

**when i'm like this, you're the one i trust**

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| Rating:          | <a href="#">Not Rated</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Fandoms:         | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a> , <a href="#">Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Anxiety</a> , <a href="#">Anxious Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Protective Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Soft Ilya Rozanov</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Mentioned Yuna Hollander</a> , <a href="#">what else can i tag</a> , <a href="#">it mentions sex like twice</a> , <a href="#">AI could never include this many commas in a fanfic</a> , <a href="#">Okay bye</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Stats:           | Published: 2026-02-05 Words: 2,969 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |

# when i'm like this, you're the one i trust

by [madddi13](#)

## Summary

“*Ty v poryadke?*” Ilya murmurs.

Shane's brain doesn't even need to work to translate it. Ilya asks him if he's okay all the time.

But he's never been less sure about the answer than he is now.

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5 times shane is anxious and ilya helps, and 1 time he doesn't need to.

## Notes

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

1.

The lights in the bar are flashing on and off and on and off, in a pattern Shane can't quite figure out, which is only one of the reasons they're driving him crazy.

The team had come to celebrate having the next day free from practice or games, and as captain, Ilya had to show up.

That's the best part of this (actually the only good part, if Shane really had to say it), his husband pressed in the booth next to him, sipping repeatedly on a vodka soda as he carries on an animated conversation with Wyatt.

Shane tunes the conversation out, smiling and shaking his head as Harris gestures from across the table to ask if he wants another drink.

He watches his teammate as he heads out on the expansive dance floor, moving to the thumping bass that Shane can feel in his chest, taking over his heartbeat without his consent. He feels it roll in his sternum, the bright lights sweeping over his face again, and suddenly he could swear the noise of the bar patrons is getting louder in his ears, seeming like it's coming towards him-

*"Ty v poryadke?"* Ilya murmurs.

Shane's brain doesn't even need to work to translate it. Ilya asks him if he's okay all the time.

But he's never been less sure about the answer than he is now.

Shane hesitates. They're out with their team, having drinks. This is a normal thing that people do. Why isn't he having fun?

“Shane. Tell me.” Ilya is serious, but not mean. He’s focused entirely on Shane, body turned toward him.

Shane wonders distantly where Wyatt went. Notices Ilya is rubbing his thigh in a nice pattern. Tries to track it with his mind and calm down.

“I don’t- I don’t know.” He settles on.

Ilya isn’t phased by his non answer. "Okay. What is one thing we can fix right now?"

Shane finally admits, "It's too- the lights. It's too bright."

His husband takes this easily too.

“Okay. Come here.” He says, cupping Shane’s neck and pulling him until the other boy’s face is hidden in his shoulder.

For a second, Shane is frozen, and then everything starts to smell like Ilya, and blackness is all he can see, no stupid fucking spotlights, and somehow these things combined is the most relief Shane has ever felt.

“Take a deep breath, *moya lyubov*.”

Shane obeys, inhaling Ilya’s jacket again. It smells like home, and his husband, and said husband using too much fabric softener. He thinks about doing laundry, thinks about the washer spinning and spinning until it slowly comes to a stop. Tries to make his mind do the same thing.

“Better?” Ilya asks gently.

Shane nods, nuzzling further into his husband's hold and finally calming down.

He trails one of his hands lower, slipping up under Ilya's shirt gently to squeeze his hip three times.

"Love you too." Ilya murmurs easily in his ear.

His husband's hand comes up to rub his back as he strikes up another conversation, ever the perfect captain. And, honestly, bless his team, because whoever it's with doesn't even mention the Shane of it all, so he doesn't even have to participate in the conversation and can instead close his eyes against his husband's chest.

Maybe the club isn't so bad.

2.

Shane loves his mother so much. He knows she spends her whole life thinking about hockey, and thinking about her son, and thinking about her son playing hockey.

But tonight, when she comes over for dinner, she stays at the table afterwards and talks about his various sponsorships, and an array of upcoming deals, and the seemingly neverending events scheduled in the future, and cascades of photographs he needs to take, and even fucking things he should be interacting with on social media, and he can feel his breath getting quicker and quicker, feeling like it's stuck in his chest that won't expand.

He feels like screaming at the top of his lungs until she stops talking, but he doesn't even have enough air in his lungs to do it.

Suddenly, his husband's voice carries from their bedroom down the hall, cutting through the noise in his too loud brain as it always does. "Shane, can you come help me with Anya?"

Shane stands from his chair so hastily he almost tips it over, trying so hard to get his breathing under control that he's not even able to offer his mom an apology as he escapes to the bedroom.

Where he finds their dog curled in a ball on the end of the bed, sound asleep.

He looks up at his husband, confused. "What's wrong with Anya?"

"Mmm, she tells me my husband needs a hug."

Shane stares at him in disbelief. Even after all these years, he can't believe how well Ilya can read him. Can't believe he saw that Shane was about to break down and orchestrated a fake problem to get him away from his mom so that he could calm down. Can't believe he gets to come back to a room he shares with a man as perfect as this, can't believe he's his.

Softly, he says, "I really love you."

"Yes, this I know." Ilya responds with his usual grin as he pulls Shane into his arms.

Shane tucks his face into the other man's neck and lets his chest expand all the way.

"*Ya tebya lyublyu.*" Ilya whispers softly, pressing a kiss to the top of his head as he holds him.

Shane holds him tight and takes another blissful deep breath.

3.

When Ilya speaks into the darkness, it startles Shane, despite the fact that he hasn't closed his eyes yet tonight.

"What are you doing." It comes out as more of a statement than a question, in typical Ilya fashion.

Shane decides to try playing dumb. "Um. I'm laying here. What are you doing?"

Unsurprisingly, it does not work on his husband. "You have not slept."

Maybe if Shane tries distracting him? "How do you know that?"

Ilya rolls over to face him. "You haven't moved at all. Usually you are octopus."

Secretly, Shane knows he's caught, but he doesn't want to say that his mind is going a million miles a second, and he doesn't know why, but he also can't make it stop, so he just scoffs, "No I'm fucking not."

Ilya ignores him and presses a kiss to his bare shoulder. "What is wrong, *moy os'minog?*"

Shane hesitates. There is one thing he's craving more than anything else.

Ilya doesn't move, mouth still pressed to his skin, staring into Shane's eyes until he caves.

"Can you just-" he reaches out, and Ilya lets his body go loose as Shane pulls at him tiredly.

"Can you lay on me?" Shane asks quietly, as if Ilya would ever deny him anything in the world. "Like- completely?"

Ilya kisses his shoulder again, then continues pressing gentle kisses up his arm until his body is hovering over his husband's.

He kisses his mouth, then says, "Are you sure? I am a big strong hockey player. You will not be able to breathe properly."

"I don't want to breathe." Shane says. He knows this doesn't make any sense, but he also knows that Ilya trusts him enough to do it without any more explanation. "And you're not any stronger than me."

Ilya grins, and kisses him again. "You keep telling yourself that, Hollander."

Shane rolls his eyes even as he pulls his husband down, pressing him firmly into his body. Ilya goes willingly, tucking his face above Shane's shoulder, kissing his neck softly a few times until the other man sinks into the bed and finally feels his thoughts slow down.

For the first time in hours, Shane closes his eyes.

Another warm kiss to his neck. "Go to sleep, *lyubov*. I will keep you safe. Even if you are just using me for a weight blanket."

Shane can't even bother to correct his husband's vocabulary, because he's asleep.

4.

Shane has been off since he woke up.

He knows Ilya knows, could tell as soon as he looked at him this morning, but they both were already late for 6am practice. They stumbled naked out of crumpled sheets and raced to get dressed and leave for the rink so quickly that his husband didn't even have time to ask, sliding in 2 minutes past time and wearing the other person's sweatshirt by accident.

They switch quickly as their team laughs good naturedly, then get on the ice where Shane immediately proceeds to miss almost every pass shot at him. He finds he can't remember basic moves that should be second nature because his brain is all out of whack.

There's no reason for it. Some days he just wakes up, and nothing will settle him all day, and he feels jittery and on edge for no reason, and he hates it, which, if you ask him, makes the whole thing worse, really.

When practice is finally over, he sits on the bench next to Ilya to catch his breath. His leg won't stop bouncing up and down. He hates that too.

Ilya says nothing, taking a deep gulp of his water bottle and then passing it to Shane. Shane takes a small swig because he knows Ilya wants him to and watches as his teammates slowly leave the ice.

Then suddenly Ilya stretches over to press a kiss to the side of his head, pressure lingering, and stands, hand outstretched.

"Come. We skate laps. I will even go slow so you can keep up."

Shane scoffs. He stares, confused where this came from, but his husband just waits on him to get to his feet and follow him as he smoothly skates backwards to the outer rim of the rink, always a show off.

For a little while, they glide around together, and then Ilya pushes faster, and Shane is never one to back down. They both gradually speed up until they're flying around the rink, and suddenly they're going so fast, all Shane can feel is the cold air and the aggressive scrape of his skates on the ice.

He doesn't know how long they go, but he finally slows to a stop, bending over to brace his hands on his knees, and realizes how nice it is to be physically exhausted instead of mentally. (Realizes that was Ilya's plan, of course it was. Knows the other man will never confirm it, and it will just go down in Shane's brain as another example of the ways Ilya loves him so perfectly in silence.)

His husband whoops loudly as he skates up behind him, purposely angling his skates to spray ice up on Shane, because of course he does.

"I...win" he pants, grinning with his entire face, looking so much like the young boy on the Boston Raiders that Shane feels his heart squeeze painfully for a second.

Then Shane says, "not if I beat you to the showers." He takes off across the rink, laughing wholeheartedly as Ilya catches up with him quickly and tackles him to the ground. Then, they're rolling on the ice, pushing each other like children until both of their helmets are off and Shane gets on top of Ilya and slams their mouths together, kissing him as hard as he can while they're both laughing.

It turns out to be a good day.

5.

The charity gala is well underway, rich people clambering to talk to each other and perfectly made up couples drunkenly swaying on the dance floor.

Ilya takes his husband's arm gently and pulls him out the doors.

He doesn't even let Shane say anything before he demands, "Tell me what is wrong."

Shane does a double take, glancing around at the empty hallway.

"I'm- fine? Nothing is wrong." He says quickly, but his eyes shift to the ballroom doors like he's looking for a way out of this conversation.

His husband isn't giving him one. "You did not eat anything. You pushed it around fancy plate. Tell me the truth."

Shane finally looks at him and scoffs, throwing his hands up. "That was the truth. I don't lie to you, Ilya."

Ilya catches his hands in the air easily, holding them in his. "Okay. Explain more, then."

Shane sighs, and gives in to his husband, as he always does.

“Nothing- nothing is wrong. That’s the problem. I feel like I’m waiting for something to go wrong. For someone to say something homophobic or something. And they never do, so I keep waiting and it keeps getting worse.”

Ilya nods. “Okay. That makes sense.”

Now that he’s away from the crowd, Shane realizes he is so tired. “No, it doesn’t, Ilya.” Fuck, he’s tearing up, but all of a sudden he is convinced he sounds insane, and Ilya will finally realize he’s too much, too anxious over nothing, and he has to try to explain himself. “I’m not trying to- I’m sorry I’m a lot. I don’t mean to, I get anxious and I-”

“Sweetheart.” Ilya cuts him off so gently that he can’t stop the tears from falling as Ilya pulls their joined hands toward him until Shane falls into his body.

“I’m sorry. I hate it as much as you do, I promise, I know I’m too much-” he blubbers into his husband’s nice jacket.

“Stop talking like this.” Ilya says, not rude but definitely firm, arms wrapped tight around the crying man’s back. “Nothing about you is too much. Nothing about you I do not love.”

Shane shakes his head, unable to respond.

Ilya kisses the side of his head, then the top, resting his cheek there.

“You may be anxious, my love. This is true. But this is who you are. You would not be my Shane without it. And I love my Shane a lot.”

Shane looks up finally, meeting his eyes.

“You mean it?”

Ilya strokes the tears off of his cheeks with his thumbs, lingering on the beautiful smattering of freckles. “I mean it so much that I’m going to call the car while you go put water on your face. We’re leaving.”

Shane exhales in relief, falling back into Ilya’s arms heavily.

“Love you so much.” He slurs, all the energy gone from his body now that he knows he doesn’t have to go back to pretending in a crowd of people.

“You are too easy, *moya lyubov*. I do not want to be here either.”

Shane shushes him and presses deeper into his coat, and Ilya agreeably wraps his arms back around him.

They can stand here for a minute. They have all night.

**+1**

Awards season always seems to drag on, but tonight is different because Ilya is nominated for the Most Outstanding Player Award, and heavily predicted to win. Tonight will be a suit and tie night, full of clinking champagne with people he only sees at these events and sharing fake niceties.

That’s later though. For now, Shane is curled in bed with his husband snoring on his chest and his husband’s dog snoring at his feet.

And there is nowhere he'd rather be.

He hears Ilya murmur quietly, then take a deep breath and attempt to nuzzle further into his bare chest.

"Why are you awake?" The man grumbles.

Shane smiles and reaches down to card through his hair. "It's 11am."

Ilya's eyes flutter shut again at the touch as he drawls lazily, "Mmm, yes, but I would have thought coming twice at 7:00 this morning would have put you to sleep for a little longer."

Shane rolls his eyes and pinches him, and Ilya nips his chest in retaliation.

"Are you awake because you're thinking too much about stupid thing tonight?" Ilya questions after a while, breath fanning over his husband's chest warmly.

Shane actually had completely forgotten. "Not really." He says carelessly, going back to combing through soft blonde hair with his fingertips.

This makes the other man sit up, staring down at Shane.

"Someone has replaced my husband with alien." Ilya says in the slightly serious, slightly mocking tone he does so well.

Shane rolls his eyes again. "Not really." He repeats.

Ilya rests his hand on Shane's stomach, just because he can. (He is a firm believer that if he's close to Shane, why wouldn't he touch him at all times?)

"Why not really?" He asks, having fully expected Shane to be tense all day with the looming knowledge of an upcoming event with so many random people there looking at them.

Shane looks at him with so much love in his eyes that Ilya almost has to look away. How did he get so lucky?

"What would you do if I said I was overwhelmed and needed to leave?" Shane asks his husband softly.

The husband in question doesn't even think about his answer. "Suddenly I have terrible stomach bug. We would go." Ilya says immediately.

"Even if you were about to get your award?"

"Who needs award? I have so many already, you know."

Shane rolls his eyes, but he doesn't argue.

"Then I'm fine. You always take care of me when I need it, so I'm not worried."

Ilya cocks his head. "I guess this makes sense. I protect my husband. Everybody knows this."

Shane slides his hand up Ilya's leg. Up and up, until his fingers tease under the hem. He looks up at the other man, grinning smugly. "One of the many reasons I love you."

Ilya smirks, rolling on top of him, wide awake now. “Oh, yes, tell me more reasons.”

Shane is laughing even as he pulls at Ilya’s boxers, tossing them out into the morning sunshine.

## End Notes

my credentials for writing this: i'm on lexapro.

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