

keep me grounded

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76700706) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76700706>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
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:	Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping , Autistic Shane Hollander , Anxious Shane Hollander , Sub Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , Top Ilya Rozanov , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Has an Eating Disorder , Eating Disorders , Eating Disorder Not Otherwise Specified , Episode: s01e01 Rookies (Heated Rivalry) , Inspired by Heated Rivalry (TV) , Bottom Shane Hollander , Dom Ilya Rozanov , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of all of me
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Completed: 2025-12-31 Words: 3,413 Chapters: 2/2

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by [sokimovirAD](#)

Summary

Gym scene, except Shane overexerts himself after coming 2nd in the draft and makes an attentive Ilya very worried... Ilya always wants to take care of Shane, even when Shane doesn't know how much he needs it.

What will a dinner between the two best hockey rookies do for their rivalry?

Notes

hi all, this is my very first fic so please be nice,,, some details might be inconsistent so don't look too hard,,,

i am on break from college so this is what im doing with my time
i read every single fic on shane's ED/autism so i had to make my own

TW: descriptions of eating disorders, descriptions of restricting food
CW: general mental health struggles

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

Chapter 1: Ruined Plans

The violent bang of his hotel door did not make Shane feel better. Stepping into the bathroom and glancing at his abdomen made him feel even worse.

Coming 2nd in the draft to Ilya Rozanov felt like a piercing stab directly into Shane's mind. The highly anticipated evening had definitely occupied his thoughts, but for far more reasons than just hockey itself. Shane needed to come in 1st so he could reward himself with a meal that was hopefully more than a few bites. He needed to come in 1st so he could feel better after eating it, with a quiet afternoon of staying in bed and ignoring the outside world. He needed to come in 1st so he could sleep without a hollow, bare stomach that always matched his hollow, bare mind.

Instead, Shane was subjected to watching Rozanov stand and stride past him, his mother, and his father, toward the stage after being picked by Boston.

How humiliating.

His mother put a hand on his leg and squeezed, but Shane just stared and stared, as his only chance of eating walked farther, and farther away.

Now, Shane stared at his suit in the mirror, and the way it fit him, and he decided he had to stop staring. He took everything off methodically and folded it in his suitcase. He picked shorts that he didn't feel like wearing, and a top that he couldn't tell which one it was, but he needed to put it on and leave.

Shane left to the hotel's gym.

As he walked, he thought of what he would've eaten if he came in 1st, which most likely would have been half a serving of rice, 120g of chicken, and maybe a side salad with the no fat dressing. His mouth watered excessively. Then, he thought of what he really was going to eat when he got back now, which was probably nothing, or maybe just the chicken, and some water, but not too much water because he would feel very sick.

He made sure to take the stairs.

Shane realized he was a bit light headed when he got onto the bike, but he liked the feeling, since it means his workouts would feel more efficient. Maybe not efficient in building muscle, but more efficient in making him tired and exhausted, which is what he should be if he was really working hard.

His sneakers didn't feel like they were touching the pedals correctly, and his back felt more strained than usual, but he didn't care about his form today. Shane just pedaled and pedaled, with no music, and he actually didn't feel bad about the draft because he couldn't really think about much at all.

A moving blur snapped Shane out of his daze. He couldn't tell exactly who it was, but it seemed like someone was on the bike next to him. He tried using his peripheral vision, although what he really wanted to do was just look, but he realized people were more subtle about these things so he should try to be subtle sometimes too. Shane could make out curly

hair, way too golden, and strong arms with a broad chest. The realization set in quicker than any other thought had formed in the past few hours, and Shane focused back on his form.

Rozanov upped the speed on his bike. Shane peered at his screen slightly, and almost wanted to tell him to just fuck off right then. Although dazed, the part of his brain that wanted to win told his fingers to tap at his screen as well.

Shane admitted it went on longer than it should have, but it was fun. Not fun for his legs, which seemed to scream at him for throwing weights on a sinking ship. He randomly thought that he should've eaten more so he had energy to continue, but he quickly shut down such a ridiculous suggestion.

Shane released the bars of his bike. He was sweating now, and Rozanov was too, and he looked at how Rozanov's shirt was slightly stuck to his back. His peripheral vision wasn't good enough to see what he wanted to see.

Shane hopped off, taking his shirt and wiping his face, and realized he hadn't even brought water with him. He frowned to himself, but he felt too high strung to leave just yet, so he sat down in the corner of the gym with the mats and the mirrors, listening to his heartbeat.

Rozanov sat in front of Shane, stretching his legs out so their feet were somewhat close, but his hips were much farther apart. Rozanov was panting harder, but he looked less exhausted than Shane felt. Shane just kept his gaze somewhat low, except not too low, so he wasn't really sure where to look at all.

"Is good night?" Rozanov said, pulling Shane's attention to him. Shane was surprised Rozanov was here even talking to him. Shouldn't Rozanov be out partying, celebrating? Having an actual good night? His accent was alluring.

"Yeah," Shane replied, not wanting to congratulate him. Although, he felt bad for the short reply. "Excited for Boston?"

Rozanov shrugged slightly. "Don't know. Is Boston nice?"

Shane slightly smiled at that, but it was more at himself. Rozanov wouldn't care much about where in North America he was going. He was Russian. Shane was supposed to tell Rozanov about Boston, not ask him. Shane felt like an idiot.

"I've visited." Shane shrugged back. "It's busy, very lively. I think you'll like it."

Rozanov gave him his own ghost of a smile. "Me too."

Shane suddenly believed he couldn't do this conversation anymore. He talked with Rozanov before, but he initiated it once, and learned his lesson. This wasn't really a conversation, much more like small talk, and he didn't really like either, especially not with people he barely knew. Especially not with players he lost 1st draft pick to. Shane was hurt, of course, but more so because he was hoping to eat today, and now he couldn't, and also because he was kind of obsessed with Rozanov, so this whole ordeal was a bit complicated.

Rozanov brought out his water bottle, drawing the liquid out in long, long strokes. Shane averted his eyes, but then looked back, and maybe had to look away again. The pull he felt in his chest was burning hot and embarrassing, and his desire to cut off the conversation was getting weaker and weaker. He was sure he would embarrass himself soon, saying the wrong thing or acting the wrong way, but he kind of didn't care if he could stay in this moment for a little longer.

Rozanov held out the bottle to him. Shane began shaking his head, knowing his stomach was empty, and drinking water right now would really bother him. But Rozanov swished the water, and Shane found himself grabbing it despite himself, and their fingers brushed together before Shane pulled away with blistering heat at his fingertips. Shane pushed out a little water into his mouth, and for some reason they were holding eye contact, and Shane didn't know how to break it, or maybe he just didn't want to. Then, Rozanov seemed to mouth a word, and Shane wasn't sure if he was hallucinating, but he was pretty sure the Russian was saying more, and so Shane drank more than he really wanted to.

Shane delivered the bottle back to Rozanov, after the heat travelled from his fingertips to his ears. Rozanov practically grabbed his hand instead of the bottle, and Shane fought to keep his face neutral.

They hadn't said much in a while, and Shane was not content with that change. Usually they chirped at each other on the ice, and if Rozanov gave him looks off of the ice, Shane just ignored it. His fingers burned, and his face burned, and the air felt much heavier than he could hold up. He would stare at Rozanov, and maybe Rozanov would make him nervous when he stared back, and he was losing touch with his sanity.

"I need to get cleaned up," Shane mumbled, and pushed himself up. Shane breaking eye contact made Rozanov move as well, and they were both rising now, but Rozanov made it up before Shane could. Shane's head was hurting more than he expected, and with the water swimming in his stomach, he thought maybe he was getting sick.

"Are you OK?" Rozanov asked, frowning. He was looking at Shane abnormally. Shane thought that finally, he messed something up, and he needs to get out of here without collapsing and escape to his room to forget all the times he's ever spoken.

"I'm fine," Shane murmurs, trying to snap, but it doesn't come out right and he has to put a hand to the wall behind him to steady himself. "Got up too quickly."

Rozanov is really frowning now, and he's reached a hand out to grab Shane's arm. "Do you need water? Something to eat?"

Rozanov pierced Shane's mind for the second time today. Shane was actually careful to keep himself somewhat stable, so people wouldn't notice his eating and take away the sliver of control he had in his life. But now Rozanov was here, and he was reading Shane like a book.

"I'm fine," Shane snaps, and he actually manages to get some bite in his words, but he still can't look at Rozanov. Shane tries to pull his arm out dismissively, but Rozanov does not let go right away at the movement, his fingers pressed into his bare skin, burning and burning.

"Did you eat before? Before you came here?" Rozanov asked again. He lets go of Shane's arm, but he's looking at Shane intently now, searching his face.

Shane was properly embarrassed, the blush in his cheeks couldn't have been deeper, and he was not trying to have a weird conversation with his rival, definitely not about this. He scrambled to make up something to say, some distance to put between them.

"I'll eat when I get back to my room," Shane said. "You should too. Goodnight." He tries to turn on his heels.

Rozanov looked like he was going to grab Shane's arm again. "Wait," he said quickly, "If you are going to eat, let's eat together."

Shane finally looked back at Rozanov. They were both halfway to the gym's exit by now, but his scramble to leave abruptly stopped.

Rozanov, seeing Shane's pause, continued talking. "Ah, well, is my beginning of time in America, so wouldn't mind it. We don't have to talk about draft." Rozanov smiled, as if wanting to poke fun for a while now, and finally deciding to bother Shane.

Shane, despite the awkwardness, took the bait easily. "Fuck off."

Rozanov grinned, touching their shoulders ever so lightly. "Yes?"

Shane marveled at the contact. Still tempted to run away, but also tempted to accept, he shrugged, letting his thoughts slip out. "I am picky. I like to make my own food. You order in?"

Rozanov seemed to look at Shane for a beat longer than usual. "Is fine. I have meal prep. Hockey players eat the same. Unless you want to invite me?" Rozanov seemed to suggestively lift his eyebrows at that.

Shane laughed, shoulders finally relaxing for the first time in a while. Their usual on the ice banter was back, and he saw Rozanov acting like the asshole he was. Still, he was weirded out by the invitation and the concept of eating dinner with Rozanov, but he thought maybe Rozanov didn't see them as rivals off the ice. He definitely did not want to eat food that he didn't make, but he was not going to invite Rozanov over, especially without notice. And he was definitely not going to say no to hanging out with the Russian if he invited him.

"I don't know," Shane said thoughtfully, and Rozanov seemed to deflate a bit before Shane continued, "Should we invite the 3rd round pick as well? Family reunion?"

Rozanov's shoulders actually shook with laughter. Shane was proud. "And they say you are not funny." Shane's ego quickly deflated. It was Shane's turn to frown. "Who said that?" Rozanov's smile did not waver. "I did."

Shane actually rolled his eyes. He made another attempt to go, but with no real urgency. "I am leaving."

"Yes," Rozanov said matter-of-factly, "with me."

Shane snorted, and didn't know if Rozanov was saying something else under that joke, but Shane let Rozanov walk in front, and Shane stared at his hand holding the water bottle, and looked at his arms and back and the golden curls above his neck as he led them slowly to Rozanov's room.

Chapter 2: Delicate

Chapter Summary

Shane and Ilya share a dinner and unspoken feelings warm the cold, Canadian night.

Chapter Notes

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

Shane was sitting in Rozanov's kitchen.

It seemed he had gotten quite the room, possibly because he was staying here longer. True to his word, Rozanov had meal prep sitting in front of Shane, and had already called room service a while ago for a much more celebratory meal than the one Shane was going to eat before.

"You sure you don't want anything else,?" Rozanov asks, as he slides sodas across the table. Shane opted for the water, even though he was sure there was a diet soda, but he didn't feel like being that rebellious. There was enough change to his plans already.

"I'm good, thanks" Shane said, trying not to fidget his hands on the island. Shane watched Rozanov's back as he was moving, leaving to get the food he had ordered, and then met his eyes as he turned around and walked towards Shane.

"Hmm," Rozanov says absentmindedly, "Canada's king sure doesn't eat like one." He peers at Shane while setting down his food.

Shane straightens a bit, trying to challenge his gaze. Why did his skin prickle at the faintest attention? "Hardly a king yet."

Rozanov seems displeased by this answer, but sits down in front of Shane, finally stopping his movement around the kitchen. "Could not go without seeing your face here. Is torture."

Shane lets out a breathy smile. "I'm sure it's the same for you in Russia, right? Your hometown?" He thinks of Russia's win over Canada.

Rozanov pauses. "Yes, and Russia is much more cool than boring Canada. But, we come here for hockey anyways."

"Guess so," Shane grins, "it will be boring too when you're losing. You'll be seeing a lot of me."

"Ah," Rozanov says, as if Shane's resolve to bicker was amusing, "Will be seeing you on your ass."

Shane warmed slightly at that. He was getting worse and worse at matching Rozanov's indifference when they talked. When they sat like this, food and drinks between them, talking about hockey and being rivals, it felt much more than being just... that.

"What do you think the League would think of this, Hollander and Rozanov sharing a meal?" Shane asked finally. "Maybe they will throw us in even more advertisements."

Rozanov seemed to nod, contemplating that. "It is nice to compete." Rozanov seemed to mull over his words a bit before continuing. "But, the league is over making it. What's the word?"

"Overdoing it," Shane replied. He felt more at ease now, picking up his fork, which Rozanov also did as soon as Shane. "I don't mind. It can be excessive, but it makes things more entertaining, I guess."

They ate in comfortable silence, and Shane felt extremely whole. He tried to not meet Rozanov's eyes, but he knew they were on him. Shane bet his face was warm, but he did not mind when Rozanov looked at him.

"Is that why you play?" Rozanov asks finally, chewing. "Hockey is entertaining for you?"

Shane furrowed his brows at that, shrugging. "Well yeah. I mean, it is. Once I realized I could play professionally, though, it became about... other things."

Rozanov sucked his teeth, the honey chicken leaving his red lips shiny. Of course, Shane looked. He waved his fork around, bringing Shane's attention upward.

"Well?" Rozanov pressed his lips in a line. "What things, Hollander?"

"I don't know" Shane sighed, not knowing why he made that statement, "Being the best? Being perfect." Shane squirmed, always quick to say what was on his mind when it came to Rozanov. "Still, I always feel most like me when I'm on the ice. It's good, even with the pressure." Shane paused for a moment, before adding, "I like the pressure."

Rozanov nodded along, looking at Shane again, his eyes slightly flickering. He picks at the chicken on his plate. "I have good Russian friend. Her name is Svetlana. She is rich, comes from rich family. Has lot of pressure on her too."

Shane is surprised by this, not expecting Rozanov to open up about his own personal life easily. Technically, Shane started it. He tries to ignore the pang of jealousy from hearing about his close girl friend. Close girlfriend.

Rozanov continues. "She was ballet dancer. Her family had connections, placed her in good program. She was good, very talented. But her coaches pressured her, made her change in order to be... perfect."

Rozanov paused, looking at Shane to see his face. Shane just stared back. "That's unfortunate," Shane replies slowly, "Did she leave ballet?" Shane did not want to talk about Rozanov's girlfriend. He took a lame bite of his broccoli.

“She did,” Rozanov said, “because she was hospitalized. She was on strict, unhealthy diet, and it permanently damaged her. That is what doctor said. She has weak heart.” Rozanov paused, letting the words sit heavily in front of them. “But, she is strong.”

Rozanov did not look at Shane after that, leaning in to shovel more food into his mouth. Shane was shocked at this admission, and found himself struggling to know where to look. Did Rozanov think he was like that? Going to quit hockey because he was starving himself?

Shane’s parents knew about his particular diet. They knew about his meltdowns, and his inability to make friends well, and his perfectionist mindset. But they supported him, and they loved him, and they didn’t pressure him to really talk about any of it or even see it as a real issue. Rozanov, on the other hand, probably talked to him for a total of 15 minutes before ripping out his brain and dissecting it for Shane to see.

Shane never passed out. He wasn’t terribly skinny. He played well and didn’t let his problems affect his hockey. He didn’t have a lot of friends, but he had hockey. Yes, Shane didn’t have any problems playing hockey, so he didn’t have any problems at all.

“That’s terrible,” Shane croaked finally, “I can’t imagine how hard that was for her.” Shane could definitely imagine how hard that was. Maybe he would end up like that too.

“She was heartbroken,” Rozanov agreed, “but she realized she liked more than only ballet. She is much better now. She owns big car dealership in Russia.”

“The most important part,” Rozanov continued, “is to stay healthy. That is the, um, message? Yes. Message of the story.” Their eyes met, but there was no accusation in Rozanov’s gaze.

Shane felt exposed, but he didn’t feel terrible. Maybe Rozanov was catching on to more than he should, yes, more than Shane wanted anyone to know, but he felt somewhat comfortable with this. Right now, Rozanov did not look like he would go around telling everyone that Shane looked faint in hotel gyms and did not order room service.

“I think so too,” Shane agrees, smiling slightly. “I am glad she is doing better.” He looks down at his food, and is surprised to see most of it done.

“Yes. She was not here for my draft, sadly, but she was watching. She thinks you are better than me.” Rozanov laughs, but he is grinning fondly.

Shane’s heart skipped for a second. Rozanov told his girlfriend about Shane? Shane took another bite before mustering the courage to ask. “So you tell your girlfriend about me?”

Rozanov gives Shane a confused look. “You do not listen? I said she is friend. Childhood friend. We are like siblings.” He is talking through a mouthful of food again, and he seems less concerned about chewing with his mouth closed than spitting out these words.

“Right, right, sorry.” Shane apologizes. “Well, she has good taste.”

“Yes,” Rozanov says, looking at the freckled skin under his eyes, “Yes she does.”

Chapter End Notes

this is rushed but its finished so hurray

obviously shane's eating isn't cured, but i wanted to convey shane caring about himself other than just how hes doing in hockey. he deserves health and happiness, which rozanov helps him realize.

i love writing caring rozanov. he cares about svetlana because they are friends, but he cares about shane because he's in loveeeee

End Notes

i might make more than 2 chapters but the next chapter will finish the "dinner" scene in ilya's room. if you even bothered reading this thank you so much love you bye

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