My Heart in Your Hands

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My Heart in Your Hands

by Oaks118

Summary

"Now it is time to let everything go, yes?" Shane could feel Ilya's voice rumbling through his chest from where his cheek was pressed to his body. "You can let everything go and I will take care of it, ok?"

OR: Shane drops after they leave his parents' cottage. Ilya helps bring him back up.

Notes

Hello! I finally had some time to write this one out (while I was at an Olympic hockey game ;) good place to write HR fanfic?)

Thank you to everyone who followed this whole series. This is the end (at least until S2 but no promises since idk where or what I'll be doing by 2027 lol) so I'll be marking it completed.

One of my favourite parts of this show is the unspoken D/s dynamic so I figured the perfect way to close out this series would be with an actual aftercare fic :) That being said, there's no explicit sex in this so I'm keeping the series rating the same, but if these types of dynamics make you uncomfortable, maybe don't read this one.

Even though this series is over, I'm still doing HR stuff, so go follow my other WIPS if you like my writing and want more fun/funny/angsty vibes. I've got Line Change which is a canon-compliant AU where Hollanov become publicly friends as rookies and hide their relationship without the rivalry. There's also Polar Hearts which is an HR Hunger Games AU, so if you want some crazy angsty secret relationships, go check that one out. And there's also The Short Game which is an AU of TLG if Shane moved to New York instead of Ilya moving to Ottawa, meaning Shane plays with Scott Hunter and Ilya gets to stay at the top of his game, heightening their rivalry while they're still in the closet.

Comments and kudos are appreciated. Thanks again for following along with this series.
Enjoy!
-Oaks

See the end of the work for more notes

It hit Shane as soon as they got back to his cottage. To be honest, it had been creeping up for some time. First as he'd sunk to his knees, Ilya's hand petting through his hair as he tried to gain the courage to leave the house. Then staring at his parents' cottage through his car windshield, kind of regretting every life choice he'd ever made. Then at the dinner table with his parents right in front of him, Ilya's hand on the back of his neck like an anchor. And finally back in the car, the tips of his fingers slowly going numb, almost slowly enough not to notice – Shane hadn't noticed until he'd clutched the gear shift to put the car in park, barely finding sensation in his palms at that point.

But he'd held it together all the way to the front door before it really hit him. He'd done a pretty good job of that today, all things considered, only really breaking down for a second at the dinner table before Ilya pulled him back to focus.

Now his keys were fumbling in the door as his shaking hands tried to fit them in the lock. Shane focused on his breathing, taking steady breaths in and long exhales out, feeling his chest expand and contract, diaphragm pushing against his ribs, skin brushing against his shirt, air tickling his nose, tongue heavy in his mouth—

"Shane?" Ilya's hand on his back, palm warm and heavy between his shoulder blades, moving with the expansion of his chest propelled by his heavy breaths.

Callous-roughened fingers covered Shane's hand, steadying his shaking and reaching for the keys.

"Let me," Ilya said gently.

"I can do it," Shane tried to protest as the keys slipped easily from his weakened fingers. He could do it. He needed to do it. He needed to get his body under control.

He needed to go inside. The sun was almost down, the temperature rapidly dropping. Shane shivered, feeling the cold set in, making the hair on his exposed arms and legs stand up. He needed to get warm. To get Ilya inside so he didn't get cold too. Maybe they could curl up together on the couch for a bit? That would be nice. Just to hold each other. Or they could go straight to bed. That would be better. Shane really wanted to lie down.

The lock clicked as Ilya turned the key, arms bracketing around Shane's body to push the door open. He swayed forward instantly, stumbling inside, kind of tripping over the threshold.

"Shane." Ilya caught him by the arm, guiding them both into the cottage.

"Sorry," Shane mumbled. God he was tired. Today had been exhausting. He really, really needed to lie down. The pasta he'd eaten was sitting heavy in his stomach and he briefly wondered if it was going to threaten to come back up. Shane swallowed reflexively, throat swollen and scratchy. He tugged at his collar a little, wanting the fabric away from his skin. He needed—

“Hey, hey.” Hands folding over his own, twining their fingers together as they pulled his scratching nails away from his neck. Shane turned wide eyes on his boyfriend.

Right. Ilya was his boyfriend now. His boyfriend. Oh God they were actually doing this. They were really together. And of course the first thing Shane was doing was having a fucking freak out or something. He needed to pull it together. Before Ilya could see. Before he realized how neurotic Shane actually was. That it wasn’t just a funny little joke or a cute little quirk. He was going to mess this up. It had barely even started and he was already going to mess it up—

“Shane.” Ilya gave him a gentle tug so they were facing each other. Shane stared at his chest, the Boston Raiders logo bright yellow in the black abyss. Like a warning sign.

Oh God, this wasn’t going to work. How could they ever make this work?

“Shane.”

Ilya looked at him so tenderly. His finger came up to gently wipe under his eye, coming away wet.

Oh.

When had he started crying?

“I’m ok.” Shane tone came out decidedly not ok, but Ilya nodded anyway.

“Ok.”

He had one hand on Shane’s shoulder, a firm pressure keeping him grounded while his other cupped his jaw. Shane leaned into the touch a little and Ilya’s thumb ran over his cheek, tracing his freckles.

A quick glance up revealed Ilya’s eyes tracking over his face, searching for something. Shane dropped his own before they could make contact. Instead, he stared at the sharp cut of Ilya’s jaw. It was late in the day, and he could see the faint dusting of stubble along the skin. Maybe Shane could pet his hand against it? Feel the rough scrape with his fingers. Fingers that were currently clutching at Ilya’s t-shirt, the fabric bunched between his fists.

Oh.

He was wrinkling Ilya’s shirt.

The hand on his face moved to his other shoulder. “Come, we take bath.” Ilya tried to tug him toward the bathroom but Shane pulled against him a bit.

“‘m tired. Jus’ wanna go to bed.”

“I know. Bath first.” Ilya gave him another nudge and Shane pulled back again. He didn’t want to disappoint Ilya. He just didn’t know why they had to have a bath now. Why couldn’t he just go to sleep? If Ilya wanted, he could have a bath by himself, although, the idea of

being separated from him right now sent a jolt of desperation through Shane. He swayed forward just at the thought of it, head landing on Ilya's shoulder.

To his credit, Ilya didn't miss a beat, one hand wrapping around Shane's waist, the other coming up to cup the back of his neck with a gentle squeeze. Shane's knees went a little weak at the touch, nuzzling his head into Ilya's neck with a whine.

"Ok. Is ok," Ilya cooed. "I will make better, yes?"

Shane didn't say anything. Just turned his focus back to breathing, taking in great gulps of Ilya's scent. His hands twisted tighter in Ilya's shirt. He should really let go. Stop wrinkling it.

"Come with me *moy lyubimyy*. You will feel better when you are clean. You do not like to be dirty and it has been a very busy day." Another pull, this time from hands on his waist. Ilya took a step back and Shane was quick to follow, wanting to stay close.

Ilya led him to the ensuite bathroom, pausing to turn on the tap for the bath. The sound of water rushed through the room, trampling over Shane's incessant stream of thoughts.

Ilya pushed him by the hips again, guiding him back toward the counter. Shane leaned into it, letting the surface prop him up as Ilya's hands traced from his hips to his thighs.

Then he picked him up. Shane huffed out a little breath of surprise as Ilya's hands set him gently on the counter.

Fingers caressed under his chin, pulling his face up a little.

Warm lips on his. A tongue gently tracing his mouth. Shane's lips prying open on a little gasp and the tongue sweeping inside, claiming him. Shane moaned into it, hands still fisted in Ilya's shirt, pulling him closer.

Warmth slowly crept into his limbs, starting from the rapidly beating heart in his chest and up to where it felt like Ilya was determinedly breathing life back into Shane's lungs.

Shane couldn't help his gasp as Ilya pulled back, firm hands on Shane's shoulders holding him in place, keeping him from chasing the warmth of his lips.

"I know," Ilya mumbled soothingly. "Just a minute."

And then he was gone. And Shane felt so, so lost. Unmoored. His eyes stayed trained on the tile floor, head too heavy to lift.

Another anguished noise must have worked its way up his throat because Ilya soothingly shushed him from somewhere across the bathroom. "Just a second, sweetheart. I'll be right back. You are being so brave for me."

"Brave?" Shane mumbled, confused.

“Yes, you are very brave. You have been so brave today.” Ilya appeared back in front of him, big hands resting on both of Shane’s knees. Shane leaned forward until his heavy head fell on Ilya’s shoulder. It was bare and somewhere in the back of Shane’s mind, he registered that Ilya had taken off his shirt. He didn’t think any farther than that right now, just nuzzled into the warm exposed skin, breathing Ilya in again.

One of the hands left his knee to cup the back of his neck, squeezing the muscles there, kneading out the tension. Shane sighed into it, shoulders sagging.

“Now it is time to let everything go, yes?” Shane could feel Ilya’s voice rumbling through his chest from where his cheek was pressed to his body. “You can let everything go and I will take care of it, ok?”

Shane didn’t really understand but he hummed in agreement anyway. Anything to keep Ilya’s hands on him, his body close. Shane was still a little cold and he burrowed deeper into his boyfriend as his body involuntarily shivered.

The hand left his neck and Shane whined. Ilya shushed him again as he gripped the bottom of Shane’s shirt, pulling the fabric up.

“Come on, work with me a little, sweetheart.”

“‘m cold.”

“I know, but the bath is warm. It will help you feel better.”

Shane’s hands pressed to Ilya’s stomach, letting the warmth sink into them. Ilya hissed, muscles jumping at the shocking cold. “Fuck you are freezing.”

Then he pulled back again, catching Shane by the shoulder before he could flip off the counter.

“Ok. Is enough. We take bath now.” Ilya’s demeanor switched from gentle coaxing to no-nonsense practicality. He grabbed the hem of Shane’s shirt and pulled it over his head. Shane’s arms automatically slipped free, his shirt suddenly gone and his torso exposed to the bathroom air. Ilya huffed a small laugh at his miffed expression, hair a little askew.

Then he tugged on Shane’s shorts.

“Wha—?” Shane slid off the counter, feet landing unsteady, hands shooting to Ilya’s shoulders as his pants and underwear landed at his ankles.

“There. Much better,” said Ilya, lifting Shane’s ankles to pull his feet free from his clothes. Then Ilya stood up, and hefted Shane into his arms by his thighs again. Shane quickly wrapped himself around the giant Russian, clinging so he wouldn’t fall.

Ilya took two big steps on steady legs like Shane weighed nothing, then one unsteady one as he hefted them both into the tub.

He set Shane down in the water, the warmth instantly seeping into his skin, all the way to his bones. Ilya sat too, then maneuvered Shane's heavy limbs until he was lying back against his chest.

Shane briefly registered the skin-to-skin contact with a sigh. This was nice. Ilya's chest pressed to his back, the steady beat of his heart calling to Shane's until they matched. His sturdy thighs bracketing Shane's hips, the hair on his legs scratching against his skin. Ilya's dick was pressed to his back but it wasn't hard, just there, a comforting presence—

Wait, when had Ilya ditched his pants?

Shane kind of came to as Ilya's fingers pet through his hair, combing the strands back with small drops of water, careful to not get Shane's face wet. Awareness sunk in gradually; his muscles relaxing incrementally, the cooling bath water, the rumble of Ilya's voice at his back. He was whispering words in Shane's ear, some in Russian, some in English, all of them tender praises for how well he had done today. How brave he'd been. How happy Ilya was for them both, to be holding him in his arms right now, to be able to call Shane his, for Shane to do the same.

"I want to be yours forever. I want to have everything with you, the good and the bad. I want to be the one to pick you up when you fall. The one you open up to. Because you are beautiful, *moy lyubimyy*. Every part of you. I love all of it."

"All of it?" Shane mumbled, body twisting to look at Ilya, face a bare-naked mess of doubt and hope.

Ilya smiled knowingly. His hands dropped from Shane's hair, one wrapping around his chest to lay against his heart, now beating at its usual slow and steady pace, the other drawing his chin up for a slow and indulgent kiss. Shane let out a little sigh, immediately opening up for Ilya. He would never get tired of this, body coming to crave this feeling more than the pleasure of an orgasm or accomplishment of scoring a goal. This felt right, and easy, and perfect.

Ilya pulled back to speak but kept their faces close. "You are back now?"

Shane's eyebrows scrunched a little. He wanted Ilya to kiss him again. "Back? Did I go somewhere?"

"Yes," Ilya's said gently. "You went away in here." He tapped Shane's temple with a finger.

Shane's heart dropped a little. "Oh."

Ilya was quick to reassure him. "Is ok. It happens sometimes. Is not bad thing."

"I didn't…I didn't mean to."

Ilya smiled as he pet Shane's hair back from his face again. "I know. Is not under control. Not even for you." He booped Shane on the nose. Shane reared back a little at the audacity.

Ilya laughed, eyes crinkling. "You are very cute when confused."

"'m not confused," Shane grumbled but he knew Ilya could see the lie. Shane hadn't *gone* anywhere. He'd been right here with Ilya the whole time. Except…except the bath water was getting cold. Which meant they'd been in here for a while. But Shane couldn't remember how long that was. He'd been vaguely aware of Ilya hefting him in the tub and then…

"I don't…I don't know why that happened. I was fine in the car."

"Fine, yes. But not good." Ilya said it so simply. Like it wasn't Shane's fault. Like Shane not even being able to get his keys in the door was ok. Expected.

Ilya brought Shane in for another kiss as his thoughts spiraled, tongue slipping warm and wet into his mouth until Shane's shoulders sagged, mind going blank again.

"Better?" Ilya asked quietly.

"Yes." Shane nodded. He ducked his head. "Sorry."

"Hmm, no sorries." Ilya tilted Shane's face up until he reluctantly met his eyes. "Is not a thing to apologize for. Or to hide. I am here. I want to help you. I do not want you to feel like this alone."

"Oh." Shane tried to take that in. Tried to kind of believe it.

Ilya gave him another one of those overly-tender smiles. "Sometimes emotions get too…big. Too confusing. So our body stops. Shuts down."

"Oh."

"And sometimes we need someone to help put us back together."

Shane leaned into the hand that had returned to petting his hair. His boyfriend's other arm was still draped over his shoulder and around his chest, feeling Shane's heartbeat against his palm.

At Shane's silence, Ilya asked, "Has something like this happened before?"

"No," Shane responded too quickly, dropping his gaze.

Ilya raised an eyebrow.

Shane huffed as he admitted, "I don't know. Sometimes, I guess. When I was a kid there were times…especially when the hockey scouting stuff started…I don't know, I guess sometimes I just felt kind of tired. Like I needed to lay down for a while. And be alone." He didn't tell Ilya that a while often meant hours and hours of laying in the dark of his bedroom on the hardwood floor, feeling his chest expand and contract as he tried to breathe in a consistent rhythm.

"But not like that." Shane shook his head hard. "Nothing ever like that. I don't like, *go* somewhere else."

Ilya's hand cupped his chin again, stopping his movements. "Ok."

Shane still wouldn't meet his gaze.

"Hey," Ilya whispered, giving his chin another tilt. "Shane."

Shane's eyes darted up to his, finding nothing but love and understanding in their depths. They went a little blurry as his eyes filled with tears.

"Hey." Ilya's thumb traced under his eyes again, pulling the moisture away. "You do not have to feel like that alone anymore, ok? I want to be here for you. If you will let me?"

Shane swallowed thickly. "I don't…I don't like feeling like this."

"I know, sweetheart. No one does."

Shane took a shaky breath. "I don't know how to make it stop."

Ilya ran a thumb under Shane's eye to collect more tears. "You do not. But I do." He gestured to the bath. "See? You feel better already, yes?"

And Shane did. His muscles had let go of the tension they'd been holding since he'd first spotted his dad in his kitchen. His breathing was steady and normal, his body no longer focused on actually feeling his inner organs perform the involuntary function. His thoughts were trailing at a pleasantly syrupy pace.

"How'd you…know how to do that?"

"You were dropping. Is not too hard to fix, just takes time. And attention. Get you warm, get you fed – but we ate already – make sure you are safe, and then just hold you until you are back." Ilya shrugged like it was no big deal.

But it was a big deal. No one had ever taken this level of care with Shane. No one had given him time like this to feel through everything until he gently came out the other side. He'd always been told to suck it up, push through, think of the plan, be practical, solve the problem. This was the first time his overwhelming emotions hadn't been treated like a problem to solve, but rather an experience to embrace.

And he did feel better now. Instead of ruminating on every little part of today for the next week, Shane felt like he could put the day behind him. It wasn't the end of the world like he thought it would be. It was the start of something new. Something better.

"Still here?" Ilya traced over his cheek again.

Shane looked at his beautiful boyfriend. He loved him so, so much. "Yeah." He twined their fingers together, present in this moment, finally letting himself feel all the warm fuzzies he'd pushed down for the last seven years. "Yeah. Right here."

Ilya got Shane dried off and into bed. He'd been worried on the drive back, watching Shane slowly tense back up the closer they got to his cottage. He hadn't exactly been fine during dinner, but after his initial freak out and reassurances from his parents, he'd loosened up a little. Been almost happy. Definitely relieved.

It wasn't until he'd point blank stopped on the threshold of the cottage that Ilya had clued into something being very, very wrong. It had taken a lot of convincing to get Shane into the house and to the bedroom. Even more to get him into the bath.

At least Ilya knew what he was doing. You don't have as much sex as he did without picking up a few things. And Shane was…special. He went down easy, opened up beautifully. Ilya loved to get him into that state. The one where he'd do anything for Ilya to touch him, to stay close, his mind soft and floaty as Ilya held him.

He'd spent the last few days at the cottage bringing Shane in and out of states of bliss, the last time having been that morning. He'd been planning how to do it again that night when David showed up at the cottage. Shane had snapped out of that blissed-out state so fast, it had even given Ilya whiplash. Then Shane had dropped to his knees at Ilya's feet and he knew this would need to be taken care of later.

When Shane dropped, he dropped fast. Ilya had only seen glimpses of it before – Shane stumbling around hotel rooms, words a little slurred, anxiety in the set of his brows and shoulders until Ilya coaxed him back to bed with gentle teasing and soft caresses.

He hadn't realized until tonight that Shane didn't know what it was.

They were in bed now, Shane's head pillowed on Ilya's chest, watching the rise and fall, both of them just listening to each other breathe. Ilya could practically hear Shane's thoughts running through his head from the way his feet kept twitching under the blankets. He ran his hand up and down his boyfriend's (boyfriend!) back, palm scratching against the warm smooth skin, subtly pressing into the contours of his muscles. Shane sighed into it, stretching out a little more before settling deeply.

After a while, Shane whispered, "Do you…Do you ever feel this way?"

Ilya paused before answering, trying not to tense his body, needing to keep them both in this state of relaxation.

He gave Shane a slow nod. "Sometimes. Not the same as this exactly, but similar."

"Oh."

Ilya didn't respond, both of them falling into pensive silence. Ilya didn't check out like this when he dropped. Instead, he hyper-focused on everything, anxious to make things perfect, angry when things spiraled out of control. Sometimes he would sit alone in the dark. Other

times he would go out to a club, needing to be around people, in a place with music louder than his thoughts. Most of the time he drank.

Being with Shane was different. Ilya became desperate for attention. He'd seek Shane out, put a hand on his waist or his shoulder. He'd watch him across the room, eyes tracking Shane's every move. Sometimes Ilya felt a bit like a dog, waiting for his owner to come home, lighting up when he looked at him for even a second. That's why this week had been so special. Ilya had been the sole focus of Shane's attention for days. It was addictive.

He wasn't sure how he'd feel when he had to leave. When they'd go their separate ways and Ilya was alone at his house in Boston again.

Shane lifted a hand to trace over the cross on Ilya's chest. Ilya sucked in a breath at the contact.

"You know, you can always come to me for help with that too?" Shane offered.

Ilya let the breath go in a rush.

Shane propped himself up a little to look at him. "I'm serious. I want to be here for you too. Even if it's the middle of the night, you can always call me."

Ilya ran a hand through Shane's hair, reveling in the way his head tilted into the touch. He loved that. Loved the way Shane's lashes fluttered as his eyes closed, dusting over his freckles. Loved the slight flush that rose to his cheeks. The happy uptick of his lips.

"Ok," Ilya whispered.

Shane opened his eyes again, filled with devotion as he looked at Ilya. That finger was still tracing over the cross against his chest. Ilya could feel his heart swelling underneath Shane's hand.

"I will miss you. So much," Ilya's voice broke a little on the admission.

Shane pressed his entire palm over Ilya's chest, like he was holding his heart in his hand. And he was. Had been for longer than Ilya would like to admit.

"We're going to make this work." Shane's voice was filled with his special kind of determination. The kind that instantly set Ilya at ease. If he was good at keeping their emotions calm, Shane was the one who was good at planning for the future. Ilya hadn't really done that before. His entire life had been about getting through the next day, next month, next year. Next game, next tournament, next season. Whatever kept him moving forward fast enough that his ghost wouldn't catch up. He'd never had a chance to be still.

Until now. Lying in the arms of the man he loved, their hearts beating in sync. Slow and steady. He wanted to freeze the world right here, just to have the chance to live like this forever.

Except the world didn't work like that. But maybe theirs could. That's what Shane was promising – that even if these moments couldn't last forever, they could both count on there

always being more.

Ilya pulled his boyfriend in for a kiss. They didn't let it get heated, just savored the press of their bodies close together. Let the moment stay quiet, and simple, and theirs.

Shane pulled back as his mouth gaped wide on a yawn. Ilya immediately started laughing as he was met with a view of Shane's molars. Shane ducked his head to Ilya's chest, but not before Ilya caught his eyes crinkling in matching laughter.

"Sorry," Shane muttered, shoulders shaking.

Ilya carded fingers through Shane's hair, his own voice a little gravelly as he said, "We should get some sleep."

"Yeah," Shane sighed. "It's kind of early but it's not like we need to keep a normal schedule —"

Shane abruptly sat up in bed, staring at Ilya with wide eyes. "Shit, my parents! We need to go to the store. And plan a menu. Oh God, we need to clean the house before they get—"

Ilya set a hand on his shoulder, trying to pull him back down, already missing the warmth of his body. "I already rescheduled dinner."

"What how? When?" Shane laid down reluctantly. Ilya slipped his arm around his shoulders, pulling him into his chest.

"I sent your dad text."

"When did you get my dad's number?"

"When you were talking with your mother. He asked for Russian alcohol recommendation, and I said I would send him links. I told him you were not well when we got home so we moved dinner." Ilya's eyes turned teasing. "So we can spend all of tomorrow relaxing in bed until you feel better, and then you can ruin all my hard work by spending next day freak-cleaning and spiraling about what to cook…And then I will do all the cooking anyway."

Shane finally let himself sink fully into the bed, tired muscles sagging against Ilya's chest. "You really think of everything, don't you?"

"Hmm, yes," Ilya's mused, pulling Shane even closer. "So you do not have to think so much anymore. We can share."

Shane sighed, leaning his head back on his Ilya's shoulder, tilting his head up for a kiss. Ilya granted it to him.

"I love you," said Shane.

"I love you too."

Shane's head settled on Ilya's chest again and Ilya planted a kiss in his hair. "Now turn off your too busy brain and get some sleep."

"You'll hold me all night?" Shane's small sleepy voice asked.

Ilya's hand settled against Shane's back where he could feel his heartbeat. He loved him so fucking much. "Always. As long as you want me."

"Forever then."

Ilya pressed another kiss to Shane's hair. "Forever."

End Notes

Thank you again to everyone who followed along and encouraged me to keep going. Can't wait to fill the void of the hiatus with you!
-Oaks

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!