

inside this place is warm

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/72377736) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/72377736>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Blizzards & Snowstorms , Panic Attacks , comforting Ilya Rozanov , Canon Compliant , set between Heated Rivalry and The Long game , Snow Day , Flufftober 2025
Language:	English
Series:	Part 13 of princebutt does flufftober 2025
Stats:	Published: 2025-10-12 Words: 1,195 Chapters: 1/1

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by [princebutt](#)

Summary

Shane gets stuck in Boston after a blizzard blows through. The boys take advantage of the day together.

Flufftober day twelve: Blizzard or heatwave

Notes

Shane never canonically had a panic attack but he does seem like the type who would get them and maybe not realize what they were. So TW for panic attacks in this. Thank you forever and always to Anna and Dntat for betaing!

Shane wakes up in a panic at four am. He knows that's the time because it's emblazoned on Ilya's alarm clock, which winks at him from its perch on the bedside table. It's early January, and Boston and Montreal played in Boston last night. It's one of those rare occasions where Shane has the next day off, and while Ilya has a practice, his schedule is also mostly free, so Shane agreed to stay.

This is *hard*. The push and pull, the longing and yearning, this honeymoon period that is punctuated with flights and facetime calls and texts full of want. But they're making it work, and that's the important thing.

Shane rubs at his eyes and looks out the window, and is shocked to see a wall of white. Snow is pouring down from gray clouds in the sky, and the chunky flakes muffle all city sound, creating a blanket of quiet and serenity. Shane sits up and lets the blankets fall away from him, and the chill hits him. Instead of curling back up with Ilya, though, he swings his legs off of the bed and pads over to stare out the window of Ilya's penthouse condo, taking in the glorious sight of a crystalized Boston. He can hardly see through the haze of the snow, and it's obvious the wind is blowing hard, making the flakes dance in the late night air. It's gorgeous, but mostly because he knows he doesn't have to go out in it until tomorrow.

"Come back to bed," Ilya calls. He pats the mattress, and Shane sighs but acquiesces. Soon enough, Ilya's arms are around him again, and the blizzard is far from his mind.

Shane wakes up to a notification from Delta front and center on his phone. He shoots up in bed, and runs a hand anxiously through his hair.

"My flight has been canceled." Immediately he worries his lower lip between his teeth, and Ilya's hand rubs his thigh from where he's laying face down on his bed.

"Will be alright, Shane. It's seven in the morning, maybe we sleep in?"

With a sharp inhale, Shane tangles his fingers in the sheets of the bed. He feels the usual symptoms of a panic attack coming on – the racing of his heart, the constricting of his chest, the shallowness of his breath. It all hits him at once, and he squeezes his eyes shut and pushes the heels of his palms against his eyelids until he's seeing white. He tries to breathe as his knees come up to his chest, but he feels as if an iron-clad vice is wrapped around his lungs, and he feels like breathing is impossible.

"Shit. This is bad, Ilya. I can't – I can't be stuck here." His voice is breathy and high, keening almost, but embarrassingly so. He wants to calm down, and he doesn't want Ilya to see him like this, but the more he thinks that, the higher his panic rises. It's a tide swelling that he can't outswim.

"Shane?" Ilya is sitting up now, and his large palm runs down Shane's spine, up and down in a soothing rhythm. Shane breathes in on the up stroke and out on the down, and finds solace in the pattern. The tightness in his chest is starting to loosen, and he lets his head fall back and onto Ilya's chest.

“Sorry,” Shane says sheepishly, and his cheeks are hot. He knows they’re flushed, which he loathes. “Just... panicking, is all,” he admits tightly.

“Is nothing to be sorry for, Shane,” Ilya kisses his shoulder and wraps an arm around Shane’s chest then pulls them down and under the covers again.

“Don’t you have practice?” Shane asks as he nudges at Ilya’s shoulder with his forehead. Ilya’s eyes squeeze shut, then grabs his own phone and checks it. With a doubletake, Ilya laughs.

“Practice has been canceled due to weather,” Ilya reads, then holds his phone out to prove it to Shane. “Snow day!” he crows, then kisses Shane senselessly.

Shane laughs weakly against Ilya’s lips, still feeling the reverberations of the panic attack in the pit of his stomach and deep within his chest. But Ilya is making it better, and that counts for something. He’s still worried about being stuck here, but at least he’s stuck with Ilya. That’s definitely a treat.

Ilya’s fingers run through Shane’s hair as he kisses his nose. “Shane, will be ok,” Ilya promises, his voice soft and kind and understanding. “We will get you on a plane back to Montreal as soon as possible.”

Shane’s lower lip catches between his teeth again, and he nods. “It’s not... I don’t *want* to leave,” he admits quietly. “I honestly am glad for more time. But I just, I can’t miss a game.”

“And you will not. You are Shane Hollander, Montreal’s star player. We will get you home.”

With the whole day ahead of them, they let the lazy minutes stretch out languidly. They savor each snowflake that falls, and give thanks to the weather for the gift of more time together. Ilya makes them breakfast in bed, and he even whips up a batch of homemade hot cocoa, though Shane chooses mint tea instead, so Ilya drinks a whole pot of the sugary sweet liquid himself. They laugh and press hot, hungry kisses to every part of skin that’s available, and they stretch out in bed, become one through a tangle of limbs and a tumble of sheets, and they don’t answer their phones.

By midday they make it into the living room where they stretch out on Ilya’s sofa and watch the weatherman explain that this is one of the biggest blizzards to hit the east coast. They savor the moments they have together, because this is a gift, one they definitely won’t take for granted. Ilya turns on the electric fireplace, and they huddle under blankets and watch the snow fall, and Shane is so deliriously happy. He wonders what life would be like if he could wake up every day next to Ilya. He thinks back to the lakehouse, to falling asleep tangled up together and waking up exactly the same, and how wonderful that had been.

He wants that to be his reality.

Shane turns his head and presses a kiss to the underside of Ilya’s jaw. Ilya’s arms are wrapped around him, and Shane’s back is pressed into Ilya’s chest, and they’re cocooned in a thick wool blanket, and this might be heaven.

“I never want to leave this moment,” Shane admits, a quiet whisper of words that slip from his lips without his permission.

“We have all day,” Ilya promises. “And all night. They will not reschedule your flight until the snow stops,” Ilya points out, and Shane nods. Because the snow is still falling. It’s falling in bright bursts of swirling flakes, and the sun reflects off of it, though her rays are hardly penetrating through the thick fog of gloomy grey clouds.

They spend the rest of the day like this, wrapped up in each other, enjoying the simplicity in just existing side by side.

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