

Quiet after the win

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76126621) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76126621>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Drunk Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Established Relationship , Hurt/Comfort , Depressed Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Emotional Hurt/Comfort
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-21 Words: 1,095 Chapters: 1/1

Quiet after the win

by [hollzy81](#)

Summary

Ilya drinks to cope and crashes hard. Shane is gentle, patient, and exactly what he needs.

Notes

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

The win should have felt better.

Ilya knew that, intellectually. The Centaurs had played a clean game, fast and ruthless, and the scoreboard reflected it. He'd skated off the ice to roaring applause, sweat-soaked and breathless, helmet tucked under his arm. Teammates slapped his back, shouted his name, grinning like kids who'd gotten away with something.

He smiled when they looked at him. He always did.

Inside, though, something sat heavy and unmoving, like a stone lodged behind his ribs.

By the time they hit the club, the noise had followed them music pounding, lights flashing, bodies packed together in celebration. Someone shoved a drink into Ilya's hand before he could protest. He tipped it back without thinking, the burn sharp and welcome.

Shane noticed immediately.

He always did.

"You good?" Shane asked, leaning close so Ilya could hear him over the music. His hand rested briefly at Ilya's lower back, grounding, familiar.

Ilya smiled at him. A real one, even. "Of course."

It was a lie, but Shane didn't call him on it. Not yet. He knew better than to push in public, knew the way Ilya closed ranks when cornered. Instead, he stayed close, eyes flicking back to Ilya every few minutes like a quiet check-in.

Ilya drank.

Then he drank again.

And again.

The alcohol softened the edges at first. The weight lifted just enough that he could breathe without thinking about it. His limbs loosened, laughter coming easier, the world blurring into something manageable.

Someone toasted him. He raised his glass. Someone else handed him another drink. He took it.

Shane tried to slow him down after the third.

"Hey," he said gently, fingers curling around Ilya's wrist. "Maybe some water?"

Ilya laughed, bright and sharp. "You are so Canadian. Always worried."

"I'm married to you," Shane said mildly. "It's literally my job."

That got a grin out of Ilya. He leaned in, pressed a quick kiss to Shane's cheek.

"Relax," Ilya said. "I am celebrating."

Shane hesitated, searching his face, then let it go for now.

By the time the night wore on, it was clear Ilya had gone too far.

He swayed when he stood still. His words blurred together, accent thickening, sentences dissolving halfway through. The smile stayed plastered on his face, but his eyes had gone glassy, distant.

Shane excused them quietly, murmuring apologies to teammates who barely noticed. He wrapped an arm around Ilya's waist, steering him toward the exit with practiced ease.

"Home," Shane said firmly, guiding him into the car.

Ilya slumped into the passenger seat, head tipping back against the headrest. "I feel... excellent," he announced.

Shane snorted despite himself. "Sure you do."

The drive was quiet except for Ilya's uneven breathing and the hum of the road. Halfway home, Ilya went very still.

"Shane," he said softly.

"Yeah?"

"I think I made mistake."

Shane barely got the car into park before Ilya was out of his seat, gagging. Shane grabbed him, steering him toward the curb just in time.

It was messy. Awful. Undignified.

Shane didn't flinch.

He held Ilya's hair back with one hand, rubbing slow circles between his shoulder blades with the other. He murmured soft nonsense I've got you, it's okay, breathe until the worst of it passed.

Ilya sagged against him afterward, shaking, humiliated tears pricking at his eyes.

"I am sorry," he whispered.

Shane kissed the top of his head. "Nothing to be sorry for."

At home, Shane moved with quiet efficiency. He got Ilya inside, shoes off, jacket discarded, steering him straight to the bathroom. He helped him rinse his mouth, holding the glass steady when Ilya's hands trembled too much.

When Ilya slumped onto the closed toilet lid, pale and exhausted, Shane knelt in front of him.

“Hey,” he said gently. “Look at me.”

Ilya did. His eyes were wet, unfocused.

“Ilya,” Shane said softly. “Talk to me. What happened tonight?”

Ilya swallowed. His mouth worked around the words like they were something sharp.

“I was tired,” he said finally. “Not body-tired. The other one.”

Shane’s chest tightened.

“After the game,” Ilya continued, staring at the floor. “Everyone was happy. I was supposed to be happy. And I was but also not. And it was loud in my head.”

Shane reached out, cupped his cheek. “So you drank to quiet it.”

Ilya nodded once. “It worked. Until it didn’t.”

Shane helped him into bed, stripping off his clothes and replacing them with soft pajamas. He brought a bucket, water, crackers, placed everything within reach.

Then he climbed in beside him and pulled Ilya close.

Ilya curled into him immediately, clinging like he was afraid Shane might disappear if he let go.

“I hate this,” Ilya murmured into his chest. “I hate when it comes back.”

“I know,” Shane said quietly. He pressed his lips to Ilya’s hair. “But you don’t have to do it alone.”

They lay there in the dark, Shane’s hand moving in slow, steady strokes along Ilya’s back. Ilya’s breathing gradually evened out, though his grip never loosened.

A few minutes passed. Then more.

Ilya shifted, restless again, a soft sound of discomfort slipping out of him. Shane adjusted immediately, propping him slightly higher against the pillows, easing the bucket closer without comment.

“Still nauseous?” Shane asked quietly.

“A little,” Ilya admitted. “My head won’t stop.”

Shane pressed his palm flat between Ilya’s shoulder blades, grounding. “Okay. We’ll wait it out.”

He helped him take small sips of water, patient and unhurried. When Ilya's stomach rebelled again, Shane held the bucket, murmured reassurance, never once letting frustration creep into his voice.

Afterward, he wiped Ilya's face with a cool cloth, gentle around his eyes, his temples.

"You don't have to hold it together right now," Shane said softly. "You can just be."

Ilya nodded weakly. "I don't like being like this."

"I know," Shane said. "But I love you like this too."

That earned him a shaky breath that might have been a laugh.

Shane kept talking quietly after that nothing important. Familiar things. What the morning would look like. How he'd make toast even if Ilya didn't eat it. How the day could be slow if it needed to be.

Gradually, Ilya's grip loosened. His breathing deepened. His body grew heavier against Shane's chest.

"Shane?" he murmured, barely awake now.

"Yes?"

"I love you." Ilya whispered.

Shane tightened his arms around him. "I love you too."

And when Ilya finally drifted into sleep messy, imperfect, alive Shane stayed awake a little longer, holding him, making sure he knew he was safe.

End Notes

i can't believe hr is ending next week like what am i gonna do ...

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