

What one does for love...

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76722936) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76722936>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
Additional Tags:	Spoilers for The Long Game , Amnesia , Temporary Amnesia , Fluff and Hurt/Comfort , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers)
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 1,508 Chapters: 1/1

What one does for love...

by [BlackHoleHockey_\(SunMonTue\)](#)

Summary

“He’s got amnesia!”

“Oh. You doctor now?” Ilya asks, looking at him, then looking at the doctor, and Shane can read the 'can you believe this guy?' expression on his face.

“What makes you think that Mr Hollander?”

“He doesn’t remember that I’m his husband. And he thinks he’s here because of a hit on the ice. It’s summer!”

Notes

I don't go here, I have no intention of going here, but nothing else would cooperate until this was out of my head so... here... *throws it onto the offering pile*

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

“Hollander. What are you doing here?”

Shane stops in the doorway, frozen for a second before starting to move again.

“What do you mean, where else would I be?”

Ilya frowns at him and then winces in pain, although he quickly hides it, like he doesn't want Shane to see it and he feels the clawing of his anxiety starting to increase, takes a deep steadying breath and steps forward again, sinking into the chair beside Ilya he'd left just to go to the bathroom, reaches for Ilya's hand. Ilya lets him, but he's raised a questioning eyebrow like Shane has lost his mind. He might yet.

“At home?” Ilya suggests, like it's the most obvious answer in the world and Shane is immediately shaking his head.

“While you're in hospital? *No!* Oh. Don't worry about Anya, Troy's looking after her...” Ilya frowns again and Shane feels the claws gripping around his lungs, his heart. “Do you remember what happened?” Shane asks, because something is... *off*. He needs to get the doctor.

“I took a hit on the ice and I'm now... here. Why are you here?”

Shane feels like throwing up, because *no*. That isn't why he's here at all. It's *summer* outside, they're not playing.

“Okay. Um. That's... not what happened.”

“I don't believe you can hit me hard enough to...” he waves his hand around the hospital room and Shane can't help rolling his eyes, the quiet huff of amusement. Even if Ilya can't remember everything, he's still very much *Ilya*.

“You tripped and fell, hit your head...” Shane starts, because that's a G-rated version they're telling the medical staff. It includes the pertinent information of Ilya knocking his head, does not need to include the fact that they were chasing each other around the house naked.

“No. That does not sound like me. Why are you *here* Hollander? Here with *me*?” Ilya demands now, and he pulls his hand out of Shane's, clearly irritated and Shane grips at empty air, desperately wants to be touching him again.

“Because I'm your husband, because we're married, because I love you!”

“Did you hit *your* head?”

“No! I... no. *Fuck.*” Ilya's eyebrows go up, his lips twitching in what Shane *knows* is amusement. “Oh fuck... fuck. Oh my god... I need to go and get the doctor...”

As if summoned the doctor strides into the room, all smiles and Shane shoots to his feet.

“He’s got amnesia!”

“Oh. You doctor now?” Ilya asks, looking at him, then looking at the doctor, and Shane can read the *can you believe this guy?* expression on his face.

“What makes you think that Mr Hollander?”

“He doesn’t remember that I’m his husband. And he thinks he’s here because of a hit on the ice. It’s *summer!*”

“Well. I’m sorry My Rozanov, but... that’s definitely a new symptom.”

“This is... not a prank?” Ilya asks, and his expression has suddenly gone serious, face pale. Shane falls back into the chair, grips his hand again, presses a kiss to his knuckles, the healing burn mark from where he got too close to the grill three nights ago, the tan line where his wedding ring usually sits but was taken off for the MRI.

“It’s not a prank. Jesus Ilya,” Shane mutters, and he sits back, hooks a finger under his collar and pulls out the chain he’s wearing around his neck, sees the moment Ilya spies his mother’s cross and the ring on the chain. Hanging around Shane’s neck.

“We’re going to need to run some more tests, maybe some of the same ones. It could just be some minor swelling, but we need to be thorough...”

“Yeah, of course.”

“What year do you think it is Mr Rozanov?”

“2010.”

“Holy shit...” Shane whispers.

“I... I think I am going to be sick,” Ilya says.

He sits there, chewing on what is left of his thumbnail as he messages his parents, they’re already on their way. Then he messages Svetlana. He knows Ilya will remember her, that her presence might be more reassuring than his and he *hates* that that might be the case, but he loves Ilya far too much to deny him anything that might make him feel better right now. He looks up to find Ilya watching him intently and he smiles slightly.

“What?”

“You look old. But...” his eyes sweep over Shane’s face, body. “I would still fuck you.”

“You’re also ten years older.”

“I am still hot.”

“Fuck you...” Shane says, and he blinks back tears even while he’s laughing, because Ilya is smiling at him and that makes him feel... better. He smiles back, which makes Ilya smile more, lip curling in the way that usually means he’s in for a good time.

“Oh! Ilya! We came as fast as we could...”

Ilya’s eyes go wide, and Shane waves a hand, his mom is already kissing the top of Ilya’s head over the bandage and his dad is holding a tray of hot drinks. His dad comes over to him, squeezes his shoulder comfortingly and then passes him a takeout cup. Green tea.

“Mom, dad, he doesn’t...”

“Just because he doesn’t remember us, doesn’t mean we can’t show him we still care about him...”

Shane mouths *sorry*, but Ilya is looking amused, seemingly very content to have people he doesn’t know fawn over him. His mom is saying her name, introducing herself like it’s perfectly normal, his dad is handing Ilya a hot drink, already turning to tell Shane it’s decaf before he can raise any objection. God he loves his parents. So much. But right now it just... feels like too much.

“I am very hungry. I know it’s much to ask, but could you...”

“Of course! We’ll get your favourite. And something for you as well honey...”

“Thanks mom...”

They both watch his parents leave as quickly as they arrived, although they’re both now holding a drink, and there’s a bag of items his dad dropped stealthily under his chair, and he thinks he can see toothpaste.

“Your parents love me...”

“Yeah. Mom calls you her favourite...”

“Hmm.”

“I, uh, messaged Svetlana. Asked her to come. And she is going to, but she’s in LA right now. I thought you might like to see a familiar face...” Shane says, realising that he’s babbling a little.

“You know Svetlana...”

“I... yes. Of course I do.”

“Hmm.”

“We could, I mean, I could call her? If you want?”

“Yes... I think. Yes. Please.”

Shane nods decisively, glad to have some form of action that might *help*, pulls his phone out of his pocket and presses call over Svetlana’s contact. Passes his phone to Ilya who takes it wordlessly, expression serious.

“Do you want me to go?” Shane asks, and Ilya shakes his head.

“Stay...”

Shane smiles a little, settles back and takes a careful sip of his drink, pulls the hospital tray closer so Ilya has somewhere he can put his drink down and he just lets himself watch.

“Svetlana...”

And then Ilya launches into Russian, and Shane realises that he probably thinks Shane doesn’t, can’t understand every single word he’s saying. Well fuck. Should he say something? Interrupt? Right now all Ilya is doing is asking questions, confirming the year, and that she too knows that he and Shane are married. Then he’s asking how that works when he lives in Boston and Shane doesn’t need to hear her answer because Ilya is swearing, asking why he lives and plays for a shitty team like the Ottawa Centaurs and then he goes silent. He’s staring at Shane.

“We... play together?”

“Yeah. We’ve won a cup together. Didn’t manage a repeat, but... you know.”

“I won the Stanley Cup?”

“You’ve won it twice,” Shane replies, and the grin that breaks across Ilya’s face makes him want to kiss him *so much*. He’s back to rambling to Svetlana in Russian and he needs to do something, his nerves making him more anxious, pulls the bag up his dad left and sets it on the hospital bed. Toothpaste, toothbrushes, deodorant, small set of travel toiletries, lube, condoms. Oh god. Why is his dad such a troll. Of course Ilya has reached for it, eyes wide to match his grin, clearly amused.

“Shut up! My dad bought these!” Shane mutters, slapping at his thigh through the thin hospital blanket and Ilya grabs his hand, squeezes it and Shane gives him a quick smile, presses a kiss to his knuckles again.

“I cannot believe that this beautiful man loves me...” Ilya says in Russian, and his voice is quieter, serious and Shane looks at him, wants to interrupt, tell him *of course he loves him*, but obviously Svetlana is saying something, asking something, because Ilya is frowning. Looking at Shane more intently. “Yes, of course he is here... what do you mean he speaks Russian?”

“Ya tebya lyublyu,” Shane states. Ilya stares and he runs his finger over his knuckles, presses another kiss there.

“Oh. You really do love me.”

End Notes

(Of course he gets his memory back once the swelling goes down... it's TEMPORARY).

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