

watch you lookin' at a broken wing

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75575296) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75575296>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Anxiety , Mental Health Issues , Autism , Canon Autistic Character , Autistic Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Has Anxiety , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Therapy , Established Relationship , Not Edited , Not Beta Read , Self-Harming Behaviour (sort of) , Shane picks at his skin when he's nervous because twin idk , Rated M for language , Hurt/Comfort , married hollanov
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Autistic Shane Hollander One-Shots , Part 1 of i had the shiniest wheels, now they're rusting
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-11 Words: 2,140 Chapters: 1/1

watch you lookin' at a broken wing

by [only_the_golden](#)

Summary

Shane decides to give therapy a try.

Title from 'Luna Moth' by Maya Hawke

Notes

Heated Rivalry has taken over my entire existence at the worst possible time because I literally have finals right now. But hey, I could either study for finals or I could project onto my undiagnosed autistic twin Shane Hollander. I can't afford an assessment rn so I'm diagnosing my close personal friend, Shane Hollander, sue me. I will probably write a part two of this, but that might not be for like two weeks or so because I really do need to get through finals. I just needed to give my brain a break for a bit by writing this.

Fluorescent lights flicker overhead, making Shane's head pound worse than his last concussion. He worries his fingers together, no particular rhythm to the motion, just finding comfort as his hands slide across each other, occasionally catching the edge of his hoodie between his finger tips.

His hands are soft, warm. Ilya always points out how he doesn't have hands like a hockey player. No tough callouses. No cracks. Just smooth, unbroken skin. Maybe the occasional split knuckle from a fight on the ice, but other than that Shane takes great care to keep his hands soft like this, not liking the way his stomach heaves when the rough skin snags on fabric.

"I think you should seriously consider speaking to the team psychologist," the team doctor before him says, concern heavy in his voice. "Or any psychologist, for that matter. It would be good for you."

He doesn't elaborate. Shane knows why. His anxiety is no secret. But a *shrink*? *Seriously*?

Shane drops his head, not meeting Dr. Erikson's eyes. "I just don't."

"Just try," the doctor cuts him off. "Once. If you hate it, you can rub it in my face all you want. Or maybe you'll surprise yourself, find it helpful."

The room falls quiet, Dr. Erikson giving Shane a look he can't decipher before sighing loudly. "I'm here to help you take care of your physical health. But your mental health is just as important. You can only do so much to take care of one if you keep ignoring the other."

At that, Shane shoots him a withering look. *Who does this guy think he is?* He's got no clue what goes on in Shane's head, Shane thinks to himself, and frankly it's none of his business. Just because he has a fancy degree means he gets to boss Shane around?

The doctor seems to read Shane's mind. "I can't force you to do anything, it's simply a suggestion."

They speak for a few more minutes. Or rather, Dr. Erikson speaks, waxing poetic about the importance of mental health and how getting help can be life changing. How he doesn't have to live with this anxiety if he doesn't want to. Shane keeps his eyes locked onto his fingers, smooth skin sliding over itself like waves lapping gently lapping at the shore as the night settles in and the air gets cold. His chest is tight, but he keeps his breathing steady. He has enough practice that he knows how to look fine, even when he's not.

Shane says he'll think about speaking to the psychologist. He knows he won't. But it's the right thing to say. What the doctor wants him to say, expects him to say. It's what he's supposed to say. Part of the script.

He certainly doesn't think about Dr. Erikson's words the whole way home.

“I think is good idea.”

Shane should've expected that. Ilya has been very receptive to the idea of therapy as he's matured over the years, and Shane has been incredibly proud of the effort his husband has put into taking care of his mental health. But Shane isn't like that. He's *fine*. Anxious, sure, but everyone gets anxious sometimes. He's not the only one, so why would he make a big deal out of nothing? He has learned to push through the bad days, push down the pressure in his chest that shows up when things get too much. He's learned to ignore the voice in his head begging for him to rest, ignore the crawling of his skin when the locker room gets too loud and rowdy after a win at home. He's doing just fine, thank you very much.

Ilya raises an eyebrow at him, expecting a response. *Shit*. Shane sometimes forgot that part of conversations, too busy getting into his own head and dissecting everything that was said to remember that he is supposed to be an active participant in the discussion. “I don't know. I've made it this far just fine.”

“Fine,” Ilya scoffs. “Not sure that's the word I would use.”

“And what word would you use, asshole?” Shane tries to keep his voice light. He knows his boyfriend means no harm, and neither does he. That doesn't always come across in his tone of voice, but Ilya always seems to understand. Still, Shane makes an effort to force a laugh through his words.

“I think you are too in your head, sweetheart. Your anxiety is tearing you apart, literally,” Ilya gestures towards Shane's hands, where he's begun tearing at the skin around his fingernails. *Huh*. Shane hadn't even noticed. “And it hurts me to see you when it all gets too much. I want to help, I do everything I can, but I know I can't fix everything. Just like you can't fix me.”

Shane knows that Ilya is right. He tried to fix Ilya, to clear away the distance Ilya's depression put between them with sex and tender words. But that just wasn't something he could fix, as much as he wished like hell he could.

“It can't hurt to try, can it?”

Ilya places a calloused hand in between Shane's own, gently stopping him from shredding his cuticles even more. Shane took a step closer, breathing in the scent of the man he loves. Slowly, his head finds Ilya's shoulder. They melt into one another, tension seeping from Shane's shoulders with each inhale of vanilla and tobacco. Ilya traces a hand up Shane's back, not leading or teasing, just a comfortable weight.

They stand like that for what feels like hours, enjoying the safety of each other's presence. They don't need to exchange any more words. Here, Shane's head is finally quiet.

— — —

It takes a few weeks for Shane to finally get the courage to contact the team psychologist, and another few days before he's sat in her office. In that time, he's felt the ever-present knot in his chest grow tighter and tighter, swelling until it's threatening to burst its way out. He's on

edge, every creak of the floorboard like a gunshot rattling in his skull, every camera flash like acid to his eyes.

His leg bounces rapidly as he worries the edge of his hoodie sleeve between his thumb and index fingers. This is the worst part of any appointment. The waiting. Why bring him in and set him up in the office on time, only to leave him there stressing with each extra second that ticks by.

He hasn't been waiting long, just forty seven seconds, but he can't help but wish people would be on time. Or at least would be honest when they are going to be late. 'Fifteen minutes early is on-time, and on-time is late' he hears the echoes of his mother's voice in the back of his mind. At least with his teammates, he's forced himself to become comfortable with their perpetual tardiness. He certainly doesn't feel the beginning furls of panic every time one of them is more than two minutes late anymore. That would be ridiculous.

He can make it to four minutes before his breath speeds up.

The door cracks open, and in walks a woman with a soft smile. Strands of grey wisp through her brown hair as it makes its way into a loose twist at the back of her head. Gold-trimmed glasses sit on the tip of her nose, much too far down for Shane's liking. *Is she not concerned that they'll fall off?* She takes a seat across from him, plucking a table from the drawer next to her before fixing her gaze on Shane.

He doesn't meet her eyes. He never does. Hates the way it makes his skin itch.

"Hello, Shane. How are you?"

"I'm well, thank you. Yourself?" he answers. He can do this. He knows how to answer that question.

"I am quite well, thank you for asking. What brings you here today?" she responds, voice light but cautious.

Shane wishes he could've practiced this. Got a list of the questions she was going to ask before. He at least wishes he would've put a bit more thought into the things she might ask and less thought into what facial expression he was meant to be wearing when she walked in. He wasn't prepared for this. He was in way over his head.

His panic must be evident on his face. "Hey, no need to worry. I know this can be a lot. This is your first time seeing any sort of mental health professional?"

Shane gives a slight nod, barely there but enough for them to keep going

"Okay good. Well Shane, my name is Alesia, but you can call me Ally if you prefer. I'm a registered sports psychologist, as I'm sure Dr. Erikson told you." *Did he?* Shane couldn't remember.

"My job is to help athletes make sure they are in the best mental headspace possible so that they can get the most out of their performance on the field. Or ice, in your case. In these

sessions, you can say whatever you feel you need to. Everything you tell me is confidential unless I think you are a risk to yourself or others. Nothing said here gets back to the team, understand?”

Another nod. Shane’s eyes dart up from the hole they made on the carpet to glance at Ally. He catches her eye for a moment before his eyes race back down. He can still just make out the movement of Ally going to write something on her tablet.

Dread floods his system. *Did he fuck something up already?*

His fingers move quickly, scraping hard at the skin around his fingernails. A drop of blood squeezes its way to the surface of his thumb. Shane bites back a yelp from the sting. He’s dealt with far worse pain.

“We can have as many or as few sessions as you’d like. If you want to continue after today, great. If you finish today and never want to do this again, that’s absolutely fine too. You can also call for breaks at any point if you need. Makes sense.”

One more nod, accompanied by a mumbled “Yes.” At least he finally said something.

“Great,” Ally chirps. “Let’s get started then, shall we?”

— — —

After that first appointment, Shane felt five pounds lighter. Ilya smiled at the way his boyfriend already seemed a little bit freer of the anxiety that had been weighing him down for years. The first appointment turned to weekly appointments, Shane slowly learning to unload everything he didn’t realize he was carrying. He felt better, but he still didn’t feel right. As he chipped away at his anxiety, he found it even more difficult to go along with life outside of this office and his home with Ilya. The lights in the locker room seemed to buzz louder every day, the bump of his teammate’s shoulders scalded his skin like fire. He felt himself making progress with Ally, but then one little thing would set him off and he would forget how to function. Just that morning, the blender gave up when Shane’s smoothie was still half solid, he had to blink back tears until Ilya slipped out the door with a kiss on his forehead, before Shane finally let himself break down.

Over a *blender*, of all things. Tears streaming down his face, blood blooming around his cuticles where he picked at the skin a little bit too deep. Over the damn blender.

“Good morning, Shane,” Ally greeted. “How’s your day going?”

“I’m well, thank you,” he responded, cringing slightly when he realizes that the response he had ready to go wasn’t quite right this time. “Yourself?”

Shane sees Ally quirk her head at him out of the corner of his eye. He’s looking just beyond her, at the corner of a painting on the wall behind her.

“I’m doing alright,” she answers with a smile in her voice.

They chat for a while, the words flowing easier from Shane's mouth as the time passes. Eventually, they hit a lull as Shane wraps up recounting his morning battle with the blender.

Ally fixes her gaze on him. Shane can feel it. He drops his head, suddenly very interested in the fingers fiddling in his lap.

"Now Shane," Ally starts. Her voice is careful. "There is something I have been wanting to talk to you about. And I really don't want you to take it the wrong way or think I mean it in any negative way, alright?"

Shane nods slowly, not a clue what she is hinting at but not liking the way the anxiety is crawling its way up his spine and filling his throat.

Ally makes a few clicks on her tablet, stalling.

"Have you ever been tested for autism?"

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!