

where's the trophy? (he just comes running over to me)

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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Another reporter stood. “Be honest, Ilya. People believe he left you.”

Ilya finally leaned forward a fraction, resting his elbows on the table.
His voice was soft. Too soft. Dangerously soft.

“He did not leave,” he murmured.

—> where the entire hockey community believes Shane Hollander divorced Ilya Rozanov for good.

Notes

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

Shirts off, and your friends lift you up over their heads

Beer sticking to the floor

Cheers chanted, cause they said

There was no chance, trying to be

The greatest in the league

Where's the trophy?

He just comes running over to me

—

A year after their wedding, the world still hadn't stopped talking about Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov. Both of them expected the noise, but they relied on the media to shift its attention elsewhere after at least two months. It didn't. Because five months after their anniversary, Shane Hollander—vanished from every corner of public life. No photos. No interviews. Nothing.

Just silence.

And in that silence, the world invented answers.

Divorce. Retirement. Fallout. Cheating. PR-cover-up. Every accusation, every headline, every rumor; Ilya heard it all. And he didn't flinch. He didn't defend himself, because he didn't feel like he had to, and he knew it'd stress Shane out more anyway.

He simply kept skating, kept playing, kept winning... and kept going home to his husband who was currently clingy, nauseous, and last night cried into Ilya's neck because he missed his scent. So yes, Ilya could afford to be calm.

THE PRESS CONFERENCE — two days before World Winter Games Finals

The room was packed, cameras flashing. Ilya took his seat at the center table, posture relaxed, expression unreadable—the perfect picture of a man who slept fine the night before.

Microphones were shoved forward. The moderator barely finished the opening statement before the questions fired.

“Rozanov, five months without any public appearance from your husband—can you confirm if you two are separated?”

Ilya blinked once. “No.”

A reporter scoffed. Another raised her voice. “Then where is he? People are saying the marriage is falling apart.”

“Is Shane refusing to see you?”

“Sources say he walked out—”

Ilya tilted his head slightly, a movement so small and elegant it almost looked bored. “You have hockey questions, yes?” His lips almost twitched, the faintest hint of amusement pulling at them.

Because last night, Shane didn’t walk out. Last night, Shane shuffled into his arms wearing Ilya’s hoodie, trembling from a craving so intense he actually cried. Shane literally curled into his chest like a small, needy koala and wouldn’t let go until he breathed him in. They didn’t know that though. *I want your scent*, Shane had whispered. *Ilya, please... I can’t sleep without it*. And Ilya held him until he did. So, no. Shane did not walk out. They didn’t know that though, and Ilya would like to keep it that way.

Another reporter jumped in, more aggressive. “Is Shane even living with you anymore? Why hasn’t he been photographed? Why no public reassurance?”

Ilya shrugged lightly. He wanted to rebut and maybe say something passive aggressive, but he didn’t. Shane would tell him it’s not worth it.

“He is resting.”

“Resting?” The reporter laughed. “For five months? Really? With no prior announcement whatsoever?”

The room murmured in disbelief.

Ilya folded his hands, fingers steady and elegant. “Yes. He does not owe you anything.”

“What exactly is he resting from?” someone from the right side of the room pressed. “Why the secrecy? Is he sick? Injured? Hiding something?”

Ilya’s eyes cooled—not angry, not threatened. Just... entertained. “He is healthy,” Ilya said. “Very healthy.”

Internally, he added: Healthy enough to demand midnight kisses on his stomach because he said it made the nausea go away. Healthy enough to curl into my lap while crying over a tuna melt that didn’t taste the way he remembered.

Another reporter stood. “Be honest, Ilya. People believe he left you.”

Ilya finally leaned forward a fraction, resting his elbows on the table. His voice was soft, but confident. “He did not leave,” he murmured.

“Then why won’t you tell us where he is?” the man snapped. “What is so important that Shane Hollander has been missing for nearly half a year?”

For the first time, Ilya smiled. Small—*smug*. Like he was holding the world’s sweetest secret in his hands. “He will be back,” Ilya said, calm as a winter lake. “You will see him soon.”

“When?” someone demanded.

“Where?”

“In what capacity?”

“Will he appear at the Finals?”

“Are you two still married or not?”

Ilya sat back, relaxed again. “We are very married.”

“But how do you expect us to believe that?” the reporter barked.

Ilya exhaled slowly, the picture of patience. Last night, Shane fell asleep with both hands clutching Ilya’s shirt. This morning, he sent Ilya a text that said, *Don’t forget to come home right away. I miss you.* And right now, in this room full of people accusing him of abandonment and heartbreak, Ilya actually felt a laugh bubbling in his chest. But he didn’t let it out. Because how dare these people—people who had no idea how they lived—dictate them of what and who they should be. Ilya also knows better than to let these people get to him, so even if he wanted nothing more than to defend their love, he takes a step back.

He simply says, “You will have your proof.”

“When?!”

Ilya met the reporter’s eyes, calm. “At the right time.” He finishes off the interview with a wink, before standing up to walk out.

No one in that room understood what that meant. But in five days, on the ice, under the bright lights, in front of millions... they would. And the world would never recover.

WORLD WINTER GAMES — FINALS NIGHT

The arena shook with life, crowds roared, flags whipping through the air, and cameras flashing. The kind of night where history was written. Ilya skated out first, calm and sharp and terrifyingly focused. Tonight held the weight of his entire career—and the weight of every rumor, every headline, every accusation made about his marriage.

No Shane in the box. No Shane in the VIP section. No Shane sitting with teammates' families. To the world, that absence meant confirmation. But they were wrong, they just didn't know where to look.

Because tucked a few rows above the rink, buried between two groups of loud, distracted fans, sat a man in an oversized hoodie and a pulled-down cap. His mask hid everything below his eyes, and his clothes swallowed him whole. People brushed past him without a second glance. Some bumped into him, but nobody recognized him.

But from where he sat, he could see everything; every stride Ilya took, every shift of muscle, every flick of his gaze. For a moment, he wanted to run. He wanted to take his husband home, hide him away from the world, and to keep him to himself.

Shane leaned forward, heart pounding beneath layers of fabric, hands shaking as he gripped the cold railing. His hoodie hung loose enough to hide the gentle swell of his stomach—and the way he kept resting his palm over it, unconsciously protective. He was close. So close he could see the crease between Ilya's brows. The faint smirk during warm-ups. Close enough that if Ilya glanced up—just slightly, he'd see him. And he did.

Not obviously. Not dramatically. Just a brief, controlled flick of his gaze toward the mid-section stands.

Shane froze. Ilya didn't reveal anything. He didn't react. But the corner of his mouth lifted, barely there, but unmistakable. A private smile. A *there you are* smile.

Shane's breath caught, his eyes burned warm and wet behind his mask. The world believed he'd abandoned Ilya. The world believed their marriage was cracking apart. Shane would be lying if he said it didn't affect him, but he knows he'll be fine.

So he watched, ignored by the crowd and invisible to the cameras. But never, not for one second, unseen by Ilya.

Tie game, 3–3. The arena thundered with noise, but Ilya heard none of it. All that reached him was the scrape of blades, the thud of bodies, and the pulse in his ears. He glided up the ice like he belonged nowhere else, like the rink itself bent for him. Left cut. Right fake, smooth enough to fool the camera. Two defenders collapsed toward him and he sliced through the gap before they even registered he was gone. The crowd held their breaths.

Ilya passed, a quick, surgical flick of the wrist. Then received it back a split-second later, the puck clanking against his stick. He lined up, but a defender barreled into him from the side, full speed, a bone-rattling collision that stole the air from his lungs and rocked the boards.

Ilya staggered, but he didn't fall.

He twisted, dropped to one knee, planted the other skate deep into the ice, and despite the hit, despite the wobble, despite the impossible angle—he fired.

The puck soared. The goalie lunged—DING. Top corner. A beat. Then the arena erupted.

4–3. Gold. *Victory*.

The bench exploded toward him. Helmets flew, gloves rained across the ice, sticks clattered like falling bones. His teammates crashed into him, shouting, laughing, half-tackling, half-worshipping him.

“RO-ZA-NOV! RO-ZA-NOV! RO-ZA-NOV!”

Beer sprayed. Water dumped over his head. Cameras flashed so hard he had to squint, the lights white-hot and relentless. They lifted him, literal airborne victory—hoisting him above their shoulders as if he weighed nothing but adrenaline. But Ilya wasn’t looking at the scoreboard, or the trophy being skated out, or the gold-medal cameras circling him.

His gaze shot straight to the stands—to *the seat*.

And now, the seat was empty. A fleeting stab of confusion—then it hit him. Not worry. Just warmth so strong it nearly made his knees buckle even while being carried. Because Shane was already on his way—threading through the crowd, probably shuffling apologetically past knees and bags, one hand gripping the rail, the other supporting his stomach, breathless not with excitement.

He was coming to Ilya. Of course he was.

Because this goal—this game, this gold, this entire moment... none of it meant anything without Shane in his arms. Ilya’s teammates roared around him, but his heart only beat for one thing. The empty seat, and the man rushing toward him from it.

Shane bolted down the stairs, past security, past the shouting crowd, past the barriers. Every step was desperate and urgent, yet impossibly careful.

Ilya dropped from his teammates’ shoulders mid-lift. He didn’t have to think. He didn’t have to guess. He knew that run. He recognized that awkward, slightly off-balance sprint, the way Shane’s shoulder dipped when he was scared he’d fall, the faint sway of his hips beneath the baggy hoodie.

“Shane...” The word left his lips without sound.

Shane didn’t even bother with caution anymore. The mask came off in a swift, impatient tug, the cap thrown aside, hair falling into damp curls. And then, finally, he was in Ilya’s arms. The arena collectively gasped, a chorus of disbelief and excitement. Because that face—*that man*—who had vanished from every camera, every feed, every headline, was here. And he was real.

Ilya caught him completely, lifting him clean off the ice. Shane melted into him, pressing his face into Ilya’s neck, breathing in the scent he craved, trembling against him like he could collapse and still be safe.

The fans screamed. The reporters shrieked into microphones they didn't even remember they were holding. Cameras flashed, lights strobing across the rink, capturing every second of what was happening.

The kiss didn't come politely, it didn't come shyly. It came like five months of longing, of secrets, of sleepless nights, of craving, and of quiet phone calls, pressed into one impossible, burning, urgent moment.

Ilya held him.

Not just to steady him, not just to keep him from falling—but to anchor him, to remind Shane that he was here, that he was safe, that he was wanted. His hands slid down Shane's sides, feeling the soft curve beneath his hoodie, tracing the warmth of him. The world melted away. Ice. Noise. Gold. Fans. Cameras. None of it mattered. All that mattered was Shane.

Then Ilya's palm brushed Shane's stomach—softly, impossibly tender.

He cupped it.

Cradled it.

Shane's breath hitched, ragged and warm against Ilya's neck. His eyes softened, wide and shining, glimmering with awe and relief and something that made Ilya's chest ache. And then, Ilya drops to his knees.

"Ilya, what—"

Right there. On the ice. In front of tens of thousands of screaming fans, in front of millions more watching around the world, Ilya presses a kiss to Shane's belly.

The arena went completely feral. Cheers tore through the stands, a sound so loud it shook the boards and rattled the glass. Social media exploded in real time—cameras, phones, live streams, GIFs, headlines.

Because Shane Hollander wasn't retired, he didn't vanish, and he didn't divorce Ilya Rozanov. He was here. Alive. And very much pregnant.

The Centaurs froze, mid-cheer, staring like statues, their mouths open, trying to process what they were witnessing. History was being rewritten in front of them, right there on the ice. Shane laughed through tears, muffled against Ilya's shoulder, wrapping his arms around him and pulling him up, whispering something so soft and intimate that only Ilya could hear. Ilya kissed Shane's forehead. Then his lips again, slow and loving.

The announcer's voice finally pierced the chaos, trembling, barely believing what he was seeing. "THERE YOU GO, FOLKS— SHANE HOLLANDER-ROZANOV IS PREGNANT!"

Confetti rained down in clouds of red and white. Chants erupted again, louder, wilder. The gold trophy sat forgotten at center ice, ignored in the magnitude of what had just unfolded.

"You should take pictures with the team, and get your trophy."

Ilya pressed his forehead against Shane's, breathing him in, smiling softly, voice just for him.

"What trophy? I already have mine here."

"Wow, what a sap." Shane laughed, clinging tighter, and Ilya kissed him once more.

The world around them burned with noise and light—but all that mattered was that Shane had come home.

FIN.

End Notes

had this idea after seeing a hollanov edit to this song (also pregnant shane bcs why the hell not)

DRABBLE (might edit to full one? IDK)

—EDITED. 12/14

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