

and i don't want the world to see me

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by [avocadoestoastyyy](#)

Summary

incredibly whumpy shane hollander subdrops/has an anxiety attack and autistic meltdown after vegas 2014, soft dom ilya rozanov is there to pick up the pieces

or: extremely self indulgent hollanov subdrop fic

Notes

hi!

this is my first ao3 work but im a longtime lurker/reader and wrote a LOT of fics on other sites. heated rivalry has me in an absolute chokehold so yeah i hope you enjoy this fic about my close personal friends shane and ilya :)

title from iris by the goo goo dolls

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

Shane's vision blurs as he stumbles into the elevator. His body is cold, terrifyingly cold, a bone deep shiver working its way up from his toes to the tips of his ears. He is vaguely aware of the elevator door closing, of the faraway beep indicating for him to select a floor. But he's incapable of remembering what floor his room is on, much less moving to press the button.

Suddenly the bright white light of the elevator is glaring, refracting the tears in his vision. The shirt that he so haphazardly threw on is too scratchy, the rough material sawing at his raw skin, the neckline— which is not even button up —choking him, constricting his breathing.

We didn't even kiss.

That's the truth. Shane can't stop the words from cycling through his already pounding head.

They didn't even kiss. Rozanov didn't so much as meet his eyes or touch his face when Shane clambered off the bed. Just sat back, naked, with that lazy smile as he thumbed his lit cigarette. Just watched as Shane picked up each folded article of clothing, gingerly putting each piece on even as his skin crawled and burned.

Standing is all of the sudden too much. It feels like there is a weight pressing down on his shoulders, a sudden force that struck the back of his knees while he wasn't paying attention. He hits the elevator wall with a thud. He slides down, or more so collapses, his butt hitting the floor. He doesn't process the pain when the back of his head slams hard into the corner of the elevator railing, sending a ringing through his head.

Shane has always struggled with overstimulation. He hates that word— feels as though it makes him broken or weird. But at its core, that is what these moments are. He is overstimulated. The lights are too bright, the silence too loud, everything touching his skin from his clothes to the hard tiled floor beneath him grating against him.

And it's more than just that. There's an awful emptiness inside of him. Spreading, growing, overtaking him.

He did something wrong. He did something so wrong. He is awful. He is a terrible, terrible person. Rozanov's lazy expression flashes in his mind and Shane is hit with a blow of self-loathing so strong, it nearly closes up his throat. He fucked up. He must've fucked up somehow or somewhere because there is no way that what he is feeling is normal, that this sense of the world collapsing down around him is normal. There is no way that he should be sitting here in an elevator, shaking hands pressed over his ears, eyes squeezed shut and rocking himself back and forth like a madman.

He wants Rozanov, wants his soothing hands and his loving murmurs and his lips on his. But they *didn't even kiss*.

Of course he left his shoe.

It's the most Hollander thing Ilya can think of. His little navy blue sneaker is sitting right where he left it when he took it off. Aligned perfectly parallel with the wall. One shoe gone, but the other one left.

Ilya shakes his head, smiling faintly, fondly. He picks up the shoe and steps into the hallway.

Lily: What room are you?

Lily: You left your shoe.

Lily: I do not know how you could leave your shoe.

Lily: Is very you Hollander.

No response.

Ilya shrugs, reaching the end of the hallway, shoe tucked under his arm. He presses the elevator button anyway, the arrow going down. If worst comes to worst he will ask the lobby and see if he can convince them to give up Hollander's room number. It's not as if he won't realize himself eventually, and hopefully see Ilya's text.

There is no wait. Because the elevator never left.

The door opens immediately and Ilya almost doesn't see him at first. He's on the floor, curled into himself like he's trying to make himself as small as humanly possible in that corner. His hands are clamped firmly over his ears, eyes shut so tight, but tears are streaming down his cheeks. Ilya's heart drops to his feet. For a moment he is frozen, and then the space between them is gone and Ilya is crouched down next to him. He wants to hold him, desperately needs to feel him, but he is terrified to touch him and upset him even more.

"Hollander? Fuck— Shane, what is wrong?" Ilya almost doesn't recognize his voice. It's higher and breathier than normal. The words still feel harsh and jilted with his accent, but it's his best attempt at a coo. "Shane, I— shit. Fuck."

Ilya lowers himself so his face is directly in front of Shane's. Finally, finally Shane's eyes open and his grip on his ears loosen ever so slightly. His eyes are red and blurry with tears, full of pain and confusion as his gaze focuses on Ilya. And immediately, Ilya knows how he has fucked up.

“-what is wrong?” Someone is speaking. Shane is underwater, he cannot breathe, his lungs are puncturing and collapsing all at once. But someone is speaking, their words are bubbles, and Shane knows that someone is there.

It’s not the voice that alerts Shane, that tears him the tiniest bit out of his trance. He can hardly hear with the blaring silence that is suffocating him on all sides, much less put a person to the voice. It’s the scent— leather and woody and masculine and unmistakable...

“Ilya.” The word is a plea. A prayer. Shane’s grip on his ears loosen slightly and the ringing turns unbearable. His eyes squint open and he is temporarily blinded by the lights. But when he sees those pleading eyes and familiar curls just inches away from him, it’s worth it.

“Oh, Shane, sweetheart.” Ilya’s voice is broken, bleeding. “Come here. We need to— fuck we need to get you up. Out of here.”

Shane’s heart splits in half. “No. No please! Please. Don’t— don’t leave me.” He knows he sounds pathetic. He can taste the desperation in his voice far more than he can hear it and it disgusts him. Disgusts him to know that he has been this bad, this unworthy, and still he is asking for more.

He just wants to be good.

Good for someone.

Good for something.

“No,” Ilya says fiercely. “Not leaving. Never leaving. Come here. I will touch you now, da? I will pick you up. Bring you back to my room.”

Shane’s lip trembles. He can’t formulate a response. He manages a nod.

Ilya hesitates. He always prefers Shane’s verbal consent, but in this situation, he doesn’t think Shane would be capable of giving that. The utter trust in his eyes says enough. Timidly, so as to not frighten a wounded animal, Ilya’s arms wrap around Shane’s trembling body. Shane is not a small man— a NHL starting center. But in his fragile state, and combined with the sheer size of Ilya’s body in comparison, he picks up Shane as if he weighs nothing.

“Fuck, sweetheart.” Ilya’s lips don’t touch Shane, not daring to make more contact than is necessary in his catatonic state. But they are so close to Shane’s ear he can feel the meaning of them down to his core. “I am never leaving you. Never.”

A door opens, then closes, and then Shane is being set gently, oh so gently down on the bed. The same bed he was in just a few minutes ago, although that feels like forever now. The moment Shane’s body weight hits the mattress, he curls up into a ball, coiled impossibly tight.

He wants to disappear.

His finger digs into the skin of his opposite wrist and the tiny pinprick of pain is a lifeline when Shane is drowning in this state. Everything is so impossibly noisy but so quiet, he is so

full but so, so empty. Subconsciously, unthinkingly, he drags his hand sharply across his wrist. The skin breaks, barely, beading up with tiny spots of blood. He moves his arm a few millimeters down and does it again. And again. The small zap of pain helps, or Shane feels like it does. There is something other than his tight scratchy clothes and the blaring silence. At least Ilya's room is dark— the problem of the lights has gone away. It helps marginally.

Ilya does not realize what Shane is doing for a few minutes. He is too busy panicking, kicking himself for letting this happen. He knows what is happening. A combination of things. Shane is dropping, first and foremost— he never should've let Shane leave so suddenly after they shared something so intense. But Shane is also having one of his moments where everything is too loud and too much.

He can tell from the way Shane desperately tried to block out everything sensory, the way he clawed at the clothes on his skin. He clears the sheets away, not wanting anything else to make contact with Shane's skin. He pulls off Shane's remaining shoe. He takes off his own shoes, climbs into bed next to Shane, prepared to ask him if he can be held, but then— He sees Shane's movement, the desperate scratching of the skin of his wrist. Immediately, his hand reaches for the bleeding, reddened area. Shane's fingernail hits skin that is not his own and he lets out an involuntary whine.

"Shh, I know sweetheart. I know but I cannot let you hurt yourself." Ilya's voice is calmer than he feels. He has never seen Shane do this. It may not be the first time he has used pain to ground himself— picking at his cuticles, slamming his head against walls. But seeing his blood, the desperate clawing of his wrist as if he's trying to peel his skin off. Ilya wants to die, wants to take all of his issues and whisk them away. He wants to hold him and comfort him and take back every stupid thing he has said and did.

"M sorry," Shane whimpers. "M so sorry, Ilya."

Ilya coos, shushing him, feeling his heart splinter. "No, lyubuv. What are you sorry about? You have nothing to be sorry about. Is me who is sorry."

Shane shakes his head. His fingernails find the skin of Ilya's hand, tearing a little there. Ilya barely feels the pain, but Shane whips his hand away as if he's been burned, realizing what he's done. "I've been... bad. So bad."

"No, sweetheart," Ilya murmurs. "You have been so good. Always so good. So good for me. So perfect."

The words are like a balm to Shane, the deep bass of Ilya's voice is a lifeline among the ringing in his ears. There is something like a deep rumble that leaves Ilya's throat as he whispers inaudible words of comfort, stroking Shane's hair, smoothing his thumb over the skin of Shane's wrist that is now red and raw. Ilya can feel the texture of those clawed lines and each one feels like a slash directly to his heart.

Ilya shift slightly and his body weight presses into Shane, setting a momentary pressure onto him. Shane lets out a low groan and Ilya can immediately decipher that this noise is different, not one of pain, but of relief.

"This okay?" Ilya softly begins to roll them over, gently pressing more and more of his weight on top of Shane like a personal weighted blanket. He watches Shane's face carefully, noting how his glassy eyes appear more grounded as his own weight presses down.

The weight grounds Shane, similar to the stimulation of pain, only now with Ilya's body, it is combined with an inexplicable comfort and warmth that could only come with having Ilya near. Shane is smaller than Ilya, but not so small that he is crushed, and Ilya keeps a careful eye on the man below him, watching his face for the faintest signs of pain or discomfort. The weight is blissful and centering, quieting both the persistent scratch of overstimulation under Shane's skin and the fervent desire to be close and held by the man who was with him so intimately not so long ago.

Ilya feels the stuttering rhythm of Shane's chest ease, hears as his shaky gasps of breath grow softer and softer. He tries desperately to tamp down the self-loathing that has been brewing in his chest since he found Shane curled up in the corner of that elevator. He should have been there for him, should've never let him leave after they shared a moment so intimate, should've wiped down his body after they were done and held him for longer.

The more Ilya thinks about it, the more he realizes- begrudgingly, cathartically -that Shane is not someone he can just push away after having sex. Not someone he can push away period. Shane is nothing like the other women or men that he has been with, not a means to an end or someone to scratch an itch. Shane is burrowed deep under his skin and Ilya isn't sure he will ever be able to- or even want to -make him leave.

"I-I'm sorry," Shane mumbles, and his voice sounds more defeated and tired now than it does panicked. "I d-don't know what happened. I j-just felt so... so cold."

Even now, Shane can feel the cold only just starting to seep away. It's less of a chill on his skin than it is a freezing, aching emptiness down to his core. He knows the warmth is from Ilya's presence far more than it is his physical body heat.

Ilya gently shushes him, stroking his hair with a hand that seems to be moving on its own accord. The action is more tender and gentle than anything Ilya thought he was capable of. For so long, Ilya could only think of himself in one dimension, in one stark shade of grey. He had grown up pushing his body to the bone on a freezing ice rink in Russia, then returning to a home that was just as cold. He almost doesn't recognize himself now. It is a terrifying and exhilarating realization all at once.

"Is not your fault," Ilya assures him. He searches for the right words in English, pausing as his brain tries to put together what it needs to reassure Shane that this is not in the slightest his fault. "You are in... drop. In subdrop."

"S-Subdrop." Shane tests the unfamiliar word, hating how it tastes on his tongue. "What does..." He licks his dry lips, twisting his face slightly to meet Ilya's eyes before immediately dropping his gaze back down to Ilya's chest. "What does that mean?"

"Sometimes after sex. After... how do you say, I dominate you?" The words are blunt in Ilya's second language, but Shane understands the gist, nods slowly and uncertainly against Ilya's

chest. "I did not take care of you good. Did not hold you. So you felt cold. Floaty. You dropped."

Shane thinks over these words, twists them over and over in his head until they begin to make sense. He's always known there was a power dynamic when he and Ilya had sex, but he's never put a name to the sensation. Ilya was... dominant. What did that make Shane, then? Submissive? It would explain that word Ilya used- subdrop. Shane is in subdrop.

"I d-don't like feeling like this," Shane admits, a wave of shame heating his face as his own words sound in his ears. He sounds so weak, so pathetic.

"I know, m'lyubov. I do not like it either. It will not happen again," Ilya vows. "Never again."

Shane stiffens slightly at that, a new kind of cold rushing over him. His chest aches slightly, processing Ilya's solemn words as rejection somehow. "Y-you don't want to have sex with me again?"

Ilya almost laughs. He would have, if the mood was lighter, because it is so far from what he is feeling, so wildly off base. "No. *No*. I want to have sex with you again, Hollander. Many, many times. But I will never leave you again like that, *da*? I will stay. I will clean you up. I will hold you."

The words escape Shane before he can stop them. He bites his lip- *hard* -after, but it's too late, he's already spoke. "A-and kiss me? Will you kiss me too?"

Ilya softens at those words, and Shane's body melts even more underneath him in return. Suddenly the events of the night replay in Ilya's head and he wants to kick himself as he realizes-

"We didn't even kiss," Shane mumbles, shameful at how much longing and desperation reeks from his voice.

"Oh sweetheart," Ilya murmurs. He lifts his hand off of Shane's hair so his lips touch the top of Shane's head. He presses a light kiss to his head there, then down to his forehead and his temple. His hand grabs Shane's chin, gentle but firm all at once somehow, forcing Shane's face to twist towards him. He kisses his brow, then his nose, then those beautiful freckles that drive him so crazy. He kisses the drying tear tracks on his cheeks, illuminated by the soft moonlight from the window. He kisses his lips then, a light one first for good measure, then a deeper one that Shane melts into with a small moan.

"I will kiss you so much you will be sick of me," Ilya pulls back from the kiss just long enough to say.

He rolls them slightly so they are laying on their side, watching Shane's face for discomfort or returning panic as the pressure of his own personal weighted blanket leaves him. But the only thing in Shane's eyes, slightly red from his tears, is a soft lust and something more tender, deeper. Ilya knows that he likely has the same expression.

Ilya does not know what this is. He does not know what is happening or how they have come to here, but he knows with a bone deep, irrevocable sense of sureness that Shane is his in every possible way that matters.

End Notes

sorry guys im not the best at ending fics but i hope this could do them justice! i love them so much. i cant escape the cottage. the doors are locked the windows are closed i am never leaving and i dont want to leave.

kudos and comments appreciated as always, lmk if i should write more of these two <3

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