

Just...Tired

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Just...Tired

by [AlwaysRoyals](#)

Summary

Shane loves his mother and his team but sometimes those photoshoots and commercials can be overwhelming. The constant lights, the people in his face. The make-up artists, the stylists, his mother nit-picking at things. The director wanting retakes. He was tired. Overstimulated. A certain Russian hockey player makes things...better.

Notes

I never thought I would feel this love for a couple after Young Royals but whoa Heated Rivalry! I can't wait for 2027 like these actors brought these characters to life and ugh going to go rewatch them now. Hope you like it!

Shane sighed as he closed the door. His head thumping heavily against the hard wood.

He'd literally just gotten home from an hours long photo/commercial shoot. He really just wanted to take off the clothes he'd been (graciously as his mother had commented) given during the photoshoot and take a hot shower. Dress in his comfy sweats and hoodie, and get under the covers.

His phone sounded bringing him out of his thoughts.

Shane smiled softly at the name. It was a text from Ilya saying he was nearby. Shane responded back with one hand. The other was pulling at the stiff collar of his shirt. He grimaced as his trousers felt extra tight at the waist. His shoes were pinching him. The hairspray smell was burning his nostrils.

Shane could still feel all the hands and eyes he'd endured at the photo shoot. He would have thought of years of his mother and team booking him commercials and photo shoots to promote expensive brands, he'd be used to it.

But there were days when the flashing lights gave him fierce headaches. Heard the barely concealed comments muttered between the makeup artists as they did his make-up, or covered his blemishes and tried not to let his insecurities choke him as he avoided looking in the mirror. Feeling the scrutinizing eyes of the stylists who took his measurements. It all felt like a thousand hot pokers being prodded at him, left to right, top to bottom.

He scrubbed the palms of his hands hard across his face.

“Get it together!”

Ilya was coming over in just a few minutes and as much as he wanted the Russian man to make him lose himself completely to his touches, his whispers. Wanted to feel those plush

pink lips leaving hot paths from his lips to his neck to his pecs where he would bring whines and whimpers from him at the bites and kisses he left. Feel those big, warm hands grab at him, hold him down, pull him wherever Ilya desires. On kitchen counters, on the bed, on top so Shane could straddle him.

But right now. He was tired. Physically, mentally, and emotionally.

Shane wasn't sure how the blonde man would take it.

Probably call him boring. Take in the bags underneath his eyes (the make up artists had been particularly mean about them) and his lanky hair. He would probably look at him in distaste. Find someone better, beautiful, more interesting than him.

Shane hated the tears tickling at the corners of his eyes. He roughly brushed away. Taking deep breaths to keep them at bay. The doorbell rang.

He readied himself as he stood at the door, letting out a small huff of laughter at the annoying ringing pattern Ilya was making to bother him.

Shane took a deep breath. He reasoned with the dark, negative thoughts in his head.

If Ilya wanted him to leave that was fine. He would be fine. Totally. Completely fine.

'Great another lie,' thought Shane.

He opened the door, there leaning against the doorframe was Ilya dressed in his tight dark jeans that hugged his legs and hips in the right places. A black hoodie and his cross necklace gleaming in the fading rays of the sun. His blonde curls were swept back. He was beautiful.

"Hi Rozanov."

Whatever witty remark Ilya had on the tip of his tongue died. The laughter in his eyes faded to concern as stood up straight. The swagger replaced with concern.

“Hollander you okay?”

Shane rolled his eyes. “I get it, I look terrible. Get inside.”

The blonde man with the most hypnotizing hazel eyes kept his gaze on him, even when Shane closed the door behind him.

“No, I asked if you were okay? Have you eaten? Slept?”

He'd skipped lunch not wanting to risk getting a food belly for the next hour of photos and filming.

Shane drops his gaze to his feet, not wanting to see how close Ilya is likely scrutinizing his face. Two warm, big hands are held in front of him.

“Can I touch?”

Shane's breath stutters. How many times he had hands touching him, moving him this way and that. Now here was Ilya, the one man who had touched him and seen him in his most vulnerable moments asking for permission to cup his face.

He nodded. Always. He always felt the safest with Ilya.

Shane was pretty sure he'd said in his mind. But the way Ilya's concerned gaze fell into something softer, and tender. He wondered if in his exhaustion, the buzzing in his brain, the blood pounding in his ears had let it slip through his lips.

Ilya notices how Shane pulls at his collar, fidgets as if something is bothering him. He takes in the frown between his brows.

His voice was softer. “Are you comfortable?”

Shane wanted to lie and say that everything was perfect. Everything was fine. Not cause a fuss.

But this was Ilya.

He was tired. Tired of pretending. Of trying to stuff his feelings way way down.

He took Shane’s chin between his fingers. His eyebrows were raised as his eyes met Shane’s.

His voice was low and sincere and made Shane’s legs feel like jelly. “Tell me Hollander. Honest answers only.”

Shane made a sound close to a groan and whine. “My clothes they just feel really tight and hot. Like fire ants are crawling all over me. Today was a hard day and I don’t-don’t know if I feel like having sex. I’m so-

The blonde man made a sound in the back of his throat.

Ilya’s eyes remained on his. “You never ever have to apologize or feel guilty because you don’t want sex. Is okay. You understand?”

The buzzing in his ears finally came to a mute.

Shane's breathing came out in shuddering pants. A warmth overtook his body. He could only nod. He was stunned at the sincerity at how tender Ilya sounded.

Ilya gestured with his head to the nearby stairs. "Go to your room and put on hoodie and sweatpants. Can you do that? I make you food. Go."

He moved on auto mode. He went through the motions of taking a shower. Washing his hair, feeling the water and soft scented shampoo rid the hair products. He even took the time to use his favorite body scrub. He must have been there a long time but when he finished he felt better. More himself.

He dried up and dressed himself in his most worn sweats. His hair was fluffing up but he couldn't find himself to care.

"Hollander! You down or something? Come downstairs and eat! Food is ready!"

He smiles at himself in the reflection of his mirror. There was a healthy flush to his cheeks. He looked better. He felt better too.

Shane smells something delicious as he heads to the kitchen. The TV softly playing a hockey game. The lights were dimmed. And Ilya was in the kitchen washing the pans and pots like he lived and owned the place.

The Russian man must have sensed Shane's staring. He met his eyes. A soft smile danced across his face.

"I warmed up some tomato soup and made grilled cheese sandwich. And a cold ginger ale you like, yes?"

On the table were two servings. It screamed domesticity. Thoughts of coming from traveling, and living out of hotels to finding a warm meal made with such kind intentions (his brain was screaming love) made it all too overwhelming but in the best way.

He walked past the food and enveloped his arms around Ilya's waist. He pressed a soft kiss against his neck. Smiling against his skin. Inhaling deeply at the smell of sun and detergent and what was purely Ilya.

He murmured. "This looks amazing. Thank you."

Ilya turned, his hands mimicking Shane's as they found their way to his hips.

"Come, sit."

Shane held back a smile at how attentive Ilya was being with him.

"Eat. If you want more I can make more."

"I think this is perfect. I really appreciate it. I didn't eat."

"No wonder you were pale as ghost."

Ilya was eating his portion with the finesse of a starving caveman.

He'd noticed that Ilya approached food differently than Shane. He actually noticed a lot of people approached it differently. And then he realized that they all actually approached food the same, it was him that treated food as different. As a task to be crossed out.

"How busy were you that you forgot to eat? That's not good Hollander. You'll get sick."

Shane decided to take the not so subtle hint Rozanov was making by staring at his soup. He took a sip, enjoying the mixture of sweet and savory.

Suddenly he was ravenous. *God he was hungry.* How did this soup taste this good? He saw Ilya push the plate with the carefully cut sandwich closer to him.

He took a slice, dipping it into the hot soup before taking a huge bite.

Shane blushed at the approving nod Ilya gave him.

“Um I was shooting a commercial today and it ran long. It was my fault. I kept messing up lines. Apparently can’t walk right according to the director-”

“Director is an idiot. Don’t listen.”

“Thanks I-I felt like I was wasting everyone’s time. So I skipped lunch. Saved myself from having to get makeup done or get my pants fixed by the stylists.”

Rozanov set his spoon down with a clatter. His eyebrows were furrowed. His pink lips pursed in deep thoughts as if wanting to make sure he said what he was thinking carefully.

“Hollander, that is their job. Making you look good. And it's not even that difficult. You’re pretty. And if they are being bitchy, give it right back. Simple. You call me an asshole all the time. You can call them that too. It's not just a pet name for me.”

That got a laugh from the quiet man. “It's not simple. My mother wants me to be perfect. To be the perfect role model. I can’t be a diva or be problematic. But sometimes it can be-

“Too much?”

Shane nodded. “Yeah. Today I don’t know my brain was in overload. Too much was happening and I thought when you saw me like you did earlier you wouldn’t want to stay.”

Instead of a plate of food being pushed into his hand, the blonde man’s hand was grasping Shane’s gently.

“It’s okay if you need break. I will always try my best to make you feel comfortable. To be happy. Maybe you can talk to your mother about taking a break. You’re human Hollander. Not a robot. Robots aren’t boring. You’re boring.”

Both men broke into laughter. Shane took the hand in his and lifted it to his lips. With the first kiss to Ilya’s knuckle. Their laughter faded into the background.

It was quiet. Just their breathing.

Rozonov’s eyes were lidded as he followed Shane’s slow descent of his kisses to each knuckle. Feeling those soft lips leave their heated brand.

He whispered, “Shane.”

The Montreal captain’s eyes flickered upward. Opening Ilya’s hand before resting the side of his face against the warm palm. He nuzzled it.

Shane’s voice was soft when he spoke, his warm breath sending shivers up Ilya’s spine as it blew across his skin.

“I don’t want to have sex.”

The Russian immediately chimed in, “We don’t have to if you don’t want to *dorogoy*. Is fine.”

“But I want you to sleep with me. Hold me. Is that okay?”

Those piercing hazel eyes met his own.

“Yes. I can do that.”

Shane hummed. The tension he’d been feeling the entire day was gone. All because Ilya appeared like a ray of light and made it all go away.

They continued their meal. There was no awkward silence, no lulls in conversations. It was as if this was daily occurrence. Shane wished more than anything that it was.

With the dishes in the dishwasher, the lights off, the doors locked. They headed upstairs.

Shane gestured to his dresser. “You can borrow whatever you want if you want.”

He was under the covers, his eyes felt heavier and heavier but they stayed on Ily’s fearing if he closed his eyes the Russian man would disappear.

The sound of the drawer opening and a soft laugh had him opening his eyes.

“Really Hollander you fold your pajamas? Is for sleeping, not gala.”

Shane rolled his eyes turning on his side, enjoying the plush of the mattress and the weight of his blankets.

Of course Rozanov would notice.

He liked his clothes to be folded and organized. It made finding things faster and made the drawers close smoother. Sue him.

“How about you stop being a weirdo and come over here already.”

“Kay. Let me just see- Ah! Yes, Shane Hollander likes to fold his underwear as well. And he’s a boxers man. To be honest, Hollander, I was expecting at least a jock strap.”

He did but that was another drawer. “Pervert.”

Shane heard the rustling of clothes and the sound of the bathroom sink turning on before finally. Finally Ilya was right beside him. The warmth of his hands and body making Shane release a long sigh of relief.

He left himself be pulled against Ilya’s strong chest, tangling their legs together.

He murmured, “Better.”

Sleep was quickly overtaking him. But Shane still felt the brush of lips against his ear, and then his cheek.

“What was that?”

He snuggled closer to Ilya. Those arms anchoring him.

“Better. Way better. Night Ilya.”

He could have sworn as he drifted off. He heard “Good night Shane.”

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