touch me, baby!

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/77079811.

Rating:	General 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, Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	5+1 Things, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, Soft Hockey Boys, Post-Canon, post-book 6: the long game, they're teammates and they're in love your honour!
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-04 Words: 1,839 Chapters: 1/1

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by mystinkysocks

Summary

five times Ilya initiates on ice PDA and the one time Shane does

Notes

These books and show have my entire attention span and brain right now so I had to write this to get ANY work done today, why can’t I do a degree in heated rivalry smh :(
Title from Naked in Manhattan by Chappell Roan

See the end of the work for more notes

1

Ilya absolutely adored having Shane on his team, playing together as centaurs they were unbeatable. When they were on lines together, their passes were so in tune, everything worked so smoothly, and he finally had more players who could keep up with him, which had definitely helped the team so far this season. They were coming to the end of an extended road trip; with the final team they were playing during this trip being Tampa. Ilya always liked playing here, it reminded him of the all-star game at which everything changed for them.

The second period was well underway, and the score was 2-1 for Ottawa. Wyatt sent the puck from past their goal line up the right-hand side of the ice and the puck made contact with Ilya's stick as he passed into the neutral zone. Shane was right next to him, rushing down the centre of the ice towards the lightning's goal, and he took the puck perfectly as Ilya passed it to him. Ilya glided behind Shane across to the left side of the ice as Shane continued storming through to Tampa's zone. The goalie and a defender were blocking any of Shane's chances to score, and without even looking, Shane sent the puck directly left, trusting Ilya's instincts that he would be there to receive it. Ilya picked up the puck and quickly shot it into the top of the net before the goalie could get to it.

Shane was pumping his fist as he continued to skate around the back of the net towards Ilya. As they collided, Ilya placed an exaggerated kiss to the side of Shane's helmet. Ilya felt as though it were two years earlier, and they were playing together on the same team for the first time, both of them struck by how it felt to play with someone who seemingly read their every move perfectly.

"Nice goal", Shane laughed, bashfully.

"Nice assist" beamed Ilya, clapping his hand on Shane's shoulder as they began to skate towards the bench to fist bump their teammates in celebration.

2

The Centaurs took to the ice for the second period of their game against Buffalo, which had been fruitful so far, with them leading 3-0. Ilya and Shane were stood by the boards, both starting this period on the ice.

"I think this will be a good period, let's score some more goals and make their fans leave before the game is even over."

"Sounds perfect to me." Shane smiled and went to headbutt Ilya before they took their positions. Ilya saw something around Shane's mouth and grabbed the back of his head before he could skate off.

"What are you doing?"

“Shh. You have gross protein shake around your mouth,” Ilya wiped his thumb across the corner of Shane’s lips, “and we can’t give them any chirping fuel.” He popped his thumb into his mouth and ate the remnants of the shake. “Ugh, this is disgusting.”

“It’s not that bad.”

“God, Shane. What flavour even is that?”

“It’s blueberry and banana.”

“Tastes like shit. If you ate a fucking hamburger once in a while like me I wouldn’t have to be doing this.”

“Fuck o—”

Shane was cut off by the whistle to head to the face off. Ilya tapped Shane twice on the cheek and skated off to centre ice as Shane took his position as a winger. Ilya was still smiling as he reached the face-off circle.

3

Ilya always found it difficult to play in Montreal. He knew he started shit more often than other players, but here he felt a need to fight. When he spoke to the players on the opposing team (apart from Pike and Boiziau) they weren’t just chirps, they were filled with rage and hatred for the hurt that this team had caused for Shane. They had left him in the dust when he needed them the most and for Ilya that was unforgivable.

They were deep into the third period of what had been a difficult game so far. The Centaurs were down 3-2 and Ilya wanted nothing more than to bring this game back. Coach Wiebe called the boys to the bench and got out his whiteboard in order to explain what their next play should be. Ilya was stood next to Shane, who had an obvious tension in his body. He had been on the receiving end of one too many chirps which were not meant to be in good fun, but Shane had made him promise not to punch any of them unless Shane did so first.

Ilya, despite loving fights, loved his husband more, and had unfortunately chosen to listen to his request. He could help Shane in another way though. Ilya placed his hand at the small of Shane’s back and rubbed small circles in an effort to calm his nerves somehow. Ilya felt Shane let out a breath and saw his shoulders relax, which made Ilya smile to himself.

Shane turned his head so that he could catch Ilya’s eye and smile at him softly, his eyes were deep with love and gratitude.

Wiebe coughed, and Ilya looked up and realised the whole team was looking at them. The whole team descended into laughter as Wiebe shook his head fondly, Ilya looked at Shane again with a sweet smile.

“We can do this”, Ilya reassured him.

The overtime win they secured was even sweeter.

4

Shane was chasing the puck at top speed towards the Duck's zone, after a slightly askew pass from Luca had sent it there. The whistle blew as Shane crashed into the boards, realising he hadn't got to the puck quickly enough and the gameplay had stopped, with the refs declaring it icing.

Shane turned over on the ice and got onto his knees to stand up. He looked upwards and Ilya was standing directly in his eyeline, smiling with an outstretched hand.

"I think you were supposed to catch the puck on your stick, not fall on the floor, huh?"

"You're such an asshole."

Shane grabbed Ilya's hand and Ilya pulled him so that he was standing.

"Ahh, you love it."

"You know I do."

They were still holding one another's hands.

"Maybe next time Luca passes to you, you intercept it, yes."

"Fuck off Rozy."

Ilya smiled at Shane as if there was no one else in the room. Suddenly the whistle blew and a shout of "Rozanov!" came from their zone as the refs and their teammates looked at Ilya expectantly to take the face off. Shane laughed at Ilya's unimpressed expression as they unwillingly let go of the others hand. Shane skated towards the bench and watched Ilya rush towards Anaheim's zone for the face off.

5

Ilya has never been one for on ice stretching before a game, sure, he stretches in the locker room, but once he's on the ice, he prefers to skate around as part of his warm-up. Shane, however, refuses to not stretch on the ice, Ilya thinks it might even be a pre-game ritual of his, since he has never let Ilya interrupt his stretches. Ilya was skating around Shane as he did his stretches.

"I think I will score more goals today."

"Why's that?" Shane asked. Clearly humouring Ilya as he went into a right leg hamstring stretch.

"You do know that I'm best player in the league, right? I lead you in goals, remember?"

"Fuck off. Do you remember who assisted you on those goals?"

“Hmmm, yes” Ilya said delightedly, skating circles around Shane, “Let me think. There is obviously Troy and Luca and Bood.”

“Fuck you”, Shane said switching legs.

“Oh, and Dykstra and Chouinard and Young and Holmberg”

Shane scoffed.

“And I can’t forget Wyatt, he sets me up so well from the other end of the ice. I don’t think I forgot anyone, right?”

Shane stared at him incredulously and leant forward on his stick into his hip flexor stretch. Ilya smiled.

“Oh, I might have forgotten one person.”

“And who’s that?” Shane asked, deadpan.

Ilya, still skating around Shane, quickly tapped Shane on the ass with the end of his stick as he swung round behind him, laughing.

“You!” he smiled as he skated off towards the bench, leaving Shane dumfounded and still stretching.

+1

It was the sixth game of the cup final, with the game standings so far sitting at 3-2 to the Centaurs. If they were victorious today against the stars, they would be the Stanley Cup champions. There was one minute remaining in the third period, and the score lay at an uncomfortable 4-3, with the Centaurs barely in the lead.

Shane was on the ice and a bundle of anticipation. Wiebe had told them just five minutes prior, that all they had to do was hold onto the puck, so that was what Shane was doing, passing the puck safely to Dykstra who was unmarked.

Dallas were trying every trick in the book to gain back possession, having even sent their goalie off for the final couple of minutes for a six versus five to try and overpower the Centaurs. Dykstra had sent the puck to Bood who was situated on the Centaurs’ blue line near to the boards. Shane saw two Stars begin to charge towards Bood from two directions, he knew what to do. He began skating towards centre ice. He tapped his stick on the ice and Bood shot the puck to him which he received cleanly.

Shane led the puck up the ice, Dallas all too focused on the Centaurs near the goal, who started to shout and chase after Shane. But they were too late, the empty goal was directly in front of Shane, who guided it into the net in the final second of the game.

The crowd, their crowd, in their stadium, went wild. The Centaurs all jumped the boards. Bood and Luca ran to Shane to hug him. The feeling was pure elation. Shane pulled off his helmet, shaking his sweat drenched hair out and smiled as Ilya tumbled towards him.

Shane couldn’t help but kiss him in that moment. He understood what Scott Hunter had felt in that moment, pure freedom and happiness. They were smiling and laughing and crying into the kiss and it was beautiful and everything Shane could have dreamed for his first Stanley cup win with Ilya, his best yet.

“You did it!”

“You did it too!”

“We both did it. я тебя люблю.” Ilya said through tears.

“I love you so much too, so fucking much.”

Troy, Luca and Wyatt piled onto them, “Do you not love me too, Rozy?”, Troy laughed, “I thought we had something!”

Ilya laughed out loud, “I love you all so much! My Centaurs are the champions!”

They all screamed and shouted and roared in celebration, jumping and hugging and kissing one another’s cheeks.

In the chaos, Ilya whispered “I love you the most.”

“я знаю.” Shane said, “я знаю Ilya.”

End Notes

я тебя люблю: I love you.
я знаю: I know.
I was at a hockey game last night and saw one of the players on the visiting team hit his teammates on the ass with his stick as they came off shift from scoring and I just think Ilya would do that. “I love you”, ass slap, to every player. Those are his boys; he just wants to show them some love.
I’ve been thinking about the final scene a LOT lately, and I know we’ll never see it in book or on screen form but I think it would heal me.
As always, kudos and comments are appreciated and come say hi on tumblr @mystinkysocks!

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