

shane eats ilya's cake

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/56141911) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/56141911>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Fandom:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Rose Landry , Zane Boodram , Troy Barrett , Harris Drover , Wyatt Hayes , Evan Dykstra , Nick Chouinard
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-05-24 Words: 4,361 Chapters: 1/1

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by [ilyasleftnipple](#)

Summary

Mo, the comedian, is interviewed next. “Look, I don’t think I’m going to win. I know at home on camera my torte probably looked alright, but it tasted awful.” He laughed at himself. “Ilya’s was ok, actually. He said he was going to make it for his husband since Shane doesn’t like sweets apparently. I couldn’t do that, my wife would divorce me citing incompetence.”

the Great British Bake Off fic no one asked for

“Stop telling Rose that I’m practicing!” Ilya huffed as he pulled out some white chocolate maple blondies from the oven.

Shane, who was sat across the kitchen island laughed and turned off his phone. “I’m only doing it to psych her out.” Ilya levelled him a look that told Shane he didn’t believe him. “Give me one, anyways. This looks like the first batch you haven’t burnt.”

“You have to wait until they are cooled.” Shane laughed at that, trying to take Ilya seriously as he wore Centaurs’ kitchen apron. He also had a brush of sugar against his cheek Shane quite wanted to lick. “Now, I need to practice decorating. I will not have Paul Hollywood telling me my blondies are boring.”

Ilya was practicing because he had been asked to participate in the Stand Up to Cancer celebrity Great British Bake Off. Their family had recently been shook by David’s cancer diagnosis, but after a single surgery and a round of chemotherapy, he had been in remission for two years.

Ilya, had taken it harder than Shane would have expected, but he had also thrown himself into advocacy for cancer prevention, even having a colonoscopy on camera. (Harris told Shane that it may have been his most traumatizing day at work yet. Shane told him he was lucky that Ilya was sedated and didn’t hear that or else he would take that as a challenge.)

Ilya had thrown himself into practicing once he had been given the briefs for the signature and show-stopper challenge. The Centaurs had enjoyed eating baked goods when Shane brought them in, knowing that Ilya would eat them all and then complain about feeling sick if they were left at home.

Ilya and Shane were flying to London tomorrow, taking advantage of the All-Star break to film. They would spend a couple days exploring London before heading to the iconic Bake Off tent. Rose had gotten them into the show, which made it even better since she was one of the other celebrities that Ilya was competing against. Also in the tent was an old boy band member and a comedian. Ilya was extremely excited.

In the run up to the show airing, since Ilya and Rose could not torment Shane in the same room, they’d decided to make things hard for him on twitter and instagram instead.

He had posted an instagram picture of Ilya and Rose from set that was given as part of their promotional packages, as well as a picture of Shane, Ilya, and his Dad.

@shanehollanderhockeyplayer After dad’s diagnosis, we learned a lot about the state of cancer research. There is still so much work that needs to be done. In support of this, my husband and my best friend are heading to the UK to raise money in aid of cancer

research. Tune in on Sunday to watch @Rozanov81 and @RoseLandry try to bake the best cake #StandUpToCancer #SU2C

Since, Rose and Ilya had been teasing each other at Shane's expense.

@Rozanov81 @RoseLandry i hope you have learned how to bake cause maybe you could bake yourself a partner

@RoseLandry I don't have to poison my colleagues with underbaked cakes to be the best in my field, unlike @Rozanov81

@RoseLandry maybe if @Rozanov81 spent less time baking then @shanehollanderhockeyplayer wouldn't have won MVP last year

The tweets stopped once Shane shared a screenshot of their group chat.

Ilya: Why didn't my cake rise?

Rose: Did you whip your eggs long enough?

Ilya: I just added them in with the flour

Ilya: Shane said it would be fine

Rose: Your mistake was listening to Shane for tips about cakes

After #ShaneDoesntEatCake trended, Ilya posted a picture of Shane eating a slice of one of his practice bakes to his stories:

@Rozanov81 Shane eating my cake! Ready for #SU2C

The episode aired two months later on a Sunday night at the beginning of April. Rose was supposed to make the trip up to Ottawa for the viewing party Ilya was hosting, but her filming schedule did not allow it. Instead, several members of the Centaurs were over at Shane and Ilya's house to watch it. Ilya had gone all out, recreating the various dishes he'd made on the show to reveal to their guests at each stage in the competition as it aired.

Already eaten (Bood made use of the Hollander-Rozanov BBQ), the team gathered around the sectional sofa. The show started with Ilya, Rose, ex-boybander (Tyler), and the comedian (Mo) walking into the tent. Ilya had the station on the front left and Rose was right behind him. Zane whooped and the other boys cheered.

Rose appeared on the television. "I think I have a good chance to win. I'm the only girl here so I think I have something to prove. I do want to beat Ilya more than anyone. Either way, we

are here for a great cause and I can't wait to show people that if Ilya can bake, they can too."

Mo and Tyler each shared a similar sentiment in front of the camera. Then, it was Ilya's turn.

"I will win. I have been practicing and lots of hockey players have approved." On screen Ilya takes a pause. "Although, they are not picky."

A chorus of "Hey" rang out among the people in their living room, and Shane could see Harris live tweeting and sharing on instagram already.

"Cancer has affected everyone and I am excited to help."

The camera cut to Paul and Prue walking up to Ilya's station.

"What are you making today?"

TV Ilya was trying to separate an egg. "I am making maple blondies. They will have white chocolate in them and will be decorated with a white chocolate drizzle and a maple leaf made out of maple syrup."

"That is ambitious," Prue said. "I hope you will have time."

"What maple syrup are you using?" Paul asked.

"Is from a farm back home. Shane, my husband, had to get some the night before we flew since they were unable to get it here."

"And you have practiced this? Melting sugar and not burning it is very technical." Ilya didn't need to be told, but he nodded politely.

"I have."

"Well, good luck," Prue said, and the pair walked away.

"They have no faith in you," Wyatt commented.

"Neither does twitter," Harris responded. "They think it's cute Shane went to the store." Shane felt his cheeks warm up. "Oh, Rose tweeted."

@RoseLandry personally I would have never made @ShaneHollanderHockeyPlayer go to the store that late

Shane read the tweet off of Ilya's phone. Before Ilya could reply, "Please don't make it seem like you are in a desperate battle for my heart."

"Is only so I can make fun of her," Ilya responded.

"No women belong in the kitchen comments," Harris called out.

Ilya mumbled, "I'm funnier than that."

On camera, Ilya is expertly tracing out maple leaves with his maple syrup mixture and one of the comedian hosts came up to him.

“Now, are those maple leaves? Or a different kind of popular leaf in Canada?”

Ilya laughed. “I think I am not supposed to know what you are talking about.”

“Oh come on, you’ve never come home after a bad game and...”

Before Ilya could respond, Rose piped up from across the tent, “No, when he has a bad game, he makes his husband—“ She was quieted by an egg flying her way.

The camera jumped over to where Mo, the comedian, was debating about taking out his chocolate cheesecake brownies.

“So, Shane,” Troy started, waggling his eyebrows from the other side of Ilya, “what do you do when Ilya loses?”

Ilya barked out a laugh as Shane forced one out while his cheeks reddened.

“Clearly you’ve never been in a hotel room next to them when that’s happened,” Evan pointed out.

“Yah, I’m scarred for life,” Nick added.

Shane really did not know how he always ended in situations like this.

Ilya took his brownies out the oven and starts fanning them. He explained to the camera, “I do not want to put them in the freezer; because they will not be chewy. But, if they do not cool, my maple leaves will melt.”

Rose took her brownies out of their pan too quickly, and has trouble cutting them into nine perfect squares before they are fully cooled.

Ilya managed to finish his brownies in the mean time, and the final shot of them looked exactly how he had wanted.

Outside the tent, Ilya shared his experience with cancer.

“A couple years ago, my father-in-law was diagnosed with colon cancer. He was lucky, they caught it early since he had regular colonoscopies. But it was—“ Ilya choked up.

Shane grabbed his hand tightly, and Troy on the other side, squeezed his knee.

“It was really hard watching someone you love go through that. I lost my mother at a young age and potentially going through that with my second family was incredibly painful.”

A picture of Ilya, Shane, and David floated on screen. In it, David was attending chemotherapy dressed in Centaurs gear. It was taken when he had been stuck in hospital a

while and was unable to attend their games. Another picture of Ilya and David at the cottage from David's first summer in remission came up next.

"Cancer really affects everyone, and being able to support cancer research is so incredibly important."

Shane leaned over and kissed Ilya's cheek. The moment was interrupted when Harris let out a booming laugh. "Shane, you're going to hate this!"

Shane grumbled and Ilya stood up. "What's twitter doing now?" He wasn't quite sure he wanted to know. Between wheezes, Harris managed to share that twitter was thirsting over Shane's dad.

Bood immediately whipped out his phone and asked Shane, "Can I please share the topless photo of your dad flexing?"

"No," Shane responded. When his brain eventually caught up, "Why do you have a shirtless photo of my dad anyways?"

"I think there is one from fathers day on the Voyageurs account from father's day," Ilya called out.

Shane followed Ilya into the kitchen, serving up the brownies. "You ok?" Shane asked.

"Yes, will you help with this?"

"Of course." They silently served the brownies onto share platters and then Shane wrapped Ilya in a hug.

"OK, let's go show them how good of a baker I am!" Ilya said, excitedly. The mood reset from the feelings associated with David's cancer was exactly what he needed.

The commercial break was ending and Prue and Paul were heading over to the ex-boyband member to judge his apple caramel blondies (spoiler alert: they were burned).

"Ok, take a bite when they do!" Shane said, surprising himself with how much he got into this. "Immerse yourselves."

A couple of them took pictures and Harris sent out a picture of Ilya holding a platter in front of the TV.

"These look pretty rough," Paul said, looking at Rose's chocolate raspberry brownies. "Did you cut them before they finished cooling?"

Rose looked embarrassed, but played along. "Of course! Early bird catches the worm, right?"

"Not in baking," Prue said. "It is cooked all the way through though, which is good. The raspberries look like they are evenly throughout."

Prue and Paul finished their bite and Rose held out her hand for a famous Paul Hollywood handshake.

"You can put that away," Paul said. "They don't taste bad, they just look a mess."

The camera panned to Ilya, who looked ecstatic. Rose looked over at him. "Yours won't be better."

"We'll see."

Paul and Prue arrived at Ilya's station.

"These look pretty good, actually," Paul said. "I'm impressed with the maple candies on top."

"Yes, let's just hope it doesn't just look good, but also tastes great," Prue said, reaching for her fork.

They both took a bite and began praising Ilya.

Iyla watched as everyone in the room was eating his blondies. He knew they were good and he also knew what happened next.

"These are fantastic!" Wyatt exclaimed.

"Way better than the shit you fed us," Troy said.

"You said you liked it!" Ilya said, turning on him. Petulantly, he continued, "Now shut up and watch."

Paul reached out and Ilya's draw dropped open. Ilya shook his hand. "That is a fantastic blondie. I was a bit worried because the maple and the white chocolate are both sweet, but they work really well together."

"Yes, it is the perfect consistency," Prue said. "It's soft and chewy, and also looked amazing. You are lucky your husband went out to get that maple syrup."

Ilya said a quick thanks and stood there looking a bit shocked. Paul and Prue walked off and Rose turned to him, her jaw dropped in similar shock.

"You got a Hollywood Handshake!" Rose celebrated.

"Damn," Zane said. "Maybe when you retire *next year* you can become a baker." The room laughed; it wasn't often that Ilya could be the butt of many jokes.

"I am two years younger than you, be quiet," Ilya said. He then took a bite of the brownie him and Shane were sharing. "But yes, I am good baker."

The technical challenge was a chocolate torte. They had to make a chocolate pastry, make raspberry jam and put a thin layer on the bottom of the torte, and fill it with a chocolate creme. They then had to decorate it with raspberries and gold leaf.

The tent was quite silent as they were all concentrating. When it was time to start decorating, they began getting chatty.

“Do you know what gold is, Ilya?” Rose asks. “I know you lost the Olympics.”

The other contestants in the tent laughed.

“I won the Stanley Cup last year!”

“What’s that?” Mo the comedian asked.

Rose laughed, clearly enjoying that Ilya’s credentials are being questioned. “It is the trophy for the best hockey team,” he responded.

“It’s also silver,” Rose helpfully told the other contestants.

“Is that seriously the description you gave them of the cup?” Wyatt asked incredulously. “It literally tells them nothing!”

“Yah, even I could do a better job!” Troy ribbed.

Harris laughed and held up a tweet questioning Ilya’s ability to captain an NHL team. “Who would’ve thought a baking show would lead to questions about your leadership!”

“I am a great captain!” Ilya asserted.

“Of course,” Shane said, patting his thigh. “Now, Captain, go get your torte.”

Ilya returned with the torte and immediately Zane asked where the gold leaf was.

“Is too nice for you,” Ilya said. “You would not appreciate it.”

“We couldn’t find it,” Shane clarified for the group. He then took care of serving the torte. After everyone got one, he asked Ilya in Russian, “Do you want to share again?”

“Da,” he responded, knowing that Shane wouldn’t want very much of it anyways. Shane grabbed a plate and fork and settled on the couch. “You have not tried this yet, have you?”

“No, because you couldn’t practice it.”

“Did you really not know what it was before you went in?” Evan asked. “I always assumed it was just for show.”

“Yes, but we got more instructions than the people on regular bake off.”

The TV showed the judges going over the Tortes. Rose got second and Ilya got first.

“I’m so proud of getting second. I don’t know how quick I will be to recreate it, but it didn’t taste too bad either. I hope that whatever I do in the signature tomorrow is enough to get my star baker,” Rose expressed to the camera.

Off camera, someone asked, “Is it true you and one of the competitors were swapping cake tips?”

Rose laughed, “Perhaps, but I don’t think that will help him.”

Ilya comes on camera. “Yes, she did help me with my cakes. Hopefully I can keep doing well tomorrow and bring home star baker. It will be one trophy my husband won’t have.”

Mo, the comedian, is interviewed next. “Look, I don’t think I’m going to win. I know at home on camera my torte probably looked alright, but it tasted awful.” He laughed at himself. “Ilya’s was ok, actually. He said he was going to make it for his husband since Shane doesn’t like sweets apparently. I couldn’t do that, my wife would divorce me citing incompetence.”

As the last commercial break ended, Ilya explained that he would bring his show stopper after the show finished, since he wanted to cut it and show it off properly.

The host of the show explained the signature baking challenge. “Paul and Prue want you to make a cake that shows off your greatest accomplishment. The cake doesn’t have to be chocolate, but the full baked good must very clearly be chocolate-forward. There must be at least three layers. Paul and Prue are looking for a cake that looks great and tastes phenomenal. You have four hours!”

Ilya immediately got to work beating his sugar and butter, and the camera cut to Rose explaining to Paul and Prue what she’s making.

“I am making a movie scene from my last film. It was set on a mountain and my character delivered a monologue from the top of it.”

“Yes, I saw this movie,” Prue said, “you were very good.”

“Thank you!”

Paul asked, “How is this going to be chocolate forward?”

“I’m making a chocolate cake with a coffee buttercream. I’m then going to use some chocolate biscuits to mimic the dirt on the side of the mountain, and am going to make myself out of modelling chocolate to stand on top.”

“That sounds very ambitious,” Prue said, pointing out the obvious. “Good luck.”

Rose made a face at the camera and it panned away to Ilya.

“What are you making for us today?” Paul asked.

“I am making a Stanley Cup. I am making it out of a white chocolate cake and then filling it with blackberries and a little bit of cream.”

“And are you carving it in the shape of the cup?” Prue asked.

“Yes, it is wide at the bottom, and then for the top I will be shaping Rice Krispies to get the desired effect.” Ilya used his hands to show the shape of the Cup.

“Have you practiced this,” Paul asked.

“Of course,” Ilya said.

“Well good luck, you did great yesterday and I can’t wait to try this,” Prue said.

“I’m surprised you didn’t try to make Hollzy out of cake,” Zane said.

“Oh, he tried,” Shane grumbled.

“Yes,” Ilya said, “but you cannot capture perfection in cake.” He gave Shane an exaggerated kiss on the cheek.

The clip cut to Rose and Ilya debating about if it was time for Rose’s cakes to come out the oven.

“Ilya! I don’t know what you mean by listen to the cakes.”

“Means to listen for if they are still cooking!” He was gesturing with a spatula. “If you can hear, like, boiling but not quite?”

“Simmering? Bubbling?”

“Yes! Then it is not done!”

Rose looked completely unsure, but held up her cake to her ear. “I can’t hear anything.”

“Are you sure?”

“I don’t know! How do you of all people know how to bake?” Rose looked visibly annoyed at this point.

“Shane won’t buy me desserts so I have to make them!”

“You make him sound like a stay at home husband,” Evan said, “not a league record scorer.” The room laughed, including Shane.

Ilya took out his phone and saw that his twitter mentions were popping off.

@——— the fact I did not know who this ice hockey player was before SU2C and now am spending my evening figuring out his relationship with his TEAMMATE is ridiculous

@——— award winning actress being taught to listen to her cakes by an award winning hockey player was not on my 2023 bingo card

@——— did everyone know that Ilya's husband is Rose's exbf?? is that common knowledge?? am i patrick star??

@OttawaCentaur's natural instincts on the ice and in the baking tent! #SU2C *photo of Ilya and Rose holding cakes up to their ears*

@——— still rooting for @TylerExBoyBandMember to pull this off #loozanov #su2c

@——— in honour of more people learning about Hollanov, here's their relationship timeline 📅 (1/)

@——— **"your friend steve" edit of Shane, Ilya, and Rose*

Ilya retweeted the Centaur's tweet which was accompanied by a gif of Ilya and Rose holding cakes up to their ears.

Eventually, the judging began. Mo managed to pull off his wife's chocolate cake. It didn't look great, but it tasted ok. Tyler, the ex-boybander who was the least entertaining had made an X-shaped cake to commemorate his win on the X-Factor. It was too basic for the judges. Rose's cake turned out great! She had turned it around for the final challenge, and impressed the judges.

Ilya's Stanley Cup Cake came up on the screen at last and the Centaurs whooped.

"This looks fantastic," Prue said. "You've got some great height and it looks great. Not quite professional, but it definitely looks like a trophy."

"And what should we see when we cut inside?"

"I have made a chocolate cake and I've made a salted caramel buttercream. There are six layers so the buttercream is in the colours of the pride flag. The cup I sculpted out of Rice Krispies. Playing hockey with my husband is my favourite thing in the world, and what we've accomplished together is what I'm proudest of."

Shane leaned in kissed Ilya on the cheek, but it was ruined by Zane grabbing Ilya's shoulders and shaking him.

"Atta boy!" Wyatt said.

Paul cut through the cake, and the rainbow buttercream and the cake looked great together. Paul thought so too. "That's a great effect! It's too bad the yellow wasn't brighter but that is one of the sacrifices made when using flavoured buttercream."

TV Ilya watched nervously as Paul and Prue took a bite. Paul began, "This is great. Obviously chocolate and salted caramel is a well-known combination and because it is so simple, you have to make sure it's perfect. You've done that." Ilya's jaw dropped open. "If I had to be picky, I would say that it's a tad overbaked, but it's still incredibly moist."

"I have to echo everything that Paul has said. It obviously looks great and is a huge accomplishment. Congratulations!"

Ilya took the cake away and they finished judging. Rose's was also great; she got praise for doing much better on the second day. Tyler's was good, but wasn't enough after his abysmal performance.

Comedian Mo remained funny until the end, with a provocative penis cake he said was a church spire. His cake was particularly dry. Paul was trying to figure out where to cut it.

"Take just the tip!" Ilya called out.

Paul waved the knife in his direction. "That's never enough!" He called back, laughing.

"Put that phone away, Bood!" Harris called out. "No. 'Just the tip' jokes for anyone."

"That's ok," Zane replied, "It seems like the Oilers have already ran with it."

The colour drained from Harris' face. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, just lots of jokes about Ilya missing goals since the pucks bounced off the tip," Zane explained.

Ilya barked out a laugh and everyone seemed to grab their phones.

@EdmontonOilers maybe if @Rozanov81 used more than just the tip, he would have scored more

It was accompanied by a combination of clips from games where Ilya tried to score, but it bounced around the tip of his stick.

"I'm going to have to make a compilation of trick shots now," Harris complained.

"Is ok, you have lots to choose from," Ilya helpfully pointed out. Harris glared back.

The hosts and judges of the show walk to the front of the tent. The four competitors are sitting on stools facing them. Each of the hosts are holding a single item: an apron and a glass cake stand. "Thank you all for taking the time to come here and help raise awareness for Stand Up to Cancer. We have tried some truly amazing bakes and some truly awful ones."

The other host continued, "But there can only be one Star Baker. This person has been a marvel since they've entered the tent." The camera cut to the bakers and Rose nudged Ilya's side with a smile on her face. "Therefore, the star baker is, Ilya!"

There was a round of applause and everyone started hugging him. The camera cut again to Ilya's interview. "I am so happy to have won Star Baker! I knew I was better than Rose, but to come away with a win is huge," Ilya laughed at his own little joke. "Cancer affects everyone and cancer research has the potential to save lives. I know that without, I would be talking about people I love about in the past tense, and I am so grateful I don't have to do this. I've won this for you, David. And for Shane, always."

There was a round of "Congrats!" And the boys leaped up to give Ilya a round of hugs. Shane went to the kitchen to grab the cake which was on his new glass bake off-branded cake stand. He brought it into the living room and put it on the table.

"Wow, Roz! This looks amazing!" Harris said.

"Thanks! If the cup looks funny, it is because Shane made it," Ilya joked, with a smile on his face. Shane saw a glint in his eye and knew what was coming next, "I think it is because he is not used to seeing the cup that close."

"He has two more cups than you!" Troy reminded him.

Ilya sauntered over Shane and wrapped an arm around his waist, pulling him in close enough so that he could drop a kiss to his cheek. "Yes, but there is only one Star Baker."

Shane could let him have this moment, but, "Yes, just like there was only one Rookie of the Year!"

Ilya laughed and pinched Shane's side, causing him to jerk in his arms. "Alright, let's eat the cup!"

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