so lost without you, i think we can be brave now

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/76763581.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid, Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov, Yuna Hollander, David Hollander, Zane Boodram, Wyatt Hayes, Troy Barrett, Evan Dykstra
Additional Tags:	Team as Family, High Ilya Rozanov, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Worried Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov, really minor Troy/Harris, Hurt Ilya Rozanov, Relationship Reveal, Ottawa Centaurs (Game Changers), The Hollanders are Ilya's real family
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-31 Words: 2,946 Chapters: 1/1

so lost without you, i think we can be brave now

by nairoby_x

Summary

"How are you feeling?"

Ilya smiles, big and bright. "I feel fucking great, but I'm hungry and probably won't be able to fuck for a couple of weeks" His words come out slurred and with a heavy accent, but his friends understand and laugh along with him.

"That sucks" Wyatt says. "Not being able to fuck sexy women—"

"And men" Ilya adds, too casually. Wyatt stops.

"What?" Bood asks

Notes

Hi, it's my first work in the fandom, i just got swallowed into this new world and now i'm so obsessed I just wrote this.

I'm sorry if something is not right, english is not my first language and I don't really know anything about hockey. Let me know if something doesn's fit so I can fix it.

Thank you! xx

See the end of the work for more notes

Ilya sees the Toronto defenseman approaching him half a second before feeling his entire body slam into the boards, too hard and loud; the puck flies off in the opposite direction.

He struggles to his feet, but his vision blurs before he realizes it's probably not a good idea to get up so quickly. A moment passes where he doesn't even know where he is—still on the ice? In the ambulance? Maybe he's at home with Shane and this isn't even happening? He remembers saying goodbye to his boyfriend before Shane got in his car to head to Montreal, then on to New York for his game tomorrow.

Ilya had his own game that same night in Ottawa, so an image of Shane's parents flashes through his mind, reminding him that they're here somewhere. Yuna is probably already up there, cursing the Toronto defenseman and the whole team.

Has the referee called a penalty? Is the game still on?

"Rozy!" He hears someone call him, probably Bood or Troy? The voice sounds too distant at this point.

“Get out of the way!”

“The paramedics are coming, Rozy, don’t move.”

Ilya thinks about telling him to fuck off, he doesn’t need to see any paramedics. He’ll be up in a second. Ilya tries to move his feet and open his eyes, but there’s something too bright in front of him that makes him close them tightly again. His brain feels too muddled, and he’s sure that damn Toronto player hit him in a couple of ribs too.

“Mr. Rozanov, don’t move, try to keep your eyes open.”

Ilya feels the cold seeping into his body, his right skate feels loose, and he’s sure he’s lost his helmet, but nothing else matters to him but the game. It’s tied 1-1, and he can’t leave his

teammates alone, so he tries to get up, but a hand rushes in and pushes him back down.

“Please don’t move,” Ilya lets out a grunt that sounds more like a pitiful whimper.

“I- I have to-” he tries, but English is too complicated, too many words he knows *he knows* but they just won’t come to mind right now.

Ilya feels them lift him onto the stretcher and then the cold is gone, just a feeling of floating.

“I’m going to smash fucking Mathews into the boards so hard in the next game he’ll wish he never played again” Bood says, half-jokingly, half-seriously.

Wyatt lets out a low whistle and then punches Luca Haas to his right. “Don’t worry,” he says, with an amused smile. “Haas gave him a good whack there.”

Haas blushes as the other players around him make a huff, as quietly as possible since they’re in the hospital, and tease him about how they never thought he had it in him.

“I think Rozy will be very proud.”

Haas shrugs as Wyatt gives him one last punch on the back.

“I’ll be more than happy once he wakes up”

That finally quiets the commotion. Wyatt sighs, and no one says anything else. Everyone is worried. Most of the team is huddled in the waiting room, just *waiting*. No one has been allowed in to see him since they aren’t immediate family, and to be honest, no one really

knows if Rozanov has any relatives in the area. Maybe someone is coming from Russia right now.

Coach Wiebe didn’t give them any more information, only saying that the hospital had requested Rozanov’s emergency contact and then disappeared.

“Harris will bring some food” Troy mentions, looking at his phone. “In case anyone wants a coffee.”

A few people raise their hands and thank Troy as he types on his phone. Another couple of minutes pass with no one saying anything more. At this point, they're starting to get desperate, and Troy can see Dykstra hesitating about going to the desk to ask the nurse if there's any new information.

"Go" Wyatt says, thinking the same thing.

Dykstra stands up but is interrupted when Coach Wiebe reappears.

"Any news?" Troy asks.

"He just woke up," the coach says, and there's a collective sigh. "His family is with him now, but maybe they'll let us see him in a bit, in groups of four, I think."

Everyone frowns. "We didn't know Rozy had family in Ottawa."

The coach shrugs. "I'll let you know when we can go in." And with that, he disappears again.

Ilya opens his eyes, slowly and with great difficulty. His side aches, and his head feels like it's about to explode. A dull ache seeps into his skull, and he knows he's in a fucking hospital before he's even adjusted to the light. Ilya hates hospitals.

"Oh, my son" he hears from his right, and then a sigh of relief from his left.

"He's okay, Yuna."

Ilya blinks, and then the image of Shane's very worried mother appears in his vision. David says something Ilya doesn't quite understand, but he knows it's him. *Oh no*, Ilya thinks, he must call Shane as soon as possible to let him know he’s okay.

"Ilya" Yuna calls. "Slowly, honey, try not to make any sudden movements. You took a really hard hit to the head."

"Uhm" Ilya swallows, his throat feeling dry and gritty. "Hospital?"

David nods. "Yes, they brought you in a few hours ago. You gave us quite a scare, but the doctor just came to see you. He says it's a severe concussion and you need to rest."

Ilya groans. Yuna gives him a stern look. "No hockey for a few weeks."

"But—" he tries, his mouth still dry, but Yuna's new look silences him. "Okay," he concedes. David laughs.

"I have to call Shane" Ilya says again.

“We already talked to him,” Yuna informs him. “You know how he is, he’s very worried, but we sent him a video from the doctor assuring him you’re out of danger. He wanted to take a flight back, but—”

“No” Ilya interrupts. “He has to stay. Is the game today? Tomorrow? He can’t miss it.”

“Don’t worry, son,” David smiles. “Yuna was very firm with him. As soon as you feel better, we can make a call or send him a video of you. The doctor says no screens for a while, though.”

Ilya makes a sound of recognition and then winces as a pain shoots through his side. “Fuck” he swears. “My ribs.”

Yuna gets up to call the doctor.

Shane isn’t going to sit idly by while Ilya is in the hospital in God knows what kind of pain. He had just spoken to his mother, and she made him promise not to travel to Ottawa now. The game was in less than eight hours, and he couldn't miss it, but his mother also knows that Shane is stubborn and loves his boyfriend too much to leave him alone.

So Shane makes up an excuse about a family emergency and gets on the first available plane he can find.

The next time Ilya wakes up, the nurse gives him a reassuring look as she injects something into the IV.

"It's okay," she says. "My name is Lindsay. You should feel better now, but you'll probably feel a little groggy too, so let someone know if anything is wrong."

Ilya smiles. He feels so happy at this moment. His body feels like it's floating, and everything suddenly seems funny.

"You have a nice name" Ilya says. The nurse laughs at him.

“Thank you.”

“If I didn’t have a boyfriend, I’d ask for your number.” Ilya gives her what he thinks is a sexy look, but Lindsay laughs again and finishes adjusting the medication before walking toward the door.

“He must be a lucky guy.”

Ilya laughs, hearts appearing in his eyes. “I’m the lucky one” he says. “He loves me for who I really am. He’s the love of my life”

“I’ll call your family now.”

“Thanks, Lindsay!”

When the nurse leaves with one last smile, Ilya sighs happily. He can’t wait to see Shane. Maybe the poor guy is having a nervous breakdown not being able to see Ilya, but Ilya will make it worth it once all this is over and he can move his body like he used to.

He can’t help but think about all the nice, sexy things he’ll do with his boyfriend once they’re alone. Ilya is still amazed at how flexible Shane can be. He still needs to send a gift to his yoga instructor.

“Hey, Cap” he hears from the doorway, and then four male hockey players crowd into the room together.

Ilya laughs, happy to see his teammates.

“Oi oi!” Ilya shouts. “You can’t live without me, right you fuckers?”

“Ohhh,” Troy says, laughing. “He’s definitely high.”

Wyatt, Bood, and Dykstra laugh and position themselves two on each side of the bed, while Ilya tries to get more comfortable so he can see them all. His head no longer hurts, and he doesn’t feel dizzy, but he knows Yuna will kill him if he gets up, so he settles for half-sitting up against the pillows and holding his ribs to avoid straining them.

“How are you feeling?”

Ilya smiles, big and bright. “I feel fucking great, but I’m hungry and probably won’t be able to fuck for a couple of weeks”

His words come out slurred and with a heavy accent, but his friends understand and laugh along with him.

“That sucks” Wyatt says. “Not being able to fuck sexy women—”

“And men” Ilya adds, too casually. Wyatt stops.

“What?” Bood asks.

A look of panic crosses Troy’s face, and he tries to fix this.

“Women! He said women.”

Wyatt turns to look at him, bewildered. “I’m pretty sure he said men”

“He’s higher than a fucking rocket, he doesn’t know what he’s saying and—”

“Where’s my boyfriend?” Ilya asks. “Why isn’t he with you guys?”

Dykstra frowns and moves a little closer to the bed. “Rozy” he tries, “you don’t have a boyfriend—”

“Of course I do” Ilya interrupts again. “He’s a better hockey player than all of you guys combined on your best days.”

“Wow” Wyatt says, his mouth agape in offense. “Thanks, Rozy.”

Ilya laughs. “Don’t take it personally, but he was drafted second overall after me, but only because I’m better.”

“What?” Bood frowns and looks at the others as if someone has any idea what Rozanov is talking about right now.

“I think we’d better go,” Troy tries again. “You know how drugs are, they make you talk nonsense and—”

“Oh, Troy!” Ilya says, with a smile, too many teeth showing, and bright eyes, as if he were seeing Troy for the first time today. “You’re here. The love of my life will be so happy to see you when he comes. I still think you two can be great friends”

“You have a boyfriend?” Dykstra asks, unable to contain himself.

“Of course I do” Ilya says again, and if Hayden were here, he wouldn’t stop talking about Ilya’s heart eyes. “You guys know him. But I haven’t been able to bring him to barbecue days yet. I think he’s still afraid of getting rejected. But you guys would never do that, right?”

“Uh,” Wyatt clears his throat. “We—” and breaks off when he hears the door slam open so hard it bounces off the wall.

“Sweetheart!” Ilya smiles, even brighter and happier than he has been in the last 24 hours. Troy, Wyatt, Bood, and Dykstra are speechless when they see Shane Hollander standing in the doorway.

Shane’s mouth drops open in surprise to see four Ottawa players staring at him with different kinds of emotions and reactions. Troy looks the most worried, but Wyatt, Dykstra, and Bood have their mouths half-open as if Shane were a ghost.

“Hey” Shane says, because he can’t think of anything else to say. He probably should have consulted with his mother, who was with Ilya in the room. But to be honest, he just needed to see Ilya with his own eyes and make sure he was still breathing and his heart was beating.

“You came for me!” Ilya speaks again, oblivious to the awkward silence that fills the room. "I missed you so much, I thought you had a game today or yesterday, or maybe it's tomorrow? But you’re here, my knight in shining armor.”

Shane blushed deeply at his boyfriend’s words, but he hadn’t traveled hundreds of miles just to stand at the door. He knew there was no going back after this, and maybe he should have consulted with Ilya first. Maybe they should’ve talked about whether something like this could ever happen. Shane had just thrown out the window their agreement of not telling their teammates yet.

Shane hoped Ilya wouldn’t be angry when he woke up more lucid tomorrow, although if he was honest, Shane knew Ilya never really got angry with him.

“I heard you couldn’t break through Toronto’s defense,” Shane said with a grin, teasingly. He made his way into the room, ignoring the Centaurs players. He’d deal with them once he put his hand on Ilya’s chest and felt his heartbeat. “Montreal kicked their butts in the last game”

“That doesn’t mean anything” Ilya pouted. Shane wishes he could take a picture of him. “I’ve scored more points than you this season”

Shane reaches Ilya and takes his hand between his fingers, finally breathing easy since his mom called to say Ilya was going to the hospital after a hard hit to the head.

“Don’t let it go to your head,” Shane says, swallowing hard as a couple of tears begin to well up in the corners of his eyes. “I was so scared, Ilya,” he says, his voice trailing off until he’s barely a whisper.

Ilya’s smile fades, and he reaches out to kiss the back of Shane’s hand. “I’m sorry, sweetheart, it wasn’t on purpose.”

Shane takes a deep breath and leans down to kiss his boyfriend’s forehead, using his free hand to smooth down the stray curls that have fallen across his forehead.

“If you need any tips on how to be a better hockey player, you can ask me” The corner of Shane’s lip twitches. “I can help you with your reverse hits too."

"Fuck you, Hollander" Ilya rolls his eyes. "Once your mom lets me get out of this bed, I'll show you what a real hockey player is"

Shane grins, a tear falls from his eye, and Ilya raises his thumb to wipe it away. "*ya tebya lyublyu*" Ilya says. "I'm still here"

“YA tozhe tebya lyublyu”

"Holy shit," Wyatt finally speaks. Shane jumps, forgetting that Ilya's teammates are still standing in front of them.

"Uh," Shane swallows. "Guess the cat's out of the bag now, we uhm-"

"You're Rozy's girl" Dykstra says.

"What?" Shane tilts his head, confused, still holding Ilya's hand.

"Rozy's girl!" Bood laughs, slapping his forehead. “Of course you are. Rozy was always glued to his phone, talking and texting, and we all thought he had a girlfriend or something, but he never invited her on the days off. We figured, you know” Bood shrugs. “She was married or something.”

Shane smiles, embarrassed. “It’s my fault, yeah, I’m sorry. Ilya always says you guys are great and, uhm, you wouldn’t mind accepting us, especially me, and, uhm, sorry, I wasn’t ready yet.”

“Fuck” Troy laughs, like he just won a bet. “Shit, I knew it.”

“Of course you did, you sly bitch.” Ilya gives him a thumbs-up, like he’s saying *well done*. Troy grins, way too proud of himself. “Now fuck off, I want Shane to suck my dick before his parents get back”

“Ilya!” Shane blushes, the pink spreading from his cheeks to his ears.

“Oh, don’t play innocent.” Ilya runs his tongue along his lower lip. “You know you love the way my dick feels in-”

“Jesus” Shane rushes to cover his boyfriend’s mouth with his hand. Ilya licks his palm because he’s a kid. Shane gives him a stern look that gets lost in the redness of his face.

“Allright” Troy clears his throat. “I guess that’s our cue”

“See ya, Hollander,” Wyatt nods. Shane glances at them, still embarrassed by his boyfriend’s words.

“Yeah” Shane nods. Ilya runs his tongue over his palm again. Shane pulls it away and wipes it on the sheets. Ilya glares at him, offended.

“You don’t complain about my saliva when I’m licking—”

Shane covers Ilya’s mouth again and couldn’t get any redder if he tried. Bood chokes on his own saliva.

“For fuck’s sake, just shut up” Shane knows Ilya is enjoying this; his pressed smile against Shane’s skin is his cue.

Bood swallows hard. “Just drop by next time you’re in town. We, uh, are leaving now.”

Shane watches the Centaur players give him an awkward nod and then hurry out the door. It’s not until the door clicks shut that Shane pulls his hand away from Ilya’s mouth.

“I hate you” Shane says.

Ilya grabs the back of Shane’s neck, pulling him down to kiss him properly. Shane lets Ilya slip his tongue into his mouth.

“You love me” Ilya grins.

Shane drops his head onto Ilya’s chest, laughing after replaying everything in his mind. If someone had told him this would happen when he woke up this morning, he wouldn’t have believed them.

“Unfortunately for me, I do,” Shane says, his hand pressed against Ilya’s hospital gown. “I’m glad you’re okay”

Ilya strokes Shane’s hair, his chest heaving as he laughs at his boyfriend’s embarrassment.

“That means you’re going to suck my dick now?”

“Ilya!”

End Notes

fewawi-friends.tumblr.com

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!