

I feel safe when you're holding me near

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I feel safe when you're holding me near

by [DoubleVirgo](#)

Summary

“You are lying liar who lies.” Shane heard Ilya as he grabbed him by the collar of his shirt, looking down at the newly exposed skin.

“Fuck off, Rozanov.” He says with no real force behind it, pushing his boyfriend away from him.

Notes

As someone with anxiety, please take care of yourself 

любимый - Lyubimy - My beloved/dear

As always, if you are a native Russian speaker let me know if this is incorrect!

“You are lying liar who lies.” Shane heard Ilya as he grabbed him by the collar of his shirt, looking down at the newly exposed skin.

“Fuck off, Rozanov.” He says with no real force behind it, pushing his boyfriend away from him.

“You told me, no panic attack.” Ilya points at him accusingly.

And yes, Shane had said he was not having a panic attack. He had said that to his mom, to his dad, and to Ilya many times over the past year.

Usually, he meant it. They all knew he wasn’t a great liar - ironic given the situation they are in - and really it wasn’t fair that they all knew him too well. They knew his twitches and stims - how he held himself in uncomfortable situations, how he sometimes couldn’t stand the sounds of people breathing. They knew all of this and yet, Shane had managed one teeny tiny lie and if he wasn’t on the verge of a panic attack he would be proud of himself.

Shane had been benched for the game tonight because of a minor sprain in his ankle and even though he knew these things happened, it was still a reminder that playing the game was getting harder after all these years. If it was his rookie season, he would have played. But now, he had taken too many hits to ankle to just play through it, plus his ribs had been bruised from a hit in a previous game. The trainer had gently suggested Shane sit out one game against a poorly ranked team. Which again, was normal, but Shane wasn’t normal. He never wanted to sit out if he didn’t have to. This was *his* team and they needed him to be there.

Thus the panic attack.

Ilya was not supposed to be here. He was supposed to be playing in Ottawa in about three hours.

Shane had planned to spiral, order take out, and watch his comfort show all while contemplating if he was going to lose the game that was his whole life.

But now Ilya was in his living room glaring at him.

“You’re supposed to be at a game.” Shane tried to shrug off the concern and hobble back to his spot on the couch.

Even annoyed, Ilya went to help him, but before he could “I’m fucking fine.” Shane huffed, slapping his hands away.

“And yet your chest says different.” Ilya responded.

“You can’t see shit in here, the lights are dimmed.” Shane pointed out.

“Then take off your shirt.” Ilya crossed his arms.

“No,”

“Hmmm. And why is that?”

“It’s cold.” He knew he sounded like a child, but he didn’t appreciate his plans for freaking out alone being disrupted.

“C’mon Hollander, take your shirt off. Usually you like taking orders.” Ilya squatted down next to him and grasped his face.

“Fuck you.” Shane responded.

“You want to know what I think?”

“No.” Shane unintentionally nuzzled into Ilya’s hand.

“I think if you take shirt off, your chest will be covered in marks and red.” Ilya slowly moved his hand under the collar of Shane’s shirt.

Well, Ilya would be correct about that. Sometimes he couldn’t help it when he got anxiety, he would move his hand over his chest in an attempt to lessen the feeling of being wound too tight.

“I’m just hot.” Shane tried again.

“I thought you said you were cold.” Ilya uses the back of his hand to check Shane’s forehead.

“Ilya...” He whined.

“Shane.” Ilya said, pushing Shane’s shirt up until he had no choice but to lift his arms and allowed his boyfriend to take his shirt off.

“Sweetheart...” Ilya murmured before leaning down and kissing Shane’s chest. Ilya settled in between Shane’s legs as he continued to kiss his heart, then along his collarbone, paying attention to the scar he had from when it had to be reset after he had broken it, before pulling back.

“It’s stupid.” Shane couldn’t help the tears that came to his eyes, but he refused to let them fall.

“If it makes you this upset, is not stupid.” Ilya caressed his cheek.

“What if I can’t play hockey anymore?” He whispered.

“Shane, one ankle and bruised ribs don’t end careers.”

“But, but you played with bruised ribs last year and weren’t benched.”

“I also had two bruised ribs, and you have four. There is difference.” Ilya reminded him.

“But -”

“Shane. We have at least another 7 years of playing and even then we will not be as old as Scott Hunter.”

“He’s only three years older than us.” Shane’s voice was flat and he knew he was pouting.

“Yes, but in hockey one year is like nine.” Ilya shrugged.

“That’s dog years.” Shane deadpans.

“Dogs don’t need years Shane, they are good boys who are always like puppies.” Ilya smiled at him and then kissed him once, twice, before Shane was smiling himself.

This whole conversation was ridiculous.

“You want to tell me why you lied?” Ilya asked.

“I just -” Shane pulled at his hair, probably making him look crazy. “- I’m too young to be sitting games out and the team needs me and the fans were probably expecting me and -” Shane fiddled with the drawstrings of the pants he was wearing.

Ilya pulled Shane’s hands away from his pants before settling them on Ilya’s shoulder.

“And I need you too.” Ilya kissed him. “And your parents need you.” Followed by another kiss.

“But -”

“You don’t owe these people your body or your mind.” Ilya gently reminded him.

And there it was. Shane had become accustomed to the pressure that came along with this job. The pressure to always be *on*. He understood hockey on a level that others did not. But the other things that came with it were more difficult for him. The need to be perfect - have the perfect answer to interview questions, the perfect thing to say in the locker room whether they were winning or losing, the perfect social media presence - all of that pressure that people put on Shane.

And Shane allowed it to happen because he knew he could do it. He knew he could be what they wanted him to be.

Ilya took a completely different approach - basically telling the world they could go fuck themselves. As freeing as it might be, Shane couldn’t do that - like he physically could not do that. It wasn’t who he was.

“I just - I thought -”

“C’mere” Ilya stood, took off his own shirt and then pulled Shane up before being mindful of Shane’s ribs, maneuvering them so that Ilya was now laying down on the couch and pulling Shane on top of him.

Skin to skin. A tactic that was used to calm down newborns. Shane's mind reminded him. Hunching in on himself he buried his face in Ilya's neck.

"You are not weak. You are strong - too strong sometimes." Ilya was running his one hand up and down Shane's back, while the other gripped the back of his neck.

"Shut up." Shane said but left an open mouth kiss on Ilya.

"I mean it. You are strong and brave and second best hockey player."

Shane pinched Ilya's side, "Second best?"

"Well I am first."

"That's not what ESPN said." He smirked.

"They lied to you to make you feel better.. Kind of like what you did to me, Yuna, and David." Ilya kissed the top of his head before starting to scratch his scalp.

"Did I really get away with lying to my mom?" He asked hopefully.

"No. She called me worried - said she was going to come here herself, but I told her I would do it."

"I kept my voice even though." Shane pushed up further into Ilya's space, still mouthing at Ilya's neck. Now he was getting a little warm, but it was the good kind of warm. The kind that soothed an ache in your bones.

"Yes, and she knows you too well. Really a wonder you were able to keep being gay a secret."

"Apparently you were the bigger surprise." Shane smiled thinking of that awkward conversation after his dad had caught them at the cottage that first time.

"Best surprise for them."

"For me too." Shane untucked himself to look at Ilya who was smiling softly at Shane. Shane leaned in to kiss Ilya - it was funny how it never got old. The freedom to kiss Ilya and not have it go anywhere - just simply because he loved his boyfriend.

Ilya reached for the tv remote, bringing up the Montreal game.

Pulling back he asked, "How are you even here?" Now that Ilya was here, Shane wanted more time with him- wanted to argue with him about what take out to order, maybe shower together, and then sleep in the same bed.

"Told my coach I had a family emergency."

"Ilya." Shane frowned.

“What I am not liar like you - you are my family.” Ilya emphasized his point by squeezing Shane. Ilya had a knack for saying the most devastatingly romantic shit like it was just a normal sentence. He was still an asshole, but he was also so mushy underneath it all and Shane knew it was a privilege to be one of the peopl that was able to see it.

Shane had to break eye contact and moved down to kiss Ilya’s chest to hide his smile. One kiss over Ilya’s heart, another on his nipple just because things were getting a little too serious.

“You are Shane Hollander, missing one game does not define you or your career. You have given your team multiple cups. If they can’t survive one game without you, they are even worse than I thought.”

“I can’t handle losing hockey. I can’t”

“I know любимый. No one is asking you to.”

“But -”

“No buts, this is what happens in professional sports. Sometimes you miss games, it is out of your control. Was I wrong to miss game when my father died?”

“No-”

“No, because we are people too. Life happens, but we rest, we train, and we come back. We always do.”

Shane twisted his mouth considering Ilya’s words. He was right, but it was something he was never going to be able to accept. The two of them were in this together.

“We’re gonna do it together though, right?”

“What?”

“Life.” Shane answered.

“Da, always.” Shane kissed Ilya more fully now settling. He was still worried about the season and his ankle and his team. But he felt better and even though he wouldn’t admit it out loud, he would rather freak out with Ilya here than be alone. He might still be freaking out but he also had Ilya here as an unmoveable force, here to partially bully Shane into being kinder to himself.

“You want to order from that Thai place?” Shane offered, knowing Ilya liked the place here better than the one they ordered from in Ottawa.

“In a little, I just want to hold you for a little.”

Shane laid back down, and put his head on Ilya’s chest so that he could listen to his heartbeat. Shane thought about Ilya too. He had given up so much for hockey. His family had ridden on his talent and money for as long as they possibly could. His brother was a douchebag. His

mother had left Ilya's life way too early. For as much as Shane needed to be kinder to himself, so did Ilya. But Ilya's battles were different from Shane's.

"Hey... You know the same goes for you."

"Hmmm?"

"You don't owe these people your body or your *mind*." He put an emphasis where he thought it should be.

Ilya let out a long sigh at that. "Is kind of you to say that."

"I'm not being kind, Ilya. I mean it because I love you... so much."

"I love you too Shane... even if you are world's worst liar."

"If I wasn't a bad liar how would you be able to call me out on my shit?"

"Such a good point... I would say don't ever get better at lying, but if you haven't gotten it down yet, I don't think you're going to... kind of like your backhand shot."

"You're an asshole." Shane's backhand shot was strong.

"Ehh, but not liar."

Shane bit Ilya's peck for that, God he loved this idiot.

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