

you see through my eyes ('cause you live in my brain)

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by [niamhhh](#)

Summary

Ilya's voice dimmed, "Shane, what's going on? Are you okay?" he sounded eager, but also sounded like that he would wait years if Shane even gave him one word in return.

Shane aggressively shook his head, the hum only growing. "I need to-" No. No, this wasn't happening. He wouldn't let this happen. Shane slowly sunk down to the kitchen floor, feeling the nooks in the drawers of the counters scratch against his back while his eyes shut tightly. He wasn't going to cry. He wasn't a fucking baby. Shane was strong. And he was strong enough to make this stop.

OR:

Shane Hollander experiences a meltdown in front of Ilya.

Notes

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

The ringing noise of the stadium and the audience made Shane shudder. A good shudder, though. Sometimes Shane would get pleasantly surprised at the mountain of people that really didn't know him at all. A sadness warped over his brain, he still chose to ignore it. He had to focus on the game, right? Like he always had before. But before wasn't like now. Where he happily has his husband attached to his hip, and he's open to the world and the possibility that they might even be accepting toward Shane.

How do you go on living when you are all in consumed by this one, single person that seems to have you all figured out in ways you never thought about yourself, making your eyes almost practically change lenses?

Who was Shane? Was he everything he ever wanted? Or, rather, what everyone else wanted him to be? Maybe that was the same thing. Maybe, one thing that Shane craves more than perfection is affection.

When it comes to limits, Shane stays right where he feels comfortable. He doesn't like to show too much PDA in public, though the feeling of being able to walk the streets with his husband hand-in-hand made Shane's heart race with excitement. Still, Shane doesn't really explain any of his limits to anyone because people seem to gather what they are already from his personality.

But there's things he just can't control.

The noise of the stadium, even when they're cheering his name. How loud the lights can be. The stickiness of his skin after a game, even though it meant he had worked his ass off. It was all part of the thing he loved so much, hockey, so Shane tried his best to just block it out. Like how he blocked out any other issue with hockey that affected him. Shane thought that if he could grit through those problems during hockey, then he could grit through life the same way, and just perfect being regular.

It's hard to perfect being something you can and will never be. That still never stopped Shane, because he refused to believe that he could be anything but everyone's expectations. And even when Shane's been worked to his core, when his control has been compromised—he would always end the day tangled in bed with the man he loved. Nothing could take that away.

When you have such a deep love for someone that is irreplaceable to anything in this life, it alters your perception and changes everything you thought you ever knew. And you wish that no matter how this lifetime goes, that you could protect them from any fracture, break or injury. So that you could change timelines to make sure that they wouldn't stub their toe that morning. Shane wanted to be forced as a human shield for Ilya. He wanted to make sure that his thoughts wouldn't hurt him.

Love is so much stronger than anything. That doesn't mean that there aren't strong things that can affect you. And love comes in many forms, that often disguise themselves to appear different to the naked eye. Like simply making tuna melts, or having a sleepover.

Or subconsciously masking yourself in fear of what that love would think of you. Would they feel a different love for you? A stronger one? Or none at all?

Shane wanted to hug Ilya—feel every nook in his skin until it felt he was fluent in a hieroglyphic created in Ilya's bones.

If Shane just kept his head down, his hockey books in front of his bedside, and his witty humour with this husband, maybe this feeling would go away, and he could finally be normal. This feeling would go away, Shane had been waiting so long for this to go away.

The entire game had just gone completely wrong for Shane that night. Sure they had won, but Shane hadn't. His form was off, his timing was delayed, and his shots just hadn't worked out in placement. He was fucking ashamed of himself. Shane thought that he would no longer feel this guilt—this wrenching disgust in his head, now that he had moved to Ottawa. That maybe now since he had the support of an actual welcoming team, things would be different. And he would be different to himself. But he wasn't.

Shane had sometimes wondered if his thoughts were normal, like maybe Ilya had similar ones. Of course Shane was well aware that Ilya has depression, but had he ever wished that he could never feel? Shane figured it was a bit too much of a touchy subject, and worried it could cause Ilya to spiral, so he never asked.

Had he ever wished he wasn't Asian, and that maybe he would get treated with so much more respect from people on and off the ice?

Those, were thoughts that Shane never agreed with. Sure, there had been so many micro-aggressions thrown at Shane over his life, especially with hockey, but he had never wished he wasn't Asian. It was such a large part of him, and maybe when he was younger and his mother would make him traditional Japanese meals when his friends were over, he'd get embarrassed, because he just wanted to fit in. Now, all Shane wants is to be happy, and part of that is embracing that side of his life. And he is happy.

Shane walked inside the house and Ilya followed, slamming the door behind himself. *Ow*. He had felt a little bit better since showering after the game. Cleaner, maybe. His heart cracked a little, seeing Ilya's big, dopey grin sprawled across his face as they walked into the kitchen where Anya was waiting on one of her five beds that were hidden around the home. Anya always helped regulate Shane. Her soft fur and the way she went still when he hugged her, but he could still feel her little heartbeat. Ilya turned the main kitchen lights on. Shane's eyes winced, but he didn't say anything. Shane chose the lights, Shane chose the tone that the lightbulb would give off. It was really his own fault for not liking it. He wondered if he did these things to himself as some form of discipline, without realising. That he enjoyed the thought of seeing his future self in discomfort over the lightbulb, or the chunky hoodie Shane had draped over his shoulders.

Even though Shane can't spend one second away from his husband without hurting inside, he felt like he was going to have to kill Ilya so that he wouldn't notice what was about to happen to Shane. He usually doesn't know when an outburst of sorts comes along, but for some strange reason he had been feeling a build up of some kind beginning to weigh down on him all week. Shane just didn't think it would actually break him. Nothing breaks Shane.

He wouldn't even call it an outburst. Of course, that's what it was, but Shane refused to believe that. He had seen people have outbursts, people just completely lose their mind. Shane knew he didn't have outbursts because he wasn't like them.

So even when he felt the tag on his hoodie trickle against his back, or when he would help Ilya make tuna melts and his fingers would touch the butter, Shane would simply see it as a regular sensory discomfort. Sometimes it was just sensory. Other times—Shane's soul would dim at all the occasions where he would sit in locker rooms and have to listen to collided chatter that melted into one. When he'd be practically forced to stare into someone's eyes while also feeling theirs burn into Shane's face whenever he didn't.

The smell of grease erupting into the kitchen made Shane realise he was frozen into Anya for quite awhile. He had hoped Ilya didn't think anything of it, or even noticed, but naturally, he did. Ilya had walked up to Shane, offering a hand up. Shane quickly shot straight up, but didn't take Ilya's hand, worried it would feel like opening up. Like, almost admitting something was wrong.

The care and control for Ilya that Shane possessed only began to hurt him, making Shane realise that he needed to be away from here. Before he says or does something he'll deeply regret in his future.

The grease was making Shane's eyes well, and he attempted to rush out of the room when Ilya grabbed Shane's wrist.

"What is wrong, Shane?" He desperately asked, his composure running thin as he saw his husband suddenly shut down in front of him.

Shane, just wanted to be out. He didn't want to be here, but also no where near outside. Shane sometimes wished the world would just mould into a form that fit him—but the world was too complicated, or maybe Shane was. There was a consistent hum that played in the background of Shane's mind, and it just continued to beg louder and louder into him, begging him to break. Shane frantically moved his eyes around the room, everywhere but Ilya's face.

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He didn't feel strong anymore. He felt small, weak. He was a fucking disgrace—lying on the kitchen floor, with his knees cuddled up to his chest like a child. Shane was a grown man, and he needed to act like it. But no matter how hard Shane tried, he just couldn't.

Shane felt the sharp sting in his eyelids, and chose to ignore it. As tears flooded down his face and soaked into the fabric below, he chose to ignore it. Shane dug his fingernails deep within his arms as his heels sunk as hard as they could into the tiled floor. If Shane ignored what was happening, it would be like nothing was going on.

Ilya didn't say anything. In fact, he had silently walked away. Shane must've realised that he looked like a fool to other people, that Ilya wouldn't understand and he just looked like a child to others, including his beloved husband. Shane's thoughts began to race; *He hates me. He thinks I'm an idiot, and now he's left me. Oh God.* He dug his head onto his knees and sobbed—though he heard noises from afar. *He's probably leaving. Would he really?* Shane thought better of Ilya than for him to see Shane do something that strange to then attain such disgust that he would disappear in such a wretched form of dissatisfaction in his partner. But Shane thought he deserved that disgust. Because that's what he was. He was truly disgusting for just being him. Ilya's already got enough to deal with regarding his own mental stability, so Shane was sure that his own little issues wouldn't help that situation, effecting it in many ways, still Shane could only think of the worst.

Shane's vision had been temporarily changed, with his eye view being spotty and slightly distorted as he heard quiet footsteps return back to the kitchen. Ilya was sat next to Shane, and although he knew it would be difficult to say anything to him at all in this particular moment, he decided to try. Ilya whispered, "Would you like to get up?" he asked, not touching Shane or getting anywhere near too close.

He was humiliated. How could Shane ever let his husband see him like this? It had never gotten this bad when Ilya was around, but all the tangling thoughts interwoven through Shane's head right now couldn't conjure up the reason as to why. "Don't look at me." Shane managed to say, his head still shaking as it rested against his knees, sounding muffled. Why was Ilya still here? Did he not want to run out the door and wait till Shane was done this childish, selfish performance?

Ilya silently breathed, long and slow. The only thing Shane could focus on was that. Was him. That he wasn't going anywhere. Shane said it himself, he's in it for the long game. Ilya applied that to himself, too. He's in it for all of Shane. His highs, and his lows, no matter how low they looked. Ilya and Shane had waited ten years to bask in each other's glory, not only as rivals, but partners, so Ilya will wait a hundred lifetimes to bask in the image of Shane. Shane matched Ilya's breath control, and began to slowly get himself back, his vision clearing as he saw his socks tightly gripped onto the tiled floor. He was trying so hard. So hard to keep this composed, but he couldn't. The humming wouldn't go away, and he felt this feeling like his mind would pop. Shane erupted into a mountain of sobs, and Ilya just... waited. Waited for Shane to be ready, to be stable, like Ilya had always been for him, for everything. "I won't look at you." Ilya flatly answers, knowing no matter how undeniably beautiful Ilya saw his husband every single day at every waking moment, this was what Shane needed. "—But how about we go to the bathroom, have a bath. It will help your muscles after game." He suggests. Ilya did think the bath would help his muscles, he also

knew that it would, more importantly, relax Shane in a mental state, rather than physical. Shane hummed as a reply as he nodded his head to indicate a yes.

Ilya, slowly and carefully, moved his position, placing his hands in Shane's. Although the first time their palms touched Shane had winced as if Ilya's were fire, he quickly went back and began to stand up. Shane stumbled, almost instantly, but Ilya caught him. He held Shane like he was a priceless jewel that couldn't be more than unremarkable in his arms. Ilya kept his promise, and looked straight forward as they made their journey to the bathroom.

As they walked into the bathroom Shane noticed it all. The room was dimly lit by lamps, not candles that would give off any sort of strong scent, there was a pair of black briefs, white sweatpants and Nike socks placed aside, all folded and no shirt, which Ilya had noticed before how distressed Shane got when trying to sleep with any sort of shirt on while the collar of it somehow seemed to tighten around his neck. Ilya sat Shane down on the toilet seat and began to turn on the bath, returning to Shane as he helped him undress, starting with his socks, taking them off and throwing them into the nearest wash basket. "В моих глазах ты незаменим—ты целый мир для меня. Знаю, сам ты о себе так не думаешь, но ты—словно солнечный свет." Ilya hushed, taking off Shane's pants, slowly. "В тебе есть что-то ангельское, и ты—это просто ты. Именно за это я люблю тебя больше всего, Шейн." He whispered to Shane. Ilya knew that Shane loved when Ilya spoke his native tongue to him, but he decided to say something he wouldn't understand. If he said something too simple, Shane would stress himself trying to translate it to a somewhat familiar version in English, so instead, mindless Russian whispers could regurgitate some sort of relaxation into Shane's bloodstream.

After Ilya took off Shane's thick hoodie, which he was sure was not helping at all whatsoever, he stopped the faucet from running any longer into the bathtub. Once he had folded Shane's hoodie aside, Ilya reached for a bottle of liquid soap to add into the water, and he chose one that Shane had often used, hoping the scent would bring a part of Shane back to the outside, rather than continually camped in his brain.

Shane thought of all the times this had ever happened before. When Yuna would freak out and her bundle of panic showed on her face, though no words could describe how much she didn't understand this. David would step back, and leave Shane to himself—the first few times, anyway. His parents had not fully navigated this behaviour, because they simply had never encountered something or someone like their Shane ever. Shane knew he was a burden, and he hated himself for it. He hated that he was him. Would he always be this much of a disappointment? Of course, not in the hockey world, but as their son. As Ilya's husband. Shane was always someone's something. A husband, a son, Montreal's best player, the hockey player in the Calvin Klein ad, and the Rolex ad, and...

He couldn't count anymore. Shane couldn't even think anymore. His mind was in a daze of confusion that couldn't be resolved without terminating it completely—which happened to be all he wanted. And all he couldn't do.

Ilya had put a small dollop of the soap into the bath and began to move it around the tub. Once he had finished that, he began to place Shane into the bathtub. Shane was no longer sobbing, but he was still crying. He was still so completely humiliated and embarrassed that

he couldn't make this part of him go away, and that it had come out in front of Ilya. Shane was also crying out of pure frustration and exhaustion—why was this so hard? To just be utterly and completely himself unapologetically? Every day was exhausting. Shane had been waiting an unbelievably long time to tell the world who he was, and now they knew. He had hid for so long, yet he still didn't show himself completely. He didn't think he ever would, and he had hoped he would have cured this issue before it caught up with him. Before it became too much. This wasn't going away—it wasn't ever going to go away, was it? The realisation hit Shane like a brick. He's never been so lost, so *helpless*.

Shane sat there in the tub, his eyes full but so tired looking. His cold skin was kindly welcomed by the warm bath, ripples forming around his body as he settled into the water's embrace. Ilya grabbed a washcloth and some body wash, dampening the washcloth and putting a pinch of body wash on-top of it, so that it wouldn't mix with the water too much, causing a lot of bubbles, which Shane wouldn't really want the stickiness of the bubble residue all over him, when he would eventually get out of said bath. Ilya gently rubbed the cloth over Shane, and he had never felt more weak. Shane managed to get out, "I'm sorry." his throat cracking as he spoke.

Ilya's eyebrows furrowed as he looked Shane in the eye, "No, don't apologise." he smirked, bringing his thumb to Shane's cheekbone as he carefully wiped away a small tear. "This is you. And I love you, so I'll love it all. All of you. I've never struggled to love you. The hardest thing I've had to do in this life was having to pretend I didn't at all." Ilya whispered, still scrubbing Shane's skin, as he pressed kisses to his knuckles while Shane blushed, and almost smirked, but didn't say anything in reply. He winced when the water hit near his ear while Ilya washed his shoulders, the washcloth slightly splashing onto Shane's earlobe, still, Ilya reassured him that everything was alright while he dabbed Shane's ear with a dry cloth he had nearby.

After around ten to fifteen minutes, Shane had seemed to have been able to regain some relief in his headspace. Ilya asked him if he'd like to get out, and he quickly agreed. The moonlight was bursting through the window and placed a shine over Shane's body. And he was ashamed of it. He had been recovering from his insane performance diet he had previously, and although he lived the freedom of eating whatever he liked, the guilt and lack of control hurt. He didn't feel in charge anymore. Even though he looked great, most would say that he looked better than he did while on the diet, Shane didn't seem to agree. The moon shunned all of its light over every curve on Shane's body, and while he stared at it getting out of the tub, which he was also completely ignoring the fact that he was not only able to get out of the tub, but he was able to stand on his own two feet without any apparent trouble or resistance, all he could fit into his mindscape was the disgusting state of his body. Shane wanted nothing more than to throw up any previous, unhealthy food out of his body and start over with a selection of approved food and drink. He knew it'd be easy, he had done it once or twice before, much to his own disappointment. Ilya would be horrified.

Ilya padded Shane down with a fresh towel and helped him put on his new clothes. Shane liked the feeling of not being naked. He felt protected, and he was starting to feel more able as they walked to the bedroom, hand in hand, though still in silence.

As Shane got into bed, Ilya stayed standing. "I'll be back in a moment, sweetheart." He exclaimed, quietly walking out of the room, leaving Shane with his own thoughts. How would he live on like this? He knew it wouldn't happen everyday, but it still happened. Shane used to spend hours in his Montreal apartment suffering, and being unable to interact with others for a prolonged period of time every now and then. He hadn't ever known how to describe or handle it, so he never described it to anyone, and never felt a need to deal with it, rather than to just let it happen.

Because one day would be the last.

Ilya approached back into the bedroom, with a glass of water in each hand, giving one to Shane as he turned on a lamp and sat in the bed with him, changed into only his briefs.

Shane took a large sip of water and placed the glass carefully at his bedside, staring into Ilya's eyes with a sense of urgency. "I did it again last night." Shane confessed, referring to throwing up, his voice still scratchy.

Ilya's eyes showed an unusual sense of hurt that Shane didn't see often. "I'm so sorry." Ilya said, bringing Shane into him, "Sometimes, that is a part of recovery, yes?" Ilya reassured, separating from Shane, still holding onto him. "It will all pass, but that doesn't mean that you can't bring it up just because it won't be here forever. You can always come to me, Shane. Or Yuna, David, Rose...even Pike. I live for you, but if you are just living life and not enjoying it, you aren't alive at all." Ilya's eyes were glassy.

Shane smirked at him, wondering how a man so beautiful would be able to understand Shane's ugly mind in such a broad and intimate way. "Don't cry, baby. I'll be fine. I just feel like you have bigger, more understandable problems and issues to deal with and worry about in your own mind, so why pay attention to mine? I don't have depression." he explained, placing his palm onto Ilya's rosy cheek.

Ilya's lip quivered as he bit down on it instantly, "I think you should still get some help, Malyshka. You might not have depression, but I do not think you are completely okay. *'Okay people'* do not typically do what you just have done." he openly suggested to Shane, who was now fully lying down in bed, with Ilya now resting next to him as he looked in his panicked eyes.

Shane swallowed hard. "Yeah. I probably should, right?" He admitted, seeming more concerned by the idea.

Ilya placed his hand in Shane's, under the covers, "There's nothing wrong with you Shane. But if you let this consume you without talking about it, it'll be all you are, and all you ever see. There's nothing to be ashamed of." he smirked, squeezing Shane's hand tightly as he spoke.

This didn't have to be all Shane was.

Shane shook his head. "Okay. I'll do it." He smiled as he stared at Ilya's proud grin before bringing him into a sweet and tender kiss. It wasn't rushed. It wasn't too much. It was compelling and pure.

This wasn't going to be all Shane was.

End Notes

i made this with a bag of nerds gummy clusters a shoulder of vodka and my tears

i hope you enjoy im only a teenage girl after all

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