

give me a chance to say what i need

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77548886) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77548886>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Hayden Pike & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Hayden Pike , J. J. Boiziau , Montreal Voyageurs Montreal Metros Team Ensemble (Game Changers)
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Post-Book 2: Heated Rivalry (Game Changers) , Fix-It , Coming Out , Angst , Angst with a Happy Ending , Hurt Shane Hollander , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , ilya gives him a hug , Protective Hayden Pike , Betaed , shane finally says what we all want him to say , it's always fuck the montreal voyageurs , JJ is not redeemed but he's slightly less awful , I need Shane to tell everyone to fuck off because he's shane fucking hollander , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Hollanov Timeline Reveal
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-12 Words: 3,211 Chapters: 1/1

give me a chance to say what i need

by [bangtwicetea](#)

Summary

Shane Hollander tripped. His teammates think he didn't.

Shane has had enough.

Notes

(title from I Want to be With You by Chloe Moriondo)

Well just like the rest of the internet, I am obsessed with Heated Rivalry. I watched the first two episodes on Thanksgiving, and then binged the books in two days. Obviously had to wait for the rest of the show to air, and since finishing The Long Game there was two things that bothered me.

The first was the handling of Shane's mental health. The second was the situation in the locker room with fucking Montreal that made me want to jump off a cliff.

I truly believe Shane would've defended himself AND Ilya in that specific instance, and so this is me fixing that in my own way.

Thanks to Jess, Isa, Tea, and Maria for cheering me on while writing this, and also Jess again for betaing and correct my horrendous grammar.

Please enjoy Shane Hollander remembering he is Shane fucking Hollander and fucking destroying the Montreal Voyageurs.

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

“I can’t believe I fucking tripped,” Shane says, throwing his jersey angrily into the laundry bin at the entrance of the Voyageurs locker room.

“Did you?” J.J. asks, following behind him and throwing his jersey in the bin, anger and disappointment written clearly on his face.

Shane feels his entire body tense, and there’s an unfamiliar rush of anger. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

J.J. stares at Shane, their breathing heavy. J.J. runs a hand through his hair and shakes his head. “I don’t know, Hollander. Just… fuck, tell me it was a mistake.”

Shane can’t believe his ears. He looks around the room and sees all of his teammates focused on the confrontation between him and J.J. He seeks out Hayden, whose eyes are trained on J.J.. Hayden’s phone is in his hand.

“You think that was on purpose? That I decided to let Ilya win?” Shane breathes out furiously.

There’s muttering around the room, and Shane feels like his entire body is shaking with rage. He looks around. “Well? Fucking say something if you feel that way!”

“I know what I saw,” says Comeau. He’s slumped in his stall, angrily taking off his gear. He finishes sliding his elbow pads and chest protector off and stands. “Everyone saw it, Hollander. It didn’t look like an accident.”

Shane’s hand clenches. He plays with the hem of his breezers, and shakes his head. There was no way. No way that these people, this team who he had given everything for, thought that he would throw a game for his boyfriend.

“What do you mean it didn’t look like an accident?” he seethes, his breath coming in short bursts, his hands still playing with the cords. He looks down, feeling angry tears fill his eyes. “What are you trying to say, Comeau,” he speaks through his teeth, voice flat.

Comeau begins walking toward him. Shane hurriedly takes two steps back. “I don’t know, Hollander, I’ve seen an accidental fall before. That certainly looked like you helping out your boyfriend more than anything else.” Comeau spits the word boyfriend like it’s dirty, and something to be ashamed of. Shane’s anger shrinks into something that feels more like embarrassment.

“You guys don’t actually think I tripped, do you?” he asks, his voice hushed.

There’s a murmuring of mixed answers. Shane’s hands clench again and he makes his way over to his stall, untying his gear on the way. No one says a word as Shane furiously takes off his skates and his padding. As he finishes, he looks up.

Hayden stands up, angrily making his way over to his linemate. “The fuck do you mean, Comeau? You’re going to accuse our captain of throwing a game just because he’s in a

relationship? Do you even know Shane?”

Shane sits frozen, watching his linemates face each other, their eyes blazing.

“We thought we did,” Comeau fumes. “He may be our captain, but he’s been lying to us for God knows how long.”

Another murmur flies through the room. Shane looks around, watching the eyes of his teammates flit between him and the confrontation between his linemates. J.J. stands next to both of them, looking upset. Shane can’t tell if J.J. is upset with him or with Comeau, and he finds that frustrating. He could usually read most of his teammates, but now it feels like all of them are strangers.

J.J. surprises Shane and speaks up, “Calm down. I don’t think any of us actually believe Hollander would do something like that. I know I said what I said, but this is our Capitaine.”

Shane looks over at J.J. gratefully. Hayden lays a hand on J.J.’s arm, and speaks quietly, his voice carrying through the room. “Maybe the reason why Shane lied to us is because he knew we would react exactly like this. I know how I reacted, and I’m not proud of it now.” Hayden pauses to make eye contact with the players around the room. “But guys, come on, it’s Shane. He loves this game more than any of us. He wouldn’t throw a game for Rozanov. He has no reason to.”

There’s a moment of silence, before Shane sees some of his teammates look down. Some of them, however, decide that glaring at Shane is the best course of action. As if their gazes alone could tell whether or not he would throw a game for his boyfriend. *Fiancé*. Shane almost smiles. That announcement would cause even more of a stir. He shakes off the thought quickly.

Hayden continues talking.

“Look, Rozanov is Rozanov. He’s brash and talks shit on the ice, and he’s insane sometimes. But he’s also managed to somehow get our captain to like him. And Shane likes him, so I promised him that I would try and get along with the guy. And sometimes, he’s not even that bad.”

If looks could kill, Shane was sure that Hayden would probably be dead. Him suggesting that Ilya “wasn’t that bad” was like telling the Voyageurs that none of them would ever play hockey again.

“What do you mean?”

“Pike, that’s a pile of horseshit and you know it.”

Voices fill the room. Shane’s teammates shout at Hayden and it takes all of Shane’s strength not to walk out of the locker room then and there. He knows what he’s hearing isn’t true. He knows Ilya better than these people ever have. Better than they ever would.

At that moment, Shane wishes Ilya were there. He wishes he could show his teammates who Ilya truly is. That behind all the chirps, the harsh nature of Ilya on the ice was just Ilya protecting himself. That underneath everything Ilya shows the media and the fans, the people who they loved were all that truly mattered to either of them. Under all that pain is a person who loves deeply, fiercely, and with all of his being. Ilya loving him had shown Shane how they could eventually find themselves stepping away from the darkness of hotel rooms and into the light.

Shane also realizes with horror that he doesn't care about any of his teammates at the moment. Aside from J.J., who is begrudgingly siding with him, and Hayden, the rest were more concerned with who he was dating than whether their captain, and friend of eleven years, was okay.

Drapeau stands then and joins the players in the center of the room. "Pike, you're the only one who knew about Rozanov. How do you think the rest of us feel right now? We find out he's been lying to us about who he's fucking. What if he's been lying to us about how he plays too?"

Shane slams a fist onto the bench.

He's had enough. Shane had watched his teammates bully and bring down himself and the man he loved without truly knowing them. He wasn't going to let them do it another second.

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!" he roars. The voices immediately silence. Shane's blood boils. Every eye in the room turns to him. Shane rarely raised his voice at his teammates, and all of them knew this.

"I am sick and tired of pretending like I don't care anymore. I am sick and tired of playing the golden boy who keeps his head down. And I am so, fucking exhausted with all of you talking about the man I love like you know him. You know nothing about Ilya. Nothing."

Shane's voice shakes with barely contained fury. He feels hot, angry tears fill his eyes and he looks down, unable to stomach the thought of making eye contact with anyone in the locker room.

"Ilya is kind beyond belief. He remembers small details that others might forget. He cares for those around him. He's brave. He's selfless."

Shane forces himself to take a breath before continuing.

"Some of you have been to our camps. You see how Ilya is with kids. You've seen how he can make them laugh, how he can make them understand a play or a particular move. What you don't see is how Ilya acts with kids off the ice. Every time we go to Hayden's he insists on bringing gifts for the kids and for Jackie too. Or if Arthur wants his nails painted, Ilya will paint not only Arthur's nails, but his own as well. And even if most people can't tell the difference between the twins, Ilya always knows."

Hayden snorts at that, and Shane almost smiles too. He keeps talking.

“Ilya understands me as a person in a way that no one has ever understood me before. You guys say you don’t know me, but you never tried. You invited me to clubs and bars, and called me boring for not going but you didn’t even try to understand why I hate places like that.”

Shane looks up briefly and sees J.J. wince. He knows he’s hit a nerve with one of his best friends, and for the first time, Shane doesn’t feel bad about it. He almost laughs a second time because for once, he feels free.

“You don’t know about Ilya’s family, and how awful they were to him. The only person he loved died when he was 12 and he struggles with that every day. And none of you understand that who he is on the ice is masking the pain he feels.

“And most of all, you don’t know that Ilya has to live with the fact that he can never go home now. He can’t ever visit his mother’s grave again because of who he loves. And if he did go back, who knows what they would do to him.”

Shane forces himself to look up. Several of his teammates won’t meet his eyes. Miitka looks close to tears. Drapeau shuffles awkwardly, socked feet sliding on the locker room floor. Comeau takes a step back away from where Shane has been talking. Shane finds himself extremely satisfied with that.

“You think that lying to you all didn’t kill me? Because it did. But your reactions now prove exactly why I kept it from you,” Shane seethes as a memory jumps to the front of his mind.

“Ilya’s plane almost crashed a few weeks ago, and none of you knew who he was to me. If that plane had gone down, Ilya would’ve died and I would’ve had to pretend like nothing was wrong even though I would have lost the love of my life. He would’ve died, our secret would have died with him, and I would be alone.” Shane trails off, and finally, the tears do fall. He sees Hayden’s arm twitch, like he wants to reach out to Shane. He knows Hayden remembered exactly what happened that night. He knows Hayden saw how broken Shane felt.

“You all can love in the open. Because you’re not like me. Isn’t that unfair? Shouldn’t I get the chance to love in the open too?”

The adrenaline from his anger crashes and Shane’s body grows weak. He slumps back onto the bench in his stall. “You know nothing.”

Silence.

His entire team stands frozen, as if something would break in the fragile air he had created.

“You know nothing about me, because from the second I met him, I have been in love with Ilya Rozanov,” Shane says quietly, head down. The tears continue to fall down Shane’s face, and he knows what he just admitted to his team.

A whisper scatters across the room.

Comeau laughs awkwardly. “What do you mean, Hollander? Didn’t you meet Rozanov at the beginning of your career? You were both rookies together.”

Shane says nothing. He lifts his head, and locks his eyes with Comeau’s. Their silent exchange causes a ripple of quiet understanding to settle among the team.

“Mon dieu,” J.J. whispers. Similar sentiments come from all of his teammates.

Shane takes a deep breath. “If you want to accuse me of throwing the game tonight, that’s fine. You can make that choice. But I want you to know that every single game I have played for this team has been while I was in love with him. I may not have known that at the beginning, but accepting it has made me the happiest and the most terrified I have ever been. And none of you will understand the feeling of being terrified to love someone.

“Ilya and I challenge each other. Before him, I had never understood what it felt like to be challenged by someone. We are equals in every sense of the word. I would never, and have never thrown a game for him, and he has never thrown a game for me. Part of why no one guessed who we are to each other is because when we are on the ice, we have an agreement to never go easy on each other. That’s love. Understanding each other and knowing that the person who you choose to be with will make you better in every possible way.”

Shane stares down everyone in the locker room. His voice feels hoarse, and he decides he doesn’t owe them anything more. He’s already given up enough.

The locker room is silent again. No one moves. It feels like the room might shatter from the tension.

The silence continues until Shane has pulled on his sweatpants, a pair of shoes and his jacket. He grabs his bag and his phone and stands up.

“To be honest, I’m not telling you all of this to defend myself or to defend Ilya. I’m telling you this because I need to. I refuse to apologize for who I love, and I refuse to let you break down my relationship to protect the image you created of me. I refuse to be terrified any longer.”

He looks one last time around the locker room. Hayden is smiling at him encouragingly. The rest of his teammates can’t meet his eyes.

Shane turns on his heel, feeling lighter than he has in months, and walks out the door.

As soon as he opens the door, Shane sees him.

Ilya is casually leaning against the wall, bag thrown over his shoulder, looking effortlessly gorgeous. His eyes worriedly focus on Shane, and the last of Shane’s adrenaline leaves him. He collapses into Ilya’s arms, tears flowing freely down his cheeks.

Shane feels like he’s floating.

“*Moya lyubov*,” Ilya says into his ear. Shane breathes him in. The scent of Ilya’s bodywash fills his senses, and he sighs in relief. “Did you have little Q & A in there?”

Shane laughs awkwardly, his cheek bunching up the corner of Ilya's jacket as he falls further against his boyfriend's chest. Ilya supports his weight, his arms encircling Shane's waist, holding him tight.

"How did you know what was happening?" he asks Ilya, unwilling to meet his eyes.

"Ah, it turns out Montreal's 15th best player is good for something," Ilya responds, and Shane hears the mirth in his voice. He hits Ilya's shoulder gently, and they both chuckle. "Hayden says you fought your team. What did those assholes say?"

Ilya's hand moves from holding Shane's waist to drawing his chin up so their eyes meet. Shane shrinks at the love and barely contained fury in his fiancé's eyes.

"They said I tripped on purpose," Shane whispers. "They think I threw the game for you. How many other people think that, Ilya?"

Ilya blows out a breath, and his arms tighten around Shane's middle. "No one who matters thinks that, lyubimyy."

Shane feels Ilya's grip shift to hold his hands, his boyfriend's fingers gently pushing the pressure points on his wrist, and the floaty feeling starts to dissipate.

"Also, we have been fucking our entire careers. I think if we were to throw a game, we would probably have done it already," Ilya states matter of factly, and Shane finds himself laughing again.

Shane's mind wanders to the confrontation with his team, and the smile falls from his face. Ilya's eyes search his. "This is what I was worried about, Ilya," he says quietly, voice shaking. "What if the entire world looks back and-"

Ilya interrupts him, squeezing his wrists even harder. "Shane."

"Ilya."

Ilya sighs before cupping Shane's face and forcing their eyes to meet once again. "Remember what I say? Only the ones who matter. Focus on them."

Shane's lip trembles. Ilya's eyes still shine with rage, but Shane is more focused on how they are locked on him with all the love in the world.

"I can't guarantee I'll be able to do that," he tells his boyfriend truthfully. Ilya smiles.

"That is what your fiancé is here to remind you of, no?"

He brings his hands up to Ilya's wrists and squeezes gently. "What would I do without you?" he asks in a hushed voice.

Ilya kisses him.

The kiss is slow and unhurried. Not dissimilar to the kisses they usually only share in the privacy of their cottage.

Shane parts his lips and breathes his boyfriend in again, letting the weight of the past few days melt off his shoulders.

A bang makes them split apart.

“Really you guys?” Hayden says, exasperatedly. “You get outed and then immediately decide that making out in the hallway outside of the locker room is a good idea?”

Ilya laughs, and Shane can’t help but join him.

“I’m busy right now, Pike,” Ilya answers. “Can I ignore you to kiss my fiancé another time?”

Shane hides his face in Ilya’s neck, sure that his cheeks are bright red.

“Ha ha, very funny,” Hayden replies. “Jackie says good game.”

Ilya immediately laughs. “I knew there was a reason I liked you! Your wife!”

“I know I just defended him in there Shane, but honestly, how do you put up with this asshole?” Hayden sighs, shaking his head.

Shane laughs. “Because I love him. And he loves me.”

The anger has disappeared from Ilya’s eyes leaving only love. Their love. Strong, resilient, and filled with hope for their future.

“Alright Pike, drinks on you tonight,” Ilya announces cheerfully as he grabs Shane’s hand and starts walking them out of the arena.

“What the hell?” Hayden shouts back, indignantly. “Why on me?”

“Because I am winner, obviously!”

Shane listens to his boyfriend bicker with his best friend as he is dragged out of the stadium. His team had lost, and yet, Shane didn’t feel the brutal heaviness like he thought he would. He had Ilya. And right now, that was all that mattered.

Walking outside the stadium, Shane notices the crowds of people still milling about the arena. This wasn’t uncommon, especially after a playoff game, but Shane feels a sudden stab of fear. He briefly has the urge to drop Ilya’s hand.

With a flash of giddiness, Shane realizes he doesn’t have to.

He thinks back to their conversation outside the locker room. *Only the people that matter*, Ilya had said. Shane ignores the voice in his head telling him to hide and squeezes Ilya’s hand even harder.

They've lived in the dark for long enough. It was time for them to step into the light.

End Notes

come shout at me about my ridiculous amount of fandoms on twitter at @bangtwicetea

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