

Ever since that summer

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77785071) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77785071>.

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:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , Jackie Pike , Montreal Voyageurs , Montreal Metros Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Ottawa Centaurs Team Ensemble (Game Changers) , Troy Barrett , Harris Drover , Coach Wiebe , Zane Boodram
Additional Tags:	Autistic Shane Hollander , Bullying , covers some events of canon , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Through the Years , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Introspection , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Hurt/Comfort
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-16 Words: 1,805 Chapters: 1/1

Ever since that summer

by [1410lovers \(prinzessinglitzerfee\)](#)

Summary

When he played for Montreal, the other guys on the team would often give him weird looks. He knew he wasn't great at making friends but he also didn't think it was necessary to be friends with everyone on the team. Still, it hurt how hostile some of them got over Shane's strict routines. Some even commented about his "psycho behaviour" but usually Hayden would make them shut up. Only when Shane was having panic attacks, the others would be more aggressive about it. They weren't worried about Shane, all they seemed to care about was that he was different.

~ or: Shane's experience with being autistic through his life. And finding peace with it!

Notes

This is my first hollanov fic, I hope you like it!

I haven't written fanfic in a hot minute but I just can't stop thinking about Heated Rivalry. The brain rot is real.

This is mostly inspired by my own experience as an AuDHD girly and relating to Shane too much. I took some liberty with his symptoms since we don't see that much in the show/book. English is my second language, please excuse any mistakes!

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

Shane Hollander knew what it was like to be different.

Even before realizing he was gay, he had always been different from people around him.

It didn't even really bother him, although he did wonder why everyone else did not seem to have the same rules as him. Didn't other people's brain stop working when it got too loud around them? Why did Shane need so much more alone time than other kids?

It only started to bother him when he spent more time around other boys playing hockey. His parents had always been great about it, letting him flail his arms, never rushing him to respond to them.

At first it didn't seem so bad. Yes, they would look at him weirdly when he folded up his clothes all neatly or made sure his laces were the same length.

Then the comments started.

Dylan, one of the goalies, gave him a look before whispering: "Do you have like.. some issues?"

Shane looked up from where he was straightening out his jersey and frowned at Dylan. "W-What?"

Dylan looked around if anyone was listening before continuing: "You're like a neat freak. And you never look anyone in the eyes. It's weird."

Shane didn't know what to say. Yes, he did worry a lot about things being organized. Eye contact was exhausting to him, especially with these boys he didn't know well. But was that really so weird?

Dylan at least didn't seem to mean more than that. It was a bunch of other guys who picked up the comments and started making fun of him whenever they got the chance.

Need that sorted before you can score? Please, take your time, weirdo. Don't know what to say? Do I need to wait a few minutes for you to think up a stutter? I don't wanna hear about your messed up thoughts anyway.

While Shane didn't like the guys making fun of him, he also didn't see a reason to tell anyone about it. Yes, some guys would shove him around more, there were always some unnecessary comments, but other than that it was fine. Shane was fine.

When he played for Montreal, the other guys on the team would often give him weird looks. He knew he wasn't great at making friends but he also didn't think it was necessary to be friends with everyone on the team. Still, it hurt how hostile some of them got over Shane's strict routines. Some even commented about his "psycho behaviour" but usually Hayden would make them shut up. Only when Shane was having panic attacks, the others would be

more aggressive about it. They weren't worried about Shane, all they seemed to care about was that he was different.

He knew some of them talked to their coach about his "psychosis". How they didn't want to play on a team with someone deranged whose actions couldn't be predicted. Coach talked to him about it multiple times, but always said as long as he was playing well, he didn't see any more reason to act on it. Since Shane never had a panic attack during a game, it was fine. He did give Shane some weird looks now and then, but since Shane was the main reason for their success, there wasn't a need for him to do anything.

Being around Ilya always felt a little different for Shane. Yes, he still had his rules about everything, he still thought too much about all that was said between them, but. Somehow it felt lighter. Like it wasn't so bad that Shane needed to change the sheets immediately after sex or that he folded up Ilya's clothes on a chair. Ilya sometimes made fun of him for it, but he knew it was never meant in that way other people made fun of him.

When Shane first complained about getting the sheets all dirty, Ilya was confused. "What do you mean?"

But once he got his bearings and understood Shane's discomfort, he huffed out a laugh. "You're like that princess. On a bean?"

Shane rolled his eyes and murmured: "Pea. Princess on a pea."

Still chuckling to himself and all naked, Ilya went over to the dresser. He gave him one of his smirks over his shoulder. "Why don't I play a little housemaid while you get clean? Get in the shower."

Shane opened his mouth, but didn't say anything. Ilya was already rifling through the bed sheets in the dresser, so Shane decided to just go with it. He got in the shower and immediately felt better washing the sweat and cum of his body. After enjoying a few minutes under the water, he got out and toweled himself off. He was brushing his teeth when Ilya came into the bathroom, still naked. They didn't talk while they both got cleaned up and only when they returned to the bedroom, Shane had to do a double take. His bed not only had fresh sheets on it, but Ilya also took some time to fold up their clothes they had been hurrying to take off. Shane also spotted the dirty sheets in his laundry hamper.

Not wanting to put too much thought into Ilya's actions, he didn't say anything about it and tried to show his appreciation through the kisses they share before Ilya went back to his hotel.

Over all their years of sneaking around Ilya never made Shane feel different. Sometimes he would be surprised by Shane's spiralling thoughts - like the situation with the tuna melt - but Ilya never made him feel bad for any of it. Rather, he seemed to try to understand what made Shane go into his head like that. By then they should have figured out that this wasn't about sex anymore. Why would Ilya care about his random fling's racing mind? But he did. And he

tried his best to help Shane through it. He wouldn't rush him in conversations, let him pace and look away as much as needed. It helped that Ilya was always so open about what he meant.

They really should've clocked sooner that they were in love. Shane liked to say he didn't read social cues very well - but they both knew that they were just too scared. Too scared of their feelings. Of what this meant. If the other one felt the same. If this was really worth risking their career over.

Once Shane and Ilya decided to come out, they knew. There was no point denying that they had been in love for many years and would continue to be for the rest of their lives. And while they both loved hockey, it didn't matter more than that. No, it wasn't perfect how much people would talk and speculate about their relationship, but it was still better than pretending they didn't care about each other.

The Montreal team didn't react well to Shane and Ilya's relationship. That might be an understatement - Hayden had been ready to beat up every single one of them but Jackie pointed out to him that they may not make anything better. Still, he couldn't believe some of the shit the other guys spewed about their beloved captain.

So he's not only a freak but also...? Wait, does Ilya also have psycho issues like that? Would make sense that they are together then.

Shane didn't even care about their insults towards him anymore, but talking like that about his boyfriend went too far. He knew he needed to leave then.

The Ottawa team was different in a million ways. Beginning with the owners being overly excited to meet the Shane Hollander. It was almost like they didn't already know a bunch of famous hockey players. Shane tried to hide his blush but probably failed at that. The support was so different he couldn't believe he had spent so long at a team that didn't care about him at all.

The other players were maybe even more excited to spend time with him. Ilya tried to ease Shane into it, knowing he got nervous around too many new people at once. It also helped that he told Wyatt and Harris about it, getting them to shift attention away from Shane when it got too much. Ilya could have probably a whole manual about Shane's quirks, how to tell when he needed peace and when to approach him. It helped that their team was so inclusive.

When Shane started zoning out in a conversation, the others wouldn't comment or ask about it. Troy made sure to keep Shane in the loop once he joined back into the conversation. Wyatt usually carried around some fidget toy he would hand Shane at opportune times. Harris made it his goal to keep the noise level at an acceptable level for Shane, asking their pub to turn down the music if he noticed Shane frowning. Boob kept the rookies in check, getting them to leave Shane alone when he couldn't deal with their high energy. Coach Wiebe never outright addressed Shane's autism but there was no question that he knew. It showed in many of their interactions, Coach never rushing Shane in their conversations or questioning his fidgeting.

Really, meeting Ilya was probably the luckiest moment of his life. He still knew he was different of course. He knew it when small changes to his routine made him feel like throwing up. He knew it when the buzzer at games went off and he felt the intense need to cover his ears. He knew it when after team outings he needed hours alone.

What changed was how everyone around him treated him. His teammates might not all understand his strict routines but they always made sure he could adhere to them. They got him loops for his birthday, hoping to help him with his sensory issues. They made sure to give him space when he needed it, check in what exactly he needed at that moment.

Ilya was of course the biggest supporter of Shane. He had been, really, ever since that summer before rookie season. But over the years and with the help of his therapist, he learned more about autism and found new ways to show his support. He openly asked Shane if he might also need to do therapy, get a proper diagnosis. It took some time since Shane still felt so much shame around his brain working differently. But he decided it might be time. He was different and that wasn't a bad thing. He might need help with some things but that was okay. Asking for help had never come naturally to him, but it got easier. He felt at ease with himself and his mind.

Maybe different had never been the problem. Maybe it had been all those shitty people.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading!

I would love to hear your thoughts <3

You can also drop some other fic ideas, I really want to write more in this fandom!

Have a great day/night and remember: you're perfect the way you are

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