

## Corn Mazes and Fears

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77160306) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77160306>.

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| Rating:          | <a href="#">General Audiences</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| Fandoms:         | <a href="#">Heated Rivalry (TV)</a> , <a href="#">Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| Relationship:    | <a href="#">Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Shane Hollander</a> , <a href="#">Ilya Rozanov</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Shane is afraid of the dark</a> , <a href="#">And Ilya comforts him</a> , <a href="#">Dating Era!</a> , <a href="#">Silly dates!</a> , <a href="#">I love happy Hollanov</a> , <a href="#">Dating Hollanov</a> , <a href="#">Boyfriend Era</a> , <a href="#">cutie patooties - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">I just love them</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Stats:           | Published: 2026-01-05 Words: 1,867 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |

# Corn Mazes and Fears

by [EndlessSunsetRose](#)

## Summary

Ilya and Shane do a corn maze at night. And Ilya learns a new fear of his boyfriend.

## Notes

I have a random headcanon that Shane is afraid of the dark. I also don't know if corn mazes are a common thing but they are common around me so that's where the inspo came from lol.

Post Heated Rivalry but before the resolution of the Long Game

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

When Ilya had brought up the idea of a nighttime corn maze to his beloved boyfriend, he was not the most thrilled about the idea. Shane had a list of all the ideas that could go wrong with the plan.

They had spent so many of their younger years only doing date activities that none could be privy to. Ilya wanted to go on a date that was silly and festive. Like going through a spooky corn maze.

And like most things, with enough time and persistence (Shane liked to call it annoyance), Ilya was able to convince him to go.

So here they were, standing outside a giant corn maze at 10 pm in October. The air was cool but not frigid. Ilya loved this weather. Shane always ran a bit colder, so it gave him excuses to constantly be touching his boyfriend. How else would he possibly stay warm?

“Ilya,” Shane said, his voice apprehensive. “I have a bad feeling about this.”

“Oh? Hollander don’t tell me you are afraid of corn,” Ilya quipped.

“I am not afraid of corn! It’s just... well this maze looks huge and it’s dark.”

“Ah. Afraid of the dark. I see”

“No!” Shane responded, clearly flustered. Ilya found it far too amusing. “I am not afraid of the dark. Being in a dark maze with you on the other hand, that worries me.”

“Shane, relax. I promise we make it out by midnight.”

“Midnight???” Shane’s voice grew quieter, as Ilya had begun his journey into the maze. He heard the straw behind his crunch as Shane quickly caught up to him.

“You can’t just leave me behind,” Shane said, his voice exasperated. Ilya felt Shane’s hand firmly grasp his shoulder. “Please.”

There was something so sincere about the way Shane asked him that Ilya felt his heart skip a beat.

“Shane, are you okay?”

“Yes,” Shane replied with a quickness that made Ilya doubtful.

“You don’t need to lie to me if you are not ok,” Ilya tried to assure him.

“I am, I promise. Let’s just stick together, ok?”

“Okay” Ilya promised, hoping he sounded as genuine as he was.

As they began to walk once more, Ilya felt as Shane grabbed his hand, holding it tight. It was such a small thing, yet the way Shane was holding his hand was like magic, a childlike

giddiness spreading through his body so quickly he knew he must have been blushing.

As they came upon a fork in the path, Ilya stopped to face his boyfriend. Though it was dark, he could never mistake those beautiful eyes for anyone else's.

"So, which way is next Hollander?"

"You want me to decide? What happened to your stride a few seconds ago?"

"I want to see the path a boring person picks," Ilya quipped.

"Asshole," Shane chirped, though a noticeable grin appeared on his face. "Fine, this boring, best player in the league hockey player would go right."

With that declaration, Ilya, still holding Shane's hand, began to sprint.

"Rozanov what the fuck," Shane shouted as they ran through several corridors before hitting a dead end, nearly smashing into a wall of corn.

When he finally had an opportunity to see Shane's face, Ilya burst out laughing. His beautiful boyfriend looked beyond confused and it was pure bliss.

"You don't want to be here past midnight. So we go fast," Ilya replied, unable to hide the glee in his voice. Shane was so easy to mess with.

"You are insufferable," Shane said, and Ilya could tell he was fighting a smile.

"Yet you love me."

"I really do," Shane replied, his tone rich with warmth and sincerity.

Caught in the moment, Ilya quickly scanned their surroundings, which were devoid of people, and pulled Shane close, pressing his lips to his boyfriends.

If Shane was shocked, he didn't show it. Instead, Ilya felt him melt further into the kiss and before he knew it his back was pressed up against corn.

After what felt like ages, Shane broke the silence, whispering against Ilya's mouth. "Who knew a corn maze could be the perfect cover to make out."

"I did. It's why I picked it," Ilya replied, a tone of mischief evident in his voice. "We should do this more often."

"Don't get too ahead of yourself. Once is good enough for me. Besides, if you haven't noticed, we found a dead end."

"Oh really Hollander? And here I thought this was a secret passageway"

"Fuck off Rozanov," Shane said, his hand returning Ilya's like it was the most casual thing in the world. It made Ilya's heart flutter.

Returning to the quest at hand, about half an hour passed before Ilya realized there was a high chance they were very much lost in this corn maze. It was close to 11pm now. They had seen a few others here or there, but the maze must have been emptying out.

He knew that the staff did a search at midnight to ensure no one was left behind, but he'd rather not have to be rescued by employees. Shane would probably be mortified.

"I know we've passed some of these landmarks before," Shane said, a nervousness evident in his voice.

"Probably," Ilya responded nonchalantly. He wanted to keep his cool so that Shane didn't worry.

It didn't help.

As they took a few more turns, Ilya thought they had come across yet another familiar junction in the maze. Wanting to hasten the process so he could get Shane out of this maze, Ilya thought of going on his own to check around the corner.

"Shane, wait here a moment," Ilya said, before breaking off into a quick jog to investigate what looked to be a familiar path.

"Ilya wait-" Shane's voice rang in his ear as he quickly made it down the stretch of maze.

He was met with another fork in the path but once again, it had a familiar landmark and decided to take one more turn, finally meeting the dead end he had been thinking of. Satisfied with the knowledge, he turned and briskly made his way back to Shane.

When he got back to the original junction, he found Shane on the ground. Cold panic filled his veins like ice. His entire body froze for a brief moment before he bolted to the ground.

"Shane, are you ok?" He asked quickly, placing a hand to his boyfriend's shoulder.

"I'm fine," Shane replied, his head buried in his knees.

"Tell me what's wrong," Ilya urged, fighting the desire to make Shane face him. His breathing was shaky and he wouldn't lift his head to meet Ilya's gaze.

Ilya was trying to be patient with Shane, but he couldn't help the intense anxiety humming through his head. Was Shane hurt? Was he allergic to corn? Did he think they would never escape?

As if he heard the spiral in Ilya's head, Shane finally spoke.

"I don't like the dark... I am afraid of it actually," Shane admitted, his voice muffled as he kept his head down, not daring to look at Ilya.

Realization hit Ilya that he had left Shane alone to face this fear. It crushed him.

"Sweetheart, I am so sorry I left you," Ilya said, his voice thick with sadness and remorse.

Shane finally lifted his head so that their eyes met and Ilya saw his eyes were glassy with tears.

“It’s embarrassing,” was all Shane managed to choke out.

Ilya sat himself next to Shane and took him into his arms. “It’s not embarrassing mi Pomidor. I am so sorry I left you by yourself.”

“It’s ok. You didn’t know.”

It’s true. Ilya didn’t know. But he could tell Shane had been anxious from the start. And aren’t fears something boyfriends know about each other? How could he have not known this about Shane?

“And I am sorry I didn’t. I should have,” Ilya replied, running his hand through Shane’s hair. He held him tightly against his chest, not wanting to let him go ever again.

“It’s ok to be afraid,” Ilya added. “I do not like spiders. Hate them. Will scream like child.”

He felt as Shane laughed against his chest and he felt himself start to feel whole again.

“You - afraid of spiders?” Shane asked, his voice a bit lighter than before.

“You be surprised. I see spider and I run”

“I’ll protect you from the spiders, Ilya.”

“And I won’t let you be alone in the dark, Shane. I promise.”

He felt Shane’s muscles relax and with the mood lighter, Ilya let his mind wander to all the things he didn’t know about Shane. What was Shane’s favorite flavor of ice cream (if he ever ate icecream), his favorite flower, his fears, would he rather bowl or mini golf? As the list grew he realized how bothered he was by how much he didn’t know about Shane.

Over the years of texting, they had gotten to know a lot about each other but there were still so many gaps to be filled. Ilya wanted to correct that right away.

“When we leave this maze, I want to learn everything about you,” Ilya stated with a matter of factness.

“Everything?” Shane asked with a snuffle. “That’s rather ambitious.”

“Yes,” Ilya said. “But I want to know every part of Shane Hollander. From his favorite things to his fears. Let me know all of you.”

He noticed that Shane’s eyes began to water again, this time with a smile on his face.

Shane turned his head and kissed Ilya, which he gladly returned.

“I love you,” Shane said against his lips.

“I love you too,” Ilya replied. He hoped Shane knew how much he truly meant those words.

They sat there for a few moments longer before Ilya finally got up, pulling Shane off the ground with him.

“Let’s get you out of this maze.”

Turns out, they had been making the same few wrong turns over and over again. Something about not paying enough attention to the path, chipping and staring at each other the whole time was not a good combination for making it through the corn maze.

15 minutes later Ilya Rozanov and Shane Hollander walked out of the maze, hand in hand.

There were people resting by a fire and others indulging in snacks, but none of that interested Ilya in the moment. All he wanted to do was get Shane home into his bed and hold him tight like nothing else in the world mattered.

As they waited for the car to warm up, Ilya turned to Shane and took his hand into his own.

“Thank you for doing this with me. I know dates outside make you... worried.”

“They do,” Shane admitted. “But it wasn’t all that bad, was it?”

“No,” Ilya murmured. “It wasn’t bad at all.”

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After a long night of cuddling and talking, Ilya Rozanov wakes up and heads straight to the closest store to buy more night lights than he will ever need. Every hallway and room of his house now has a small light to illuminate the dark. He wouldn't have it any other way.

## End Notes

Thanks for reading! This was a free write to just practice a bit so I apologize that it's not the most polished! Happy New Year and Happy Hollanov :D

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