

Custom Jerseys

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76218726) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76218726>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Heated Rivalry (Book)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Yuna Hollander , David Hollander , Harris Drover
Additional Tags:	Ottawa Centaurs (Game Changers) , first game together , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Hockey game , Yuna Gets a Custom Jersey Made , Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , your honor they are in love
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-22 Words: 1,347 Chapters: 1/1

Custom Jerseys

by [CatCantRead](#)

Summary

It's Shane and Ilya's first game playing for the Centaurs together. Ilya is overwhelmed by the pure love he has for hockey again getting to play with his husband.

aka: I just wanted an excuse to write Yuna getting a custom Jersey with both their numbers and the boys celebrating each other on the ice.

Notes

I hope you enjoy this little oneshot I thought up. I was inspired by Donna Kelce's Custom Jersey that she wore to the 2023 Super Bowl.

It was the first game of the season. His and Shane's first game playing together. They woke up that morning on autopilot, going through their individual pregame routines. Athletes are superstitious; they both knew this, so they did their best not to interrupt the perfectly curated rituals they both had.

The vibes in the locker room were high. Ilya felt like he was floating. Someone was blasting music, Harris was pulling people aside for content, Shane was wrapped in conversation with Troy. Seeing Shane here, his locker right beside Ilya's, laughing with their teammates, wearing a DryFit Centaurs shirt. It was overwhelming.

He had told his therapist once that he had never been happier than the time he and Shane got to play with each other in Florida, but now that was a lie. This upcoming season was going to be the best season of Ilya's career.

Ilya saw it as soon as he stepped onto the ice for warmups. Yuna and David were sitting near the ice, smiling and waving excitedly at him. He waves back just as excitedly, blowing Yuna a kiss. He was still getting used to people loving him the way Shane's family did.

Yuna stands up, turning around to show Ilya the back of the jersey she was wearing. When she moved her hair to the side, Ilya's breath gets caught in his throat. The jersey appears to be split down the middle, with *Hollander* and 24 on one side, and the part that has Ilya tearing up, it's the *Rozanov* and 81 written on the other. Yuna had gotten a custom jersey made specifically to support him and Shane.

Ilya looks down, wiping desperately at his eyes, willing the tears to stop. He can feel his bottom lip wobbling. He's a captain, damn it, he's got to keep his composure on the ice, even if it's just warmups. He looks around frantically, no one seems to notice except,

"Ilya? Are you okay?" Shane's voice is soft as he moves to stand beside Ilya. He crouches down, pretending to stretch, his eyes find Ilya's, concern clearly written on his face. Ilya nods.

"Yes. Am fine. Happy tears." Ilya says softly. Relief floods Shane's features. He stands, pulling Ilya into a quick side hug, kissing his temple.

"I love you, and I could not be happier to spend the rest of my career playing for my hometown team with my hot husband."

Ilya grins, "I am hot." Ilya nods enthusiastically. "So hot I made Yuna Ottawa fan." Ilya points towards Shane's parents, decked out in black and red. Shane laughs, shaking his head.

"They were Ottawa fans before I started playing for the metros, you know." Shane pokes at his husband's ribs.

“Hmm, no. Only Ottawa fans for me.” Ilya bumps his shoulder into Shane’s.

“Right, that’s why mom’s jersey has both of our names and numbers.”

“Sarcasm! You are using sarcasm right now.” Shane chuckles, leaning into Ilya’s side.

“Yeah. I am. Wanna tell me what had you all worked up?” He rubs gently at Ilya's back.

“It has been long time since Parent has worn my jersey. is nice feeling.” That melts Shane's heart. Nothing makes him happier than his parents loving Ilya like their own.

“My mom loves you, you know. More than she loves me, I think.”

The Centaurs were buzzing when Shane chipped the puck deep and chased it like it owed him something.

Ilya read it instantly. He cut toward the corner, body between defender and puck, took Shane’s rimmed pass off the boards. The lane opened for half a heartbeat—just long enough.

Ilya snapped his wrist. The puck screamed past the goalie’s glove and buried itself in the net.

For a split second, Ilya froze. The horn blared. The noise hit him all at once, crowd on their feet, bench exploding, something wild and electric ripping through his chest. He turned, searching without thinking.

Shane was already there, crashing into him at center ice, arms wrapping tight around Ilya’s shoulders, skates scraping as they laughed, knocking helmets together. It was messy and unguarded and *real*.

“First one,” Shane shouted, breathless, forehead pressed to Ilya’s helmet. Ilya grinned so hard his cheeks hurt.

Shane pulled back just enough to press a quick kiss to Ilya’s visor, quick and instinctive. The bench howled.

Ilya skated away, shaking his head, his cheeks hurt from grinning, his heart pounding harder than it ever had after a goal.

Late in the second period, the game was tied. Ilya carried the puck through the neutral zone, eyes up, defenders backing off just enough to make the mistake. Shane streaked down the wing, stick blade tapping once against the ice.

Ilya fed the pass through traffic like threading a needle. Shane didn’t stop it. Didn’t slow it. He *one-timed* it. The puck hit the back of the net.

Goal.

Ilya's jaw drops. Shane let out a sharp, disbelieving laugh as the crowd detonated. He turned just in time to see Ilya barreling toward him, joy written openly across his face. Ilya slammed into him, arms around Shane's waist, lifting him an inch off the ice.

"YOU FUCKING DID IT," Ilya yells over the noise of the crowd, voice breaking with laughter. He presses a dramatic, sloppy kiss to Shane's cheek.

"And I'll do it again. Try to keep up." Shane winks at him, skating towards the bench.

It's the third period, and everyone is tense. The kind of tension that sits in your shoulders and refuses to leave.

The Centaurs pressed hard, cycling the puck low while the opposing defense scrambled, and Shane could feel it, the shift tipping, the ice opening just enough. Ilya had the puck behind the net.

He glanced up.

Saw Shane drifting into the soft spot at the top of the crease, stick angled just so. The pass came fast and sharp, threaded through skates and sticks like it was meant for no one else.

Shane snapped it home before the goalie could even flinch.

Horn.

Flashing lights.

Shane threw his head back and laughed as the arena erupted, a sound torn straight out of his chest. He turned, arms already out, and Ilya hit him at full speed. They collided in a tangle of limbs and laughter, Shane's gloves fisting in the back of Ilya's jersey as they spun.

"That's two," Shane said, breathless, grin wicked as he leaned in. "Guess I'm winning the scoring race already."

Ilya scoffed, eyes bright, hands firm on Shane's hips. "It is *one* game." Ilya leaned in and knocked his helmet against Shane's again, harder this time, laughing. "Enjoy it while it lasts, Hollander."

Shane dipped his head just enough to press a quick kiss to the edge of Ilya's jaw, barely a brush through plastic and heat. "Catch up, Rozanov."

The game clock ran down, signaling the end of the game. Centaurs flood the ice, celebrating their first win. After shaking hands with the opposing team, Shane and Ilya find each other immediately, drawn together like magnets.

“We are unstoppable,” Ilya shouts, hugging Shane tight. “That cup belongs to us.”

Shane laughs, “We still have the whole season.” He reminds his husband.

“Yes, but with you and me, no one can beat us, not even Hunter.” Shane rolls his eyes. Shane’s parents find them, Yuna pulls both boys into a hug.

“I am so proud of both of you.” She kisses both of their cheeks.

“More proud of me, right. I am captain.” Ilya says. Everyone is laughing when Harris approaches.

“Yuna, do you mind if I get a picture of your jersey for the social media pages? It’s just too sweet.” Yuna seems to light up at the idea.

“Of course, dear!” She turns around, moving her hair out of the way so the full back of the jersey is on display. Harris takes a couple of pictures.

“Shane, Ilya, get in there with her.” He poses them for a few pictures. Ilya’s personal favorite was both him and Shane pressing a kiss to either of her cheeks.

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