imperfect he is. After restless nights and overthinking Shane spirals and ends up having negative thoughts about himself which results in him having bad habits.

Ilya notices that Shane is not being himself lately and tries to figure out what's wrong since he can't handle seeing his beautiful boyfriend suffer in silence

Notes

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

Shane wasn't the jealous type. He knew that his boyfriend likes to go out to clubs and parties and that millions of people would kill to be with him.

He has seen the posts, edits and comments made about Ilya Rozanov and he agrees with every single one of them, i mean look at him, gorgeous honey brown curls and such muscular body that looks like one of those greek statues you'd see in a museum. And not to forget his beautiful hazel eyes and that smile that could make anyone's day get better instantly. He's just perfect.

Shane however was boring, or at least what he's been told by others, he didn't like going out to either clubs or parties. He'd rather stay in the comfort of his own home, reading one of his boring books or watching a hockey game or doing some boring yoga. His body was muscular but not like Ilya's body. His face is covered in freckles that he didn't really like, he has soft brown eyes and he has never been able to grow any facial hair unlike Ilya.

Shane knew that there's probably a lot of people that find him attractive but he didn't dare look up anything about himself because what if there are more people hating than loving him. He really didn't want to think about any of this right now, he needs to go to sleep since he needs to wake up early for practice tomorrow.

And so Shane opened instagram one more time to look at Ilyas page. His boyfriend wouldn't be sleeping next to him tonight, his team had won tonight's game and they were out celebrating. "As if they don't go out every 2 days" Shane thought. But Shane didn't really mind, aslong as Ilya was happy he would be happy too.

Ilya had posted a couple of pictures and videos of him and his team at the club around 30 minutes ago. Shane smiled and opened it, forgetting his worries once he saw the first picture of Ilya smiling while hugging one his teammates from the side, as Shane kept scrolling he started noticing more unfamiliar faces. It is a club so it were probably people they got to know then but they sure looked very touchy with Ilya in those pictures.

Shane didn't mind it but something inside him felt weird. It's as if all his worries came crashing back all at once. He took a deep breath to help his heart feel lighter but it didn't seem to help much. 'What am I even worried about, Ilya wouldn't replace me that easily right? They're probably just friends or fans...' Shane thought trying to convince himself.

But damn theyre all so handsome, some with perfectly trimmed facial hair, height almost as tall or even taller than Ilya, glistening abs peeking through open button up shirts and even their smiles were so beautiful. Will Ilya really stay with him forever if he's surrounded by such perfect people every couple days. Maybe one day he'll realise that Shane isn't what he wants, why would he want 'Shane', the boring, most basic looking guy ever. Shane the guy that secretly wears glasses so he could read and Shane that has weird dots covering his blushing face all the time.

Sure Shane also had a good personality, he wouldn't mind spending hours listening to Ilya vent to him about anything without judging. He's also always down to help Ilya release some steam and cream but so could anyone else. Who would refuse such a handsome, tall and

charming man. So after thinking all of this through Shane realised that he really wasn't that special and that with one call or text Ilya could throw him away and find someone better.

No Ilya would never do that, not after all these years. Shane thought as he turned around in his bed. God is he seriously about to cry right now, why is he even tearing up. Shane quickly wiped his tears away and tried some breathing exercises before closing his eyes and trying to sleep.

After 30 minutes of overthinking Shane finally fell asleep. He woke up multiple times that night so it was as if he didn't even sleep at all.

At around 5:30 the next morning Ilya came back home. Shane had already been awake but he didn't get out of bed yet. Gosh his eyes must be swollen from the crying last night, he hoped Ilya wouldn't notice.

Ilya was trying to be as quiet as possible until he saw that Shane was already awake and now staring at him.

Ilya smiled at him softly and walked to his side of the bed, bending down to kiss his lips softly and then his forehead. "Did I wake you up?" Ilya asked as he brushed Shane's hair out of his eyes.

Shane smiled back at him and grabbed the hand that was brushing his hair and kissed it gently. "No I was already awake."

Ilya smiled softly and kissed his lips one more time and got up to go shower.

After 5 minutes of staring at the ceiling, Shane finally decided to get up. He wanted to shower too but he'll just wait till Ilya was done this time.

As he walked to the closet to prepare his outfit for today he spotted his scale. Gosh he hated that thing, if there was one thing that ruined his day it was the scale and the number on it.

He knew that his body weight also comes from muscle but he also wasn't the most muscular out there. He also knew that he hadn't been watching what he has been eating the last weeks. He usually did a microbiotic diet but he gave that up out of nowhere.

He sighed and brought the scale out and he took off everything but his underwear.

Damn it, he gained a few pounds.

He bit his lip trying not to tear up again and he started examining himself in the mirror. His muscles look a bit faded and his face looks a little bloated. Is this actually what he looks like or is his mind playing tricks on him?

Ilya came out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist and steam following him. He looked at Shane and raised an eyebrow, "what are you doing?"

"Nothing...just weighting myself I haven't checked it in a while and they're probably gonna check it again before the playoffs anyway so yea just checking..." Shane replied nervously.

“Hmm okay” Ilya narrowed his eyes and smirked at him as if he’s mocking him. “What why are you looking at me that way” Shane questioned him.

But Ilya didn’t answer, instead he closed the distance between him and Shane and began to kiss Shane as if he hasn’t seen him in years.

“Am I not allowed to look at my boyfriend” Ilya said as he kissed Shane again, his hands moving down Shane’s back to hold his ass and pull him even closer.

Shane blushed as he kissed Ilya back, “I need to get to practice...” trying to escape Ilyas grasp while he tried holding back a smile.

“Okay fine your loss, but I will make you breakfast first” Ilya teased.

“I’ll just have a coffee, I’m gonna eat a banana on my way.” Shane said fast. Ilya looked a little surprised, “just banana and coffee? Is that enough before practice?”

“Yea it will be, I um... I’m trying a new diet you know to stay in shape for the playoffs” Shane said in his defence, but in his mind he knew the real reason is so that Ilya won’t leave him for someone with a hotter body or face.

Ilya still looked unsure but he moved on, “okay but when you come back I’m gonna make you lunch AND dinner.” Ilya said without leaving room for arguments.

Shane sighed knowing he probably won’t be able to change Ilyas mind and the idea of his boyfriend taking care of him isn’t that bad at all so he smiled and nodded at him. He moved to give Ilya one last kiss on his beautiful full pink lips before going to take a shower.

After practice Shane was exhausted. He had eaten a small banana and drank some black coffee without milk or sugar which is weird because Shane loved his coffee with both.

He even used to make fun of his dad for drinking it like that. “It’s like you’re drinking water but with a bitter taste” he would say. But now he liked it or more like pretended to like it.

On his way back home he felt quite dizzy and more tired than usual but he didn’t think much of it.

Before he entered the house he did a few breathing exercises to help hide his exhaustion so that Ilya won’t interrogate him.

He opened the door and once he set foot inside he was immediately hit by the heavenly smell of the lunch that his lover was making.

He entered the kitchen and there he was. Black sweatpants on, no shirt on and an apron on top, if Shane got his hands on Ilya right now they’d have to call all emergency services to help pull him off of him. So for now he held back his urges and calmly walked over to where Ilya was standing and he hugged him from behind.

Ilya turned the stove off and turned around to face his boyfriend. He smiled gently at him and kissed his lips softly. “How was practice?” He said brushing Shane’s hair out of his eyes.

"It was alright like usual, I did some extra workouts and stretches just for extra training." Shane answered while looking into Ilyas gorgeous eyes as if they were a portal sucking him into another dimension.

"Ah is not necessary, we're gonna beat you no matter how hard you train." Ilya said with a smirk on his face.

"you're such an asshole." Shane laughed softly and hit Ilyas chest as he pushed him away.

Shane showered again for 5 minutes and made his way to the kitchen where Ilya was setting up the table so they could have lunch.

He stood by the door watching as Ilya tried arranging their plates and utensils with such care. When he finally looked up he saw Shane staring at him. He pulled one chair out and gestured to Shane to come sit.

Shane smiled again and went to sit down as he watched Ilya take 2 cans of ginger ale and coke and set them next to each of their plates.

Ilya had made him a tuna melt sandwich which looked so good but he had a new diet remember?

"I think I'll just eat half now and keep the other half for later..." Shane said while opening his can of ginger ale.

Ilya frowned "is not even that big Hollander, and is okay I will make dinner so no need to keep for later"

"...I know but i started a new diet so..and i had a smoothie on my way back from practice." Shane said quickly.

"wow a smoothie, so filling" Ilya stared at him.

"It was a pretty big one so yea it did kinda fill me up." Shane lied again.

"you are bad liar Hollander." Ilya said pointing his finger at him.

"what? No I'm not lying...it's not like I'm not gonna eat at all, I said I'll eat half and keep the rest for later." Shane said nervously.

And suddenly the memory of when he went to Ilyas house for the first time came back, when Ilya had made him the same sandwich and gave him his favourite drink without him ever having told him what it was. The time where he ate it without even having to think about gaining or losing weight.

But now it's different, during that time they didn't care about that type of thing, all that mattered was that they got to be together for as long as possible but now they were together all the time. Shane liked it and he knew that he would never get bored of Ilya even if they did the same thing every single day.

But Ilya liked fun, he liked change and he liked danger. So there is a much higher chance Ilya will get bored of him.

So now he does have to care about what he's putting into his body. He needed to look his absolute best for Ilya. So Ilya doesn't see how fat and ugly he is and leave him for someone else.

Shane changed the subject of their conversation as he cut his sandwich in half, trying to distract Ilya.

Ilya made pasta for dinner. As he was about to put some in Shane's plate, Shane quickly took the spoon from him and put a small portion into the plate, making sure to spread it around to make it look like he put a lot.

Ilya looked at him with surprise. "You've worked hard enough today, let me help out for once." Shane said playfully.

During dinner Shane kept talking more than normal. Usually he would ask short questions or answer to Ilya's conversations but he never told any stories or asked deep questions that require a lot of thinking and discussion. But tonight he did.

And Ilya fell into the trap because he didn't notice that Shane had only taken 3 or 4 bites, while mashing and cutting the rest up to make it look as if he ate everything up.

After dinner they cuddled up on the couch watching a movie and only going to bed around 1 am.

The next days were a blur. Atleast to Shane they were, he had such brain fog and exhaustion that were making it hard to process what's going on around him.

He continued with his 'diet' every single day. Skipping breakfast, trying to eat as little as possible during lunch and dinner.

Ilya had noticed something wrong but anytime he brought it up, Shane would immediately deflect him with some kind of excuse.

"oh I already ate outside" or "I ate something when you weren't around" but Ilya knew he was lying.

He saw the way Shane was constantly exhausted. And that Shane suddenly liked black coffee. And that Shane worked out a lot more than he used to. And that during the times where he wasn't working out he would nap for hours. And that he would zone out and stare into nothing as if he's overthinking something. And that sometimes he would wake up with puffy red eyes as if he was crying.

Ilya couldn't take it anymore. He knew that something was wrong and he needed to fix it fast, because this wasn't the first time he saw someone in this state. Last time he saw someone acting like Shane was now that had ended up with him finding her body laying cold and motionless on the kitchen floor at 12 years old, and he wasn't gonna have that happen again.

So he made his way to where Shane was sitting on the couch, wearing one of Ilyas hoodies that looked oversized on him and drinking his stupid black coffee. When Shane saw him standing he smiled at him as if nothing was wrong.

Ilya knelt down next to him and held his hands. They were cold. Shane looked at him with confusion.

“please. Tell me what is wrong.” Ilya said, squeezing Shane’s hands lightly.

“what are yo-“

“you know what I’m talking about Shane. Please just...let me help you.”

”Ilya there’s nothing going on” Shane answered.

”don’t lie to me Shane. I already tell you, you are bad liar. I wanna help you I can’t keep seeing you sad like this.” Ilya was starting to tear up but he kept the eye contact with Shane.

Shane was starting to tear up too, his lips quivering as he tried to hold himself back from full on sobbing. “It’s...it’s nothing I..., I don’t.”

He finally broke, he let his head fall down as he sobbed silently. Ilya tried lifting his face to meet his but Shane moved away trying to hide his tears from Ilya. He can’t let Ilya see how weak he is.

”Shane sweetheart, I am here for you.” Ilya said while rubbing his thumbs over Shane’s hands.

”I don’t want you to leave me...please don’t leave me.” Shane sobbed and raised his head to look Ilya in the eyes as if he’s begging him.

”Leave you? Shane I would never ever leave you sweetheart, why would you even think that?” Ilya replied softly and held Shane’s face with one hand rubbing away a tear that was rolling down his face.

”Because I’m...I’m not perfect, you always have beautiful people around you when you go out and...and I’m not even that beautiful so yo- you can always replace me with someone better...” Shane explained, big tears escaping his brown eyes.

Ilya stayed silent still holding Shane’s hand and face, he waited in silence to give Shane the room to let out his emotions with no interruption. He maintained eye contact to let Shane know that he was there, that he cared and wanted to hear what Shane had to say and that he wanted to help.

“...I’m already boring, I don’t like to go out and I always say no when you ask me to go with you to parties. And on top of that I’m not that handsome... I’m not that muscular either and I had gained weight too.”

Sob

“So if I can’t entertain you and I’m not even that good looking and also fat then you’re gonna realise that I’m not even worth your time and you’ll leave me and find someone in one of those clubs o-or maybe at a party or another fun place...”

Shane wiped his tears but they were still falling so it was no use.

”t-that’s why I started a new diet and I’m working out more, and I’m also looking for fun places we can go to. I found a club around 20 minutes from here that we can go to.” Shane pointed at his laptop while still sobbing.

“I promise you, I’ll change, just give me a little more time I’m losing the weight I gained and I’m gonna get my muscles to look better. And I think if I go out more I’ll like it okay? I promise, just don’t leave me...please Ilya” Shane was practically begging him, bigger tears falling and his hands were shaking.

Once Ilya was sure that Shane had let it all out. He pulled Shane into a tight hug. He rested his face on top of Shane’s hair and he kissed the top of his head. He could feel Shane’s tears soaking his shirt.

Once he pulled away he held Shane’s face with both hands and looked deeply into his brown eyes. How could he have let Shane feel like this, he felt so guilty that he even let Shane get the thought of him leaving.

“ I would never leave you Shane. You...you are even more than perfect and I don’t want you to change even a little bit. I love you the way you are my love.” Ilya kissed him gently, only pulling away for 2 seconds to whisper I love you but immediately kissing Shane hungrily again.

”I wouldn’t replace you even if I was on gun point my love. When I say you are boring. I not mean bad kind of boring, you know I have more fun when I am with you than when I am in club? Even when we are doing nothing I feel so happy with you. And you are perfect the way you are, oh I wish you could see it too.” Ilya looked at him fondly and he rubbed his finger on Shane’s cheek.

”I love everything about you, your beautiful freckles, your black hair and your gorgeous brown eyes, oh so perfect. And your body is perfect too, I don’t care about stupid number on the scale or about how your muscles look like. I love you however you are.”

Shane was crying even harder now. Never in a million years would he have thought that the Ilya Rozanov thought about him this way. They did live together now and they had already said I love you to each other but this was much more detailed than any other time.

“I don’t want you to change please, and I don’t want you to hurt yourself. Okay?” Ilya continued and kissed Shane again once he was done.

Shane nodded and smiled softly. “Okay...”

”that’s what I wanna hear. Come on let’s take care of you.” Ilya said and pulled Shane to stand up.

Before they could start moving Shane jumped into his arms and hugged him. Ilya hugged him back even tighter and kissed the top of his head again.

Ilya took his hand and lead him to their room. He made Shane sit down on the bed as he went to the bathroom to get a wet towel to wipe Shane's face. He then went to the kitchen to get Shane a big glass of water and he took another one of his hoodies and threw it on Shane playfully earning him a laugh from Shane's beautiful lips.

Once Shane had calmed down Ilya had him lay down on the bed with multiple pillows around him that Ilya had gathered from across the entire house with the excuse that Shane would be much more comfortable that way.

Ilya then went to the kitchen and took out yesterday's left overs. He didn't want to spend a long time in the kitchen leaving Shane all alone. He put the food on the plates after warming it up and he cut up some fruit and grabbed a can of ginger ale and coke from the fridge and he quickly made his way back to their room.

Shane was still laying between all the pillows like he was a glass doll that could shatter any second. He stared at Ilya as he entered the room with a bunch of plates in his hands and 2 cans of drinks, trying to balance everything.

Shane sat up and took some plates off Ilyas arms before he could drop them and cause a mess. Ilya laid all the plates on the desk and grabbed a small table that was designed for breakfast in bed. He laid it in the middle so that both their plates would fit.

After setting up everything successfully, Ilya put on one of Shane's comfort movies. And he pulled Shane close so that he was almost laying on Ilyas chest and Ilya played with his hair every couple of seconds, occasionally laying kisses on his forehead.

When they were eating Ilya made sure that Shane was eating enough. He even hand fed him a couple of times when he noticed that Shane was sinking into his thoughts again.

Once they were done, Ilya got up to clean up and Shane got up too but Ilya had him lay back down. "You get Some rest okay, i take care of cleaning."

"Am I some kind of princess now?" Shane said with a smile.

Ilya basically jumped on top of him and kissed his way up from Shane's stomach. "Yes, my princess." Ilya smiled and returned to kissing Shane "my most beautiful princess." He gave him one final big kiss and he got up to clean the dishes.

When he returned he got ready for bed and laid down next to Shane, pulling him back into his arms again. He held him tightly and brushed through his hair, whispering I love you and other comforting words into Shane's ear every couple seconds.

Once Shane fell asleep Ilya pulled the blanket closer and covered the both of them up making sure they're warm and comfortable. He turned the movie off and turned the bedside table lights off.

He finally laid one last kiss to Shane's forehead, a quick "I love you my sweetheart" following right after and he drifted off to sleep too right next to the person he never wants to leave ever in life or death.

End Notes

I'm sorry this was a little rushed, I don't write often and I have a really short attention span. I hope you'll like it and if there are any recommendations I'd love to hear them.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!