

found what i never went looking for

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77121356) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77121356>.

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
Additional Tags:	Gift Giving , Ilya Rozanov's Necklace
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-05 Words: 1,201 Chapters: 1/1

found what i never went looking for

by [allthatsings](#)

Summary

His chain broke. His crucifix—his mother's crucifix—is missing.

Shane would bet good money that Ilya'd rather have his jaw broken and three teeth knocked out than lose that necklace.

Notes

Today I wore a necklace I usually don't, and noticing its presence made me think about how Ilya (and Shane) would react to the absence of his.

Title from Lost My Mind by FINNEAS

Ilya's first game back after his father's funeral and he's clearly on edge. He's leaving something extra in every hit, yelling at refs, shoving and getting shoved after every whistle.

Shane has the game on in his and Hayden's Washington hotel room and is trying very hard not to pay too much attention. Hayden is pretty absorbed in his phone, but still. They turn these games on as background noise, nothing more.

When Ilya starts circling Duncan Harvey for a fight, though, Shane can't help but sit up straighter. Duncan Harvey is bad news on the best of days and Ilya is not having a good day. The gloves drop and Shane bites the inside of his cheek so hard he can taste blood.

Ilya's tasting blood too, surely. Took the first punch right to the jaw. He gets a few solid hits in, but Harvey soon has him in a horse collar: grabbing Ilya by the neck of his jersey, choking him, throwing him to the ice.

"Dirty fucking play," Hayden says and Shane feels less self-conscious about how he's leaning forward and holding his breath and clenching the sheets so hard they literally tear.

"Is he ok?" Shane says, heart in his throat, but Hayden's attention has already returned to his phone.

Ilya is a bit slow on his way to the penalty box, but he seems out of breath more than anything. He gets an extra 2 for instigating, which (despite Ilya definitely instigating) is ridiculous when Harvey fights like that.

The camera is close on Ilya. He checks his knuckles (bruised), runs a thumb over his lips (bloodied), then reaches up to adjust his gear back into place. His entire face changes. It's blind panic as he grabs at his neck.

Maybe getting choked hurt his throat more than he initially thought?

When Ilya yanks off his jersey and starts pulling at his shoulder pads, Shane realizes what's happening.

His chain broke. His crucifix—his *mother's* crucifix—is missing.

Shane would bet good money that Ilya'd rather have his jaw broken and three teeth knocked out than lose that necklace.

He's pulling off his pads and shaking them. Crouching and looking under the bench. Standing and banging on the glass.

Shane wants to cry, watching him melt down like this on live tv.

The feed cuts to commercial and Shane has to reckon with the fact that he was so worried about Ilya *he tore a hole the sheets*. During their phone call Shane knew, but now he *knows*.

Shane Hollander is in love.

A terrifying concept.

He doesn't relax until the game comes back and the camera lingers on Ilya's bloodied lips kissing his crucifix. Even then, relaxed isn't the word to describe electricity buzzing through Shane's veins.

A thought pops into his head and Shane speaks without thinking. "What jeweler did you get that necklace for Jackie from?"

Hayden glanced at him, then at the TV screen (where Boston's penalty kill is getting torn apart), then back to Shane.

Fuck. Fuck fuck he's being too obvious.

Hayden, thankfully, remains (or at least acts), oblivious. "You're getting a girl jewelry without introducing her to me and Jackie?"

"It's for... my mom," Shane mumbles.

"Sure it is," Hayden laughs. "Bring her around for dinner some time."

"What's the jeweler, Hayd?"

"Ex Aurum. They did our wedding rings too."

"My mom'll appreciate it."

Hayden rolls his eyes and Shane ignores him, already pulling the website up on his phone.

He spends a long time picking out the perfect chain for Ilya. He wants it to be as special as he deserves, but not distracting or uncomfortable. It's a hard balance, but he finally finds the perfect one.

He'll give it to Ilya after their next game and invite him to his cottage for the summer and it will all be perfect. Or maybe terrible.

Maybe it'll be terrible.

Or maybe it won't be.

Shane then realizes their next game isn't for another two weeks and that's just too long. He'll probably have replaced the chain himself by then.

Shane looks at the shipping options, but the jeweler only offers delivery within Canada. Which isn't exactly helpful. So he starts the process all over again, finding a jeweler and another perfect chain in Boston. It takes a while.

After considering a dozen options for the card message, Shane finally types "—Jane" and is unreasonably proud of himself for that. Discrete.

He types in Ilya's address and selects overnight delivery, but pauses before typing in his name on the credit card. His name on the order with Ilya as the receiver? Anyone who sees that would put two and two together.

Shane has the brief, idiotic thought of driving from Washington to Boston to pick it up and deliver it himself. A longer drive than he would have guessed actually. And he has a hockey game to play in 16 hours. And Ilya is in Colorado tonight.

Eventually, Shane buys several Visa gift cards, fends off a fraud-prevention call from his bank, and orders the chain anonymously. He pays an obscene amount for expedited delivery, but it should arrive at Ilya's door the same day he gets home from this road trip.

It'll be good. This was a good idea. Ilya needed something good and, this one good thing, Shane can provide.

~~~~~

Ilya trudges from his garage to his living room and barely manages to kick off his shoes before collapsing on the couch.

45 seconds later—or maybe a couple hours, Ilya isn't sure whether he fell asleep—the doorbell rings. He swears loudly. There is literally no one in the world that needs Ilya right now, so he doesn't move.

The doorbell rings again, though, and a third time too.

Fine. He'll answer.

A delivery person? Needing a signature? He's been in a bit of a fog, but he's pretty sure he'd remember ordering something he had to sign for.

He sets the package on the kitchen counter and stares at it for a long while before finally opening it.

It's a... jeweler's box? Ilya definitely didn't order this. Meant for his neighbor, maybe. He sees them fighting pretty often. Apology jewelry, probably.

But then he sees the card lying neatly on top: —*Jane*.

Ilya opens the box and his knees give out on him. Quite literally, he crumples to the ground in his kitchen.

Fuck. Fuck this is bad. Shane. This isn't what they're supposed to be doing.

The calls from Russia weren't what they were supposed to be doing either, or that conversation at All Stars, but here they are.

Ilya reaches above him to pull the gift into his lap. It's a chain. A simple chain, but wonderful. Shining gold. Sturdy without being heavy. The links twist around each other to form a delicate spiral. It's beautiful.

He takes off the string hanging around his neck. His mother deserves something more special than string. Ilya had been planning to pick up a new chain the next day, but Shane... he knew.

Ilya kisses his mother's crucifix, carefully threads it onto the chain, and fastens it around his neck. It'll never come off again.

*Shane.*

Perfect.

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