

Hold Me Steady

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76703891) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76703891>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Scott Hunter , Scott Hunter & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Scott Hunter (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Drunken Shenanigans , Drunken Flirting , In Vino Veritas , Idiots in Love , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Fix-It of Sorts , Ilya Rozanov Takes Care of Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Drinking Games
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 3,954 Chapters: 1/1

Hold Me Steady

by [artimus13](#)

Summary

“I can stand by myself!” To prove his point, Shane straightens up so that he’s no longer leaning into Ilya’s side; he makes it about two steps before he nearly crashes back into Ilya.

“Can you?” He thinks he hears Rozanov laugh under his breath as he moves to support Shane again. He glares up at Rozanov, but this only causes the Russian to laugh even more. “People can see you are drunk, Hollander. I am just good friend who is helping you out.”

“I...I’m not drunk.”

Rozanov seems to mull it over for a second before he nods his head. “You are right. You are not drunk, you are a liar.”

or

Shane thinks it’s a good idea to try and out drink Ilya; Ilya has to deal with the consequences.

Notes

I thought it would be fun if Shane and Ilya actually did shots together at the end of their rookie season, so here we are :D!

also, if any of the touch or conversations make you uncomfortable/feel to dubious for you, feel free to bow out! they don’t do anything, and Ilya is very aware that Shane is drunk and stupid during this.

I hope you enjoy <3!

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

“Where’s your boy Rozanov?”

It was such an innocent question, but the wording of it nearly made Shane flinch. The whole night had really been wearing on Shane; he really hated afterparties. Too many people were crowded around him and clapping their hands on his back with no warning—it set him on edge the whole night. The room being filled with loud and mostly drunk hockey players also wasn’t helping, and that was why when Hunter had offered to do shots with him, Shane had taken him up nearly immediately. Now though...

“M-My what?” He hoped his face wasn’t giving too much away.

“No,” Scott seemed to backpeddle immediately, “I mean, not your boy. Like, it’s always Hollander and Rozanov, right?”

Hunter implying that he and Rozanov were a pair of some kind shouldn’t have done anything to Shane’s insides, and it didn’t. The small amount of alcohol he’d already had tonight must be getting to him, that’s all.

“I mean, we’re not like...friends or anything. I don’t exactly know where he—”

“Isn’t that him over there?” Scott points past the large crowd of people. Lo and behold, Shane can clearly see Rozanov making his way towards a door that leads to a stairwell.

“Uh, yeah. I guess that is him.”

Shane thinks that Scott might be resisting the urge to look at him like he’s stupid. “Well, are you gonna go get him?”

His mouth responded before his brain could catch up, “Sure.”

It still took Shane a second to actually start moving towards Rozanov. Once he finally stopped leaning on the side of the bar, he waded through the sea of people and towards the door he had just seen Rozanov go through; the task was made a bit difficult because people were still trying to congratulate him for winning. He felt bad that he basically ignored their praise in favor of getting to Rozanov quicker.

Once he finally got to and opened up the door, Rozanov was nowhere in sight. Shane listened for a second, and he’s pretty sure he can hear the footsteps of someone else getting further and further away from him. He was about to sprint up these stairs to catch up to Rozanov, wasn’t he? To his credit (and for the sake of his pride), Shane did not run up the stairs towards Rozanov—he lightly jogged. Even though both he and Rozanov were in very good shape, after his 5th flight of stairs, Shane wondered why Rozanov hadn’t just taken the elevator. ‘Lucky for me’, he thought to himself as he looked upwards and caught a glimpse of Rozanov’s figure.

Shane huffs out a sigh and continues up towards Rozanov with a renewed resolve. The noise seems to have drawn the other man’s attention because he’s looking down at Shane. When he finally reached the landing step that Rozanov was on, Shane lost his breath for a completely

different reason. Yes, Rozanov was staring at him with a healthy dose of confusion, but the dull concrete of the stairway only made Rozanov, his golden curls, and his hazel eyes stand out more; the concrete also made Shane's heavy breathing and voice echo loudly around them both. "Where are you going?"

"Up the stairs. What the fuck does it look like, Hollander?" Rozanov moved to step up one more stair as if to prove his point.

Shane leaned to grip the railing and resisted the urge to move closer towards him. "Do you want to, umm, do shots with Scott Hunter and me?" Shane felt stupid as he said it. Was this veering into a territory that they shouldn't be exploring? It was just a couple guys doing shots together—it wasn't anything more than that. Shane felt his face heat up. "I mean, Hunter asked if you wanted to do shots with us and some other players, so here I am."

Rozanov scoffs and crosses his arms. "You are Scott Hunter's errand boy now? The Voyageurs stop paying you already?"

"No." And suddenly, Shane felt all the anger and frustration he had been holding in all night bubble to the surface—Rozanov had a habit of doing that to him. "And, y'know what, fuck you! You haven't acknowledged my existence in the last four fucking months, and now we're in the same room, and you can't even be civil towards me? What the hell is wrong with you?"

Instead of continuing up the stairs like Shane thought he might, Rozanov takes a step towards Shane; reflexively, Shane takes a step back towards the wall.

"You use such fancy words, and yet you still don't know anything." Rozanov places his hand on Shane's chest and pushes him until his back hits the wall.

Rozanov keeps his hand right over Shane's heart, but Shane could easily break free if he wanted to—Shane is pretty damn sure that Rozanov would never hurt him unless they were in the middle of a game. He meets Rozanov's eyes and sees some combination of disappointment, sadness, and want swirling within them. It only serves to piss him off more because fuck this guy for being unable to be happy for Shane and his accomplishment.

To steady himself, he puts both of his hands over Rozanov's. "It's about the award isn't it?! Look, it could have gone to either one of us, and I know we're not exactly friends, but if you could stop being a dick about it for—"

Shane doesn't get to finish his sentence because suddenly Rozanov's mouth is on his. The kiss is aggressive and nearly all teeth. Rozanov's tongue has easy access to the inside of Shane's mouth, and he feels Rozanov run his tongue over his teeth. Embarrassingly, Shane moans and eagerly returns the kiss. He pushes forward into Rozanov, but he pushes Shane back into the cement wall which is cool balm to his rapidly rising body temperature. Shane doesn't know how long they keep aggressively making out in that stairwell; he loses himself in the sound of their kissing reverberating around them, the way Ilya's hand keeps him steady against the wall, and the lack of oxygen that is making its way to his brain. When Rozanov pulls far enough away for Shane to get a fresh breath of air, he finally regains his right sense and pushes Rozanov off of him slightly.

“What the fuck are you doing!” Shane whispers the best he can, “We’re out in public and in a place that has a heavy echo! Anyone could hear or walk in, and then—”

Rozanov takes two steps forward and holds a finger to Shane’s lips. “Shhh, not everything is about you, Hollander.” The words are said right into his ear—they’re barely above a whisper, but Shane clearly hears the tempered fury behind them. Shane swears his heart stops for a second, Ilya gives him a light pat on his cheek as he pulls away, “I go back to Russia soon for the summer. Now, let us go drink Hunter under.”

Shane wants to continue asking about what the hell Rozanov’s deal was, but he pushed off of Shane and started down the stairs before he could get a word out.

By the time Shane came back to the bar with Rozanov, Hunter and the three others he had found were already waiting for them with shots. They found a somewhat secluded area of the bar and got their shots lined up—Shane ended up between Hunter and Rozanov.

“Let’s go!” the other rookie shouted as he slammed his shot down on the table before he practically threw the liquid into his mouth.

Since everyone else followed the rookie’s lead, Shane did too. He wasn’t quite sure what he just ingested, but judging from the fact that his throat was burning and he felt the need to cough, he thinks it might have been bourbon or whisky.

“Is not vodka, but is not bad.” Rozanov waved the bartender over so that he could refill their shots. “Could be stronger.”

“You think you can out drink a bunch of old timers, Rozanov?” One of the older players (Shane’s pretty sure he’s a forward for San Jose that used to play with Scott) claps a hand on Rozanov’s shoulder.

“I do not think I can out drink you all.” The smirk that always made Shane’s heart do funny things made its way onto Rozanov’s face. “I know I can out drink you.”

Shane thinks he hears Scott mumble something along the lines of “this cocky little punk”, but Shane can’t be sure and now there’s another shot in front of him. His attention snaps to Rozanov as he watches the Russian drink another shot with ease.

“What?” The damn smirk on Rozanov’s face seems to become even more insufferable than usual. “Do not tell me that you will have problems keeping up, Hollander.”

He sneers at Rozanov, but it probably doesn’t have the intended effect since Rozanov seems to be stifling a laugh at Shane’s expense. Shane downs the next shot before he responds, “You know I can keep up. Hell, you know that I’m faster than you, especially on the ice.”

“Probably faster than me in other ways too.” He punctuates the sentence with a wink, and Shane definitely does not blush at the implications.

To drown out whatever he was feeling, Shane ushers the bartender over so he could refill his and Rozanov’s drinks. Once both of their drinks are filled, Shane takes both shots into his hands and drinks them as quickly as he can. He manages not to cough, and he thinks Rozanov might even look a little impressed—good.

“Wow, you are very desperate to impress me.”

The poor bartender had started to leave again, but once Rozanov motions for him to refill their drinks again, the man just leaves the bottle.

“Hollzy, Rozy, save some for the rest of us, why don’t you?” The other rookie’s chirping brings Shane’s attention back to the four other people around them; Hunter is leveling them both with a look that Shane can’t quite figure out the meaning behind. Rozanov decides to fill both of their drinks up again before sliding the bottle down towards the rookie. Once everyone’s glasses are filled up, Shane doesn’t even think about not doing another shot with everyone else.

It’s only a few minutes later while the group is talking does Shane realize that he’s done five shots in very quick succession. He knows that this realization doesn’t kickstart the effects, but he suddenly realizes that his head feels a lot fuzzier than normal. He spares a glance at the players around him and the world seems to tilt on its axis—Shane needs to leave before he does another stupid thing tonight.

Of course, it doesn’t go according to plan. As soon as Shane takes his weight off of the bar, his legs give out on him like it’s his first time on skates. He’s pretty sure he’s about to fall straight onto the floor, but thankfully he feels someone’s arms wrap around his front.

“Easy, Hollander. You are like a baby deer with new legs.”

Of course, it’s Ilya who catches him. Shane looks up and stares directly into Rozanov’s hazel eyes; now that he’s getting a better look at them, his eyes are actually kind of green with gold flecks in them, and they’re kind of sparkly especially in the low light of this lobby.

Ilya coughs. Shane realizes a beat too late that he’s still surrounded by their coworkers and is just standing there, staring into Rozanov’s eyes. Learning from his previous mistake, he slowly rights himself and puts his weight on the bar as subtly as he can. Fuck, this is embarrassing. It’s his first NHL awards, he just won Rookie of the Year, and he’s quite literally so tipsy that he can not stand up without support. He also hasn’t spoken in awhile, and now everybody is probably staring at him.

“T-Thanks....Wait, fuck you. I didn’t need you to catch me.” He tries to swat at Ilya, but he must miss terribly because all he feels is air.

Hunter claps a hand on Shane’s shoulder, and Shane flinches. “You doin’ okay, rook?”

“Yes Mr. Hunter, I am doing just fine.” The response sounds robotic even to his own ear which makes sense because Shane is lying through his fucking teeth right now. He’s never been a good liar, and he knows he’s still not a good liar because Hunter looks unconvinced.

Hunter leans in to talk to Rozanov in a more hushed tone. “Rozanov, I know you don’t like him, but can you take him back to his room so he doesn’t end up collapsed in a hallway somewhere?”

Rozanov scoffs, “Is not my fault that he is a Canadian who thought he could out drink a Russian.”

“I know.” Hunter rubs the bridge of his nose and sounds like he’s talking to children. “But it’s either you or me, and you know him better.”

“Ilya and I don’t know each other that well.” Shane helpfully adds.

The two men turn to him, and he sees a look of slight mortification on Rozanov’s face and a look of acceptance on Hunter’s. It takes Shane too long to realize his mistake.

“Ilya Rozanov and I don’t know each other that well.” He’s probably speaking too loudly—a combination of nerves and alcohol. Shane spares a glance over his shoulder and sees the three other people that were with them in a vibrant conversation with each other. At least the world was granting him small mercies tonight.

He’s not sure how long the pause in the conversation lasts, but it’s Hunter who breaks it. “Well, if you want me to never bring this up to either of you ever again, you should take Hollander to his room.”

“Wow, I never thought you would turn to blackmail, old man.” Rozanov moves and wraps an arm around Shane. “I will make sure Hollander gets to his room, is past his bed time anyway.”

Shane tries not to lean too heavily into Rozanov, but the task is made difficult because of how comfortable the other man feels. He’s neatly tucked into Rozanov’s side and can feel the slight rise and fall of his chest. Rozanov’s arm wrapped around his waist and holding him steady simultaneously feels like the most calming and most provocative thing Shane has ever experienced—he’s sure he’s blushing, but he can easily blame it on Asian flush.

“Have good night, boys!” Rozanov calls to the group as he starts to move himself and Shane away from them. “I have to go tuck Mr. Lightweight in and get him a glass of warm milk.” They all laugh at Rozanov’s ribbing, but Shane is too focused on putting one foot in front of the other to spare them a second glance.

Thankfully, it was late enough into the night that most people had either retired for the evening or were too drunk to notice them. As Rozanov led them towards the elevator, this fact did nothing to stop the sudden fear that took hold of Shane.

“People can see us, Rozanov!” Shane whispers as quietly as he can, but he’s not sure how quiet he actually is.

“Oh, can they?” Rozanov snarks as he continues to keep one arm around Shane’s waist while he pushes them through the people that are still at this afterparty.

“I can stand by myself!” To prove his point, Shane straightens up so that he’s no longer leaning into Ilya’s side; he makes it about two steps before he nearly crashes back into Ilya.

“Can you?” He thinks he hears Rozanov laugh under his breath as he moves to support Shane again. He glares up at Rozanov, but this only causes the Russian to laugh even more. “People can see you are drunk, Hollander. I am just good friend who is helping you out.”

“I...I’m not drunk.”

Rozanov seems to mull it over for a second before he nods his head. “You are right. You are not drunk, you are a liar.”

Shane doesn’t feel like arguing further, so he mumbles in disagreement. They continue towards the elevator, and if he leans into Rozanov a bit more along the way, he can blame it on the alcohol. The elevator is empty and nobody walks in at the last second.

“What is your room number?” Rozanov looks down at him as he scans his own keycard in the elevator.

A grin spreads on Shane’s face as he leans to whisper in Rozanov’s ear, “Why? Do you wanna finally fuck me?”

He looks very unimpressed. “No, I want to take you to your room so you can go to sleep. What is your room number?”

“Rozanov,” he draws out the ‘v’ at the end of his name and does not care at all if it sounds like he is whining, “it’s my big night. I think I deserve a little reward.”

He watches Ilya consider something and then come to a conclusion; he leans down to whisper in Shane’s ear, “Alright, I will fuck you like you want if you tell me your room number.”

Shane’s smile grows wider at having gotten Rozanov to agree to his terms. “Yes, okay, it’s room number...” The silence lays heavy over them; Rozanov is still looking at Shane for an answer. Shane’s mouth moves up and down, but no words come out.

“You forgot your room number.” Rozanov sighs—it’s not a question, it’s a statement.

No point in lying, “Yeah, I guess I did.”

Enough time has passed that Rozanov needs to rescan his keycard. “It is okay. I will take you to my room.” He pressed a button and the elevator started going up.

His body tightens once he processes Rozanov’s words. “W-What?! You can’t do that, what if someone sees?”

“How would it be any different than me going to your room?”

“I don’t know!” Shane argues. “It just would be, okay?”

He adjusts his hold on Shane so that he can hold him more securely. “No, not okay. I am being a nice person and taking care of you.”

Before Shane can argue again, the door opens. Mercifully the hallway is empty, and Rozanov’s room isn’t too far down the hall. Rozanov scans his key, opens the door, and ushers Shane inside. They get a bit further into the room, and Rozanov carefully sets Shane down on a very large couch. Shane flops down onto his back. He must have moved too quickly again because it feels like his surroundings lag behind his vision. “The world feels weird? You feel nice.”

“We are not touching right now.” Rozanov sits down next to him but leaves a good amount of space between them.

“Okay, you felt nice. Shut up you...English knowing Russian man.”

Wisely, Rozanov chooses to ignore Shane’s antics. “You have never been drunk before?”

“No?”

Rozanov laughed like there was some joke only he was getting. “Of course you have not. Do you think you will be sick?”

“No?”

“You sound like broken sound player.” He runs his thumb over the fabric of the couch.

“Record player.” Shane corrects automatically.

A small smile blooms on Rozanov’s face. “Ah, so you are not so drunk that you can’t correct me. This is good to know.”

Shane decides to sit up the best he can, and it goes surprisingly well. “So, what’s the plan? I can’t just stay here tonight. People would notice. It would be weird.”

“Are you going to remember your room number?” Rozanov stands up and begins to remove his suit.

For very obvious reasons (read: Rozanov undressing in front of him), it takes Shane a couple extra moments to realize that Rozanov had said anything. After he realizes what’s being asked of him, he tries really hard to remember his room number but still comes up blank.

“Prolly not...”

“Okay.” Rozanov has gotten most of his clothes off and is now standing in front of Shane shirtless with only his pants on; Shane wants to lick his way up his torso. “Then you will stay here tonight. I will tell people that Shane Hollander is a wild party animal and could not remember his room number, and, since I am a very nice person, I let him stay the night in my room. No problem.”

Shane really isn't in a position to argue or come up with a better plan, so he slowly nods his head in agreement.

"Do you need help getting up?" Rozanov offers his hand out to Shane. "I will let you have bed for tonight."

"Where are you gonna sleep?" He looks at the hand in front of him dumbly.

"On couch."

Shane feels a little confused and thinks he might be missing something. "We can just share the bed?"

Rozanov makes a 'so-so' gesture with his hand. "Yes, but we are also two very large hockey players. We would not sleep well, I do not think."

Well, Shane for one would sleep fantastically if he got to fall asleep in Rozanov's arms, but there was no way in hell he was going to admit that to the man right now. He finally grabs Rozanov's outstretched hand and pulls himself up. "Then you should take the bed, it's your room."

"I am being good host, so, no." Rozanov leads them to the other room.

Shane sits down on the bed, and he can admit that it's pretty damn comfortable for a hotel bed. Rozanov moves to be in between his legs; out of instinct, Shane nearly wraps his legs around him.

"What are you doing?" Shane asks with a little too much panic in his voice.

"Undressing you." Rozanov doesn't elaborate more as he removes Shane's suit coat.

Shane helps a bit by moving his body accordingly. "Oh...so we are gonna fuck tonight?"

It catches him by surprise; Rozanov looks at him with an almost fond and caring expression in his eyes—Shane is sure he is seeing things that aren't there. "No, I would not do that to you while you are like this." He starts unbuttoning the buttons of Shane's dress shirt. "You are bad at thinking right now."

"I'm always bad at thinking around you." The admission slips out before Shane can stop it.

Rozanov's gaze seems to grow even softer as he removes Shane's dress shirt completely. "Then you are even worse than normal right now."

"I can't argue with that." Shane wants to kiss him right now. He knows it's not the alcohol talking, it's his heart. He wants to bring Rozanov in for a soft kiss in order to thank him. To thank him for taking care of Shane whenever he decided to be a little stupid.

Rozanov steps back to let Shane take his pants and sock off himself, and Shane notices Rozanov folding his clothes and setting them on the dresser.

“Thank you.” Shane says as Rozanov reaches for his folded pants.

“Of course,” Ilya is standing in front of him again, and before he realizes what’s happening, he feels Ilya give a small kiss to the top of Shane’s head. “Sleep well, Hollander. And try not to throw up.”

Shane is sure he has a big, stupid grin on his face, but he couldn’t care less. “Good night, Rozanov.” Shane whispers out as he tucks himself into bed. Rozanov turns off the lights, and Shane falls asleep nearly immediately, but the last thing he sees before sleep claims him is an adoring look on Ilya’s face.

End Notes

drunk Shane is fun to write, I should write him more often lol

thanks for reading ღ(*´~`*)ღ ♡

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