

Shane Hollander and his Human Weighted Blanket

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/78215646) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/78215646>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Anyia Ilya Rozanov's Dog
Additional Tags:	Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Post-Episode: s01e06 The Cottage (Heated Rivalry) , Husbands , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Post-Canon , Shane Hollander Has OCD , Autistic Shane Hollander , Soft Dom Ilya Rozanov , Sickfic , Non-sexual Overstimulation , why is that not a tag , Hollanov - Freeform , Ilya Rozanov is a Weighted Blanket , Light Angst , Hurt/Comfort , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , no beta we die like hayden pike , Aftercare , Bathing/Washing , Inspired by Fanart , Implied Sexual Content
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Hollanov One Shots
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-24 Words: 2,506 Chapters: 1/1

Shane Hollander and his Human Weighted Blanket

by [CoorsOnTap](#)

Summary

This task of ‘shutting Shane’s brain off,’ aka stopping panic attacks, had become a sort of game to Ilya. His current list of approved methods were sex (obviously), hot/cold showers and sour candy. Reserved for particularly bad attacks was dunking Shane’s face in an ice bath, though this method was not preferred by either of them.

The most efficient way (besides sex) is the “weighted blanket” method.

OR: Shane spirals in a way-too-hot shower and Ilya pulls him out.

Notes

Inspired by art from [@madrasaur](#) on Tumblr

This Texas ice storm is the only reason I’m able to write anything. Apparently I do my best when class is canceled and I work the overnight shift at my desk job.

I mention a blanket in here and I linked it the notes at the end. Very nice blanket, highly recommend.

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

Shane and Ilya entered their shared home in Ottawa, bags dropped and forgotten at the door. Ilya cadged Shane against the wall with his arms, kissing him senseless while he removed both their clothing. Shane licked his tongue into Ilya's mouth, following him up the stairs and into their bed.

Game day sex didn't happen on the road (mostly). They would fuck sometimes, after a good win or hard loss for a home game; never during the playoffs. Abstinence kept them focused, hard driven on the ice, but it also gave Shane one less outlet for his fixation on his performance. Now, with the playoffs finally over, he would replay his plays over and over again until Ilya could find a way to shut his brain off.

This task of 'shutting Shane's brain off,' aka stopping panic attacks, had become a sort of game to Ilya. His current list of approved methods were sex (obviously), hot/cold showers and sour candy. Reserved for particularly bad attacks was dunking Shane's face in an ice bath, though this method was not preferred by either of them.

The most efficient way Ilya's tried (besides sex) is the "weighted blanket" method. Shane religiously slept with a 20lb dark-blue weighted blanket, a gift from Ilya after doing some research on Shane's atypical behaviors. Shane was stricken with how thoughtful Ilya truly was. His husband often took the time to research terms and things he didn't understand and always made Shane feel safe, even when Shane thought he was just being weird. Ilya even went as far as bringing it to the hospital after a particularly bad check left Shane with a broken rib and unable to sleep. He hadn't been able to lift it on and off himself, but having some sort of weight covering his whole body was the only way he got any rest. Ilya, the smart cookie he is, decided to just lay his whole body on top of Shane, careful of his injuries. It was the best sleep he'd ever gotten, and the human weighted blanket became a staple in the Hollander-Rozanov household. Fucking Shane only helps if Shane is at the start of an attack. Shane hates taking the benzodiazepines his psychiatrist prescribed him, so Ilya does his best to catch the bad ones early. Once it gets going, it's bound to be hours of physical strain and emotional agony if Ilya doesn't shut it down.

Which he thought he'd done, given the Canadian seemed fine when he went downstairs. Shane was currently in the shower, where he had been for the past hour, scrubbing himself raw for the third time with his cedar scented body wash under the way-too-hot water. Sometimes Shane spiraled for no fucking reason. It was the single most annoying thing in the world, to have a good night ruined for literally no goddam reason. Ilya had fucked him hard, the way he liked it, gotten him out of that post-game headspace and down like a dream. Sitting in the afterglow, Shane felt warm and fuzzy while his husband wiped him down with a damp hand towel, gathering the mess and the evidence of a good orgasm. The Russian laid with him in a cocoon of sex and touching and comfort, until Shane felt the dried sweat on his skin start to itch.

They showered together and Ilya finished first, deeming Shane lucid enough to dry off alone. He'd gone downstairs in a pair of grey sweats to feed Anya and make a quick snack for the two of them. Shane stayed in the shower and stared down at the drain, willing his spiraling thoughts to swirl away. He didn't even know what he was thinking about. Thoughts appeared and dissipated quicker than he could process them and the steam of the shower felt thick

around his head. He hadn't felt great before the game, but the adrenaline of winning and anticipation for Ilya's dick kept Shane from falling over the edge. Shane brought his wash cloth back to his skin, using the rough material as a barrier to his brain. He was dirty, and he needed to be clean. He could still feel the sweat from earlier cling to his skin, the tacky dried lube against his thigh, the –

Ilya reached his hand around Shane's arm to grab the cloth from his husband. Shane made a noise of disapproval, slightly tugging back before letting go. Ilya turned the water off, grabbing a towel and wrapping it around Shane's shoulders. Ilya rubbed his arms over the towel, blue eyes flicking back and forth between Shanes. Shane could see the concern on Ilya's face and felt his chest tighten at the feeling of guilt, the feeling of ruining time they finally had alone. It was less, now that they had all the time in the world, no longer in hiding. That fear was gone, but its effects still lingered.

“Breathe Shane.” Ilya murmured as he tugged Shane out of the shower, drying him the rest of the way off and sitting him on the toilet seat. He began rubbing the towel over his jet-black hair, grabbing the last of the water before it dripped down Shane's back in the way he hated. Shane let his eyes flutter shut when Ilya rested the towel on Shane's neck. He felt his finger trail over his cheek bones and freckles, down his neck and coming to rest on his face. Ilya's thumb ran over his freckles as he held his husband's face, hands blessedly cold. Shane took a deep breath, holding it for a moment and letting it out. The humidity made the air feel thick and constricting. The cool porcelain of the toilet almost burned against his raw hot skin. The towel on his neck was starting to bother him and he reached up to pull it off and lay it on his lap. Shane leaned his weight into Ilya's stomach where he stood above him. Hands held his face, not caressing or moving but holding a steady, cool pressure on his cheeks. Shane focused on the fading cold of the porcelain, trying to ground himself. He felt nauseous almost, too hot despite shivering while sitting naked in the bathroom. His face felt flushed and his skin was tight from the hot water.

Shane must have been panting, or doing something weird because water started running, his head was tilted up and an ice-cold cloth was placed over his face.

“Mmm...” Shane hummed in approval and put his hand on his face to keep the cloth in place. Ilya's hands left him for a moment and Shane heard a distant shuffle in the bedroom. Ilya walked away from his husband and into the bedroom, quickly changing the sheets on the bed. He placed the dirty pile in the hallway where Shane wouldn't see it, not wanting to leave him for the laundry room but also saving him from his own neuroticism. Ilya walked back into the bathroom with clean clothes for Shane, dimming the overhead lights on his phone and grabbing the towel off his lap. When they were building the house, Ilya was very insistent that every room in the house had lights that dimmed (“Yes, Shane. Even the pantry.”).

Shane sat, leaned back against the toilet with one hand over his face and the other gripping the counter. His chest heaved slightly and his mouth was agape. Ilya wondered distantly if he had just gotten too hot, or if his brain just began to spiral, or if a million other things set off his husband's nervous system. Ilya was just as bewildered as Shane as to why he had random episodes of panic, but did his best to fix it regardless of the reason. It was harder to navigate when there wasn't a reason for the panic because Ilya had to go in blind. He didn't know if Shane had a reason, fixation, or if he was just experiencing symptoms of a panic disorder.

This particular time, Ilya was sure Shane just got stuck in his head in a very hot room, overstimulating himself and left without the tools to remove himself from the bathroom. Ilya went back to the bedroom to get the glass of water he brought up from the kitchen. He brought the glass back and set it on the counter, apologizing when the dull ‘thunk’ made Shane flinch.

“You are dehydrated. Hot water dries you out, makes you dizzy. You feel sick?” Ilya smoothed his hands down Shane’s shoulders and slipped his fingers under Shane’s hand to remove the cloth.

“Mmm, just a bit. I didn’t before.” Ilya ran his hands under cool water for a couple of minutes.

“You do not drink enough water when you play, Solnyshko.” Ilya stood, whispering praise to Shane and counting his breaths for him. Shane followed Ilya’s guiding words, breathing in, holding while the blond man counted, and exhaling when told. Ilya kept his voice soft and light, starting to notice the blooming headache behind Shane’s temples.

Shane let out a moan of pleasure when he felt ice cold fingers finding his face. They traced under his eyes, made circles around his temples and smoothed the wrinkles on his brow. Ilya’s cold hand smoothed over his heated flesh, driving away the swimming feeling in his brain.

“Would you like to get dressed, moy lyubimyy?” Shane nodded, instantly regretting the motion. He allowed Ilya to help him stand, help him put on some loose-fitting cotton boxers and a pair of socks. Shane breathed in through his nose and out through his mouth, trying to quell the bout of nausea rising in his throat. Ilya leaned him against the counter, both Shane’s hands gripping the edge beside him and Ilya grabbed the glass of water beside Shane’s hip. “Slow sips. Or you vomit.” Shane huffed a laugh and took very small sips while Ilya held the glass for him.

When Ilya was sure Shane wasn’t going to throw up, he ushered him to their bed and laid a thin cotton sheet over his husband. He patted Shane’s knee with an ‘be right back’ and walked out of the bedroom, turning the fan on as he went. He put the sheets on the floor and the clothes in the entry way in the wash, then went downstairs to grab Shane’s headache pills and another glass of water, as well as an ice pack and the snack he made earlier.

Upstairs, Shane did his best to control his beating heart. His head pounded in time with his high pulse making it difficult to get a grip on reality. The panic attack in of itself wasn’t really that bad; the heat and humidity and whatever he felt before the game combined really took it out of him. He barely registered Ilya walking back in and startled at the dull sound of items hitting his nightstand. Shane listened to the jingle on Anya’s dog tags and she followed her owner and laid down in her dog bed. What a good girl.

Ilya pressed a pill into Shane’s hand for him to take. He placed his palm under Shane’s head and tilted it forward so he could sip water without spilling or sitting up. He replaced his hand with an ice pack, laying Shane’s head down on the cool surface.

“Feels good...” Shane slurred out some words Ilya didn’t catch. Ilya tried to get Shane to take a few bites of the yogurt he brought before Shane pushed it away. Ilya threw away the container in the bathroom trash so the smell didn’t bother Shane’s stomach.

“Are you still hot? Not to...hm. Airless? Like turkey.” Shane narrowed his eyes at the Russian man, trying to figure out what he meant. Ilya had that adorable look on his face when he was looking for a word.

“...Like turkey?”

“When room is thick. When it rains, or you...” Ilya made a packing motion with his hands. “To turkey.”

“Stuffing? No...stuffy?” Ilya snapped his fingers.

“Yes! Not too stuffy? You feel the air on your face, hmm?”

“Oh. Yes, I feel better. Thank you, for the water and such. I’m actually starting to get a bit cold. Don’t move the ice pack though.” Ilya nodded while rearranging the items on the nightstand.

“You want weighted blanket?” and Shane did, so bad. But he was afraid of getting too hot again. Ilya seemed to notice and just nodded. “Roll over on your stomach.” Ilya rearranged the pillows so Shane could hug one on his stomach, then took off his own sweatpants, leaving him in black spandex boxers that wrapped tight around his thighs. Ilya pulled the sheet back and grabbed the black and yellow brushed cotton blanket that was folded at the edge of the bed. Ilya had gotten this for Shane as well, thoughtful but also trying to be an ass with the colors. The surprising weight of the material and breathability was perfect for times like this. Ilya laid the blanket over his own shoulders and straddled Shane’s waist so he could arrange it over the both of them. Ilya laid down, making sure the blanket stayed, then wrapped his arms under Shane’s chest. He rested his head on the space in between Shane’s shoulder blades, squeezing tight and kissing the freckles there.

Shane relaxed immediately, taking in a huge breath and shakily letting it out. He heard Anya whine as she stretched, then felt a small weight jump up and settle against his and Ilya’s tangled legs. Shane supposed he could let her stay for now.

It had to be well past 1am at this point, but Shane didn’t care. The heavy weight on top of him had calmed his nerves, and the flow of air from the fan cooled his hot skin. The ice pack from before was placed slightly above Ilya’s head, resting in the dip of Shane’s neck. Thank god they had the day off tomorrow. Shane was going to sleep in, eat breakfast with his husband (preferably in bed) and do nothing but lay on the couch with him.

Maybe he *was sick*.

Ilya cupped Shane’s peck and squeezed, letting his hands feel the relaxed muscle. Shane sighed into the contact and let himself feel his husband’s hands on him, his soft lips on his skin. “Day off tomorrow, yeah?”

“Yeah.” Shane spoke into the pillow.

“We should do nothing. Watch shitty house building show you pretend to hate.”

“Reality TV is going to fry your brain, Ilya.” Shane snorted. “But I agree. I have no intention of leaving the couch tomorrow.”

“Hmm. Good. I will make you breakfast and if your head hurts, I will fix. If not, I fuck you.” Shane laughed at that.

“Sounds like a plan.”

“Da, I know. You like those.” Ilya kissed his back again, settling down for sleep. Shane hummed and tangled their fingers together under the pillow and finally, shut his brain off and fell asleep.

End Notes

[Shane's Blanket](#)

As always, please let me know if anything is wonky.

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