

I could take away the salt from your eyes

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by [Frank_alexander1129](#)

Summary

Boston lost. The Raiders are pissed. Ilya keeps waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Notes

Listen I saw that scene of Ilya crying and Shane holding him and my brain ran with it.

Apologies for typos or canonical errors I am so tired

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

“Dude what the fuck was that shit?”

“Are you concussed or something, Rozanov?”

“You just cost us the fuckin playoffs dipshit!”

“Hey, enough! This is a damn team sport, one person ain’t responsible for fucking a game up that badly! Get out of here, get some sleep, and be at practice an hour early Thursday morning to skate suicides.” LeClaire clears everyone out and turns to look at Ilya. “You good?”

“Yes, fine, sorry.” Ilya looks away from him and grabs his bag, intending to bolt when he’s stopped.

“Don’t apologize, just get your head back in the game before next season. You sure you’re good? Look like you’re gonna hurl.”

“Fine, I’ll be there at 6:30 Thursday. I’ll do better.” LeClaire nods and exits the locker room. Ilya stares after him for a moment before he leaves.

Hollander. He needs Hollander. They’re in the same hotel, he already told Ilya his room number, he just has to get to him. Car first, he has to get to his car so he can drive to the hotel.

He doesn’t know what’s wrong with him. Everything is hazy and he’s not thinking right, but he’s made it to the parking garage somehow. He just needs to get inside.

The lobby is crowded, but his brain zeroes in on one voice. Shane. He needs him. He’s barely even aware that he’s moving until he tries to hold Shane’s arm and gets shoved away.

“Dude, what the fuck are you doing? People can see us-, get the fuck off!” Shane’s gonna snap. “How drunk are you, Rozanov? Jesus Christ.”

“‘M not drunk, just want you, Hollander. Want you-.”

“You’re a fucking liar, Rozanov, what did you take?” He pulls Ilya into an elevator, hoping like hell that Hayden’s still out since he never got Rozanov’s room number. “There’s no way in hell you’re sober.”

“I am-.”

“No, you’re not. You can’t even walk in a straight line and your speech is slurred.” Shane unlocks the door and gets them both in the room before grabbing his first aid kit. “Blow into this, 5 seconds.”

Ilya does as he’s told immediately, which raises a separate flag in Shane’s head, but he doesn’t say anything. The breathalyzer beeps and he takes it back, waiting a few seconds for it to display the result.

0.00. What the fuck?

“Rozanov, what did you take? Are you gonna go in withdrawal if I give you naloxone?”

“Didn’t take anything, I don’t know what naloxone is but I didn’t take anything. Please, just want you-.”

“Not in here. If you want me we need to go to your room, what number is it?” Shane grabs the naloxone and puts his kit back in his suitcase. “Come on, I don’t know when Pike’s coming back. We gotta go.”

“1247.” Ilya lets himself be pulled back to the elevator, and there’s a look on his face that Shane can’t figure out.

“I want to wait for a little bit before we do anything to make sure you’re not intoxicated.” He pulls Rozanov to his room and nudges him to unlock the door. “Right now I highly doubt you’re not.”

“Please, I promise ‘m not, Shane, just hold me.” Shane finally places the look as Ilya’s eyes water.

Holy shit.

“Rozanov, what’s wrong? Are you hurt? What’s going on?” In no way did Shane expect to see Ilya Rozanov break down in tears in front of him. He’s not entirely sure what he’s supposed to do. “Ilya, I don’t know what’s happening, I’m sorry.”

“Hold me, please, just want you to hold me.” Ilya makes no move to leave the corner he’s pressed himself into. How the fuck can Shane say no to him right now?

“Okay, yeah, come here.” He’s hesitant to move, like he’s scared he’ll fall or Shane is fucking with him or something. “Here, uh, take your shoes off and we can lay on the bed. It’ll be more comfortable than standing, okay?”

Ilya nods and kicks his sneakers off, following Shane to the bed and climbing into his lap. He’s still crying. Fuck.

“What’s wrong?” He doesn’t know what he’s doing, but he wraps an arm around Ilya’s back and holds the back of his head.

“They’re mad at me.” He manages to get words out between sobs and Shane tries to concentrate so he doesn’t miss any. “They hate me and I want mom and I came to you and you say I’m lying and I don’t like this but I don’t know what’s happening or how to fix it-.”

“I’m sorry, I don’t know what’s going on and I thought you were drunk and trying to have sex and I should’ve listened to you when you said you weren’t. I’m sorry.”

Ilya buries his face further into Shane’s neck, and Shane can feel him clenching his teeth as he tries to get control of his breathing.

“M sorry, I don’t know what’s wrong with me. I fuck up the game and now I cry over it like a child. I feel like a child.” He pulls away from Shane and stands up, shakily walking to the dresser. “It’s like I hear my father when they yell at me, and I wait for them to hit but they never do, but I am still waiting for it and it scares me.”

“I’m sorry, that your dad was like that.” Shane crosses the room to stand next to him and gently nudges his hand that’s braced on the furniture. “I don’t really know how to help, but if you want me to hold you or if you want to talk I can do that.”

“I want my mother, but it’s stupid. She’s been dead half my life, I don’t know why I want her. No, I do. She loved me. She loved me she died and then no one loved me.”

“Come here, please.” He turns and Shane pulls him into a hug. “I love you, and I’m sorry you didn’t have anyone. What do you need right now?”

“I can barely think, it’s all- it’s not there. I don’t know how to say it, I can’t even think of it in Russian, I’m sorry-.”

“Don’t apologize. You didn’t do anything, just take a second to think.” He keeps Ilya held against him and runs a hand through his hair. “Do you want to shower?”

“I need to.” Shane nods and pulls him towards the bathroom. “I don’t want to leave you.”

“I still need to shower, I’m not leaving. Saving water, or something. Come on.” He helps Ilya undress and gets them both in the shower, doing the brunt of the work of actually cleaning their bodies. “Do you want me to stay with you tonight?”

“Please. I need you, Shane.” He’s desensitized to the tears by now. “Please don’t leave me.”

“I won’t, I’ll stay here.” He shuts the water off and hands Ilya a towel while he dries himself. “Whatever you need, okay?”

“Only you.” He chokes on his breath for a second trying to calm down and Shane pulls him close. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay, I’m not going anywhere.” Shane passes him clothes and helps him balance while he pulls the underwear and sweatpants on. “Let’s get some sleep, okay?”

“I’m sorry, I don’t know what’s wrong with me.” Shane pulls him into bed and turns the light off before holding Ilya against his chest. “I’m sorry. Thank you for not hating me.”

“I don’t think it’s possible for me to hate you.” He presses a kiss behind Ilya’s ear and squeezes tightens his arms around his chest. “I love you, Ilya. Get some sleep. Goodnight.”

End Notes

I am in fact a dopamine gremlin and thus I will take absolutely any comment imaginable

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