

Running

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Running

by [bombshellblonde](#)

Summary

Shane is having a bad brain day but his husband is there, he's always there.

Notes

Ilya literally just started talking in my head and I had to write this down. Rachel Reid how do you live like this

Shane ran as fast as the treadmill would let him, feet pounding on the spinning track in hard bursts. He was trying desperately to get out of his own fucking head.

He never should have gotten on the scale this morning. He should have thrown the fucking thing away months ago.

But, today was a bad brain day and he was making bad decisions.

He had caught sight of himself in the mirror this morning and swore he could see extra pounds forming over his sides. His workout routine had been slacking lately. So much more time with Ilya lately meant less time in the gym working off his frustration about not seeing the man he loved.

The fat he was convinced he could see around his waist made him sick, it made him feel like a failure. So he got on the scale and sneered at the number looking back at him.

The most frustrating thing is somewhere in his mind he knew that number didn't matter. He was fit, he was muscular and he had never been playing better than he had since he joined Ottawa. Since he had gotten to be assistant captain on a team with his HUSBAND.

But anxiety doesn't give a shit what the truth is, and Shane's was on a hell of a run today. So he took himself on one too.

Ilya was out walking Anya, she liked to stick to a routine and Ilya liked his one on one time with their special girl. So with the house to himself, Shane went down to the gym in their house and got on the treadmill.

That was an hour ago.

He was going so fast and panting so hard at this point that he thought he might pass out.

He pulled the emergency stop and let the treadmill carry him off. He stumbled a little bit to get his footing and kept going, grabbing his water bottle on the way out of the gym.

His legs burned and he was fucking exhausted but his brain was still buzzing, still pummeling him with criticism and cruelty.

He walked into the kitchen to keep himself from jumping right back on the treadmill and stood at the counter, drinking his water and trying to catch his breath.

He heard the front door open and the sound of Anya's little paws pattering against the floor, followed by Ilyas cooing praise.

"There you go my sweet girl, you go rest. Such a good walk today."

Shane heard Ilya unclip her leash and set it down. He couldn't turn around, he didn't want Ilya to look at him right now. He didn't want anyone to see him like this, least of all his beautiful husband.

“Getting all sweaty without me?” He heard Ilya say, and felt his husband’s strong chest press against his back.

“Just hitting the treadmill a little” Shane said, feeling, for the first time probably ever, like squirming away from Ilya.

But he fought the urge, he didn’t want Ilya to have to deal with this dumb shit in his head.

“Mmm” Ilya said, kissing the back of Shane’s neck and sliding his hands around Shane’s waist.

Shane felt his stomach clench like he was going to be sick.

Ilya pressed against his back and started kissing Shane’s neck with more directness. He trailed his hands up Shane’s chest and Shane squeezed his eyes tight.

He didn’t know how Ilya could stand to touch him. He felt huge and ugly, he felt disgusting and awful and didn’t know how to tell Ilya he could do so much better.

He tried to get out of his head, to lean into Ilya’s chest and push past this mental block. He was so focused on controlling his reaction that he didn’t notice Ilya stopped touching him until he was being turned around to face him.

“Shane,” Ilya said, shaking his shoulders just a little. “Shane you’re crying.”

“What?” Shane asked, opening his eyes and reaching up to touch his own cheek. Sure enough, they were streaked with tears.

“Fuck I’m sorry. Ignore it, cmon” he said, leaning in to try and kiss Ilya but Ilya pulled back.

“The fuck? No Shane I will not ignore you crying when I touch you. What is wrong?”

Now that Shane realized he was crying, he couldn’t make it stop.

“It’s nothing it’s stupid, I’m okay”

“You are not.” Ilya said sternly, his hands cupping Shane’s face, tilting his head to meet eyes.

“Talk to me sweetheart.” Ilya said softly and when his husband looked at him like that, Shane broke

“I just...” Shane said, heaving with tears now. “I feel so awful. I have been lazy and not working out as much and I’m putting on weight. It makes me feel disgusting and right now I don’t know how you can stand to touch me.”

“Shane-“ Ilya said, his own eyes getting wet at this point.

“But I know this will pass, it has before. I’m sorry just give me a few minutes and we can-“

“Shane-“

“No I can get over it you don’t have to worry.”

“Hollander!” Ilya said, shaking Shane just a little, trying to get him out of this spiral. He looked fucking wrecked, Shane hated that he made Ilya look so worried.

“Hollander I am going to say three things right now and I need you to listen to me.” Ilya said, brushing some of Shane’s hair back from his head and letting his thumb come down to wipe away his tears.

“Okay” Shane said, breath still shaken and wet.

“Number one is you need to find a therapist. We make jokes about your terrible food and hockey diet but this is not funny anymore. I am worried seeing you like this and I would not be here with you right now without my therapist so I think you need one too.”

That made Shane shed a few more tears but he nodded slightly. He knew Ilya was right, even if he didn’t want to hear it.

Once Ilya saw that Shane had registered what he said, he kept going.

“Number two is that the next time we have a day where you do not feel like you feel right now, I am going to take my time, lay you on our big fancy bed and kiss every single inch of your body to remind you how fucking beautiful you are.”

“God your English has gotten so good” Shane tried to joke but Ilya leveled him with a strong glare.

“Number three.” Shane said softly, by way of apology for the attempted deflection.

“Number three.” Ilya said back to him “Is very serious.”

Ilya took a deep breath and tried to soften his gaze so Shane would really hear him.

“Shane, if you ever say yes to me touching you when what you mean is no, I am going to be very upset. Do not ever, EVER let me touch you if you do not want me to or if you are CRYING. I don’t care if it is the only hour together we get all month. I will spend it holding your fucking hand if that’s all you want me to do because it would break my fucking heart to hurt you. Do you understand?”

Shane let the tears flow freely now and he tangled his fingers in Ilya’s hair.

“Yes” he said quietly. Ilya raised his eye brow and wiped at Shane’s tears.

“Do you?” He asked softly, and fuck Shane’s heart felt like it was breaking.

“Yes Ilya. I understand. I promise. And I know you would never hurt me.” He said, leaning in to kiss Ilya’s cheek. “I’ll never put you in that position, I promise.”

Ilya nodded and kissed Shane softly on the forehead, whispering I Love You in Russian against his skin. Shane whispered it back in the same soft tone, also in Russian.

They just stood there for a second, breathing together. Ilya sniffled and tucked Shane's hair behind his ear.

"Now I know being all sweaty is making you crazy. Do you want to shower?"

"Yes. If I can- with you." Shane said quickly. "I'm still overwhelmed I just...I don't want you too far away right now."

Ilya nodded and held Shane in his arms, making no move to leave the kitchen just yet.

"I know," Ilya muttered into Shane's neck, taking a shuddering breath between his words "I know me telling you how beautiful you are will not fix your brain. But I am going to keep telling you okay? Because you are my husband and you are so fucking beautiful."

"God Ilya." Shane said, squeezing Ilya to his chest. "I love you so fucking much."

"I love you too" Ilya said, sniffing back his own tears, then stepping back, offering Shane his hand.

"Come. We shower, you drink water, we very carefully get you something to eat and I spend the afternoon holding you and helping you look for therapist."

Shane finally cracked a real smile and let himself be pulled by the hand up the stairs. His beautiful strong husband here to take care of him, their dog snoring away softly in the corner of the room.

He still had a long way to go, but Shane was so grateful that when he was falling to pieces he never had to do it alone.

"Yes dear."

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