like you're made (just for me)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/75657016.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid, Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander, Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship, Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov, Anxious Shane Hollander, Fluff, Domestic Fluff, Slice of Life, Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander, Shane Hollander Needs a Hug, Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-12 Words: 1,611 Chapters: 1/1

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by brokencomatose

Summary

if you would've asked shane over a decade ago, he would've told you that he doesn't believe in soulmates. the idea that there's someone out there just for him was always something that he wouldn't have outright scoffed at, but he would've shaken his head in amusement and went on.

and then came ilya rozanov.

Notes

episode 4 absolutely wrecked me and even though i knew it was coming because i inhaled the books like i needed to breathe it still hurt

this is honestly just straight fluff, so there's no real spoilers for anything except they're married

you guys know the drill, english is hard and my nik loves me enough to deal with it to beta for me

See the end of the work for more notes

like you're made

(just for me)

If you would've asked Shane over a decade ago, he would've told you that he doesn't believe in soulmates. The idea that there's someone out there just for him was always something that he wouldn't have outright scoffed at, but he would've shaken his head in amusement and went on.

He had other things to focus on. He needed to focus on hockey, he needed to focus on keeping all the anxiety that liked to creep into the corners of his mind at bay, and he needed to focus on figuring out who *he* was before trying to figure out if there was someone out there that the universe deemed his perfect match.

And then came Ilya Rozanov.

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It wasn't something that Shane thought about much, in the beginning. The beginning was full of adrenaline, lust, and the thrill of doing something they shouldn't be doing at the risk of getting caught.

But.

Now that they're settled into their marriage, Shane is starting to pick up on little things that have happened over the years that make him think *maybe.*

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Shane has, for as long as he can remember even having a preference for it, slept on the left side of the bed. He doesn't know why, he just always has, and as a hockey player, he's not one

to change routine. He always climbs into bed on the left side and stays there through the night, no matter how big the other side of the bed is.

Once they moved past the 'no staying over' part of their relationship, there was a brief (and he will admit, ridiculous) worry about whether or not Ilya also preferred the left side of the bed.

If he did, which one of them would be the one giving up their comfort for the other?

While Shane was chewing on the side of his nail and observing the bed situation, Ilya had come up behind him and slide his arms around his waist.

"What are you thinking so hard about that you must chew your nail like dog, sweetheart?" The words are accompanied by a kiss to the junction of Shane's neck and shoulder, a hint of laugh lacing them. "Surely is nothing that serious."

Shane shakes his head with a small huff, tipping it slightly to the side as Ilya trails the kisses from his shoulder up to his cheek- the last kiss he presses to Shane's skin he exaggerates, and it makes him laugh quietly. "Nothing, it's….nothing."

Ilya hums quietly behind him before he shrugs, letting Shane go and moving to the right side of the bed. He flings himself onto it, using his feet to kick the sheets around until they're mostly covering his legs, and his arm comes up to motion Shane into bed too.

"Well, then come. Bed. We sleep, I wake you up with amazing blowjob, then we have breakfast."

Shane lets out a small sigh of relief before he can stop himself, and he crawls into bed from the left side, settling down easily like he does when he's alone. "Sounds good."

“You know, is kind of lucky.”

The words are the first ones that have been spoken between them in a while, and they make Shane glance up from where he was curled into Ilya’s side on the couch. “What is?”

Ilya raises their entwined hands, waving them around as he smiles. “Is lucky you like left and I like right. Means we can hold hands and still be…” the word fails him, and his face scrunches up slightly in the way it does when he’s annoyed at the English language. “...produce?”

Shane thinks for a second before he squeezes Ilya’s hand with a small smile. “Productive. You were close.”

Ilya squeezes his hand back before he kisses Shane’s knuckles. “Yes. Productive. Can still do things even while keeping you here.” Ilya waves the phone in his hand for emphasis, grinning. “I have done whole email and haven’t had to let go.”

Shane laughs, adjusting his head on Ilya’s shoulder as he settles back down, the pen in his free hand making a small line on the word search book as he does. “Wow. Such a hard worker.”

“Is true. Hard worker and loving boyfriend, all at once!”

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He wouldn’t describe himself as a picky eater. A particular eater? Maybe. He follows his diet plan, eating only what is outlined in the pdf he keeps on his phone. He has to control what goes into his body, so that he can control how well his body performs on the ice when he needs it to.

However.

Sometimes, the foods that he eats are off when it comes to the texture, and he hates wasting food, so he will power through it anyway.

The worst offender of this appears in his salads. Most of the time, he can power through and just deal with the super crunchy white pieces, but there's some days that he just can't.

Ilya, though, loves the white crunchy pieces of lettuce. He will always take Shane's fork when he notices him picking around them, and he will stab all of them onto the prongs before he puts them in his mouth.

"Is best part!"

Shane will always wrinkle his nose and shake his head, looking down into the bowl as he fights back a smile. "It feels like I'm eating a plastic storage container."

Ilya rolls his eyes every time without fail, piling some of the acceptable salad onto the fork and feeding it to Shane before he'll wander off to make his own food. "Is not that bad."

"I'll make sure to tell you that the next time you push scrambled eggs that have been scrambled too hard onto my plate."

"Sweetheart, you wouldn't dare."

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The height difference between them is not always something that is at the forefront of Shane's mind, but right now, he's never been more grateful for anything.

They're huddled in one of the back hallways of the Centaur's arena, and Shane's got his back pressed to the wall as one of his trembling hands rubs at his chest. Ilya is standing in front of him, successfully hiding him from view of anyone who might, for some reason, wander down this hallway.

“You need to breathe, Shane. You don’t breathe, you pass out. You pass out, you can’t play game. Then I too worried and I can’t play either. Then we don’t get to squish Montreal.”

Shane forces out a breathless laugh, his free hand coming up to grip tight at Ilya’s side through his compression shirt. “Squash, not squish.”

Ilya makes a noncommittal noise, waving the hand not cradling the back of Shane’s hand around flippantly. “Is same thing. They lose, we win, Squish squash.”

The fingers in Shane’s hair tighten for a moment to ground him before they go back to their soothing rhythm. Shane makes himself focus on the motions of Ilya’s fingers in his hair and the rise and fall of his chest in front of him. After a few moments, his breathing evens out to an even beat, and he no longer feels like he’s in danger of crumpling.

“Squish squash. You should use that in your pre-game speech,” Shane’s voice is slightly shaky but strong, and both of his hands moves to tuck two fingers under the fabric of Ilya’s shirt to feel his bare skin.

“I will. It will make team laugh. And then when we talk to reporters after game, I will them we squish-squash Montreal.” Ilya settles his chin on top of Shane’s head, both of his arms looping around his and squeezing him once before he continues. “Like bugs.”

Shane realizes, then, just how perfectly they actually fit together. Ilya doesn’t have to bend over to rest his chin on Shane’s head, and the hollow of Ilya’s throat is the perfect place for Shane to tuck his cheek.

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It’s later, when Shane is curled up on the left side of the bed with Ilya tucked perfectly against his back with an arm thrown over his waist and their fingers tangled together, that Shane speaks into the quiet. “Can I tell you something and you not laugh?”

Ilya hums, brushing a kiss along the back of Shane's neck before he answers. "I will do my best."

Shane brings their tangled hands up together so he can press a kiss to Ilya's knuckles, adjusting in his hold before he continues. "I didn't understand when I was younger when people would say that they had met their soulmates. I also thought it was impossible for the universe to give you someone exactly like you needed." A squeeze of their hands and a softening voice, "But then I met you and I understood."

Ilya is quiet for a moment before he raises up just enough to lean over Shane, kissing his cheek as he murmurs. "I always felt something off, and then here you show up, and it feels like all is right."

Shane turns his head just enough that he can press a gentle kiss to Ilya's mouth, humming into it before he pulls back slowly. "People say soulmates are the same soul in two bodies."

Ilya kisses Shane once more before he settles back down behind him, pulling him tightly into the cradle of his body as he speaks. "Makes sense. Could not have this much hockey talent in one body. Would be unfair."

Shane laughs as he adjusts his head on the arm Ilya has under him, squeezing his hand once more.

"You're right."

"Of course. I got smart half of soul."

End Notes

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