

too broken to fix

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75614041) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75614041>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug , depressed Ilya Rozanov , Soft Shane hollander , Hurt/Comfort , the cottage™ , they love each other so much i'll kill myself , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-12 Words: 2,346 Chapters: 1/1

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by [sochilya \(93kooker\)](#)

Summary

“Are you going to be a dick and not talk about it?” Shane finally asks.

Ilya is not a dick. Not always. Only when he really wants to be.

“I get worried when you’re like this.”

“You will have panic attack, Hollander.”

“Ilya.” Shane rolls into him and buries his face into Ilya’s chest. Ilya leans down to take a long breath of his damp hair. Being close to him should be enough. Isn’t it enough? “I’m serious. I notice things.”

(or; Ilya is fucking depressed again. The only person who helps is Shane.)

Notes

disclaimer for 93kooker fans: i'm sorry i haven't posted a yoonkook in a million years, but i have a one shot on the horizon that just needs a moodboard before it can be posted!!!! again, i'm sooo sorry i haven't posted a bts fic i'm legit on the verge of Emotional Death(Thanks hollanov and my novel).

to heated rivalry fans:

hi, i've never posted a fic for anything but bts on ao3 before! it was really fun to write for something different :)

i really love the characters and they haven't left my brain for a single moment since i finished reading the hr book... i'm a big fan of writing about gay people kissing, complex characters and emotions, and intricate storylines. this one shot isn't very representative of that--so please, stay tuned for me to cough up something longer than 2k words for hollanov. i love them and i can't wait for the fourth epi to drop

enjoy some depressed ilya and concerned shane and some beautiful hurt/comfort <3

-mizha

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

The rain shower head feels nice pelting droplets of water against Ilya's flushed skin. His mind is buzzing. He has not slept all night and he smoked three cigarettes on the deck in an attempt to calm his erratic nerves, the racing thoughts. He doesn't know why he feels like this. Or why the things that used to help are not working anymore. He doesn't know why his heart aches all the time.

He and Shane are at the cottage, and all Ilya can think about is how their season went. Even united, together on the same team for the first time, other hockey players didn't know how to act around them. Two married hockey players on the same team, especially one that isn't exactly the best in the league? It seemed that anyone not on the Centaurs hated them.

Ilya can get over that. The bullshit bigotry from other players. But he saw how hard Shane pushed himself this season, to prove them wrong. They reached the playoffs. They swept Montreal and their stupid fucking team under the rug and took home the Cup together. *Together*. Ilya should be fucking ecstatic, but he's not, and that confuses him. Isn't this everything he dreamed of? Winning the Cup with the love of his life by his side?

As he's rinsing shampoo out of his hair, the bathroom door creaks open, and through the foggy glass, Shane's figure appears. Ilya doesn't say anything. Neither does Shane as he gets undressed and climbs into the shower with him. It's the middle of the night, and Ilya should be asleep. Does Shane know that Ilya is fucked up in the head? Has he figured out that not even pills and marriage can fix him?

Shane tilts his head back as the water soaks his hair, and his pretty bare body. Rivulets of water drip down his smooth chest, and Ilya can't resist trailing his fingertips down to his bellybutton, hand clutching his waist. He is beautiful. Ilya can't get over it. He is in love with Shane Hollander. But he is still fucking depressed.

Still, he leans in to kiss his husband on the lips, because he's more keen on touching him than explaining himself.

Wordless, Shane kisses him back in fervor, tongue gliding into Ilya's mouth, over his teeth. He always kisses with gentle urgency. Like he needs Ilya to always be around him, touching and kissing and murmuring, "I love you," into his skin. Ilya is grateful to have Shane. He is *lucky* to have Shane.

"You were smoking," Shane says, looking up at Ilya with a puzzled, frustrated scowl. He hits Ilya's shoulder and kisses him again, fingers curling against the nape of Ilya's neck.

Ilya has no excuse. He quit years ago, but sometimes he reaches for a cigarette when he's impossibly desperate. "Just a bit," he says halfheartedly, running his hand through Shane's dark, wet hair. He loves how Shane looks in the shower. Bare and raw. He wishes he could articulate just how much he feels for Shane. Words are still not easy, not even in Russian. "You are angry?"

Shane bangs his head against Ilya's shoulder. "Maybe. No. I don't know."

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. I mean—” Shane groans. Ilya smiles, because he still enjoys seeing how Shane’s cute brain works. “I’m obviously not happy you were smoking. But there has to be a reason.”

Ilya sniffs and fiddles with the chain Shane wears on his neck, even if he does not have a ring on it anymore. His ring remains on a small dish on his nightstand, usually hugging his finger, sometimes on the chain tucked underneath all his gear. Ilya always wears his ring. He likes the reminder. During games, it hangs next to his mother’s crucifix, digging into the space between his collarbones.

“Ilya?”

“I have been in here too long,” Ilya says, showing Shane his hands. His fingers are all wrinkled. “My hands are, hm... ugly looking.”

Shane covers Ilya’s hands with his own and scowls up at him again, like he’s contemplating whether Ilya is telling the truth or not. They have known each other for over ten years—Ilya would be surprised if Shane couldn’t sniff out a lie. Especially after a year of married life. But even if he suspects something isn’t right, he doesn’t say anything. Shane just kisses him again, and Ilya kisses him back, cradling his precious face in both hands.

He doesn’t mean to get carried away, but it’s easy to sink into the motion. Ilya loves touching his husband, pleasuring him. He kisses down Shane’s neck, sucking the skin between his teeth. He nips and bites until hickeys begin to bloom against Shane’s beautiful, smooth skin. God, Ilya loves this, but at the same time, he knows it isn’t enough. He knows that even if he fucks Shane tonight, he won’t feel any better.

“Hey, hey,” Shane murmurs, slowing Ilya down with the drag of his palm over his shoulders. He touches Ilya’s hair, and smiles softly. Sometimes he looks so boyish. Ilya loves it. “Let’s go outside after this. Okay?”

“Okay,” Ilya says.

He wants another cigarette. Or a glass of fucking vodka.

They leave the shower and dry off together. Shane gets them both clean underwear and clothes to wear. Ilya only puts on the sweatpants over his underwear, but Shane puts on a pair of basketball shorts and a loose black t-shirt. Then he takes Ilya’s hand in his and guides him outside to lie in the grassy yard. The blinking stars remind Ilya of Shane’s eyes.

“Are you going to be a dick and not talk about it?” Shane finally asks.

Ilya is not a dick. Not always. Only when he really wants to be.

“I get worried when you’re like this.”

“You will have panic attack, Hollander.”

“Ilya.” Shane rolls into him and buries his face into Ilya’s chest. Ilya leans down to take a long breath of his damp hair. Being close to him should be enough. Isn’t it enough? “I’m serious. I notice things.”

The sound of Shane’s heartbeat echoes on Ilya’s skin, where he’s pressed close. Ilya doesn’t know what to tell Shane. He thought everything would be fixed once they were together, he was so sure of it. Winning the Cup. Playing together. *Being* together. This is exactly what they always wanted. How is Ilya supposed to say it isn’t enough to fix him? He is so fucking broken. He is beginning to believe that he can’t be fixed.

Ilya closes his eyes and breathes in the scent of shampoo and moss.

“You love me, yes?” he asks quietly, letting Shane’s fingers intertwine with his own.

Shane’s chin digs into Ilya’s shoulder, only long enough to press his soft lips to Ilya’s jaw. “I love you,” he confirms, using his fingertips to trace Ilya’s face.

His touch is light, ghost-like. His index finger follows the bridge of Ilya’s nose, down to his cupid’s bow. Ilya kisses the inside of Shane’s palm and reopens his eyes; Shane is staring down at him with his gorgeous, sparkling brown eyes. Sometimes it feels like their first night all over again. At least, it does in Ilya’s heart.

“What’s wrong?” Shane asks. “You only smoke when something’s wrong.”

“Is nothing,” Ilya attempts, but Shane kisses him with a soft, disappointed whiny sound. He scowls, and Ilya runs his fingers through his hair, cupping the nape of his neck. His freckles seem darker in the summer. Ilya tries to smile. “Really, Shane. I am tired from long season. We are fucking winners. A dynasty, remember?”

Shane raises his eyebrows. “I remember,” he says, rubbing his thumb over the very faint facial hair that’s grown over the past day. He kisses Ilya again, softer, slower. Somehow, everything he does is perfect to Ilya. “Don’t lie to me. Or keep things from me. We’re past that, Ilya. I think you know that you’re supposed to share things with me, because I’m your husband, but you’re just—you’re scared.”

“Yes, I know.” Ilya takes a deep breath. The press of his ring feels solid on his left hand, especially as Shane traces his fingers over it. “I am maybe a little bit scared. I don’t know. Feels like big boulder is sitting on my chest and I can’t fucking breathe anymore.”

That’s only part of it, and Shane seems content to wait. He leaves butterfly kisses on Ilya’s cheeks, his forehead and his chin. It’s interesting how Ilya’s body knows how to react to Shane’s touch. That it knows Shane is safe. That it knows Shane will protect him.

“I love you,” Shane whispers against the shell of Ilya’s ear. “I promise everything will be okay.”

“You can’t make such promises, Shane,” Ilya replies, looking past Shane’s concern, to the starry night sky. “If you die tomorrow, it will not be okay.”

Shane rolls his eyes. “You’re so fucking dramatic,” he mutters, stealing another kiss off Ilya’s lips. God, Ilya could kiss him for *days*. “I’m not dying. See?” Shane grabs Ilya’s wrist and presses his palm flush to his chest. Ilya feels the steady rhythm of Shane’s heart against his hand. Present. Safe. *Alive*. “I’m fine. I’m not dying. Please don’t think about me dying, because I’m not going anywhere.”

Ilya manages a chuckle. “I think I miss my mother,” he says, and his own words come as a surprise. He’s not sure he’s said that before. Not in a very long time, at least. And as soon as it’s out of his mouth, everything makes sense. Yuna Hollander is the best mother-in-law he could ask for, but the small boy in him misses the woman who raised him. “Fuck.”

“That’s okay, Ilya.”

“I know it is okay, Shane. My therapist says this too. But I still—” Ilya blinks at the stars and wonders when the last time he cried over his mother was. Russians don’t cry, but he wonders if he should cry. If he *can*. “I will never see her again. I can’t even go to Russia and see her.”

Shane settles down against Ilya’s chest again and rests his face in the crook of his neck, leg tossed over Ilya’s hips. In desperate need to be closer, Ilya runs his fingers past the hem of Shane’s shorts, over the strong, taut muscle of his thighs. He doesn’t feel so wound up anymore. Not after admitting what’s been bothering him aloud.

“Do you wanna talk about it?” Shane mumbles against Ilya’s skin, voice sending vibrations all over his body. This is what love is supposed to feel like, isn’t it?

Of course, talking about his mother in English would never amount to how cathartic speaking about her in Russian would be. So, instead of worrying about what he’s saying or how he’s saying it or if Shane can understand with the minimal Russian he knows, Ilya just talks.

He talks about always being a mama’s boy. He talks about curling up next to her after she had a long day with his father. He talks about her supporting him when he found hockey. He talks about how much he loved her. He talks about how much *she* loved *him*. For the longest time, she was the only one who loved him.

Then he found Shane. And Ilya could never be more indebted to him.

They fall into silence and keep watching the stars. Ilya stops wanting a cigarette, and instead, starts wanting to kiss Shane again.

“She would love you, I think,” Ilya says to Shane after a while. He shuts his eyes and breathes; a smile works its way onto his lips. Fuck, he really misses her. “She would enjoy doting on you.”

“*Doting*,” Shane repeats, stifling a laugh with Ilya’s shoulder. He lifts his head to look down at Ilya, brown eyes still sparkly and bright and *happy*. God, all Ilya wants is for Shane to be happy. “When the fuck did you learn what that means?”

Ilya shrugs. “David says it all the time about Yuna and you,” he says, and sits up to wrap his arms around Shane’s waist. He pulls him closer and connects their lips, reveling in the

breathless push of Shane's lips. "She dotes on you, no? Because you are cute, like puppy."

"Shut up. I'm not. And she totally dotes on you more." Shane is blushing. Ilya tucks a strand of hair behind his ear and smiles, especially as Shane's hand slides up his arm, to his neck. He touches so gently, even though his eyes are beginning to droop now. "Are you feeling a little better now? I didn't get everything you said, but... Your mom sounded like a really wonderful person."

"She was." Ilya kisses Shane's jaw a couple of times, then settles his chin on Shane's shoulder. He closes his eyes and feels inexplicably at home. "Let's go to bed now, sweetheart. You're tired."

Despite this, neither of them make the immediate move to return inside and Ilya doesn't mind. He stays in Shane's arm, in his warmth, in his love, until he feels his own eyes begin to flutter shut and his head tumbles from Shane's shoulder. With a soft urging, Ilya clambors to his feet and clings to his husband so they can crawl into bed together.

Ilya kisses him; sweet and gentle, unspoken words pouring from his soul through the soft flick of his tongue against Shane's. Kisses him into the mattress and mumbles, "I love you, Shane Hollander," into his neck as they curl into each other, bodies becoming one whole. Before Shane, Ilya was missing a piece of himself. It lived far away, here in Canada, until Ilya found it. Found him. His mother would be proud of them.

As he lies in the sheets with his love, heavy eyelids sliding shut, Ilya knows that he is not fixed. Maybe he can never be fixed. But as long as Shane is by his side, he is allowed to feel broken.

End Notes

hi again~ thank you for reading my work you are awesome and lovely. i'm honestly feeling insecure about my writing these days so if you really did like it, please let me know :')

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