

filthy, disgusting

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filthy, disgusting

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Summary

“Don’t- yeah. It’s fine. It’s all fine,” Shane snaps, anger written all over his face before it fades to something that Ilya doesn’t recognize. It looks familiar, somehow reminds him of Shane when they had first started hooking up, but he can’t place it.

Ilya makes a confused noise at the aggression, and Shane breathes out slowly, some of the tension leaving his body.

“Sorry. Some dumb drunk dudes in the stands were bothering me as I was walking out, but I’m okay,” he says.

Ilya reaches forward to rub his shoulder, to comfort him, but Shane’s eyes widen and he leans back just the tiniest bit, so Ilya retracts his hand.

OR Ilya knows something is wrong, that Shane is hurting, but Shane won't talk to him; in fact, he barely even lets Ilya get near him anymore.

Notes

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

The first time Ilya sees the look on Shane's face, he almost thinks he imagined it. They're coming off the ice after a win, sweaty and tired and elated. Ilya gets off the ice first, the rest of the team following him. He hears a little bit of a commotion behind him, but he assumes it's the fans, rowdy from the win.

When he starts taking his gear off and suddenly Shane is yanking his locker open right next to Ilya, Ilya briefly considers that it might not have been the fans.

He looks over at Shane, who is rapidly stripping off his gear.

"Everything okay, *lyubmiyy*?"

Shane tenses almost imperceptibly and whips his head towards Ilya.

"Don't- yeah. It's fine. It's all fine," Shane snaps, anger written all over his face before it fades to something that Ilya doesn't recognize. It looks familiar, somehow reminds him of Shane when they had first started hooking up, but he can't place it.

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"Sorry. Some dumb drunk dudes in the stands were bothering me as I was walking out, but I'm okay," he says.

Ilya reaches forward to rub his shoulder, to comfort him, but Shane's eyes widen and he leans back just the tiniest bit, so Ilya retracts his hand. He looks at Shane in concern, but he doesn't take it personally; sometimes, when Shane is angry, he doesn't like to be touched.

Shane just sighs again and grabs his towel to head to the shower. He turns toward Ilya again as he moves to walk away, and there's hesitation written all over his body before he starts talking.

“And no petnames in the locker room,” he says, looking somewhere to the left of Ilya, avoiding eye contact, before nodding to himself and walking away.

Ilya frowns and looks around at the locker room, full of exhausted players, none of whom are paying even the slightest bit of mind to either Shane or Ilya. It’s true that the team had implemented a no pet names rule, but it was mostly in jest, just to stop Ilya from being obnoxious. It wasn’t meant to stop them from quietly exchanging familiar comfort.

Ilya slowly continues taking his gear off. He knows that Shane has little idiosyncrasies, things that make sense in his mind and not to anyone else, but he usually didn’t have any problem with a little bit of affection.

Ultimately, Ilya decides to drop it. He’s sure Shane will come to him if the problem gets bigger, and he doesn’t want to make him more uncomfortable or frustrated.

—

The second time it happens, they’re at a bar. The team is celebrating yet another win, riding the high of a season that has so far been legendary. Ilya is buzzed, warm inside, and Shane is next to him, smiling, sipping a ginger ale slowly. The entire team is crowded around the bar, taking shots and generally being loud and obnoxious.

Shane nudges Ilya and gestures towards the bathroom when Ilya turns to look. Ilya nods, smiling at Shane as he gets up to walk away, before turning back to the group.

Shane is gone for a little longer than usual, but Ilya doesn’t think anything of it until he comes back and quietly slides into his seat. Ilya looks over, grinning, wanting to relay a joke that Shane had missed, but Shane is hunched forward, staring at the table.

Ilya taps the table to get his attention. Shane hesitates before looking over, and when he does, he has an expression that it takes Ilya a second to place before he snaps back to that day in the locker room.

Ilya takes great pride in knowing Shane so well, recognizing all of his faces, but he isn't sure about this one. There's something both sad and angry about it, tense and unsure.

The bar is too loud for them to talk without yelling, and Ilya doesn't want the rest of the team to notice, so he mouths *Okay?* to Shane.

Shane nods tightly. *Just tired*, he mouths back. Ilya makes a sympathetic face, even though something in his chest feels tight, and he's not sure Shane's telling the full truth.

Ilya tilts his head towards the door in silent question, and Shane shakes his head.

Celebrate. I'm fine, Shane mouths.

The expression is gone, but there's also something in his eyes that tells Ilya not to push it. Ilya nods and turns back to the team, but he's no longer focused on their antics, his attention mostly on watching Shane out of the corner of his eye.

It only takes a little longer for him to clap his teammates on the back and beg off the rest of the night, saying that his ribs are still aggravated from a hit he'd taken earlier, which isn't necessarily untrue.

The team boos him but lets him go, all too drunk to really process anyway. Shane slips off his bench at Ilya's signal and they walk towards the car.

Ilya considers asking him about it, but Shane is tense and silent. He's silent all the way home, and he immediately gets in the shower once they arrive.

Ilya sits on the bed while he showers, and when he comes out fully clothed, Ilya furrows his brows but goes to take his own shower. When he reaches for the nozzle, he realizes that it's

turned all the way to the very hottest setting, which Ilya knows is absolutely scalding from his own accidental experience.

Shane likes to take warm showers, but he doesn't like the water too hot, not wanting to hurt his skin. Ilya is careful, contemplative as he turns the nozzle to a more reasonable temperature and steps under the spray.

When he gets out of the shower, the lights are off and Shane is tucked into bed. Something in Ilya's chest starts hurting as he quietly slips his boxers on and slides into bed next to Shane, who is on the very edge of the bed, facing away from Ilya.

It takes a long time for Ilya to fall asleep.

Twice is a coincidence, three times is a pattern. A few days later, Ilya wakes up to find Shane's side of the bed empty. It isn't unusual, because Shane loves to get an early start to his day, but what is weird is that the closet is open and Shane's side is almost completely empty.

Ilya pads out to the kitchen, stilling when he sees Shane scrubbing furiously at the countertops. The entire room smells like bleach, and Shane's hands are visibly red.

Ilya makes a little noise, and Shane looks up at him with wide eyes, like he's been caught red-handed doing something he shouldn't.

"Where are your clothes? Your closet is empty," Ilya says softly, moving closer.

Shane steps backwards as Ilya moves, so Ilya stills, his chest tightening. Shane keeps his eyes on the counter.

"Spring cleaning. Wanted to make sure everything was clean," he mumbles.

Ilya blinks. Shane is the cleanest person he knows, so there's absolutely no way he would have had clothes hung up that weren't as clean as humanly possible. It's also nowhere near spring, and they've barely been home recently, so the counters definitely aren't dirty.

"What is going on with you? Talk to me," Ilya says, trying to keep his voice soft without letting any desperation bleed into it.

Shane still won't look at him. Shane's phone dings from the kitchen table, but they both ignore it.

"Nothing. Everything is fine, I'm just stressed about the season," he says.

Shane has never once in his life been able to get away with lying about anything to Ilya, simply because he's so bad at it. It takes no effort for Ilya to hear the lie in his voice, the underlying layer of guilt at saying something he knows is untrue.

Ilya is starting to feel helpless. He knows something is wrong, and Shane won't even acknowledge it, even though it keeps happening. He's torn, wanting so badly to confront Shane and try to fix the problem, but he doesn't want to risk hurting Shane, pushing him when he's fragile.

He bites his lip, contemplating, before breathing out slowly. Shane's phone dings again.

"You will tell me if something is wrong?" he says. He doesn't even believe it when Shane nods, but he still turns and walks back to the bedroom, trying to forget the overwhelming smell of bleach.

It comes to a head during a game against the Metros, their first of the season. Ilya had known it would be hard for Shane, but Shane always chose the high route, stayed silent in situations where Ilya definitely would have gotten into a fight.

Apparently, the high road only went so far.

Shane is on the ice for the face off, set for the puck drop. Ilya is watching him carefully, smiling at the clear determination in Shane's stance, and then all of a sudden Shane is jolting upright right as the puck is dropped. It takes half a second for him to get back into position, but it's too late; the Metros player has already taken the puck.

Shane can't make up the ground. Every other line of defense fails, and the puck lands squarely in the net, a goal for the Metros.

Shane skates furiously back towards the bench. The game was almost over, and he likely wouldn't get to go on the ice again. Ilya's shift would start any second, but he can practically feel Shane vibrating with emotion from all the way on the other side of the bench.

He bites down hard on his mouthguard as he's called up, hopping the bench, determined to end it so that he could find out what happened.

Adrenaline pounding in his chest, he wins his face off, does an excellent fake-out and sends the puck flying past the goalie right as the buzzer sounds.

He feels a little thrill in his chest, heart racing; he had just secured the win for Ottawa.

He can't even celebrate all the way because all he can think about is Shane. When his teammates flock him, knocking their helmets together, clapping him on the back, Shane is noticeably absent.

When he finally gets back to the lockers, Shane isn't there either. A quick check of his location showed that he was in the parking lot near where they'd parked. Ilya strips his gear,

takes the fastest shower of his life, and is out of the locker room so fast that the team will definitely be concerned.

When he checks his bag for his keys, they're gone, meaning Shane had taken them and was probably already in the car. He opens the door and is proven right; Shane is sitting in the passenger's seat, jaw clenched, staring at the floor.

Ilya's stomach flips. He lowers himself into the seat, closing the door before turning towards Shane.

Shane clenches his fists harder. "Not here," he says quietly.

Ilya hesitates, but he turns the car on, pulling out of the lot. Shane doesn't move the entire drive, save for his fists and his mouth. He's muttering something under his breath that Ilya can't hear, and Ilya so badly wants to stop the car and beg Shane to let him help, to tell him what's wrong.

Instead, he grips the steering wheel as hard as possible and gets them home fast.

When the front door shuts behind them, Ilya spins towards Shane.

"Shane. Something is wrong, and you aren't telling me. You are so upset, and you are always so hard on yourself, but I do not think it is the game you're upset about. Something has been off for weeks. The cleaning, the silence, and you won't-" he stops to swallow hard.

"You won't even touch me," he says, his voice dropping with hurt, wavering against his will. Ever since Ilya had noticed the issue, they had barely had sex, and Shane usually went to bed facing away from Ilya.

Ilya would never push Shane to have sex or to cuddle with him if he didn't want, but fear had been building a pit in his stomach for weeks at the rejection.

“Is it something I did? Or do you- you don’t want me anymore,” he says, his voice cracking, shoulders slumping. He shuts his eyes.

Shane makes a panicked little noise and Ilya hears him move closer.

“No, please, no. It’s not that, I promise,” Shane says, his voice catching. Ilya forces himself to take a deep breath and look at Shane.

The look is back on Shane’s face, the one Ilya doesn’t recognize.

“Please, I want to help. Tell me and we can fix it,” Ilya whispers.

Shane makes a pained expression.

“You didn’t do anything, I promise. It’s- all of it, it’s all me,” he says, and then he blinks hard, tears gathering in his lash line.

Ilya’s head is starting to spin with fear and confusion. He doesn’t want to move closer, to risk scaring Shane off, so he stands still, hurt rippling through him, waiting for Shane to continue.

Shane’s lip trembles, but he continues.

“You can’t want me. No one should want me anymore. I can’t let you get dirty,” he says, and a look of resigned determination passes over his face. Ilya has absolutely no idea what he’s talking about, but he feels like he’s been punched.

“Why wouldn’t I want you? I love you,” Ilya says.

“Because I’m disgusting,” Shane whispers, and Ilya suddenly can’t breathe.

“I’m filthy, and horrible, and I’m going to ruin you,” he says, and his eyes flutter shut as the first tears track down his cheeks.

Ilya can barely think. He searches desperately for the right words, but he keeps coming up empty, opening and closing his mouth.

“Why would you say that? Shane,” he chokes out, finally, and he barely breathes as he waits for Shane to answer.

“I want too much. I’m gross, I don’t deserve what I have. You could’ve married a woman, and instead I ruined your career by making you move to Ottawa. I never should’ve- I should’ve dropped out of the draft, or quit. I shouldn’t have let this happen,” Shane says, and now tears are steadily rolling down his cheeks.

Something clicks in Ilya’s head. The expression, the one he thought he recognized but couldn’t place. He could see it now in his mind, flashing at him, over and over. Every time Shane opened the door for him in a random hotel, every time they faced each other in a game, every time he slipped out of Ilya’s room.

Shame.

The number two draft pick, the winner of multiple awards, of multiple Cups, who had led his team to greatness, is ashamed. It’s a shame that runs so deep that it’s ruining him, poisoning the well.

When he really thinks back, turns over the last few weeks in his head, there’s another pattern that he’s starting to see. Drunk fans at a game. Shane’s phone dinging on the counter. The jolt before the face-off.

“Shane,” he says. “Is someone telling you all of this?”

Shane's face fully crumbles, and then he's sobbing.

"Everyone," he says, garbled. "Everyone thinks I'm disgusting, that I ruined everything. They all hate me because I love you. They post about it and they yell at me at games and it never stops. During the face-off, the guy was one of my old teammates," Shane says, and then he has to pause because he's crying so hard, fighting for breath.

"And he told me I'm worthless, that I'm a disease, that I ruined your life by making you like me. I used to go to his house with the team to watch games, and I've met his family, and he told me I'm worthless."

Ilya can't give him space anymore. He surges forward, wrapping Shane in his arms, holding him so tight that his shoulders hurt. Shane stiffens for a second before pressing himself into Ilya.

Shane presses his face into Ilya, and Ilya finally lets the tears roll down his face now that Shane isn't looking. He breathes into Shane's hair, letting the familiar scent of his conditioner ground him.

He reaches up carefully to wipe his face, careful not to displace Shane. Shane is still shaking, crying, but not as hard.

"*Lyubmiyy*. You are so good," Ilya breathes, and Shane makes a hurt little whimper.

"You are perfect. You did not ruin anything, could not. You are everything to me. I do not want a woman, or a different team, or anyone else. I want you. I love you, only, always. *Dusha moy*. *Ty moy mir*. You are everything," Ilya says.

Shane presses himself harder into Ilya, grabbing at his shirt, before he's leaning back to press their lips together. It's uncoordinated, messy, their teeth clacking together, but Ilya feels his chest lighten. Shane tastes like the salt of his tears, and he straightens out so they can kiss better, soft and slow.

“Ilya,” Shane breathes. “I love you. I’m sorry, I never meant to hurt you.”

Ilya pulls back to look Shane in the eyes, running the back of his hand across Shane’s overheated forehead.

“Forgiven. I am sorry you were hurting. Let me make you feel better,” Ilya says.

Shane nods, letting Ilya lead him towards the bathroom. Ilya starts the tub, making sure the temperature is okay, and then he hugs Shane again, holding him. They sway back and forth quietly as it fills.

When it’s ready, Ilya gestures for Shane to get in.

“I will wash your hair. You will relax, finally, after all these weeks holding all of this,” Ilya says.

Shane’s lip wobbles, and Ilya is worried he’s going to start crying again, but instead he gently pulls off his clothes, folding them carefully and placing them on the toilet.

He winces slightly as he steps into the tub, and Ilya makes a questioning noise.

“My skin is irritated because I’ve been- I kept taking burning hot showers, so I could wash it off. Wash off the disgusting and the worthless and the disease,” Shane says.

Ilya feels like he’s taken yet another hit to the chest, but he doesn’t say anything, just helps Shane settle into the tub and grabs his hair products to start gently washing his hair.

He murmurs quiet reassurance as he works, Russian phrases that he knows that Shane has learned, and it doesn’t take long before Shane’s eyes are shut and he’s completely relaxed,

barely conscious.

Ilya almost doesn't want to disturb him, but after a while, the water starts getting cold, so he carefully nudges Shane until he's conscious enough for Ilya to help him get out of the tub.

Ilya towels him off and takes him back to the bedroom. He hands him a pair of boxers and then slips one of his own soft, worn shirts over Shane's head before leading him to bed.

He slips off his own clothes, so he's just in boxers, and settles them both in bed, Shane laying on his chest.

"There is nothing you should ever be ashamed of," Ilya whispers. "You could not ruin me, because there is no me without you."

He isn't sure Shane is aware enough to hear him, but he burrows deeper into Ilya's hold, and for the first time in weeks, Ilya falls asleep feeling light.

End Notes

hiiii! i'm not sure i really like this so i might delete it but i've been trying to write more, so i made myself sit down and bang this out in one sitting... so i might as well post it! I lowkey fucked up the formatting but oh well. title from the song Spit by showmethebody.

Dusha moya. Ty moy mir = My soul. You are my world.

Set during the long game- they both play for ottawa!

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