

## how to love your Ilya: 101

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| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Hayden Pike (mentioned)</a> , <a href="#">Yuna Hollander (Mentioned)</a> , <a href="#">David Hollander (mentioned)</a> , <a href="#">Irina Rozanova (mentioned)</a> - <a href="#">Character</a>                                                                                              |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Angst</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug</a> , <a href="#">Insecure Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Protective Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Panic Attacks</a> , <a href="#">Trying to repair Ilya's mental state 2k words at a time</a> , <a href="#">Emotional Hurt/Comfort</a> , <a href="#">Shane's Cottage</a> |
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# how to love your Ilya: 101

by [Issers](#)

## Summary

“I am not good person Hollander” he said, keeping his eyes locked on the water “I have been told many time that I am rude, annoying, loud and asshole.”

Shane looked slightly confused. “Yeah, sure, that’s what you’re like on the ice but we both know that’s not who you are day to day.

Ilya looked wrecked “Is it not? Hollander I have one friend, and my only family thinks I am disappointment to bloodline - I do not disagree.”

—

Ilya has some shit to work through, Shane is determined to do whatever he can to help.

## Notes

Hey y’all!!! I haven’t posted anything in ages so this is mildly daunting but I saw these two and just KNEW I had to write something. As usual it turned out more like angst and less like frolicking through a field weaving flowers in each other’s hair but hey it ees what it ees.

Now this contains some heavier themes, particularly how Ilya feels about his mother’s death and the havoc that it still wreaks upon his life. There’s also a description of a panic attack so if any of that is triggering please scroll away.

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

Family didn't come easy to Ilya.

He knew it didn't end with blood, learned that lesson too young when his brother looked at him with a hateful glare and his father found another reason to be perpetually disappointed in him. He knew what love was meant to feel like though. He remembered the loving gaze of his mother, her gentle hands carding through his curls.

He remembered her smile, her *warmth*,

And at the same time he remembered the frigid cold he always felt when thinking of his time in Russia. Thinking of his father, his brother, his home country and despite all of the love he felt for her, his mother. He remembered finding her, lifeless and cold. Missing everything that made his mother herself.

Remembers distinctly deciding that would be the last time he'd let anything hurt him that bad.

So when people find him abrasive it doesn't bother him. Nothing does these days. He has nothing to prove. He's there to skate, not to make friends, not to socialize or connect or whatever stupid shit his PR team is trying to convince him of.

This definitely has all to do with not being bothered by it and nothing at all with the fact that maybe inside he's terrified that if they truly knew him they wouldn't like who he was.

He can hook up, have one night stands with as many girls as he wants but he never lets himself get attached. Not until Shane Hollander comes frolicking into his life with his freckles and his stupid haircut. *Shane* who, despite performing at the pinnacle of a hyper-masculine sport is so tender and soft and all the things that Ilya does not let himself have.

So he tries not to get attached. Distances himself with meaningless faces and a tactically chosen public persona.

Nothing helps. Shane's like a magnet, pulling him in despite his best efforts, and regardless of how much he hates it, his warmth radiates onto Ilya. Makes his harsh exterior melt lest he pays close attention to maintaining it.

Family doesn't come easy to Ilya, but the longer he spends in North-America the easier it gets to let people in.

He's used to it being him against the world. And at first it is. It's him and maybe Svetlana if she was around, mostly as a buffer between himself and his family.

And then it's Shane, and Yuna and David and even Hayden *fucking* Pike for some fucking reason, and it terrifies Ilya in a way that nothing ever had, the emotion far too large to process, too devastatingly *astronomical* to even imagine — except he has to. And the idea of all of this, being his to have and more importantly his to lose, weighs on his shoulders in a way that nothing ever has.

So that's where Shane finds him, curled up, eyes squeezed shut like a child trying not to see the danger in front of it. He's vaguely aware that he's pushed himself into the far-too-cramped space behind the laundry machine but he just needed to find somewhere that wasn't large and open and with Shane's penchant for modern floor plans there were few and far in between.

He needed to calm his breathing, to dry his tears and to will the nausea coming up to go away because Shane could not see him like this, weak and dejected. He needed...

He wasn't sure anymore. He felt disjointed, his breathing getting erratic in a way that it hadn't since those horrible weeks after his mother's funeral. His mind felt blank but he needed to remember, needed to be strong?

He couldn't remember *why*.

"Ilya?" He hears. Sees Shane's face full of worry and poorly disguised panic.

It's wrong, his face shouldn't be scrunched up and tense like this. He should look youthful and happy and it's Ilya that's making him stressed out right now.

And with that realisation comes a fresh wave of panic. He truly can't breathe now, air puffing out of his lungs in mocking little tufts providing no real oxygen.

And then Shane's hand falls on his shoulder and it's like a *lifeline*, grounding him, providing a disembodied sense of calm that would have sent him running under any other circumstances. He can hear Shane's voice now, asking him to mimic his breathing, to name four things he can feel and he idly wonders how long he's been sitting on the floor, staring in front of him blankly.

"Laundry machine" he manages to croak out, voice feeling like sandpaper. "Hamper" he tries to sit up straight but he feels a bone-weary tiredness pull him straight back down. "Ugly t-shirt you got from hockey camp and Montreal Metro's captain Shane Hollander"

In return Shane gave a small smile, but it came out tense and wrong. For a second he wonders what his father would have thought if he saw him now, on the floor throwing a petty tantrum like some child that didn't get his favourite toy and it's enough for him to straighten his spine, shock him back into some form of functioning. His father would *hate* him now.

Would hate his emotions, his weakness and above all the tenderness with which Shane touches him. Like he's fragile. Like he wasn't raised to be phlegmatic and unfeeling. Like he's someone worth loving.

Maybe it wouldn't have mattered, maybe his father would always hate him, hate him for not staying in Russia, for not being the best, for being gay, for not getting to his mother in time.

And wasn't that always what it got back to.

If he'd only been faster, more aware, if only he'd known.

That was always what hurt the most. That he deserved his father's hatred.

All of the sudden the walls closed in on him, like a wounded animal stuck in a claw-trap. He barely registered shouldering his way past Shane, all he could think about was how he needed to get out - at any cost, anywhere just *out*.

Only when he was stood by the lake, he managed to breathe again, a shaking kind of inhale that sort of hurt his lungs, but maybe he didn't mind the pain. It felt like it brought him back to the present.

Shaking fingers found their way to the pack of Marlboro reds that he'd hidden in a ziplock bag behind a rock. Shane hated his habit, but once in a while he just needed something to take his mind off everything - and Shane would know that he'd smoked of course - he'd be able to smell it on him, but in those moments he never mentioned it.

This counted as one of *those* moments, he decided. The second that the smoke hit his lungs his fingers stilled but the harrowing chaos in his mind kept playing. A chorus of thoughts about faults and guilt and hatred echoing over and over threatening to pull him down until he felt someone reach out and take his hand.

Breathing out another puff of smoke he finally dared to look at Shane, who must have walked after him while he was far too far away to notice. He steeled himself for the pity, maybe even disgust or disappointment that he expected, only to find a look of pure love, the kind that Ilya had vowed never to feel ever again.

"I don't deserve you" Ilya ground out, aiming for casual but definitely missing the mark, instead simply landing on dejected.

Shane tilted his head, searching his boyfriend's face for any sign of where this may have come from. "Where is this coming from?" He asked.

Somehow, out of everything, this was what broke him. The idea that Shane did not know, did not see that he was so *wrong*, so unlovable.

"I am not good person Hollander" he said, keeping his eyes locked on the water "I have been told many time that I am rude, annoying, loud and asshole."

Shane looked slightly confused. "Yeah, sure, that's what you're like on the ice but we both know that's not who you are day to day."

Ilya looked wrecked "Is it not? Hollander I have *one* friend, and my only family thinks I am disappointment to bloodline - I do not disagree."

Shane's face went through a complicated series of emotions before settling on pure devastation, "Ilya you don't mean that. You can't think that."

Finally Ilya met Shane's gaze, eyes red-rimmed, tears streaming down his cheeks. "I *deserve* to be hated." He almost spat out the words, like they were too violent to be kept inside of him. "I am never good enough, I play sport based on speed and one time it matters I am too slow."

He saw the moment it clicked for Shane, could spot the exact moment the full weight of the confession dawned on him. “Your mom.” He said, and it wasn’t a question, and all Ilya could do in response was *sob*.

Because he’d never talked about this, never would have even thought about it again if these sudden feelings of warmth and love didn’t keep projecting images of his mama to the front of his mind.

Shane’s hand found his waist and pulled him in close and nothing ever felt as good as being near him, even now at his absolute lowest. “Ilya you know it’s not your fault. Please tell me you know that.”

“Is it not?” He asked, not able to sound anything but bitter “I was old enough to watch her, I knew she was sick.”

“You were *twelve*.” Shane’s eyes were wet, and he hated that.

“I should have been there.” Ilya shouts. Almost immediately he feels guilty. Shane’s not at fault for this,

“You couldn’t have known.” Shane’s voice is soft and gentle and all the things he longs for and does not deserve

Ilya’s breathing is ragged, he sounds defeated “How could I not.”

Shane looked at him with a look of pure devastation “Ilya..”

“You did not see how Alexei looked at me after, before he find out I am gay. I could see in his eyes, he hated me. Everything after was just extra.” He motions with his hand. “Father didn’t talk for six months, next time was when I miss crucial pass, said I was weak.”

Shane’s arms tightened around his waist, steadying him before speaking “Rome wasn’t built in a day, and I won’t convince you of this today, but I personally don’t think it is your fault. He pressed a kiss to Ilya’s hair. “Also, your father and brother fucking suck and don’t deserve you.”

Shane said it like it was the most normal thing in the world, but each word shook Ilya’s world. How could he hear everything he had said and still think that?

He didn’t think he deserved it but he wouldn’t waste it, not when it was right there at his fingertips to reach out to. And so he buried his face in Shane’s shirt and cried, not out of anger or guilt or fear, but just because he missed his mama more than ever when he was being held like he was something lovable

## End Notes

thank u for reading my wild musings, pls pls pls leave a comment i thrive on engagement <3

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