

Lift you up every time (even if we're not alone)

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by [wolviescharm](#)

Summary

—★ · 🏏 + !!

Where Shane doesn't think he played well, when in reality he did, and spirals into a panic attack and stumbles into Hayden's arms who does what he can to help his best friend.

Even if it means calling Lily- who's not... Lily?

Notes

Title from (Black Sheep by Metric (ft. Brie Larson)) and the () is from me :D

Translations:

счастье - sunshine/ happiness

моя любовь - my love

Малыш - baby

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

...

Shane didn't know where he was going.

Mind wise anyway— his body immediately led him into the locker room after a very long positive and inspiring talk with his coach and a few other important people. How he played amazingly and that last minute hat trick was something else. How he was laser focused onto not only his own plays but his teammates as well and that it made him an astounding captain. How he should keep doing what he was doing and win their team to the playoffs.

But as Shane blindly smiled and tried not to cry as his last few teammates left the locker room to celebrate— in which he kindly refused and was surprisingly not forced to go, he didn't feel good.

He didn't feel like he played good. Sure the score was 5-2 like usual but he was clumsy and lacked his usual form. Even if it wasn't noticeable to anyone but himself. It's not like he did anything special... He didn't meet with—

How is he supposed to do what he's been doing when he hasn't been doing anything? When he hasn't been himself and getting what he needs?

What does he need?

Air.

Shane needs air.

His chest is tight and a broken sob mixed with a gasp leaves him as he stumbles into the perceived empty room and lets himself crumple to the floor, barely wincing when his hockey gear stabs and prods at his sore aching body.

He doesn't know how long he lays there, crying and shivering, needing and wanting warmth and someone with him.

He doesn't get that until a light above him flickers and he faintly hears someone call his name

—

“Shane!”

A low whine escapes from deep within Shane, his ears filled with cotton and head fuzzy as he feels hot hands gently yet frantically hold his face. The person is still calling out to him, but Shane can't bring himself to do more than whine and cry. His mouth feels heavy and his tongue feels like a rock and tied in a knot.

He's maneuvered into a sitting position, the person still talking at him rather than to him, seemingly trying to calm him down.

It works.

Barely.

Just enough that Shane can breathe in and out and the tears in his eyes go away with every other blink. And that when he sees—

“H-Hayd..”

It’s Hayden. His best friend on the team.

Another whine leaves Shane as he tries to burrow himself into Hayden’s comfort, but he’s held back.

“Hey! Hey, buddy! It’s okay! You’re okay- here, let me—“

Hayden murmurs what he hopes is calming words as he gently settles himself next to Shane rather than in front of him, allowing Shane to take what warmth he could from multiple layers of thick padding.

It’s silent save for Shane’s tiny whimpers and shaky breathes, his body shaking under Hayden’s hand where it lays on his shoulder. Hayden is a minute away from calling out to Shane when the man starts crying and breathing all wonky again, and he’s been around enough to know that it’s signs of Shane having a panic attack.

A small panic goes through Hayden himself as he cradles Shane’s sweaty flushed face into his hands once more, eyes seeking out anything in Shane’s but all he gets are glossy blown out brown eyes.

“Shane? Breathe, bud— In, hold...out. In, hold... out. Yeah, that’s right, bud. In...”

Hayden repeats himself over and over again until Shane calms down... again.

“Are you okay? What do you need, Shane?” Hayden sees and feels Shane struggle to speak, a soft “take your time” helps him relax and breathe deeply before speaking.

“Il—“ Shane starts but he stops himself just as quick, just like the tears that are flooding his eyes again.

“”Ill”? Do you not feel good, Shane?”

Hayden hopes the sarcasm isn’t heard through his voice, because duh! Of course Shane doesn’t feel good. Dude is on the floor and went through two panic attacks in the last 20 minutes, maybe longer.

Shane just licks his lips and mutters... something.

Hayden cocks an eyebrow. “I’m sorry?”

Shane flushes more, which makes Hayden confused, and then mutters the same thing again but louder.

“Lily... ca-call Lily..”

Hayden pauses, maybe a little too long because Shane curls into himself and whimpers in a way that makes Hayden want to wrap him in bubble wrap and never get let him go.

But eventually he gets his brain working, letting out an “okay” before fumbling towards Shane’s locker and unlocking his phone (which is 1410- he doesn’t know what for though). As Hayden looks for Lily’s contact, his mind is running wild.

Of course, Shane would want his girl- if they were even together. And as the phone rings, Hayden glances down at Shane’s pouty self and curses to himself- hoping and praying that Lily picks up.

And on the fifth ring, it does.
But not what he expected.

“Hello?”

A smooth and low, heavily accented voice comes through. Not a woman’s voice. But not an unfamiliar one.

Fucking....

“...uh...”

Wow, nice job Hayd. Smooth.

“Hollander, you okay? I have been texting you for ages.”

No. Anyone but him.

Hayden has half the mind to not yell at either Shane or... Rozanov.. who was apparently Lily. God damn it.

“Uh, hey! This is Hayden. Hayden Pike! Um.. Shane is... uh..”

A soft yet sharp Russian word is heard from the other side, and then Rosanov’s voice.

“He’s what? Please speak English.”

Asshole.

“He’s having a hard time getting it together- he had two panic attacks and now he’s just zoning out... Shane?”

Another sharp word is heard just as Shane turns his head to gaze up at Hayden. His pouty face and watery eyes making him almost forget that Ilya fucking Rozanov is on the other side of the phone and is apparently Shane’s Boston Girl.

“Ilya?....”

Shane mumbles out, his bottom lip wobbling.

Hayden curses and nearly shouts into the phone.

“Look, I don’t know what the hell is going on but you need to get your ass here! Shane’s asking for you.” The “of all people” goes unsaid but it is heard from across the world.

Rosanov is silent until he asks “where?” And hangs up after he’s given the location.

Hayden scoffs out an “asshole” and crouches down next to Shane.

“So... Rosanov, huh?”

Shane shakes his head and just leans against Hayden’s bent knee.

“Okay... talk later, I guess. He’s on his way.”

Shane hums.

And they wait.

—...

It feels like hours after the call for them—

Shane is still shivering and sniffing while trying not to get into his head again.

Hayden is trying his best to shut the fuck up about Rozanov being Lily and trying to help Shane from falling again.

— but it was only 10 minutes until the doors to the locker room slammed open, making Hayden curse and jump from his crouch. Shane flinched a little but didn’t do much but bite his lower lip and gaze towards the door.

And then fresh new tears fell, along with a small whimper. Shane tried to turn his body towards his only escape from himself, but his gear and his own body didn’t let him. But he didn’t have to struggle anymore.

Ilya showed up out of breath and a little frantic with worry, shoulder getting hit by the door but he barely winced, eyes locked on the shaking body of his счастье.

“Oh, моя любовь...”

Ilya quickly ran towards Shane’s form, catching his outstretched hand with his own and cradling Shane close- or as close as possible. Shane was crying, trying to quite literally claw his way into Ilya’s chest. His sobs were quieted down by Ilya’s soft murmurs, some in English and others in Russian.

Hayden stood in his spot awkwardly yet in awe of how in tuned Ilya is with Shane, but then realized that with how long they’ve been talking (as Shane and Lily, not Shane and Ilya fucking Rozanov) of course they’re be in tuned like that. Like how he and Jackie are. And that does something to his heart.

Eventually Shane calms down, again, enough for Ilya to pick him up by the thighs and place him up onto the bench to cradle Shane’s face like Hayden did— only softer, more loving.

His voice was soft as he spoke, hands brushing at Shane’s hair and blotchy freckles, “Okay? Feel a bit better, моя любовь? Hmm?” Ilya is patient with Shane, though he’s silently hoping for a response before he implodes on himself.

Luckily he gets one, a small smile and a hand grabbing at his own.

“Yeah... missed you..”

Shane’s voice is small and shaky, his eyes glittering with tears and love, and it just makes Ilya’s heart pound in his chest. And then Shane continues with a little snort, “it’s hot..”

Ilya lets out a smile of his own and chuckles, giving Shane’s sweaty forehead a kiss before standing up straight. “Of course, you are still dressed like there’s another game! Here, I will get a to—“

“No!”

Shane quickly grabs at Ilya’s arm and nearly pulls him back down, pouting at him. “Don’t leave me.. please?”

He knows he’s being clingy and desperate for attention but it’s been a while since he’s seen Ilya but he’s been so lonely and tired of everything.

Ilya frowns, not upset with Shane at least not at him- just upset with whatever happened for him to act like he doesn’t know what to do with himself. But with those pretty eyes and pretty freckles directed towards him, Ilya caves.

“Okay, Малыш. I’ll stay, yeah?” Shane nods and reluctantly releases Ilya’s arm so that way he could settle in front of him again. “I still need towel. Pike?” Ilya turns to Hayden who kind of lowkey flinches at the sudden pull in conversation.

“Yeah?..”

“I need wet towel. For Shane. He cannot shower in this... condition?” Ilya turns to Shane for help and gets it with a nod, returning his attention to Hayden. “So a wipe down will do.”

Hayden can’t help the groan that comes out, or the small scoff, or the muttered “asshole”. But he still turns to his locker to grab a clean washcloth to wet it with fresh water.

When he returns, it’s to Ilya softly talking to Shane while gently lifting his hockey gear off of him, leaving him in his usual black athletic wear. Shane is quiet while Ilya talks, limbs looking heavy while Ilya lifts them up and out of the arm or leg holes, eyes fluttering every now and then while Ilya gently slaps at his cheek to wake him from wherever he is.

Hayden watches while Ilya takes care of Shane.

The emotions in him are too much, so he settles for plopping himself near Shane and thrusts the wet towel in Ilya’s face, humming when he gets a whispered “thank you” in Russian- at least he thinks it was a thank you.

Ilya starts with wiping at Shane’s face and neck, pulling away when Shane whines at a certain drag of his skin, shushing him gently when it happens again. And then he goes back to undressing him.

“I have to get you out of these yucky clothes, yes? Help out a little, моя любовь.”

Hayden huffs and smiles when he sees Shane pout and reluctantly grabs at Ilya's hand to stand up and raise his arm like a child who doesn't want to bathe. Hayden snorts a little at the thought. And when he tunes back in Shane is shirtless and a little red and Ilya's hands are pulling at the waistband of his athletic pants.

But before they could be pulled down, Ilya shoots Hayden both a teasing and warning glare — “Turn around, Pike. Only I can see моя любовь naked. No goodies for you. Ah- sorry, sorry, Малыш...”

Hayden had opened his mouth to say that he's seen Shane naked a handful of times, and that he never wants to hear Rozanov call Shane's... “goodies” “goodies” again. But he lets out a startled laugh when Shane pushes at Ilya's chest at the statement, his face red and pouty as he rests his palms on Ilya's chest. He turns around to his locker when Ilya apologizes and gives a soft kiss to Shane's nose.

‘Wow... Shane and Rozanov, huh? Who would've thought. I'm using this as blackmail against his ass.’

The shuffle of clothes being pulled off and on echo throughout the locker room, coming from both sides as Ilya help Shane into his own hoodie and Hayden takes off his gear and puts on regular clothes, mumbling that he'll just take a shower at home.

By the time Hayden is done dressing up and packing his bag, only needing his shoes left, he finds Shane on Ilya's lap while being fed a chocolate bar and then given water afterwards.

They're whispering to each other, but Hayden doesn't pay attention until his name is brought up.

“Will agree that Pike did good if you agree that you did amazing.”

“Excuse me?”

“Shh. Shane?”

Shane pouts and looks at Hayden for help, but he just gets a confused look and shrugs.

Ilya pulled the reason why Shane was having a panic attack out of him by promising some fun when they get home, and Shane was already loose lipped due to being tired so he just admitted it: “I.. didn't feel like I played- good, or great. Was sloppy..”

Ilya froze a little which made Shane bite his lip, mind going haywire. Did Ilya think the same? Would Shane get punished and be called a bad boy for playing horribly even if his team won? Is Ilya upset with him?—

“Sweetheart,” Shane let out a tiny whimper at the pet name, leaving his head back on Ilya's shoulder, “you did amazing today.” “No, I-“ “Don't talk back.” Shane shut his mouth.

Ilya sighed a little before wrapping his arms around Shane's waist and tucked his chin over Shane's shoulder. “Trust when I say you played really fucking good, and that I'm proud of you. Sure, you were clumsy and missed some scores but that doesn't... stray from the fact

that you won. 5-2, моя любовь. Most of which you scored. You played way better than Pike over there.”

Shane sniffed but let out a wet laugh, “Hayd did great. He helped with most of my scores.”

“Hm, beg to differ.”

“Ilya..”

“Will agree that Pike did good if you agree that you did amazing.”

Shane bit his lip again and stared at the lockers in front of him, trying his best to conjure the words up— he did great, he played well like usual, his coach told him, his team told him, Ilya told him so. And he doesn’t want to deter from the fact that Hayden played good too, that’s not fair.

With a small breath and a pout on his face, Shane managed to say that he was good.

“I did... good.”

“Hm, no? You did...?”

Shane tries again.

“I did.. amazing..?” That gets him a kiss to his neck and a “damn, right” from Hayden’s side. Shane repeats it again, and then again. One for himself and one for the world.

“And that means Hayd did good too?”

“Eh..”

“Ilya!”

“Asshole!”

Ilya laughs, open and unguarded as he cuddles Shane closer, sticking his tongue out at Hayden who just scoffs.

“Fine, fine. You played good, Pike.”

“Thanks. I guess.”

“Though you are still slow. And my Shane plays better than you.”

“Ilya, oh my god.”

“You’re such an asshole! But I agree that Shane is better than me. And I will ignore that you just called him yours...”

Ilya snorts and gathers Shane into a bridal style hold, giggling when his love yelps and scrambles to hold onto him for dear life.

“Ilya!”

“Yes, yes. I will not drop you. Let’s go home?”

Shane just stuffs his face into Ilya’s neck and hums, ignoring Hayden’s sigh of disbelief and his mumble of “Lord, help me”.

The three of them walk to the parking lot, Hayden holding their bags and silently watching Shane drift off in Rozanov’s arms like nothing. And he continues to watch as Shane is placed ever so gently onto the passenger seat and is kissed just as gently but full of love by Rozanov that Hayden almost doesn’t believe it.

But then Rozanov is thanking Hayden for being there for Shane, for calling him, and for not pressing for information about them. And Hayden finds himself saying the same thing back, minus the call and the... relationship, that even though he’s confused and will most likely cuss the fuck out of Shane’s brain, he’s happy that Shane has someone to take care of him and cherish him.

Even if it’s Ilya Rozanov.

And as Hayden watches Rozanov climb into the car and drive off, he finds that after a long talk he can get along with Rozanov. Just for Shane.

...

End Notes

I did it.

My attempt was made and I succeeded.

I AM THE BEST !!!! (Kind of lmao)

Anyways.. Heated Rivalry has consumed me and it's all I think about it. Like it's worse then my poolverine- I MADE A PLAYLIST FOR THE SHOW AND BOTH CHARACTERS and I listen to them daily 😭 I've never done that before so the obsession is real I fear

I love Shane and Ilya

I love Hudson and Connor

I am a Shane and Hudson girl through and through (but Ilya and Connor can get it fr 😊)

Obsession so bad I constantly tell my best friend that she's Ilya and I'm Shane.. she loves me tho 😊

ALSO HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO ME !!! YES! 😊

I hope you enjoyed 😊

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