

I'm hardly brave (I know)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/90941206) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/90941206>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Heated Rivalry - All Media Types
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Shane Hollander is Trying , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Calls Shane Hollander Pet Names , Sad with a Happy Ending , Fluff and Angst , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Title from a Searows Song , Autistic Shane Hollander , Anxious Shane Hollander
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-08-20 Words: 1,979 Chapters: 1/1

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by [ilove_djungleskog](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander had always struggled with controlling his emotions once they got past a point of no return. He would cry in the bathroom after a test knowing he failed and couldn't do anything about it. However, he'd always been able to keep the harsh emotions at bay until he was alone. Except on the way to his wonderful boyfriend's house, he seems to be confusing the giant house with home. Maybe he can learn to be more open around Ilya. Maybe home can be a person. Maybe it was always a person, since 2009.

Notes

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



Shane used to get so overwhelmed with school work that he'd cry during tests and when David would help with his homework. He has a brain for math but it doesn't take long for him to get confused and frustrated cause he's moving so fast in his head and he'd just give up and start crying. Shane still gets that way just not with school and math anymore. There's been a few occasions when he has broken down by himself after hard games and loud days but he's learned to manage. Make it home so no one sees. No one can know he's weak and a crybaby.

Ilya has never heard about these so when he opens his door to his gloomy looking boyfriend, he knows something is up. Shane was almost always ecstatic about seeing Ilya before game days. He had said that spending the night with Ilya made his nerves calm down, and Ilya had seen just that before.

It had been during a long grueling week of traveling for Shane. A bad loss of 4-1 against New York but now the Metros were in Boston for their last game of the road trip. Shane had just wanted to make it to Ilya's in time to have quick sex and have a nice night of sleep, cuddled up to his favorite person, before tomorrow but it seems his emotions and thoughts were not on the same page. It felt like his heart and mind were racing one another. And, it seemed the closer the car got to the giant mansion on the outskirts of the suburbs, the more Shane's mind seemed to keep spiraling through every game, every mistake, every long plane ride, every short one, and now he just wanted it to be quiet. Not long after Shane had gotten into the back of the uber, his vision started to blur. He prayed and hoped that his brain and nervous system would wait until after he was asleep in Ilya's arms to reset.

But here he was standing in Ilya's doorway, waiting to be let into the massive house, with his will to not cry slowly deteriorating. Shane's ever so slowly blurring eyes locked on the seemingly worried and concerned look resting on his boyfriend's face. "...Shane?" Ilya whispered, almost scared to make the face Shane had any more desperate than it was currently looking. Ilya was quite confused. He hadn't seen Shane look this broken since two years ago in this same house and that penthouse in Vegas all those years ago. It was equally heartbreaking and confusing. What could have possibly happened since they called last night.

Shane couldn't find the will to respond or even suggest he might be better than what he undoubtedly looks like at the moment. Rather than attempting to downplay his terrible mood, Shane's only thought is to walk past the doorway, drop his bags, and drag his heavy head down onto Ilya's collarbone. The second his forehead makes contact with the warmed mole littered skin of Ilya he can't hold everything back anymore and the floodgates are opened as he weeps into his boyfriend's shoulder. "Hey..Hey, it's okey моя любовь. It'll be ok. You're okey. I promise," Ilya tries to reassure Shane even as the man is breaking so sadly in his arms. He wraps his arms tight tight tight around Shane as his balance wavers in the small entryway. "Hey Shane? I have to move us. You always say it's not nice to wait in the entryway." he urges, anything to comfort Shane. Shane mumbles incoherently, gasping wetly, furthering the wetness at Ilya's collarbone. "Oookey..." Ilya whispers, mainly to himself

before making the decision for the both of them to move anywhere but here. He lifts Shane, all 200 pounds of thick muscle of him and hauls him till he's comfortably against Ilya's chest. Shane whines, too tired to do much more. Ilya hurts so much for his малыш, he would do anything to make him feel better but for now all he can do is carry his beautiful sad boy to the nearest, comfiest surface in the house.

The place Ilya settles on is the couch where the last bad thing happened but he pushes through and sits down on the couch, lowering Shane into his lap. "малыш, can you tell me what's wrong?" is whispered sweetly into Shane's ear quiet enough to be heard over his racing mind. Shane feels bad he didn't mean to immediately stress Ilya out with his problems as soon as he arrived. "I-I'm sorry." Shane mutters as quickly as possible, barely loud enough to be heard over his ragged breaths and pries his face off of his sweet sweet boyfriend. "no, no sorry. none of that. Just tell me what's wrong, okay?" Ilya pulls Shane's face closer to wipe away stray tears and caress his cheeks. "Okey?" is said once again but quieter as to not spook Shane any more than he already is.

"ok. ok. ok " Shane whispers over and over to calm himself enough to speak, feeling his mind clear up just a tad. Once there he speaks as if he's done something wrong, "it was just too much." Shane says. "What was?" Ilya encourages softly. "everything. the whole week. the game the other day. I just want it to be quiet and go away." Ilya's heart breaks a little more each time a word is spoken. He tightens his hold and pulls Shane into him again. "Okey, that's good, thank you. It'll go away. I will hold you till it goes away. I will fight it off if I have to." he attempts to bring Shane closer with little success because they're already sticky stuck together.

The pressure surrounding Shane seemed to only pull him further into that quietness he craved since the beginning. Ilya's soft reassurances pulling their weight. It was like he was enveloped in all things safe and secure, no way for the evil running in his mind to reach him. Ilya noticed the tension slowly leave his boyfriend. He is so relieved that his Shane is finally coming back to himself

The exhaustion that was lingering on the outskirts of his breakdown makes itself known again shortly after the tension leaves his body. Shane sags forward further into Ilya. His boyfriend tenses though not expecting the sudden shift. "Shane? You are okay?" He sounds worried. "Yeah...jus tired. Really tired." Shane's eyes feel so so heavy, he hasn't felt this drained in so long. He wonders how much sleep he's gotten the past week or so, probably not much if it contributed to this at all. "Wait, Shanya, we need to sleep in bed, not on couch. You need to stay awake a little longer." He takes a breath before continuing, "Do you want me to carry you again? Or walk?". Shane seems to very briefly think about it before answering, "Can you carry m'please?".

Without any arguing Ilya easily lifts Shane back up with a soft grunt of effort. Shane lets out a small gasp at the quick change in position but quickly settles very comfortably. It's a bit of struggle to climb the stairs up to his spacious room but he manages and cracks the door behind himself. Setting Shane down on the plush bed seems to be more a struggle with the way he is clinging to Ilya like his life depends on it. "Любимый, I need to put you down so that we can get comfy. Okey? Hm?" Ilya brushes the back of his hand against the tearstained red cheeks. "Mmkay." Shane reluctantly lets his grip loose enough to be carefully set on the mattress.

"There we go. I'm going to grab some clothes for us. Do you want a hoodie?" Shane nods. Ilya nods back and walks a few feet to the walk-in closet to begin his search for their clothes. Although he isn't far and was next to Shane not even a full minute ago, Shane yearns for his strong hold and warm temperature. As if hearing his thoughts, Ilya walks back into the room again a few seconds later. "I got sweatpants and hoodie for you. We can go to bed really quick okay? It's still okay." Ilya touches his favorite freckles buried under blotchy skin. "You are okey?" he questions just to be sure. "Mostly." is the quiet response. Shane hears a small good under Ilya's breath and it shouldn't be endearing but it is so he lets a small smile come over his face. Ilya returns the smile tenfold, so happy his Shanya is feeling better.

It takes a bit of complicated movements but in the next while Ilya wrangles the old airport clothes off of his boyfriend. Shane shivers when his skin is exposed to the crisp air conditioning. "I know. I know. New clothes next?" A nod in response. The putting on of the warm fluffy Ilya clothes goes much faster and the result is much more enjoyable. Shane hums contentedly falling backwards into the duvet. He can hear when Ilya lets out a short chuckle. "Okay big boy, scooch up and over. I need room, this is my bed if you have forgotten."

"Our bed." Shane is quick to say. "Yes, Shanya, Our bed." Ilya leans down and presses a short kiss to Shane's forehead. "Mmmm." Shane grumbles. "What?" Ilya responds. "Gimmie kiss." The same phrase said last summer during the best week of their lives said again by Shane in his most recent Worst Day Ever. Ilya gives him a sweet look and bends over again to do just that. A pair of soft lips finally meet his and Shane couldn't be any more content. Making any sort of attempt to turn this into something more wouldn't be a good idea considering Shane is still shaky and basically falling asleep with his head up. He does pull Ilya down over top himself though. "Wait. Let me turn the lights off." Ilya rumbles. Shane isn't the happiest about it but he lets his boyfriend up long enough to turn the bedside lamp off. After that is done, Ilya is once again draped over Shane, being the best weighted blanket.

They lay together in the dark for the next ten minutes before Ilya breaks the silence with, "Will you tell me about everything tomorrow? I want to help you and I do not want you stressing unnecessarily at the game tomorrow. Be honest with each other?" They always liked to think back to the time at the Cottage. Wishing for anything to be that easy again. They would just have to make it through this last season before Ilya was supposed to move up to Ottawa. It would all be better then but for now they had to use what time they had to be as honest and sincere as possible. "Yes. Always." Shane bundled further than what was possible

into Ilya's chest and continued, "Can you just hold me for right now? Till I fall asleep. You make everything better." Ilya was bursting with love. He would do absolutely anything for Shane . He would gladly murder anyone who ever tried to hurt him and would protect him from all the scary things. "I will hold you forever. We will never leave this bed." He joked as he lightly squeezed Shane before letting them fall into comfortable silence and soft warmth.

Shane let out one finally happy, contented sigh, sleep easily consumed him. He was home with his person. Safe and sound, no way for the loud outside to reach him now. Ilya would always hold him, love him and protect him. He has nothing to be scared of when Ilya is around. The last thing he barely hears in a quiet quiet, I love you Я люблю тебя.



End Notes

Hi!! this is my first time posting a fic and honestly I'm only doing it because tumblr has a word limit to posts 💔. anyway i hope you enjoyed it and check out my tumblr: @liveloughlovedjungelskog or ikea bear for more of my rambling! I also have a few art works posted on there as well so go check em out!!!

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