

I Will Hold Your Hands (And Hold You Together)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76757181) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76757181>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
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 , Troy Barrett , Harris Drover
Additional Tags:	Anxious Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , Autistic Shane Hollander , Protective Ilya Rozanov , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Minor Troy Barrett/Harris Drover , Hurt/Comfort , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Anxiety Attacks , POV Ilya Rozanov , Canon-Typical Banter , literally just shane and ilya pre-game softness because my heart needs it , Fluff
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-31 Words: 1,283 Chapters: 1/1

I Will Hold Your Hands (And Hold You Together)

by [oddityofstars](#)

Summary

A moment of support, of love.

-

It's the Centaurs' first game against the Metros with both Shane and Ilya on the team, and Shane isn't handling it too well.

Notes

So.... I kind of read Heated Rivalry and The Long Game in a day and a half. And, just as well as everyone on the internet, have fallen deeply in love with Shane and Ilya. I can only imagine how season 2 and the portrayal of TLG will play out, but I wanted to touch upon a moment of softness I'm sure would ensue post-TLG. I hope you enjoy, and that you have a very Happy and healthy New Year! <3

“Hey, have you seen Shane?”

Troy Barrett— Ilya’s teammate and forward for the Ottawa Centaurs— came around the corner, leaning on his locker beside Ilya, concerned.

It was their seventh game of the season, the crisp autumn air having clipped the team on their way out of the bus earlier that day. They were five and one, about to take on the Montreal Metros in their first game against them this season. The Metros, ever notorious, were six and zero. Shane Hollander, ever nervous as Ilya knew his husband would be, was going to face his former team for the first time since leaving. Face his former team that, well...

“No, I haven’t. Why? Have you?” Ilya asked, shuffling through his locker.

“Come with me,” Troy said, voice low.

Ilya’s eyes grew, forgetting about what he was trying to find.

Ever since last season, Shane’s relationship with the Metros, in spite of all he had done for the team, wasn’t the best. It, of course, wasn’t going to be; after being blamed for letting the Centaurs win last season, after being outed by his best friend. It wasn’t easy— even after most of it had been put to bed, even after he and Ilya were *finally* married— finally free to love and be loved openly with no fear. It was already hard for Shane as it was. This, his first game facing his former teammates, was different.

It felt something akin to a nightmare.

“I was walking with Harris back to the locker room and I saw him run into the staff bathroom. Like, for the *venue staff*. Over there,” Troy said, leading them down the winding hallways lined with security and staffers back to Harris. “I... I didn’t want to bother him, but I knew I couldn’t leave him alone... So—”

“—I stayed back to make sure no one went in, so Troy could get you.” Harris finished, beaming up at Ilya. “We figured he’d rather have you than us.”

“No, no, is okay. Thank you. Both of you,” Ilya sighed with relief, clapping a hand on Troy’s shoulder. “You can go back. We just need a moment.”

“Call us if you need anything, okay?” Harris said, taking Troy’s hand into his as Ilya nodded, watching them walk away as he braced himself for what he may see behind the door in front of him.

It’s not like he was scared to see what state Shane was in, no. He could never be. Shane was his world, and he didn’t want it any other way. However, he couldn’t deny how much it hurt him to see Shane hurt, scared, with fear wracking every bone in his body, making him shake and unable to see.

“Shane?” Ilya asked, walking into the bathroom slowly, looking around.

“H-Here,” Shane called.

Ilya turned the corner around the stalls, finding Shane sitting on the ground up against the tile, knees drawn close to his chest, wearing only his underclothes. His head was bowed into his knees, hands kneaded into his dark, ever-growing mop of hair.

Ilya frowned, looking back to the light switch, seeing if he could adjust the lights without turning them off. He cursed to himself, seeing only an on-and-off switch, before walking over to his husband, kneeling in front of him.

“I can’t make the lights less,” Ilya started. “I’m sorry.”

“S fine,” Shane said, voice tender, pulling at his hair.

“Hey,” Ilya spoke gently, bringing his hands to Shane's, taking them into his own.

Shane lifted his head slightly, glassy eyes meeting Ilya’s.

“Is just us,” Ilya assured, holding his hands firmly, rubbing his thumbs along Shane’s knuckles. “Just you and me. You’re safe.”

Shane sniffed, putting his head back down onto his knees, squeezing Ilya’s hands. “I know. I- I just need a minute,”

Ilya sighed, leaning forward to press a kiss to Shane’s hair, continuing to rub his thumbs along Shane’s knuckles. He stayed, kneeling, bringing Shane’s hands to his lips, peppering kisses along the backs of his hands, whispering sweet nothings into his husband’s skin.

Shane continued to try and breathe, his shoulders rising and falling harshly at first, grounding himself into his husband's hands. Ilya knew he had to give Shane the space to breathe, but he also knew he needed to hold onto him; to make sure he knew that he was there, that he wasn’t going anywhere.

“I’m sorry,” Shane eventually said, after the seconds felt like hours. He had shifted, lifting his head to meet Ilya’s eyes again. “I just...”

“No, no. Don’t apologize.” Ilya leaned into Shane’s space, bringing him into his arms. “I know.”

Shane sniffed again, nodding in Ilya’s arms.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Ilya asked, taking his turn to sit back against the tile. He dragged a hand up and down Shane’s back, rubbing it gently as he started to rock them both back and forth.

“I don’t understand why I’m so scared,” Shane started, words muffled into Ilya’s neck.

“Mm. It makes sense. You’re playing against your former team.” Ilya explained, continuing to rub Shane’s back.

“Yeah, *I know*, I just—”

“—And they weren’t very nice to you when you left.” Ilya finished his thought, pulling his head back to look at Shane.

Shane sighed. “I guess.”

“Is okay to be scared. They didn’t treat you well,” Ilya repeated. “They loved what you did for them, not *you*. I think is hard to face again, what you didn’t deserve.”

“Do you ever feel that way?” Shane asked quietly, tears glistening in his eyes.

“Feel what?” Ilya asked.

“Scared, when you think about... everything we went through.” Shane explained gently.

Ilya hummed to himself, searching in his husband’s eyes for the answer in his heart.

“Sometimes,” Ilya said. “But I remember I have you, and I forget everything else.”

Shane chuckled, burying his head back into Ilya’s neck. “Of course you do.”

“And besides, I never liked the Metros. Their old center was ass.” Ilya said.

Shane huffed in his arms, trying to push himself off Ilya’s lap. “Fuck you.”

“You *wish*, ” Ilya hummed, holding on tightly to Shane, not letting him go. “We can later, if you want. When we get home. Anya’s at the hotel until tomorrow—”

“Oh, come on. Are you *really* thinking about having sex right now?” Shane asked, exasperated.

“With you? Always,” Ilya said, as if it were the simplest thing in the world. “And don’t pretend you don’t love it.”

Shane’s cheeks burned red as he averted his gaze, pretending a spot on the floor was somehow more interesting than the man holding him together.

“Thank you for finding me,” Shane said, voice quiet.

Ilya leaned in, pressing a tender kiss to Shane’s lips. Then another, and another.

“Thank Troy and Harris. They found you before me.” Ilya said, a smile painting his face.

“Really?” Shane asked.

“You’re not so slick, Hollander.” Ilya teased.

“Yeah, wouldn’t you like to know.” Shane retorted, a small smile fighting its way onto his face.

“Oh, I already do,” Ilya beamed, winning his prize. “Too bad, I have husband at home to care for.”

“Oh, lucky you,” Shane couldn’t help his grin.

“Yes, lucky me. He is the best. Except at hockey. That he is the worst.”

“Are you sure? I think he’s great.”

“Mm. No. He’s slow.”

Shane burst into laughter, shaking his head.

“I love you,” Shane said, incredulous, climbing out of Ilya’s lap.

“I love you too,” Ilya replied, helping them both up and off the ground. “Now, let's beat the Metros’ asses, yes?”

“I’d like that,” Shane smiled, taking hold of Ilya’s hand, squeezing it tightly.

Ilya kissed Shane’s head once more. “Let’s go.”

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