

when he sees me

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when he sees me

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Summary

Shane doesn't know when he started feeling like this. He doesn't know if it really is a question of when, it's always been there, he thinks, baked into his daily routines and thought spirals.

Notes

i was originally going to write this as a 5+1, but i lowkey gave up. if ppl enjoy this maybe ill add some more chapters of little moments like this.

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

Shane doesn't know when he started feeling like this. He doesn't know if it really is a question of when, it's always been there, he thinks, baked into his daily routines and thought spirals.

His parents never thought anything of it, but he could see them talking to coaches and teachers and babysitters. He could see them tell them that Shane is, well, particular. Particular, and stubborn, sometimes. They don't say it like it's a bad thing, it's just Shane.

His mom told him once, it's what makes him so good at hockey, his utter and complete focus on everything. Skating, stickhandling, vision, all the way to his training, his diet, his time.

Shane has never known any different. He hadn't even realized something was off until he met Ilya.

"Shane?" Ilya calls the moment Shane steps through the door. He knows this is their shared home, both of them finally in Ottawa, but a small smile creeps on to Shane's face. He gets to come home to this everyday now.

"Yes?" Shane calls back, toeing his shoes off and lining them up on the rack. There's an order to everything. Ilya's shoes stay on the top, because when his back gets tight the day after a game, it's easier for him to reach without bending over as much. Shane puts his shoes on the bottom because he'd do anything to make Ilya's life a little easier.

"What's this?" Ilya asks, coming down the stairs holding Shane's journal. It usually lives in the drawer of Shane's nightstand, but now it's in Ilya's hands.

"My daily journal?" Shane furrows a brow. Ilya's seen this book before, it's not a secret. He has boxes of them, going all the way back to when he could first write independently. He writes in it every morning.

Ilya shakes his head, "No, this I know. What is all this?" Ilya opens to the bookmarked page, and flips it around to show Shane.

It's really nothing out of the ordinary. Just Shane's daily morning measurements, the macros and nutrition information for his breakfast, his positive affirmation for the day, things like that. "It's my daily tracking?" Shane's not sure where the disconnect for Ilya is.

"You measure yourself every day?" Ilya flips through the pages. "When do you even have time for doing this?"

"In the morning. I do it first thing," Shane shrugs. Ilya's forehead wrinkles and he tilts his head in confusion. "Why, what do you do when you wake up?" A little voice in Shane's head yells, *he thinks you're weird. This is why they call you creature.*

"I piss. I brush my teeth. You really do this?"

"Well, I do those things too!" Shane folds his arms over his chest. Maybe it is weird, but he likes keeping track of these things, it makes him feel like he's in control, and there's nothing wrong with that.

Ilya pouts at Shane, "don't be all grumpy. I'm sorry. Your number book is very cute, I was just curious." He cups his hand along Shane's jaw and gazes lovingly into Shane's eyes. "Do you forgive me?" Ilya purses his lips.

"Yes," Shane mumbles, staring down at his boyfriend's lips. He wants to kiss them. He always wants to kiss Ilya.

Ilya nods, "okay, gimme kiss."

Before Shane can help it, he tips forward pressing his lips to Ilya's.

Shane doesn't mean to.

It's just wrong. Everything is wrong. His mom had worked really hard to get him this sponsorship and she asked only one thing of him.

Wear the shoes. Be seen wearing the shoes. Be photographed wearing the shoes. He only had to do it once, and after that she told him he could burn these, throw them off the roof, drown them at the cottage, she didn't care.

But tonight, he had to wear them to the rink, and have Harris take a picture of him in these shoes during walk-ins. Simple.

"Shane, baby?" Ilya clambers into bed in his comfy clothes getting ready for their pregame nap. Shane is still sitting at the edge of the bed. "Everything okay?"

No, is what Shane wants to say. He wants to tell Ilya that he's worried about the shoes. He wants to tell Ilya that he tried the shoes on before morning skate, fresh out of the box and they pinched at his ankles. They were stiff and uncomfortable, and Shane has enough to worry about on game days, and he doesn't want to add his feet to that list.

What Shane really says is, "just tired." He shuffles up the bed and under the covers.

Ilya frowns at Shane, like he knows the cogs in his head are spinning out. "Sure," he rests his head on the pillow and promptly passes out. Shane wishes he knew how Ilya did it, falling asleep without a struggle or a thought.

He turns onto his side, watching the quiet rise and fall on Ilya's chest, silently glowering at his sleeping husband.

How could he sleep when Shane has to wear new shoes later?

It's all Shane can think about, and how could he sleep when his mind races a mile a minute? What if he gets a blister and it scrapes against his skates during the game? What if the shine

left on the bottom of the shoes from the factory made him trip? What if his new teammates all laugh at him? Or worse, what if he breaks his ankle and has to sit out for weeks on end?"

Shane rolls onto his back and closes his eyes, trying to fall asleep. He can do it. He needs to nap before the game. It's a tradition Shane rarely breaks. If he can't sleep, and he breaks his ankles on his new shoes, it'll really be a shit show of a game.

And if he plays like shit, maybe the Centaurs will realize they made a mistake signing Ilya Rozanov's boy toy and put him on waivers for contract termination. Ilya would be so disappointed, maybe he would even break up with Shane. And Shane's parents love Ilya so much, they would be heartbroken. They probably would take his since, and then Shane would basically be an orphan.

And all this over a pair of shoes.

Before Shane knows it, Ilya's alarm blares, and he perks up. Ilya's bicep bumps against Shane's head as he stretches. "Hmm-" Ilya groans. Shane's eyes open, and he sees Ilya wiping the sleep from his eyes. When he looks over to Shane, he frowns, "did you sleep at all?"

It knocks Shane out of his head. "No, I didn't." He huffs and rips the covers off, getting out of bed and immediately starting his pregame stretching. If he starts now, maybe, just maybe he can save this and prevent his parents picking Ilya over him in the divorce.

Ilya sits up and rests against the headboard, a small smile on his face. "What's going on?"

Shane scowls, the damn parent stealer knows him too well. "Nothing," Shane tries to sound fine, but he knows it comes off whiney. He knows it does because Ilya laughs at him, like a real belly laugh.

"Okay, you can stretch all grumpy by bed. I will make smoothies." Ilya gets up and struts over to Shane's side of the bed. "Kiss," he asks, purses his lips and waits.

Shane rolls his eyes, but obliges. “Don’t put extra peanut butter in it this time, I can always taste it.”

Ilya mock salutes, “Yes sir.” He stands at attention.

“Just go,” Shane leans down with a chuckle.

Ilya marches out of the room, down the stairs and within minutes, he can hear the blender going. Shane tries to breathe deeply in a full downward dog stretch. It burns, not only in his hamstrings, but in his chest as well.

The blender stops and in a second, Ilya is back, “you need to do this at home more often.”

Shane stands up and takes the smoothie from Ilya. “Thanks,” he whispers, bringing a hand up to his chest, rubbing at it. He really can’t breathe.

“Shane?” Ilya places a hand on his back. “Baby?”

“Sorry, sorry,” Shane sits on the edge of the bed and focuses on the feeling of the cold glass against his hand.

Ilya sits next to him, rubbing his hand up and down Shane’s back. “What’s been bothering you? You’ve been on edge all day?”

Shane puts the smoothie on his bedside table with a sigh. “You know that shoe sponsorship Mom got for me?” Ilya nods. “I need to wear the shoes for walk in’s tonight and I just -” Shane’s breathing has picked up again.

“You don’t want to wear the shoes?” Ilya’s brow furrows.

“When you say it like that it sounds stupid,” Shane fidgets with the waistband string on his sweatpants.

“No, not stupid, just, how can we fix this?” Ilya asks. “You can put them on right before we see Harris and take them off right after. I will carry your regular shoes.”

Shane’s eyes well, “you’d do that for me?”

Ilya shrugs, “yeah?”

“And you don’t think I’m being too much?”

“Are you kidding?” Ilya laughs.

“No.” Shane shakes his head. Why would he joke right now? This is serious.

“No, baby. You are not too much, and I will carry shoes for you anytime.” Ilya says it like it’s nothing.

“And if I fall and break my ankle, do you promise not to break up with me?”

Ilya’s brow furrows. “Why would I- Okay, I promise.”

Shane lets out a breath. “Okay. We need to shower now.” Shane stands up and pulls Ilya into the bathroom.

Shower blowjobs are part of the pre-game routine, of course.

End Notes

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title: when he sees me from the broadway show waitress <3 for all my fellow overthinkers

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