

across the ice

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/80055411) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/80055411>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Canon Universe , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Panic Attacks , Coming Out , Relationship Reveal , Fluff , Happy Ending
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-02-22 Words: 2,129 Chapters: 1/1

across the ice

by [wolfsbanex](#)

Summary

when a panic attack brings Shane to his knees during a heated Montreal–Boston matchup, the only name he can say is Ilya's. In front of a stunned arena, Ilya chooses love over rivalry, crossing the ice to hold him and accidentally revealing the secret relationship they can no longer hide.

Notes

- TW: for panic attacks

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

The first time it happens, it's so small Shane almost thinks he imagined it.

A flicker. A tremor in his chest. The sense that the air inside the arena has thinned, gone sharp and metallic, like he's breathing through the cold bite of a Montreal winter.

It's ridiculous. He's played in this building hundreds of times. The crowd at Centre Bell roars like a living organism, blue jerseys rising and falling in waves. The banners hang heavy overhead. The ice glows beneath the lights. It's home.

And yet.

Across the rink, cutting slow circles at center ice, is Ilya Rozanov.

The captain of the Boston Raiders.

Shane's rival.

Shane's secret.

They've never been good at being normal around each other during warm-ups.

Too much history. Too much chemistry. Too much everything.

Ilya is loose and dangerous on his edges, blonde hair damp at the temples, visor catching the glare of the lights. He looks infuriatingly composed, like he always does when they're about to go to war.

Shane hates how much he loves that look.

He finishes a drill, pivots, and for half a second their eyes lock through the chaos of the ice. It's not supposed to mean anything. It's just another glance between captains.

But Ilya's gaze lingers.

Too soft.

Too knowing.

Shane looks away first.

His stomach twists.

"Hey." Hayden calls from behind him, tapping his shin pads with a stick. "You good?"

"Yeah." Shane forces a grin. "Why wouldn't I be?"

Hayden studies him for a second too long. "Just asking. Big game."

Montreal versus Boston. The rivalry of the decade. Every hit amplified. Every mistake dissected. Every shift a headline.

And Shane? He hasn't slept.

He's been wound tight since morning, thoughts spiraling in loops he can't untangle. Playoffs are coming. The standings are tight. The pressure feels personal.

And beneath it all: the constant strain of hiding.

Ilya's hand in his hair in hotel rooms.

Ilya's laugh muffled against his neck.

The way Ilya whispers in Russian when he's half asleep and thinks no one can hear.

Shane swallows hard.

"I'm fine," he repeats.

The first period is brutal.

Boston comes out fast, suffocating on the forecheck. Ilya's line cycles the puck like they're choreographed, and Shane finds himself chasing, reacting instead of dictating.

He misses a pass he should've buried.

He takes a penalty—stupid, retaliatory, uncharacteristic.

From the box, he watches Ilya set up on the power play. The Raiders score within thirty seconds. The arena groans. Boston celebrates.

Ilya doesn't look at him.

That almost makes it worse.

When Shane's back on the ice, the noise feels wrong. Too loud. Too close. Every shout from the stands feels like it's aimed directly at him.

He overthinks a zone entry and loses the puck.

He fans on a one-timer.

His hands feel clumsy. Heavy. Not his.

Between shifts, he sits on the bench, helmet still on, breathing hard.

Too hard.

"Hey." Hayden bumps his shoulder. "Shake it off. Long game."

Shane nods.

Inhale.

Exhale.

The air doesn't seem to go deep enough.

By the second period, he knows something is wrong.

Not the usual bad-game wrong. Not frustration. Not nerves.

His heart is racing.

Not in the exertion way. In the wrong way. Too fast. Too irregular.

He skates a shift and halfway through feels lightheaded, like the ice is tilting. The boards seem farther away than they should be. The crowd noise distorts into a high, distant roar.

He nearly collides with a defenseman he didn't see.

"Shane!" Hayden snaps as they change.

He doesn't answer.

He sits down and pulls at his gloves.

Breathe.

He tries to take a deep breath and it catches in his throat, sharp and painful. His chest tightens like a fist has closed around his lungs.

This is stupid. He's in peak condition. He just had a physical. He's fine.

Except he's not.

His fingers start to tingle.

His vision tunnels at the edges.

He can't hear the coach over the pounding in his ears.

"Shane?" Hayden's voice is closer now. Concerned.

"I can't—" Shane mutters, barely aware he's speaking. "I can't breathe."

Hayden freezes. "Okay. Okay. Helmet off."

Someone is waving to the trainer. The bench suddenly feels crowded. Too many bodies. Too many eyes.

The arena noise crescendos and crashes over him.

He stands abruptly, almost stumbling over his own skates.

“I need—” He doesn’t know what he needs. Air. Space. Escape.

He looks across the ice without meaning to.

Finds Ilya.

Of course he does.

Ilya is at the far end, listening to his coach, but his head turns at exactly the wrong moment. Their eyes meet again.

And something in Shane breaks.

“Ilya,” he chokes.

Hayden leans closer. “What?”

“Ilya.”

It’s barely audible.

The trainer reaches for him. “Let’s get you down the tunnel, okay?”

Shane shakes his head violently. The idea of being taken away, alone, makes the panic spike higher.

“No—no—” His breathing is rapid now, shallow, useless. “Ilya.”

On the ice, a whistle blows for an unrelated stoppage. Players coast to a halt.

And then—

It happens too fast to stop.

Ilya sees.

Truly sees.

Shane hunched on the bench, helmet half off, face pale and stricken.

Ilya doesn’t hesitate.

He skates.

Straight across the neutral zone.

Straight past confused teammates.

Straight into enemy territory.

The crowd starts booing immediately, thinking it's some kind of stunt. Some kind of taunt.

The referees shout.

Hayden looks up, stunned, as Ilya reaches the Montreal bench and doesn't slow down.

"Move," Ilya snaps, not unkindly, at the trainer.

He steps into Shane's space like he belongs there.

Like he always has.

"Shane." His voice is low. Firm. Not captain-to-captain. Not rival-to-rival.

Just Ilya.

Shane's head jerks up at the sound.

Relief floods his face so violently it's almost painful to witness.

"You're here," he whispers.

"Of course I'm here." Ilya cups the back of his neck without thinking.

The arena falls into a strange, confused hush.

Hayden's eyes go wide.

The cameras are absolutely catching this.

"I can't breathe," Shane gasps.

"Yes, you can." Ilya presses their foreheads together through sweat and adrenaline. "Look at me. Only me."

The trainers freeze, uncertain.

"Five seconds in," Ilya instructs softly. "With me. Ready?"

Shane nods weakly.

They inhale together.

"Good," Ilya murmurs. "Again."

The world narrows to that small space on the bench.

To Ilya's glove against his skin.

To the steadiness in his voice.

“Shane,” Ilya says, and there is no disguising the affection in it now. No hiding it. “I’ve got you.”

The crowd starts to murmur. A ripple of realization spreading.

They’re touching.

Too close.

Too intimate.

Not fighting.

Not shoving.

Holding.

Hayden glances toward the jumbotron and then quickly away, like he’s seen something he wasn’t meant to.

Shane’s breathing slowly begins to even out.

The tingling in his fingers fades.

His vision clears enough to see the way Ilya is looking at him.

Terrified.

For him.

“You’re okay,” Ilya repeats. “You’re okay. I’m not going anywhere.”

The words hang between them.

Not going anywhere.

The implication is enormous.

A referee skates over. “Rozanov, you need to get back to your bench.”

Ilya doesn’t move.

“Give him a second,” Hayden says quietly, surprising himself.

The cameras zoom in. The arena screens show a close-up of their faces inches apart.

Someone in the crowd gasps audibly.

Shane becomes aware of it all at once.

The noise.

The scrutiny.

The fact that Ilya is still holding him like this.

“You shouldn’t—” Shane whispers.

“I don’t care,” Ilya says simply.

And that’s it.

That’s the moment the secret shatters.

They get Shane down the tunnel eventually, with Ilya walking beside him despite protests from officials. The league can fine him. Suspend him. He doesn’t care.

In the quiet of the hallway, away from the roar, Shane leans against the wall, exhausted.

“I’m sorry,” he says.

“For what?” Ilya demands.

“For dragging you into this.”

Ilya laughs once, sharp and disbelieving. “You think I wasn’t already in it?”

Hayden stands a few feet away, hands on hips, watching them like he’s trying to rearrange his understanding of the universe.

“Oh my God,” he mutters. “You two are—”

“Yes,” Ilya says flatly.

Hayden blinks. “Since when?”

“Years,” Shane admits, voice hoarse.

Hayden runs a hand through his hair. “You absolute idiots.”

Despite everything, Shane huffs a weak laugh.

The trainer clears his throat. “We should check his vitals.”

Ilya steps back reluctantly but doesn’t leave.

He stays.

Right there.

By the time the game resumes, the internet has exploded.

Clips of Ilya skating across the ice.

Slow-motion shots of his hand on Shane's neck.

Lip-readers dissecting every word.

The broadcast commentators struggle to maintain professionalism.

"An unusual show of concern," one says.

"Concern," the other echoes faintly.

In the locker room between periods, the Montreal Metros are dead silent.

Shane sits on a folding chair, towel draped over his shoulders.

He feels wrung out. Raw.

"I'm not going back out," he says quietly.

No one argues.

Hayden sits across from him. "You good?"

"Yeah." Shane exhales slowly. "I will be."

There's a knock at the door.

Everyone looks up.

A staff member peeks in. "Rozanov's asking if he can see him."

The room collectively loses its mind.

Coach swears under his breath.

Hayden just starts laughing hysterically.

Shane closes his eyes.

"Let him in."

Ilya steps inside the Montreal locker room like a man walking into fire.

Every single Metro stares at him.

He ignores them.

He crosses straight to Shane.

"Hey."

Shane looks up.

All the tension of the last hour softens.

“Hi.”

They don’t touch this time.

But they don’t need to.

“I can stay,” Ilya says. “If you want.”

Shane studies him. Sees the resolve there. The lack of fear.

“You realize,” Shane says slowly, “that we can’t hide anymore.”

Ilya’s mouth curves.

“Good.”

There’s a beat of silence.

Then Hayden claps his hands together. “Well. This is a media nightmare.”

A few players scowl, but say nothing.

They finish the game without Shane. Boston wins.

It doesn’t matter.

What matters is the press conference afterward.

They could avoid it.

Claim confusion. Downplay it. Say it was just concern between competitors.

They don’t.

They walk in together.

The flash of cameras is blinding.

Questions are shouted before they even sit down.

“Are you in a relationship?”

“How long has this been going on?”

“Is this why you crossed the ice?”

Shane glances at Ilya.

Ilya nods once.

So Shane leans into the microphone.

“Yes,” he says.

The room erupts.

“Yes,” he repeats, louder. “We’re together.”

Beside him, Ilya’s hand finds his under the table.

“We’ve been together for a long time,” Ilya adds. “Tonight was not about hockey. It was about him.”

Silence falls, stunned and heavy.

Shane squeezes his hand.

“I had a panic attack,” he says plainly. “And I called for the person I trust most.”

A reporter swallows. “You knew what this would mean.”

Ilya doesn’t look away from Shane.

“Yes,” he says. “I did.”

The fallout is immediate and enormous.

Headlines everywhere.

RIVAL CAPTAINS REVEAL SECRET RELATIONSHIP.

LOVE ON ICE.

The league releases a carefully worded statement about respect and privacy.

Teammates field questions.

Fans argue online.

But inside the storm, there is an unexpected calm.

Shane wakes up the next morning in his apartment.

Ilya is there.

Not sneaking out before dawn.

Not checking the hallway first.

Just there.

Sunlight filters through the curtains.

Shane turns onto his side and watches him breathe.

“Hey,” Ilya murmurs without opening his eyes.

“Hey.”

“You okay?”

Shane considers it.

The embarrassment. The vulnerability. The sheer exposure of it all.

And beneath it—

Relief.

“Yeah,” he says softly. “I am.”

Ilya opens his eyes.

No fear in them.

No regret.

“Good,” he says.

Shane reaches out and traces the line of his jaw.

“We really did it,” he says.

Ilya huffs a laugh. “You had panic attack on national television. Very dramatic way to come out.”

Shane groans. “Please never phrase it like that again.”

Ilya grins and pulls him closer.

Outside, the world is still buzzing.

But in here, there’s only this.

No hiding.

No pretending to hate each other for the cameras.

No carefully timed exits.

Just them.

Later that day, Hayden texts:

About time.

Shane smiles.

He sets his phone down and looks at Ilya, who's sprawled across the couch in one of Shane's hoodies, utterly at ease.

For the first time in years, the rivalry feels lighter.

Still fierce. Still competitive.

But no longer a mask.

Shane crosses the room and drops down beside him.

Ilya glances up.

"What?"

Shane leans in and kisses him, slow and unhurried.

"No more secrets," he says against his mouth.

Ilya's hands slide into his hair.

"Never again."

End Notes

♡i'd be thankful for kudos and comments!♡

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