

I don't wanna wait, I wanna live

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77901596) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77901596>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Brandon Wiebe
Additional Tags:	Secret Relationship , Caught , emergency contact , No Angst , high ilya , Relationship Reveal
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-18 Words: 1,387 Chapters: 1/1

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by [WeirdV](#)

Summary

Wiebe is looking at Rozanov.

The man is currently sitting on the couch in his office hugging the centaur plushie his daughters gave him when he started coaching here. He's got a distant expression on his face. Troy says he took something for a cold he was fighting, and then saw him take a painkiller a bit later and now he's - well - high. And now, for the first time since he started working here, he's looking up one of his player's emergency contacts.

Except Rozanov's emergency contact comes with a note; text, unless absolute emergency. Discretion please.

Notes

I am obsessed with stories where other people find out about them so i keep writing them :)

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

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The thing here is, the game starts in an hour - and he feels like this is definitely an emergency. Because Ilya Rozanov cannot be left alone right now, his teammates just stopped him from going on the ice in his underwear - it was a strange sight.

He texted the number ten minutes ago - *Hello, this is coach Wiebe. Ilya Rozanov took a bad combination of medication and cannot be left unsupervised. Can he be picked up?*

There's no reply. He sighs, watching another minute pass by, and dials the number.

Shane frowns at the unknown number as he startles awake, grabbing his phone and just saying 'yes?' while still waking up. He hadn't meant to fall asleep, he had gotten in late yesterday and had woken up early to spend some time with Ilya before his game. He was going to close his eyes for a few seconds and then watch the game but he's rudely awoken by an unknown number. It's a local one.

"Uhm hello" the voice says tentatively, "You're speaking with Coach Wiebe, from Ottawa Centaurs. Am I speaking to - uhm - Rozanov's emergency contact?"

"Oh" he glances at his watch, the game hasn't started yet, "Yes, is he - what happened?"

"It seems he took something to push back an upcoming cold or something and it reacted badly with something else he was possibly taking?" he says, "He's pretty much out of it - the team doctor said he's fine, no danger, but we have a game and he definitely needs supervision."

"What did he try to do?"

"He tried to walk into the rink in his underwear" he says.

Wiebe hears the voice on the other line curse in response. He feels like he recognizes the voice, he just can't place it.

“Uhm, I can be there in fifteen minutes” he says, “But uhm - can you bring him out? Or like a backdoor? I’d rather avoid the press and camera’s”

“Uhm, sure” Wiebe frowns, overall he’d rather not have press see Ilya Rozanov in this state, “Uhm - I can get you into the underground parking probably, that’s for players only.”

“That’s with the code right?” he asks, Wiebe confirms, “Yeah, I think Ilya has the code in his car - I’m leaving now.”

“How will I know you?” Wiebe asks.

“Ah - you’ll know” he says, “he’s okay, right? He’s healthy?”

Wiebe hears the concern in the man’s voice, and he can hear how much this person cares for Rozanov - it puts him at ease. Having previously thought he might be all alone here - no family around. Ilya is a good kid, but he didn’t get the family he deserved or needed.

“Yeah, he’s perfectly fine” Wiebe says, “He’s on the couch in my office hugging the team mascot plushie. I can put you on speaker?”

“Yes please” he says, and he does.

“Hey Ilya, you okay?” he says, and Wiebe feels his jaw drop to the floor at the way Rozanov instantly reacts to the voice, actual hearts in his eyes.

“moya lyubov” he says, and Wiebe has no idea what it means but he can make a guess.

“YA idu za tobey” the man on the phone says, “Fifteen minutes”

“They’ll know” Ilya says, sounding unsure.

“You trust him?” the man asks, and Rozanov nods, “Words, I can’t see you!”

“Da” Ilya replies, “ya doveryayu yemu”

“Good - it’ll be fine”

“ya tebya lyublyu”

“Love you too” he takes an audible breath, “I have to hang up now, I’ll see you soon. He hangs up the phone.

“It’s good to know you have someone” Wiebe says earnestly, he doesn’t care if it’s a man or woman - a friend or a partner. It doesn’t matter.

“He’s so pretty” Ilya tells him, smiling widely, “freckles”

“That’s nice” he replies, it’s like when his kid was younger and sleepy, and they’d ramble on about stuff they liked. Making not much sense.

“I’m gonna marry him” he whispers conspiratorially, “This summer - and then we’ll tell everyone the truth - it’s gonna be bad. But it’s okay because I’ll have him”

“Well, he will be here soon” Wiebe says, reaching out his hand to pull Ilya up from the couch, “let’s go say hi?”

“Yes please”

Shane rides into the parking garage - he decided to use one of Ilya’s cars so he wouldn’t stand out too much. He texted the make and model to coach Wiebe, and now he waits. He sees them walk into the garage and immediately gets out of the car, and Ilya pretty much speedwalks to him and throws his arms around him, “I missed you” he says, planting a kiss on his neck. Shane melts into the touch - he can’t help it, and lets his hand go through his hair. And then he spots coach Wiebe, looking very confused.

“Hollander” he nods.

“Coach” he nods back.

Ilya straightens up and takes Shane’s hand, and Shane lets him, because he’s unable to resist. And he’s been too worried to care about getting caught right now. And Ilya trusts him, so Shane chooses to trust him too.

“You’re going to take care of him?” Coach Wiebe asks, glancing at the place they’re holding hands.

Wiebe looks at them, and he’s trying to process it. It makes - sense - somehow. Rozanov is looking at Hollander as if he’s hung the moon.

“What exactly did he take?” Shane Hollander asks, letting Rozanov reach up with his free hand and softly stroke his cheek.

“Uhm” Wiebe checks his pockets, “I wrote it down”

He takes the paper and sighs, “Yeah, he took some cold medicine before he left as well - probably a bit too much of a good thing”

“You’re the reason he came to Ottawa” Wiebe says, and Shane just nods, “I - I was - I’m going to need a moment to process this”

“That’s fair” Shane says, “We’re going to come out this summer. Publicly”

“Not gonna be easy”

“Probably not” Hollander agrees, “But when you’ve been hiding for over a decade - it kinda gets you to a point where you are ready for the storm. Especially when you almost lost him in

a plane crash”

“A decade” Wiebe repeats it softly, and if he was shocked before he is shocked now, “Damn”

“I should get him home, to bed” the man says, making Ilya Rozanov grin widely.

“Yes, moya lyubov” he grins, “Bed”

“To rest, Ilya” he sighs, opening the car door and gently coaxing the man into the front seat.

Shane Hollander pauses before he gets into the car, “You - you won’t tell anyone, will you?” he asks softly, “You’ll keep our secret?”

“Of course, Hollander” he nods, “I know what it’s like - hiding a secret like that...”

“Ilya really loved this team” he says, “He wants to tell everyone - but I’m scared - and he loves me. So we hide. A few people know, Hayden, my parents, Rose - Svetlana”

“I can tell from the way he looks at you how much he cares” Wiebe tells him.”

“Ilya is - he gave up so much for me” he tells Wiebe, “His country, his family, his team - Boston. And then you almost crashed and - I’d give it all up for him, you know? I love hockey - so much. But if I have to choose - I’d choose him. I’m just not ready to choose yet, I think. This summer”

“He told me you were going to get married” Wiebe says, and Shane smiles.

“This summer - I’ll send you an invite” he says, and Wiebe is slightly surprised. He’d expected it to be the ramblings of a man high on meds. But maybe it wasn’t.

“I better get going” Hollander nods at him, “Thank you, for taking care of him!”

He gets into the car and drives off.

End Notes

once again taking a title from a musical I love. This time the 'time traveler's wife' - this time. I saw it in London and loved it and it also closed early for some reason! Just using my notes to make people check out musicals tbh :)

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