

Keep Your Eyes on the Prize

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75666011) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75666011>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Troy Barrett , Zane Boodram , Harris Drover , Brandon Wiebe , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander
Additional Tags:	Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Married Life , Fluff , with a sprinkle of spice , Hockey , Locker Room , Press and Tabloids , ilya is a menace , but Shane loves it , Showering Together , Domestic Fluff , club , ginger ale should be a character in HR fics , Ilya and Shane have a good experience at a club for once , snarky Ilya
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-12 Words: 4,659 Chapters: 1/1

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by [MASD_1138](#)

Summary

It's Shane's first game with the Ottawa Centaurs and Ilya decides to up the stakes a little.

Notes

Hello beautiful people!!!! How are we feeling after episode 4 (I'm crying in the corner of the club while Ilya and Shane stare at each other)?

Here is a fun fluffy little one-shot that happens after The Long Game because I feel like we need a little bit of fun after the Trauma.

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

Playing hockey on the same ice as Ilya has always been amazing, but playing with Ilya instead of against him is so incredibly fun that Shane can't believe they waited so long before finding a way to be on the same team.

Obviously, they had played a few All Stars games together, so Shane objectively knew that he was going to enjoy it, but this is their first real NHL one. And it feels amazing.

They aren't even on the ice yet, just in their locker room and getting ready for it. Everyone is going through their personal pregame routines, a lot of them having their own superstitions, while some people simply chat.

Shane's feeling the pressure of his first game with a new team, but not because of his fellow players. Everyone has been very welcoming since their first pre-season practice session and Shane feels like he's integrated well enough that their on ice chemistry doesn't really worry him. It's strange to no longer be a captain, but Ilya is so good at it that Shane's has been slowing getting used to it and now they get to show how good they are together on the ice.

He just doesn't want to disappoint his hometown crowd.

"You are alright?" Ilya asks from his own stall, right next to Shane's one. "Not too nervous?"

"I'm good, I just want to perform well you know? I need to prove that I can still play," Shane explains to his husband. "Everyone will be looking at how we play."

They are the first married couple to play together in the NHL and the media has been bringing up that specific story line a lot in the last week. Playing hockey has always been fun, but stressful for Shane, not that he would trade it for any other job in the world.

Yet, he knows that his move to the Centaurs would not make any sense if it wasn't for the fact that Ilya is his husband. It's something the media are repeating over and over in their pregame analysis and it's been hard to block out.

"We will play well, like we always do. We have a good team," Ilya states seriously, oozing so much confidence that Shane can't help but believe him.

"I know and we've been practicing so hard, so I know we can win tonight, especially against Florida," Shane agrees, slowly getting out of his head. The Tampa Bay Thunders are good, but not at all the same level as their team.

They are both wearing most of their protection gear already, waiting until the last minute to slip on their jerseys, with their skates unlaced for now.

"You are Shane Hollander and I am Ilya Rozanov, we are going to play great hockey," Ilya adds, quickly taking Shane's hand and pressing a kiss to his knuckles.

"You better give a hell of a speech since it's the first one I get to witness," Shane teases him and Ilya smiles.

“It will be my best speech yet,” Ilya says, exuding smugness in a way only he can.

The locker room speech is in fact one for the history books and before he knows it, Shane is stepping onto the ice of his new home rink. The loud cheer from the crowd as he does so is astounding, reminding Shane once again that people love him, love the way he plays and that Ottawa is very excited to have their hometown player back home.

Still, a small part of him finds it strange to be playing for another team. The arena is different, the jerseys in the crowd too and it takes him a quick moment to get used to it.

In the crowd he spots a few people holding up signs with his name on it and an encouraging message and Shane waves at them, feeling himself smile.

“They cannot like you better than they like me, you have not played a full game yet,” Ilya says as he skates up to him. dramatically. “Betrayal.”

“I am the better hockey player in our marriage,” Shane manages to joke as his stress ebbs away slowly.

“You are breaking your own rule of no marriage talk on the ice,” Ilya accuses him, but the smile on his face tells Shane that he is more than happy with Shane. “If I score more goals than you today, you do what I want yes?”

“And if I score more?” Shane asks, aware that they are currently warming up on the ice in front of a full audience.

“That will not happen, so no need to discuss it,” Ilya shake his head dramatically. “Let’s warm up properly.”

Right, they have a game to win.

A little under three hours later, the game is over and the home crowd is cheering loudly. Shane is smiling brightly as the screams wash over him, out of breath from playing so hard, but so pleased at the results of 3 to 1 for the Centaurs. He scored a goal on his first game with his new team and two assists.

His muscles are burning and he’s covered in sweat, but he feels so amazingly good about himself and about the game he’s just played. It’s a strange feeling, he’s usually so hypercritical about how he plays, always thinking of what he could have done better to get more points, to make things easier for his team and so that his coach would be more pleased with him, but there’s none of that running through his mind.

Coach Wiebe is cheering loudly and applauding with the rest of the crowd, his clipboard nowhere to be seen now that they’ve won and Shane looks up at the owner’s box up in the crowd and sees a similar celebration.

“What a game Hollander,” Troy comes up to him as they both skate towards their goalie, Wyatt, where the rest of the team is also assembling to celebrate. “I knew it would be great to play with you.”

“Thanks man, I’m just glad I could contribute you know,” Shane says humbly, adamant that hockey is a team sports. “The team was amazing, I loved playing with everyone.”

“Hollander, I win again,” Ilya shouts over the celebration music, the usual endearing smirk gracing his face.

Ilya’s mouth guard hangs out the right side of his lips and if they didn’t have an audience, Shane would rip it out and kiss him right there on the ice where everyone can see.

“Pretty sure you both won this time Roz,” Bood laughs, unaware of Shane and Ilya’s secret competition and playfully slaps Shane on the back in celebration. “We are making the playoffs this season too, I can feel it.”

“Don’t jinx it,” Shane says and taps his stick four times on the ice just to satisfy his own little superstition. “Great game everyone,” he repeats his praise now that the entire team is huddled together.

“Yes, what Hollander said, good first game team. I am very proud,” Ilya repeats, sliding back into his role as captain. “We get off the ice now.”

The team skates off together, all high off the energy of a well earned win, but Shane lingers for a while longer, still taking in the energy of the crowd. A few years ago, this arena was mostly empty on game days, the Ottawa crowd not willing to pay for tickets just to see their team lose. But Ilya had slowly changed that and the team had a following again. His arrival has simply amplified it and he hopes he can help the team keep on winning.

Shane also spots his parents again, both of them in their custom Hollander-Rozanov sweaters that Rose helped him get for them, and he waves at them before joining the line to get off the ice.

Shane is standing behind Lucas at the end of the line and he knows exactly why there are a ton of cameras on him for this specific moment of the game.

“I love you, I love you... I love you,” Ilya is saying to all their team mates as they get off the ice, his usual little post game congratulations that has been his tradition as captain for years.

Ilya’s smile widens when it’s Shane’s turn to get off the ice.

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” Ilya switches up his greeting, offering a genuine soft smile to him.

The cameras around them are obnoxiously flashing, but Shane ignores them. This moment is for them, not anyone else.

“Love you too,” Shane replies, in a rare public display of affection, as he steps off the ice and onto the rubber mats.

Ilya follows closely behind and places a gloved covered hand on Shane's lower back as they walk down to their locker room.

"You played so well lyubimy," Ilya says just before they enter the locker room. "We will celebrate together later."

Shane is glad he's all sweaty and hot already, because he's definitely blushing at the compliment and just thinking about what prize Ilya will want tonight is making the room feel even warmer.

Even though it's just the beginning of the season and the first game they are playing, the team is still celebrating like it's a major win, which is also refreshing. Shane drops down onto the bench of his stall with his legs stretched out in front of him.

Ilya is already stripping out of his equipment next to him, but Shane takes a moment to take everything in properly. Playing with this team is so much fun, there's still pressure to perform, to be the best version of himself on the ice, but he doesn't feel like everyone in this room will detest him if he has a bad day later in the season.

"Hollander, Rozanov, media is waiting for you," Harris says as he pops into the locker room, sparing a moment to wink at Troy.

Obviously they are the players getting picked for media, but Shane doesn't mind at all. As a former captain and one of the few actually bilingual player, he always used to do them with other players anyway and it usually means you're an important player.

"They come in here no?" Ilya asks, confused at why they are being asked to step out of the locker room for press considering it's not a play-off game. "Everyone is decent."

"There's too many of them requesting a comment from both of you, we're moving this to the press room," Harris counters, looking at his watch quickly. "Or else this locker room is getting invaded."

Ilya looks down at Shane for a moment, clearly wanting to check in with him before agreeing to step out of the locker room while they don't have to. Technically.

"Alright just give us a few minutes to change then," Shane says at the same time as he starts stripping out of his equipment.

Shane feels a bit disgusting as he puts on clean clothes without having showered and with the sympathetic look Ilya is giving him, he knows he's not hiding it that well.

"Ready?" Ilya asks as he shakes his sweaty curls out a little.

"Yep," Shane replies simply, glad that one of the team colour is black which hides his sweat stains. He quickly ties his hair back to, wanting to look somewhat put together and follows Ilya out of the room.

“You know, I’m sorry they are making you do such an official press thing, but people really have a lot of question considering the situation,” Harris apologizes as he leads them down to where the team decided to assemble the press.

“Is alright, we are very popular hockey players,” Ilya shrugs off.

He actually doesn’t really mind having the press conference outside of the locker room since it allows the rest of the team to shower more quickly and go back to their families. He’s more worried about his husband’s reaction to the sudden change in plan honestly since Shane takes press conferences much more seriously than he does.

Ilya’s a one word answer kinda guy while Shane tends to over explain and then question every single word he said for hours. Shane also had to put clean clothes on before having showered which Ilya knows irritates him to no end and could potentially put him in a bad mood.

Their hands brush together as they walk down the hall and Shane leans just a bit more against him than necessary considering how big the hall is. But Ilya loves that they don’t have to hide and that Shane can find comfort in Ilya publicly.

The amount of people crammed into the media room is almost comical and Ilya doesn’t even hold in his snort which gets him quite the look from Shane. They actually set up the room like an official press conference, so they walk up the three steps of the little stage and sit down on the chairs.

Ilya hooks his foot around Shane’s ankle and sits back in his chair, almost daring the journalist to ask a dumb question. Shane, on the other hand, is the perfect picture of concentration as he leans forward on both elbows so he’s close to the microphone.

Coach Wiebe is sitting next to Ilya and opens up the questioning. “Okay, let’s get this started. Who wants to go first?”

Ilya watches as every single reporter raises their hand immediately, almost foaming at the mouth at the prospect of asking their questions first.

Coach Wiebe looks as surprised as Ilya but finally points to one of the journalists in the front row.

“Andrew Campbell for CBC Sports, the question is for Shane Hollander. How would you describe your transition from the Voyageurs to the Centaurs?”

Ilya is pleased, yet surprised, that the first question is not explicitly about their relationship and actually about hockey.

“I - uh - I don’t think it’s a surprise that I left the Voyageurs on bad terms with the management and owners,” Shane starts and Ilya wants to lean in and add that the other players we’re also very mean with Shane, but it’s not his question to answer.

“But the Centaurs have been very enthusiastic since the first discussion about me joining the team and I think we showed how well we all get along on this ice today. This team is amazing and I’m excited to see what we can all do together this season.”

Ilya is always amazed at how quickly Shane can form perfect, PR approved, long answers so quickly. He wishes he could, after so many years, have such an ease with English, but languages have never been easy for him.

“How was your first game as the first and only married NHL couple?” Another journalists jumps in with a very predictable question.

“Was good, yes,” Ilya says quickly and everyone laughs at his answer. “Two goals assisted by my husband, so very fun.”

“While I’ve always enjoyed playing against Ilya since our rookie year, playing with him is even more enjoyable. All-Star games were always some of my favourite events of the year because of that and now we get to always play together,” Shane completes Ilya’s simple answer with a more details.

Ilya turns to look at Shane and places his hand on top of Shane’s one, silently agreeing with everything that he said. The press don’t exactly know the timeline of their relationship, it’s been one of the most speculated thing online since they’ve been outed. So Ilya is pretty sure this is going to be considered very important information for some.

“Some people are saying that it’s unfair that you both get to play with your spouse, that it gives your team an unfair advantage, do you have anything to say about that?”

“Be gay and you can play with your husband too,” Ilya answers, finding the questions completely stupid.

“Ilya...” Shane laughs and shake his head.

“Or bisexual, that can work too,” Ilya adds with a smirk.

The journalists laugh again and Ilya is more than pleased with the reaction he gets. The question really is stupid in his mind, for all he knows there have been player before them on the same team who were in a relationship.

“Michelle Bellefeuille, TVA Sports. Que pensez-vous de vos chances pour les Séries cette saison?”

Ilya tries to quickly translate the question and formulate a French response, knowing that the Canadian media has been hoping in the last few years for him to be able to answer French questions in French too, but it’s easier said than done.

“Can I answer?” Shane asks their coach, who simply nods. “Je crois que notre équipe est forte, nos lignes ont une bonne dynamique et nous travaillons fort lors de nos pratiques. Je pense que les séries vont être très intéressantes cette année.”

“What he said,” Ilya adds once Shane is done, agreeing with what he was able to translate this quickly. “I will be better at French one day, I have great tutor.”

“I try my best,” Shane laughs fondly.

There are more questions about their private life, which Ilya answers with his usual snark and shortness, but also about actual hockey.

“I think that’s going to be it for tonight guys, I need my players to get some rest if we’re going to keep performing like this all season,” Coach Wiebe announces after a while, clearly noticing that both Shane and Ilya are tired. “Thank you for your question and we’ll see you next time.”

Ilya stands up first and waits for Shane before stepping off the little stage and back into the hall towards the lockers.

“That was not so bad?” Ilya asks Shane.

“No it was alright, I was expecting worse questions,” Shane agrees.

“You always think things will go badly,” Ilya teases Shane.

“I like to be prepared,” Shane corrects as they step into the locker rooms. “There’s nothing wrong with that.”

Ilya notes that almost everyone is gone except for Bood.

“Are you guys coming to the club tonight?” Bood asks as he shoves something into his game bag.

“Yeah, I think we will,” Shane answers to Ilya surprise. “We just need to shower quickly and we’ll be there.”

“Great! I’ll make sure we save you two spots then,” Bood says quickly and hurries out of the room.

“You want to go out?” Ilya asks curiously as he strips down in his stall.

“Yeah, I want to be apart of the team for real. I’m not saying we’re going to party until late into the night, but I want to hang out with the guys,” Shane insists as he grabs his towel.

Ilya follows Shane into the showers and once the water is turned on, he just can’t help himself. He pushes Shane against the tiled wall and kisses him hard.

“Ty byl tak khorosh”, Ilya whispers against Shane’s lips, before leaving a trail of kisses down his jaw.

Shane clearly registers the words, the familiar praise making him moan softly as Ilya slots his thigh between Shane’s legs.

“Not here Ilya, we agreed to no sex in the locker room,” Shane says with barely any conviction, still returning Ilya’s kisses. “Later, when we’re home.”

“Let me kiss you, kissing is not sex,” Ilya insists just before pressing his lips to the little patch of skin on Shane’s neck that makes him a little crazy.

“With you it is,” Shane argues with no bite, leaning into the touch completely. “Come on, we can’t make them wait for us for too long either. I want to say hi to my parents before we leave.”

“You look like a wet kitten,” Ilya teases Shane, carding his fingers through his husband’s wet hair before pressing a kiss to the tip of his nose.

Ilya somehow manages to mostly keep his hands to himself as they quickly rinse off all of the sweat from the game. As they get back to their stall, Ilya pulls out the extra shirt from his bag.

“Here, I have clean shirt,” Ilya says and hands it to Shane, knowing exactly why Shane is waiting until the last moment to put his shirt on.

Shane looks surprised, but gladly takes the spare shirt from him and pulls it on. It’s somewhat loose on Shane, which makes Ilya feel a bit crazy because his husband isn’t small or short, he just is compared to him.

Once they are both dressed, they throw on their team jackets and walk out of the locker room where Yuna and David are waiting.

“Great job boys!” Yuna exclaims when she spots them.

Ilya is suddenly wrapped in a tight hug, which is still so strange to him, he’s spent so many years of his hockey career being criticized no matter the results.

“How’s your shoulder Ilya?” Yuna asks, taking a step back to look up at him.

“Is fine, I was careful,” Ilya assures his mother-in-law.

Ilya had ended his last season with an injured shoulder, but the summer had been more than enough for him to heal from that. Yet, in the last few years he’s had three people always looking out for him and his health which he still has to get used to.

“We’re going out with the team tonight,” Shane tells them, sounding remarkably confident.

“That’s good son, we’ll see both of you for dinner tomorrow then,” Shane’s father says, patting his son on the back. “Great playing Ilya.”

The music is fairly loud as Ilya makes his way towards the bar. People are congratulating him for the win as he walks past them and Ilya finds himself in an even better mood.

“Rozanov, what can I get you?” The bartender asks, knowing exactly who he is considering this is the team’s usual spot to come celebrate after a good game. “Same as usual?”

“Da,” Ilya answers as he leans forward on the bar top, drumming his finger on the wood.

No more than a minute later, the bartender slides him his usual order of one glass of vodka and a cold can of Canada Dry ginger ale.

“Thank you,” Ilya replies and quickly pays for their drinks while leaving a hefty tip.

“No problem Cap,” the bartender replies before turning to serve another patron.

Shane stands next to some of his teammates at a table in one of the corner of the bar. Ilya reaches around Shane to place a can of ginger ale on the table in front of him. Once his hand is free, he places it on Shane’s hip and presses his front against Shane’s back, slotting them perfectly together.

“Thank you,” Shane tells him as he looks over his shoulder at Ilya.

“My pleasure solnyshko,” Ilya replies easily, settling comfortably now that he has Shane in his arms and they are surrounded by their friends.

It’s hard for him to follow along to discussions in bars, with all of the music and people taking over each other, English gets even more difficult for him to decipher, but he simply enjoys being surrounded by his friends. The vodka isn’t too bad since this bar has started carrying more expensive vodka just for him in the last years and they always have the specific brand of ginger ale Shane likes.

Ilya never thought he would get this, to celebrate winning a hockey match with the man he loves, his husband that he gets to show affection to in public now.

“S toboy vsyo khorosho??” Shane says, asking him if he’s okay in a very accented Russian.

“Da, do not worry about me,” Ilya replies with a soft smile, touched every single time his husband uses his native tongue to speak to him. “Enjoy your ginger ale.”

The conversations shift around him and some of the guys start leaving, especially the ones with kids and wives.

“Are you ready to go home?” Shane asks after a while, leaning back into Ilya’s chest so he can be heard properly.

“If you are,” Ilya answers easily, not minding if they stay a bit longer or leave right now.

Shane nods in approval and steps out of his hold, grabbing both of their jackets from the hook on the wall.

“You children be good now,” Ilya calls to the rest of his teammates as he starts pulling Shane towards the door. “Be on time for training tomorrow.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll make sure Luca makes it home in one piece,” Bood jokingly assures Ilya to their young teammates horror.

“See you all tomorrow!” Shane yells over his shoulder and waves at their friends.

Shane drives them home since he didn’t drink while at the bar, not that single glass of vodka counts in Ilya’s book, but his husband is a very good citizen so Ilya sits in the passenger seat happily.

“So... you scored more goals than me,” Shane starts as they get off the highway.

“As I knew I would,” Ilya cuts in, feeling all smug and pleased with himself. “I am better hockey player.”

“Fuck you Rozanov,” Shane laughs, playfully slapping Ilya’s thigh.

“That is the plan,” Ilya says, catching Shane’s hand before he can pull it away. “I want my prize.”

“And you’ll get it if you give me back my hand so I can drive us home safely,” Shane laughs and pulls his hand back before Ilya can press a kiss to his knuckles.

“So boring,” Ilya banter and plays with the radio instead, switching the stations until something palatable is playing.

“You love me,” Shane counters, speeding up just slightly as if to prove a point.

“Da, I do,” Ilya agrees easily, amused as Shane drives five kilometres per hour above the speed limit.

They get home and Anya is waiting for them by the door, happy to see her favourite people in the world again. Shane goes outside to throw her a ball in the backyard to burn off some of her energy while Ilya takes care of their game day laundry.

It’s perfectly mundane and domestic for Ilya to stuff the washing machine with their dirty clothes and put the detergent Shane specifically picked in the little tray. Every time he gets to do it, Ilya enjoys it.

Shane comes into the laundry room at the exact same moment Ilya finishes hanging their bags to air out above the machines.

“So what do you want?” Shane asks, wrapping his arms around Ilya’s waist and pressing a kiss to his shoulder blade.

Ilya twists in his husband arms and pushes him up against the wall of the laundry room, crowding him in. Shane is looking up at him through his long lashes, his big beautiful brown eyes filled with so much love and fondness which Ilya still can’t believe is aimed at him.

“You know what I want Hollander?” Ilya bends down to whisper in Shane ear, squeezing his waist after sliding his hands under his shirt. “My prize?”

“What?” Shane breaths out with a soft voice and puts his hand on Ilya’s wide shoulders. “What do you want?”

“A warm bath with my husband,” Ilya finally answers, biting down on Shane’s earlobe.

“That can be arranged mister Rozanov,” Shane laughs softly, tilting his head up for a kiss that Ilya give him easily.

This is what he hopes his life will always be, Ilya thinks twenty minutes later as he soaks in a warm bubble bath with Shane sitting between his legs. They just won a hockey game together, they’re part of an amazing team, but mostly they can finally authentically be themselves.

He could have never won another hockey game in his entire career and as long as he had Shane, he would have been happy with his life.

But now he gets it all.

Ilya gets to do the thing he loves the most with the person he loves.

Now that’s the real prize.

End Notes

Thank you everyone for reading, the response to my first Hollanov fic has been so wonderful and I'm so excited to share more little stories (and maybe even long fics) soon!

Here's the English translation for the little French bit : "I believe our team is strong, our lines have good chemistry, and we work hard in practice. I think the playoffs are going to be very interesting this year."

French is my native tongue so writing about character that canonically speaks French is so fun lol.

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