

let's make it cinematic

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/59866723) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/59866723>.

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:	Canon Compliant , Fluff and Humor , Rivalry as foreplay , aka their relationship thesis , Flirting , timeline is throughout the course of heated rivalry , this is just them getting horny for eo every time they share the ice. that's it that's the fic! , Minor Injuries , Time Skips , some angst. just a little as a treat , Missing Scenes
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2024-10-21 Words: 4,073 Chapters: 1/1

let's make it cinematic

by [grumposaur](#)

Summary

The only thing Rozanov and Hollander hate more than losing, is losing to *each other*.

Notes

i am down so bad for these two and can't seem to stop making it everybody else's problem.
sorry!

merci to [mollymoo](#) for reading this through you are an angel and a half!!!!

(cw: *minor injury tag* spoiler it's shane's concussion)

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

December, 2008 — Regina

It's the final game of the tournament and their eyes are locked across the face-off.

Before the whistle blows, Shane sticks his gloved hand out, just as he had a week ago when they'd stood together in the freezing cold.

"Good luck, Rozanov," he says, because he hasn't received the Junior Sportsmanship Award three years straight for no reason.

Rozanov grips his hand back and gives him a long assessing look. His pink mouth curls up in the corner. "Save luck for yourself, Hollander."

Then he leans over, and Shane mirrors him. Their gaze breaks.

And the puck drops.

**

October 2010 — Montreal

The home crowd, already deafening, reaches new volumes as the two rookies meet at center ice. The stadium near-rattles, alight and crackling with energy.

Ilya raises a brow, taps his glove to Hollander's chest once they're close enough, just barely resisting the urge to curl his fingers into the fabric of his jersey, draw him even closer.

He glances up at the crowd, knowing every eye and camera in the house is focused on them. They're all hoping for a show. They're hoping this will be the first of many shows.

"Will you disappoint them, Hollander?" Ilya asks.

The look he gets in response is so unconvincingly hardened and serious that Ilya can't help grinning. Hollander has been horrible at intimidation tactics since the juniors; too much of a nice, polite Canadian boy to be believable at all. He is probably trying so hard to resist telling Ilya good luck right now. To shake his hand. Give him one of those signature Shane Hollander smiles – wide and boyish, just a little bit shy – that make people lose their minds.

Not Ilya, though, of course. Ilya much prefers Hollander like this. With pursed lips and narrowed eyes. Glaring like he's a grumpy little kitten, and Ilya is taunting him with his favorite toy.

Ilya's grin widens and color rises Hollander's cheeks, nearly dark enough to overshadow those freckles. Nearly, but not quite.

"Nope," Hollander replies shortly. He taps his stick twice onto the ice, gaze shifting to the referee.

Ilya is too busy studying his profile to notice he's lost the face-off until after it's already over. He bites his cheek, eyeing the way Hollander's skates glide smoothly across the ice. Always so focused, so precise. Effortless. Unequaled.

Or he is – up until the moment Ilya rams into his side, knocking him off that direct course to the net.

“Hey, you left without me,” says Ilya, smirking through a grunt as an elbow is jammed into the padding at his ribcage. “Not very nice.”

“Thought you'd keep up better than that.” Hollander's breath is controlled, but Ilya can tell he's already working just as hard as he is to keep him off the puck. “Fifty-goal season – that's the plan isn't it?”

“You watch my interview, Hollander? What you think—*mmph*—my hair was sexy that day, no?”

Another moment of grappling and the puck gets kicked away by one of their skates – hard to tell whose, their legs are practically wrapped around each other – and Marlow picks it up, shooting across the open lane.

Once they're free of it, Hollander shoves Ilya off him. “Greasy, actually,” he says. “They recommend shampoo once in a while.”

Ilya lets out a long, exaggerated sigh. “Is become hard for me, you know. Showering. Want you there to spy on me again.” He grins, tongue peeking from the corner of it. “Like last time, you remember?”

Hollander half-turns, using the spin of his body's momentum to keep Ilya from getting another hold on him. In seconds he's down the ice, scooping up a loose pass fumbled by a skirmish. Ilya is right on his heels – the cutting sound of their skates echoing across the arena – and he's on him in seconds.

Ilya already knows what the play is going to be, a second before it happens. He has watched it countless times in Voyageurs highlight reels. Hollander's arms lift in a backswing, but in the breath of space before his blade can connect in what is sure to be a perfect slapper, Ilya darts in close, punting the puck right into the Bears goalie's waiting glove.

It takes the crowd a second to realize what's happened, but once they do the boo's are earsplitting. Although not a single person in the stands has as much fury in their face in that moment as Hollander.

He turns, glaring with an intensity Ilya is secretly proud to have brought out of him.

“To answer your question,” he says bitingly, “not at *all*.” And it's a blatant lie, surely it is, but he skates away before Ilya can call him on it.

Well. Perhaps Ilya will just have to remind him.

**

January 2011 – Nashville

Shane finds himself on his stomach, legs sprawled out. His breaths are coming in short fast pants, and Ilya Rozanov looms above him.

“Did you seriously just trip me?” Shane pushes himself onto his knees, mouth wide in disbelief. “What the hell was that!”

Rozanov only shrugs, grabbing Shane by the collar of his jersey and hauling him the rest of the way back to standing. Shane very pointedly feels *nothing* about being manhandled so casually.

“Relax, Hollander, you are fine. They give a penalty. You can score then.”

“It’s not about that!” Shane uses both hands to shove Rozanov back against the boards, hardly noticing how easily he goes, almost as though wanting to let Shane get a couple easy checks in. “That was a lazy play and you know it.”

Rozanov laughs, and it only irritates Shane more. “Is only All-Stars. Also maybe I am tired. Had a big night, very little sleep.” He rubs a gloved hand along his jawline, the stubble covering it, fingers pressing into a purpled mark Shane is mortified to realize *he* put there. “Was annoying actually, someone kept begging to put their mouth on my—”

A whistle blows, loud and shrill.

“Hollander! Rozanov! Let’s go, back to your teams.”

Shane huffs, cheeks burning, and begins to skate away, only for a hand to close tight over his elbow, effectively holding him in place.

“Hey-” Sweat-darkened curls peek from under Rozanov’s helmet. “Watch your feet, okay? They show this on TV, you know, so try not to fall again.” His mouth spreads into that stupid crooked smile. “Is kind of embarrassing for you.”

When Shane scores with thirty seconds left in the power play – a perfect slapshot, top corner of the net – he lets his team pile on him, huddling tight against the boards. He lets the crowd's cheers buoy him up, the roars of their thundering approval ringing in his ears.

He doesn’t look across the ice to where Rozanov is watching him through his visor, still breathing as hard as Shane is after their latest battle for the puck. He doesn’t acknowledge the weight of his gaze, the way it drags prickling heat up and down Shane’s body.

And Shane certainly does not react a minute later when they brush past each other en route to their benches, and a heavy weight leans into his side, lingering there for a moment.

“Next time, Hollander,” a low murmur, right up against his ear. “Next time you’re mine.”

**

March 2014 – Boston

Rozanov hasn't looked at Shane once all game.

And it's not that Shane doesn't have plenty of things to occupy himself with besides worrying over the weird look in Rozanov's eyes – he *does*. The scoreboard reads three to zero for the Bears, and Shane would really prefer it if his team weren't getting humiliated like this so close to playoffs.

And thinking of that is much more of a priority than wondering why his *opponent* hasn't looked at him. Or spoken to him. Or acknowledged him in any way tonight other than to steal the puck right from under Shane's stick on multiple occasions, zooming past with startling speed and efficiency to score two of his team's three goals.

Rozanov has always been a talented hockey player. He's always been good — great, even. But the man on the ice tonight is something else altogether. And Shane is a little bit in awe.

Or he would be – if only he would rub this ass-kicking in Shane's face a little. Flash him one of those cocky, lopsided grins. Wink across the face-off. Knock Shane against the boards, chirp in his ear with the usual obnoxious, thick-accented arrogance. Something. *Anything*.

But it's been nothing for months, not since the Olympics, the last time the two of them exchanged even a single word. The difference is this time, instead of dead-eyed exhaustion, Rozanov looks laser-focused. Entirely dialed in. His hazel eyes are like darts around the rink, everywhere at once, finding and moving the puck in ways that has Shane itching to study it, make sense of it, replicate it.

The time clock dwindles down with alarming speed. Shane squeaks in one goal midway through the second period – an ugly tip-in off a rebound – but it's hardly a footnote in the story of the night.

Rozanov manages to get his hat trick with only twenty-eight seconds left on the clock. A textbook play, dodging both defenders for a breakaway up the ice that is executed so perfectly Shane wants to smash his stick to pieces. He wants to take one of the coaches' iPads and replay the clip of it for hours on end until it's locked and sealed into his brain forever.

When Rozanov pulls off his helmet to celebrate, a tumble of golden brown curls spill out, falling messily around his grinning face. He searches the ice amidst the screaming Boston fans chanting his name, and his eyes skitter to a stop when they finally, *finally* land on Shane. Their eyes lock, and Rozanov's grin shifts slightly. It begins to soften at the edges, curving into something smaller, more private. His gaze takes on a glint that is not wholly unfamiliar, and it makes blood rush through Shane's face with dizzying speed.

The adrenaline pulsing through him from the game seems to double. Triple. Something in his chest spikes, and Shane knows his heated cheeks are probably embarrassingly obvious, even with how far Rozanov is, how many people are standing between them.

Heart pounding, Rozanov's gaze still pinned on him, Shane slowly pulls off his right glove. Makes a long, dramatic show of it.

And then flips him off.

Rozanov's burst of laughter is loud and sudden. The sound of it is like a punch to the gut, aching all the way to Shane's toes.

He is so screwed.

He also badly wants a rematch.

**

November 2016 – Montreal

“Yo, Hollander!” One of Ilya's teammates, Cliff Marlow, nudges Shane's side as they all converge before puck drop. He's smirking, eyebrows waggling obnoxiously. “Some of the guys were wondering, is Rose Landry in the crowd tonight?”

Shane feels his entire body stiffen, and watches in the corner of his eye as Ilya's head shoots up, eyes locking on them.

“Oh, um.” Shane scratches the back of his neck awkwardly. “No, she's, uh...still busy filming. So, no. Not here tonight.”

As Shane says that last part his gaze shifts involuntarily sideways. Ilya is watching him with the same coolly indifferent expression he last wore when Shane walked out of his apartment, months ago now. It leaves the same hollow, unsettled feeling in Shane's gut as it did then.

“Bummer,” Marlow says. “She's so hot. Way out of your league, bro, no idea how you managed that.”

Shane clears his throat. “Yeah, she's great,” he says honestly.

The referee blows his whistle, gestures for them to get in position. “Hurry up, boys.”

Shane exhales slowly as he skates forward, heart beating fast.

Ilya's presence across from him is tall and broad and so incredibly familiar. Eight years they've been playing against each other. It has never gotten old.

Shane leans down, gathers up all his courage. “Good luck, Ilya,” he murmurs, hardly a breath.

As Shane watches, the muscle in Ilya's jaw tightens, his Adam's apple bobbing as he visibly swallows. Shane has no idea why he said it. It's rubbing salt in the wound; for himself more than anything. Even though he is the one who bolted from Ilya's apartment in Boston. He is the one who shut down first, who left so fast he had forgotten his boxers, still lying on the bedroom floor. He is the one who now has a sorta-girlfriend; a Rose.

But this is Ilya Rozanov. And when it comes to them, Shane has never once had the upper hand.

God. Shane. Ilya had called him *Shane*. And the way he'd said it...

And then he'd held – practically cradled – Shane's face between his hands, and traced his thumbs across his freckles, and then asked him to *stay*. Which was crazy, not to mention wildly unfair of him. Because he knew Shane couldn't stay. What they are doing – what they *were* doing - was stupid enough as it was without bringing overnight bed sharing into the equation.

Except Ilya had asked him anyway, because he has never been one to care about anything so boring as rules, not like Shane. So he asked, and Shane left, and now he has a Rose. And tonight he has to stand here and watch the way Ilya's curls are falling devastatingly over his forehead as he does everything possible to avoid meeting Shane's eye again. Which is a particularly admirable feat considering they're bent across each other at a distance near enough to...grab, he supposes. Among other things.

"Save it for yourself, Hollander," says Ilya flatly, without looking away from the referee.

A tight, squeezing pressure begins to wrap itself around Shane's ribcage. It hurts to breathe. He wants to rip off his jersey and under armor and go hide in the locker room until this whole terrible night is over.

Except there is a 'C' stitched to his chest and a playoff bid within sights. So all Shane can really do is shut his eyes and take three deep breaths. And when he opens them again, none of the rest of it matters.

For the next hundred plus minutes at least.

**

January 2017 – Tampa Bay

Playing on the same line as Hollander feels almost as good as winning a cup.

It is an absolutely insane thought that Ilya catches himself having after the fifth straight time he fires a lightning-quick pass, only for it to connect exactly on Hollander's blade, then redirected flawlessly into the net.

The wide, jubilant grin Hollander fixes him with afterwards doesn't hurt.

"Nice goal," Ilya tells him, swallowing hard. He feels his own cheeks flush in the face of Hollander's radiating joy, which is a rare and uncomfortable feeling.

"Nice assist," Hollander replies. And he just looks so ridiculously pleased with himself that Ilya wants to grab him by the front of his jersey and do something very stupid on live television.

"It is only All Stars, Hollander," he says instead, forcing an eye roll. "We do not have to keep embarrassing the other players so badly."

"Where's the fun in that?"

The reply is so unlike Hollander – so *Rozanov-esque* – that Ilya can't help laughing. Gone is the shy, polite, annoyingly sweet boy Ilya first met nine years ago in middle-of-nowhere Canada and in his place is suddenly this new Shane Hollander.

This smirking, confident Hollander who no longer wears ugly boring outfits, and apparently no longer has a movie star girlfriend. And who is staring seriously at Ilya like he maybe wants to do something very stupid to him too.

Maybe. Maybe, maybe.

They have always been incredible experts in stupid.

**

April 2017 – Montreal

It happens so fast, Ilya barely has time to process it. One second, Shane is racing down the ice, dark hair loose and rippling under his helmet, and the next he is being slammed against the boards after colliding hard with Marlow.

In a blink he is lying on the ice, crumpled and motionless, and Ilya stops breathing.

He shouts for the medics, and distantly registers the hoarseness of his own voice, the way it breaks halfway through. But he only has eyes for Shane, who suddenly looks so small and young. His helmet has come loose, and Ilya can practically count the freckles on his cheek, dusting the bridge of his nose. He can see the dry cracked skin of his lips, pink and parted. The soot-black of his eyelashes, the inky strands of hair sticking to his temple.

“Do something,” Ilya tells the medics when they crouch down next to him. He can hear the desperation in the words. “Please, he just–”

The rest of the players clear the area to give them space to work, but Ilya can't move. Can't hear anything past the ringing in his ears.

That is, until one of the medics murmurs, “He's waking up,” and it spurs Ilya closer.

“Hollander?” he says. *Please wake up, please say something.*

Only because Ilya is watching him so closely does he see it when Shane's mouth moves. Hardly any sound comes out, but there's stirring. Pieces of it, Ilya can see. Fingers twitching, chest rising and falling.

“Is he alright?” he asks, as they prepare a stretcher to take Shane away.

Another noise from Shane, this one audible, though still incoherent.

“Is he alright?” he repeats, because nobody will *answer him*. “His parents are here. They are in the stands.” Ilya doesn't actually know this for sure, but it's a safe guess. Shane is obsessed with his parents, and has mentioned they come to every home game. “You need to tell them, okay? Send someone to find them.”

The lead medic – a serious, authoritative man – puts a hand to Ilya’s chest. “Please stand back,” he says firmly. And it’s only the sight of the stretcher being lifted that finally jolts Ilya from his frozen-solid state.

“He will be fine,” Ilya tells the lead guy firmly, holding himself as still as possible to avoid releasing the tremors he feels building under his skin. “You will make sure of it.”

The game finishes in a haze, and Ilya is the first of his team to make it back to the locker room. He pulls his phone from his bag, brings up 'Jane' in his contacts, and stares at the call button with something like desperation rising in his throat.

He was talking, Ilya reminds himself. Before they'd carted him off, Shane was conscious and talking. Probably trying to ask something annoyingly considerate like if anyone else was hurt.

Ilya glares at his phone screen, jaw clenched so tight it hurts. Shane is probably fine. A concussion, maybe, that's all. It is a good thing he has such a thick head. And if there isn't news before, then Ilya will go to the hospital tomorrow, first thing in the morning. That isn't weird, right? A captain checking on an injured opposing captain. Not unheard of.

In the meantime, Ilya just keeps gripping his phone and staring at that name in his contacts. That name that is a lie he hates always, but particularly extra right now.

This is all so very, very stupid.

**

December 2018 – Boston

“Hollander! Get over here!”

Shane looks up to see Ilya standing by the glass, just off the locker rooms. He’s surprised to see he’s being waved over; they *never* speak at games, outside of play time.

“What the hell does Roz want?” Hayden asks, frowning in the same direction.

Shane doesn't know, and would really prefer to ignore him, but Ilya’s waves only grow more insistent.

When Shane wearily approaches, he finds Ilya speaking fervently with a young fan who is maybe about 10 years old. The boy is holding up a cardboard poster, and Shane quickly realizes this is the cause of the undisguised glee on Ilya’s face.

The sign reads, in large dark blue letters: *Ilya Rozanov rocks! Shane Hollander sucks!*

Pushing down a snort, Shane raises a brow. “Is this the first time someone has liked you more than me?”

“Come on,” Ilya is grinning, looking far too pleased with himself, “take a selfie with us.”

Shane sighs and glances at the kid behind the glass. He's wearing an overlarge Bears jersey that falls nearly to his ankles, and Shane would be willing to bet his entire bank account the name Rozanov is plastered across the back.

"Hello," Shane says, smiling. He can't really fault the kid. They *are* in Boston, and Ilya *is* their star player. It isn't the city's fault he happens to be such an insufferable nightmare. "Excited for the game?"

The boy's eyes widen into saucers when he realizes Shane is speaking to him. His mouth drops open and a faint, "Woah..." falls from it. Shane has to bite back another laugh at the obviously awestruck expression.

"Oh, no." Ilya raps the glass in front of the boy's face three times in quick succession. "No, no, no, kid. Stop looking at him like that right now!" he says insistently. "Shane Hollander *sucks*, remember? He is very bad at hockey, and so boring. Doesn't even know any tricks."

"Tricks?" Shane looks at him incredulously. "As if you're doing cartwheels out there?"

The boy is now looking between the two of them, giggling, and if he were a cartoon character Shane guesses there would be literal hearts shooting from his eyes.

"Hey." Shane leans in close to the glass so the boy can hear him better. "If you ever want to support a *real* hockey player, just let me know, alright? I'll make sure to get you a jersey."

"Stop that!" Ilya whacks him in the shoulder. "I was first draft pick," he tells the boy, as though pleading his case to a judge. He holds up a finger. "Number one. Hollander was very jealous."

"Whatever," Shane grumbles. That was *years* ago, and he has obviously gotten over it by now. He has *almost* gotten over it. "I won rookie of the year."

Ilya straightens to his full height and draws a step closer, looming over Shane. "I won a cup before you," he says smugly.

"I have *two* cups now. And an Olympic medal."

"Oh, who cares about that." Ilya waves a hand dismissively, as though Shane's most prized accomplishments are nothing more than a bothersome fly. "I will win *today*."

Shane narrows his eyes. "We will see."

"Make sure you count, kid, okay?" Ilya tells the boy. His poster, Shane notices, has now been discarded to the ground, crumpled amidst old soda cups and bags of popcorn. "Hollander is a big cheater."

"There's a *scoreboard*, you ass-um." Shane clears his throat awkwardly. "Jerk. And this is between you and me. The rest of the team doesn't count."

Ilya considers this. "Most goals?"

“Total points,” Shane counters. “Goals and assists, deal?”

“Fine,” Ilya agrees. “Are you sure you are up to it? How is your poor little head feeling?”

Shane glares. “I feel perfect,” he says. “Are *you* up to it?”

“Oh, yes.” Ilya grins slowly, near-predatorily. He taps the glass one last time, waving cheerily to both the boy and the rest of the fans who have pushed their way forward after realizing both Ilya Rozanov *and* Shane Hollander were there. “I *rock*, remember?”

They skate out to center ice and circle the blue line - and each other - slowly, blades scraping against the ground.

Shane gets into position first and taps his stick impatiently. “Let’s go, Rozanov. Hurry up.”

Ilya shakes his head as he approaches. “You have changed, you know,” he says, tone full of disapproval. “Used to be such a nice boy, always telling me good luck before games. So eager to hold my hand—”

“*Shake* your hand.”

“And now everything is a rush,” Ilya continues as if he doesn’t hear. He leans in close until his helmet nearly bumps into Shane’s. “I like to take my time, Hollander,” he murmurs, eyes flashing. “You need to learn patience.”

“I have patience,” Shane grumbles, fighting the blush that tries valiantly to crawl its way up his neck. “You are just trying to distract me.”

“I do not think I have to *try* to distract you, sweetheart. It happens no matter what.”

Ilya winks, and it is so completely obnoxious.

Shane sighs. Unfortunately, he is kind of obsessed with it.

End Notes

the extent of my hockey knowledge comes from five hundred watches of miracle (2004) and my big fat crush on mat barzal's face. sorry for any inaccuracies just close ur eyes mwaaahh

also made it through this entire fic without saying fuck once. growth? regression? unclear at this time

** shane's concussion scene has a few lines taken directly from the book, pieces of the dialogue mostly, as that section was of course featured in heated rivalry, only from shane's POV. okay that's all byeee xo

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!