

YA lyublyu tebya, moy milyy mal'chik.

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by [Robin_Ur_House](#)

Summary

Shane has a panic attack before a big press conference after one of the Montreal metro's biggest losses since he'd been captain. Ilya decides to go find him and talks his boy down from a heart attack (basically, I saw Shane freaking out before the MLH Awards and decided, yeah, he has debilitating panic attacks)

Notes

Gang, I watched two episodes of these two gay little bastards, and they've consumed my life like...wtf guys?

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

The horde of press were chattering amongst themselves like hungry vultures, waiting for two exhausted hockey players to be brought before them like carcasses on a silver platter- ready to be picked apart by their lecherous questions and undying urge to get under their skin.

Ilya huffed to himself, tugging at the collar of his too-tight button-up. He shouldn't be worried; the Boston Raiders swept the ice this evening with a glorious win of 4-1.

However, his foot tapped impatiently because the worry he felt for his partner was itching to be outwardly expressed.

Shane had donned such a hollow look in his eyes when the final bell tolled on the horrific match, his shoulders shrinking in on himself as the final scores were announced.

The metros had lost- *badly*. It was a massacre on the ice, and he was sure to face another with the press. Their snapping teeth and sharpened claws would tear him apart from skin to sinew, barring his loss for the whole world to see.

Ilya and Shane both knew it, had both come very accustomed to the press digging in insults with their questions. They delighted in tearing the two young captains to pieces while they wrote down their answers and broadcast their shame for the whole world to see.

They seemed to take immense joy in picking Hollander apart in particular, cameras zooming in on his all too expressive eyes, waiting for his quiet exterior to crack down the middle.

The Canadian boy hadn't ever broken; he'd bent, but the press had yet to snap him in two. However, tonight, it would seem Hollander was prone to shattering because the press conference was supposed to begin 12 minutes ago, and the usually punctual man had yet to make an appearance.

Ilya's foot continued to tap against the carpeted floor, listening as the press grew rowdier in the next room. The metro's press team was muttering incoherently amongst themselves, completely unaware as to where the young captain had slipped off.

The Russian scoffed as the minutes ticked by and Hollander still hadn't come to face his execution. Part of Ilya understood, Shane was a sensitive man, no matter how hard he tried to hide it. But another part of Ilya, a part that sounded eirely like his father, nagged about the boy's tardiness. His team had lost, and it was his duty as the captain to face the music.

However, the louder part of Ilya's brain, the one that tucked every piece of Shane Hollander into a soft little folder to be kept close to his heart, told him that something more was at play.

Shane had faced worse losses than this, worse set-ups, worse questions. Why now was he hiding from the press? After everything else he's had to face, why was this what "broke the camel's back," as the Americans say?

As Ilya's watch ticked on, flicking past the little twelve at the top signifying they were now 15 minutes off schedule, he feigned a scoff. "If Hollander doesn't have to do shitty press,

then neither shall I,” he spits, turning on his heel and striding out of the room, much to the chagrin of his own press team.

Ilya should probably stay, put on a stoic face, and talk to the press for both himself and Hollander. At the very least, act like he was a well-behaved player who showed up to get picked apart. But he didn’t care about the press or his image; he cared about Shane. So he left, ignoring the sounds of his press team calling after him as he strode toward the hotel elevators. They could bring in their co-captains to cover for himself and Hollander, Ilya did not give a shit.

He whips his phone out the moment the metal doors slide shut, slamming his finger into the 32nd button so he would be carried up to the floor where Shane’s hotel room was tucked away.

The boy had whispered the room number to him that morning on the ice, a sly grin settled on his face before his team had a chance to fail quite so miserably. Ilya had been looking forward to it, had planned on teasing Shane through the press conference before following him up to his hotel room and fucking him through the mattress.

But Hollander hadn’t shown, and Ilya couldn’t quite get the worry in his gut to ease as he rode the elevator up to the top floor. As soon as the doors slid open, Ilya was off, speed walking down the hall toward the room labeled 3231. Of course, Shane’s room was tucked away at the back of the hall, but Ilya did not care, simply moving faster the moment his eyes landed on the little number placed beside the door.

He clicked on Shane’s contact, swiping up from his pre-game half-assed sexting, to the door code Shane had provided him.

The buttons beeped loudly as Iliya punched the code in, waiting for the telltale *buzz-click* of the lock before he was practically launching himself into the room.

He tried to tell himself that he was being overly dramatic, that Hollander was just being a sore loser and drinking away his loss instead of facing it like a man. But Shane wasn’t a person who hid from his failings; he liked to face things head-on. So Ilya knew when he pushed the door open to find Shane hyperventilating on the floor beside his bed, something else had to be going on.

Shane practically crumbled to the floor after the game, but he forced himself to stay standing as the two teams shook hands before they all shuffled off to their respective locker rooms.

Blood rushed through his ears, dulling all the sound around him until all he could hear was his own frantic heartbeat. He knew he had to get back downstairs to the press conference, but as he stepped into his hotel room and changed into his suit, he felt like all the air was stolen from his lungs.

It was a bad game, certainly not their worst, but it was a bad game nonetheless. Their goalie was injured, half the guys were nursing bruises and near broken bones, Hell even Shane

himself was littered with black and blue bruises courtesy of San Francisco's center slamming into him so hard he almost cracked three of his ribs.

Shane knew they were going to lose; he *knew* it would be a shit game, but something about it made his heart lurch in his chest when he thought about talking to the press.

Maybe it was the flaring pain in his ribs, or the pressing feeling of guilt on his spine, but Shane was suddenly finding it very hard to breathe.

He knew he was having a panic attack; it had been brewing for weeks since the Metro's first loss of the season, which marked their downward spiral from possibly winning the cup to being on the highlight reel for the worst injuries of the season.

Him getting slammed two days ago was still at number one of the most violent take downs, the sound his body made against the glass around the rink still echoed in the back of his mind.

His body lurches as he gasps for air, his knees giving out as he clutches his chest. He couldn't breathe. Why couldn't he *breathe*?

He tries to remember the breathing exercises his dad taught him when he was a little kid and got the wind knocked out of him for the first time in Pee-Wee Hockey. He wracks his brain trying to remember it, but all that comes up is fuzz and pain.

Tears begin to slide down his cheeks as sobs make his whole body shake, everything hurts, it's so loud, and he still can't *breathe*-

He's a terrible captain; he still hasn't gotten the Metros to win the cup, and he's been captain for nearly 7 years. He must be such a disappointment to his parents, who fought so hard to get him where he is. He must be such a disappointment to his community, who looked up to him for the representation they had yet to receive in today's media. He should be down there, being picked apart by the press, so he could represent his culture, his people, his parents. But he can't stomach it, for once, he can't stomach being a failure on national television.

His vision blurs with the tears and lack of oxygen to his brain, he claws at his stupid tie but only succeeds in tightening it rather than ripping it off. He continues to gasp for air, curling in on himself as he tries to remember how to breathe, how to move, how to not be such a colossal failure.

The way he's sitting makes his still bruised ribs ache rather violently, but he deserves it, he thinks. Maybe the pain would remind him how to be a good hockey player, maybe the ache in his lungs would show him how to function the way he was supposed to.

But all his ribs do is ache, and all Shane can do in response is cry and beg for his brain to shut up or shut down so he doesn't feel like *this* forever.

Distantly, he hears feet thumping in the hallway, and he thinks to himself, maybe he should shut up. People could probably hear him having a breakdown outside, and it was unbecoming of him to act like such a child over something so stupid.

But his body doesn't seem to get the memo, and he continues on with his gasping sobs.

He must be out of it, because he doesn't hear the *buzz-click* of his door unlocking, or the sound of shoes hitting the carpet, or the sound of the heavy door locking shut once more.

But suddenly, his nose is assaulted by the all too familiar smell of expensive Russian cologne, and he looks through his tear-clumped lashes to find a worried Ilya Rozanov crouching in front of him.

He practically launches himself back, scooting across the floor till his back slams into his bed frame. He doesn't get very far, but Ilya makes no move to follow him, letting Shane dictate the space between them.

"Hollander," he says, his Russian accent thick due to his exhaustion and his all-consuming fear.

The high-pitched whine Shane lets out in response should embarrass him, but he is too out of it to really care, or even hear what noises he makes over the static in his ears.

"Shane," Ilya amends, watching as the Canadians' shoulders lower slightly in response. "You are...okay?" He asks, fighting around the English language to express his concern. Shane simply whines again, tears clogging his throat as he continues to gasp for air. "You must breathe, Shane," Ilya commands, slowly moving closer to Shane's tightly curled form.

The man's eyes widen as he curls somehow even further into himself, and Ilya can't help but curse under his breath before scooting back an inch, giving Shane a bit more space.

"You must breathe," he says, his voice deep with worry. "You, follow me," he says, pointing from Shane to himself as he speaks, exaggerating his breathing for Shane to follow.

It takes a moment, but eventually, Shane's shaky inhales and exhales begin to resemble regular breathing patterns, and he looks less like he is about to keel over and croak.

Slowly, still aware of how jumpy Shane seems to be in this state, Ilya reaches out with his palm up, offering his hand for Shane to hold.

Shane looks from his hand to his face before doing Ilya one better and practically folding into his arms with a sob.

Ilya accepted the weight easily, pulling Shane around so he was lying sideways between his legs with his head pressed between Ilya's collarbones, listening to the steady- if not slightly quick- beat of his heart.

His arms wrap around him carefully, winding one arm around his middle while the other wraps around for his hand to wind into Shane's dark hair.

In response, Shane's hands grip at the arm wrapped around his chest, still shaking fingers digging into the expensive fabric of Ilya's button-up dress shirt. The smell of Ilya's cologne helps him relax even further, the soft scent of worn leather and amber filling his nose, accompanied by the usual smell of Ilya's preferred cigarettes.

He remembers being obsessed with how Ilya smelled after their first hook-up, how he hunted for the same cologne for weeks simply because he wanted to pretend Ilya was still in his bed.

Ilya himself was just rubbing his hand up and down Shane's spine, scratching at his scalp and mumbling assurances into the other man's hair in his mother tongue.

You're okay

It's okay

Just breathe for me

Keep breathing darling

I love you

You're safe

You're okay

Shane didn't understand a word coming out of his mouth, but he was assured all the same by the sound of the familiar baritone voice he'd become more than a little obsessed with.

Eventually, Ilya coaxes him to sit upright, carefully whipping away the remaining tears with his thumbs.

Shane catches sight of Ilya's watch and latches onto it in a panic, twisting around to see the time. His heart drops when he realizes they're both half an hour late to the conference, and his breathing picks up as he searches for his phone, no doubt being bombarded with messages from his press team and his mother.

But Ilya's firm hands stop him in his tracks, holding onto his cheeks before Shane can wind himself back into a panic.

"W-we're late- we're late for the conference-" he gasps a little, but Ilya's firm gaze makes him shut his mouth.

Ilya pets his hair back in response, leaning forward to press their foreheads together. "Fuck the conference," he says simply. Shane almost whines in protest, but Ilya shakes his head, leaning up to press a firm but gentle kiss to Shane's hairline. "No, the press will have to find somebody else to terrorize tonight. You and I are staying here." He pads his words with a soft kiss to the corner of Shane's lips, and the fight practically melts out of him, and he slumps into Ilya's hold without much fanfare.

Ilya fights back a chuckle before collecting Shane in his arms and lifting him off the floor to settle him on the bed.

Shane gasps at the move, still flustered at Ilya's ability to manhandle him even after all these years. Ilya can't help the prideful smirk that crosses his face as he stands between Shane's open knees, even though it gets him quite the annoyed smack against his shoulder.

“Let’s get you out of these clothes, da?” He says before tugging Shane’s awfully tight tie loose before sliding it off completely.

Shane relaxes, letting Ilya slip off his tie and slowly unbutton his shirt. His eyes slip closed, reveling in the familiar feeling of Ilya’s warm hands on his body before a sharp intake of air makes his eyes snap open.

Ilya is halfway through unbuttoning Shane’s shirt when he sees it, the smattering of dark bruises on his once bare, freckle-covered skin. The bruises are large, covering most of his ribs. It’s a horrific watercolor of black, purple, and dark red, clearly showing the skin had yet to heal. These were new, fresh, and Ilya’s mind wandered back to the top ten takedowns of this season. Right, Shane had gotten body slammed a few days ago, hadn’t he? Ilya hadn’t had the stomach to watch it more than once. The sound Shane’s body had made against the glass made his chest ache.

“You are hurt,” he says, eyes boring into the darkened skin. His fingers skate over the bruises, feather light, but Shane still winces, nerves lighting up at the mere thought of contact against his ribs.

One of Ilya’s teammates had elbowed Shane during the game, Ilya himself had gotten a little handsy when Shane stole the puck from him and scored the Metros’ only goal for the night.

He feels sick, almost violently ill with the knowledge that he could’ve hurt Shane on the ice tonight. Hell, he probably *had* hurt Shane on the ice tonight without even realizing it. “You did not tell me,” and his voice is more raw than he would like it to be, but his concern for Shane is beginning to win out over his own self-preservation.

Shane tries to shrug, looking away. He looks so soft like this, face flushed and eyes red from his tears. He looks so breakable, with the moonlight catching on the furrow of his brows and the slope of his shoulders. He looks so small. Ilya wants to put him in his pocket and protect him from the rest of the world. He wants to scold him for going out on the ice when he was in pain.

“I’m fine,” he says, so dismissive of his own pain. It lights a fire in Ilya’s chest. How could Shane not care about himself? When he was at the center of Ilya’s very heart?

“You are not *fine*,” Ilya mocks, shushing Shane when he opens his mouth to protest. “You were curled up on the floor, practically dying, and do not think I did not notice you moving slower today,” he scolds before kneeling between Shane’s legs and moving his hand up to cradle the man’s bruised sides. “You should not push yourself so far till you break,” he mumbles, leaning forward to press a barely there kiss to the damaged skin.

Shane shudders at the contact, his spine straightening before relaxing once more, and Ilya’s hands move down to massage his unmarked hips. “M’ not gonna break,” Shane mumbles, body sagging with exhaustion.

Ilya looks up at him, his hands sliding to Shane’s belt buckle before tugging the leather out of his belt loops and pulling the button of his pants apart. “No, you will not,” Ilya says, pressing

kisses up Shane's chest before leading him to lie back against the bed so Ilya can peel his slacks off. "Because I will not let you break."

Shane gasps a little as Ilya lifts his hips with one hand and gently tugs his pants down with the other. He's almost certain his face would be bright red if it wasn't already flushed from crying. "I'm going to be in so much trouble," Shane laments, watching as Ilya strips himself of his own clothing before letting himself be moved up the bed to curl under the covers.

The Russian scoffs, making sure Shane is comfortable on his side before spooning him gently. "Bah, *K chertu ikh vsekh*. They will get over it in a week," he dismisses, pressing a soft kiss to the back of Shane's neck before tugging him around to plant a firm kiss to his lips. "Rest now, *mal'ys'h*."

Shane almost wants to ask what that means, still struggling to pick up the Russian words Ilya speaks, but he's lulled to sleep by the other man's warmth surrounding him before he can.

"Thank you," he can't help but whisper into the silence of his hotel room before he drifts off to sleep with Ilya's protective arms wrapped around him.

Ilya smiles, tugging Shane as close to his chest as he could get him without actively cracking his ribs apart to settle him beside his heart.

"*YA lyublyu tebya, moy milyy mal'chik.*"

End Notes

Translations:

K chertu ikh vsekh- To hell with them all.

malysh- Baby

YA lyublyu tebya, moy milyy mal'chik.- I love you, my sweet boy.

If any of my translations on wrong, please let me know, I am not a russian speaker (I'm hardly an English speaker, honestly)

Anyhow, I hope you liked my first sahshay into these two little freaks that have consumed my every waking moment, honestly, Shane is my son; I birthed him myself. ANYWAY! LOVE
YA MWAH!!

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