

i think maybe i am in love with you

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75684366) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75684366>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov , Shane Ilya
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , First Kiss , Love Confession , Fluff , two idiots in love , Shane is oblivious , Dual POV , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Freckles Appreciation , Alternate Universe - College/University , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , hayden and Ilya don't hate each other
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-13 Words: 2,841 Chapters: 1/1

i think maybe i am in love with you

by [AdaElise](#)

Summary

Ilya only ever shows up for one person.
That person is Shane Hollander.

Notes

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

Ilya Rozanov had come to the overwhelming conclusion that he was well and truly *fucked*. He watched from a distance as the very reason for his current predicament— Shane Hollander — skated around the ice. He couldn't keep his eyes off him as he studied the way he moved. He remembered meeting him for the first time a year ago, cigarette in hand, attempting to hide away from everyone. He didn't realize until now how much sense it made that Shane Hollander was the only one to seek him out.

When Ilya first joined the hockey team, he didn't give much thought to team bonding. He was there to be the best, to win, and nothing else mattered more than making sure he was contributing to that. Shane, from what he heard, was the best player out there. Ilya having a similar reputation of his own, made them being on the same team a big deal. He knew that if he absolutely had to work well with anyone on the team, it would need to be Shane.

Unfortunately, there was one *tiny* problem. A problem with a pretty face wrapped in freckles. A *problem* that Ilya, sensing now as he stared at him, was in love with.

Shane had been finishing up practice with one of their teammates, Hayden, when he felt eyes burning into him. He turned to find Ilya holding his gaze and his cheeks tinged with heat. He shot his eyes back down to the ice, attempting to hide the blush that crept along his face.

“Hey, uh- you're coming to the party tonight, right?” Hayden asked for what felt like the tenth time that day. “Because you said yes earlier but...” his voice trailed off as if in another question.

“I know, I know. I swear I'll show up this time.” Shane said, turning to skate off the ice. He kept his eyes staring down as Hayden followed and nudged him, offering a smile. “We'll have ginger ale. You won't have to drink, just...come hang out with us. There will be plenty of girls to talk to if you get sick of us and besides...” Hayden paused, “I want you to meet Jackie.”

“That serious, huh?”

“That serious. And who knows, it could be for you too if you decide to show up. You might meet someone.”

Ilya was sitting on the farthest corner of the bench when Shane and Hayden stepped off the ice, sitting down to take off their skates. Shane stole a quick glance at him before continuing his conversation. "I don't know about that," Shane said, letting out a soft chuckle.

"Well you definitely won't if you're busy spending all your time here. But hey, no pressure man. I just want to see you happy."

Shane could feel the warmth against his face again and before he lost the nerve, he asked "Is Rozanov going?"

Hayden turned his head, raising an eyebrow. "*Rozanov*? That guy hasn't gone to any of our parties since he's been here and trust me, the other guys have asked." Hayden stood up, placing a hand on Shane's shoulder and giving a little squeeze. "I'm heading out buddy, but..." he paused, as if to reconsider what he was about to say. "You should invite him. He seems to tolerate you more than the rest of us."

Shane nodded, gnawing at his bottom lip. "I better see you later!" Hayden called out as he walked away. Shane suddenly felt a knowing presence. A deep voice interrupted his thoughts, the accent making the hairs on his arm stand to attention.

"You are going to party?" Ilya asked, looming above him.

"Uh- yeah maybe." Shane glanced around. It felt impossible to hold eye contact. "I don't know. Are you?"

"Mmm, maybe."

Shane thought Ilya might take a seat next to him, but he just stood there, waiting. He didn't know how to respond and the silence was eating him alive. He took a deep breath before finding Ilya's eyes and saying "I think I'll go. Hayden has been asking for a while."

Ilya smirked, giving a quick "Okay." He began walking away and Shane didn't couldn't understand why. Did he say something wrong? Should he have been more enthusiastic? He turned to watch Ilya walk out and let his head hang low in embarrassment. "*Fuck.*"

Ilya partially regretted not saying more to Shane before he left the rink earlier. He'd been waiting for the day Shane would finally go to a party so it'd give *him* a reason to show up too. When he heard Shane say he would go, it was hard to hide the grin that wanted so desperately to spread across his face. He had to bite the inside of his cheek, settling for a smaller smile, and give a quick "*Okay.*" before leaving.

He stood here now in the bathroom of the obnoxious frat party he agreed to come to, running his hands through his hair and adjusting his shirt. He had no interest in actually hanging out with anyone in this house. No one except...

"*Shaaaaaaane Hollander!*" Ilya heard someone shout, followed by several *whoops* and claps. He cracked the bathroom door open a bit, taking a peak into the hallway. He could see Shane standing at the end of it, a bunch of the guys playfully nudging his shoulder. Ilya envied the way they were able to touch him in this moment so he stepped into the hallway, closing the door behind him loud enough that Shane could hear.

Ilya smiled when Shane whipped his head around, eyes widening at the sight of him. That was all the confirmation he needed that Shane wanted him here as much as he wanted Shane to be here. When he finally reached closer, he nodded in his direction, "Hollander."

"Rozanov. You came." Shane sounded out of breathe. If Ilya could guess he'd say he was nervous. He wanted to make a funny remark when Hayden interrupted.

"About time, am I right?" Hayden looked between the two of them. "It's funny. The both of you finally showing up and to the same party. Feels like a holiday!"

"A coincidence, I think." Shane said quietly, finding Ilya's eyes.

"Yes, uh-*coincidence.*" Ilya tried to mimic the exact way Shane said it, holding his gaze.

He felt like there was something unspoken between them then. He wanted to grasp onto the moment but Hayden, clueless as ever, put his hand on Shane's shoulder, stealing his attention.

“Buddy — Jackie has been dying to finally see you. You’ve gotta come say hi.”

Shane gave Ilya an apologetic smile, following after Hayden as he whisked him away. Ilya’s head dropped, letting out a defeated breath before finding a wall to lean on. He decided in that moment that he could wait a little longer for the right moment, any moment, with Shane.

Shane zoned out as Hayden was speaking. He was introduced to his girlfriend, Jackie, who was really nice, but... he couldn’t focus. Other people at the party were dancing, having a good time but the only thing he could think about was the guy leaning against a wall, eyes scanning the room like he was waiting for something to spring to life. He tried to will Ilya to look at him once more. He thought maybe if he concentrated enough he could feel him.

Shane was about to look away when Ilya caught him, smirking as he moved himself off the wall and walked to the kitchen.

Right...okay. Maybe he shouldn’t have stared at Ilya for so long like a creep. He tried to listen to what Hayden and Jackie were saying when that familiar voice came from behind, ultimately settling beside him.

“Drink?” Ilya extended his hand out, holding a ginger ale.

“Oh, uh — yes. Thank you.”

“I am going to steal him now.” Ilya said with a straight face, angling towards Hayden but pointing between Shane and him. “Two best players, yes? We need bonding time.”

“Right...” Hayden looked confused, turning to Jackie for back up but Jackie smiled, nudging his arm as if to tell him to back off. This made Ilya smile and Shane watched as he turned around and began walking towards the back door.

Shane looked between him and Hayden, eyes wide with uncertainty. “Um — “

“Well you heard him. Team bonding!” Jackie pointed the direction of the door with a grin on her face, her finger making a circle in the air as if she were gesturing Shane to follow after Ilya. His words were stuck, scrambled in his mind as his feet moved him along.

Ilya’s breathe hitched as he finally heard the back door open. He’d been standing outside for what felt like eternity, but in reality was just a few moments. Shane closed the door behind him, mimicking the way Ilya had been leaning against the wall behind him. He hated how far away he was.

“You are far.” he said, matter of factly.

“Excuse me?”

“Are you afraid?”

“Afraid?”

“Of me. I do not talk much but I do not bite.”

At that, Shane let out a laugh. “No, I’m not afraid.” He set his drink on the ground, walking closer to Ilya and Ilya swore he could feel the energy growing bolder as the distance between them became shorter. Shane settled a few inches away from him, back to the wall again. “You don’t usually come to these right?”

“Nope.” Ilya said, making a popping sound at the end. “You do not either.”

“Yeah, well...not really my thing. But I think I’ve turned down Hayden too many times.” Ilya watched as Shane nervously played with his fingers, his eyes trailing up to his face where his freckles lay, begging to be admired. Shane turned and caught him watching.

Ilya was not much of a nervous person, just an unsure one. He held eye contact as if to ask all the unasked questions. *Can you tell I am in love with you? Have been all of this time?* Shane interrupted his thoughts to ask

“So why are you here? If you don’t mind me asking.”

“Wow, Hollander. I thought you might be more happy with me being here. I saved you, no?”

“Saved me?”

“From Hayden. He talks too much I think.”

Shane laughed. “You don’t like talking?”

Ilya’s mouth lifted to a smile. “Not really. It...depends.”

“On what?”

“On who I am talking to.” Ilya looked down at his feet.

He wanted a cigarette so badly in that moment, but he knew Shane hated them. He wanted to find a way to tell him how he felt. He wanted to get it over with— find out if Shane felt the same way so he could kiss those pouty lips the way his heart had been begging him too since they first met.

“You didn’t answer my question.” Shane spoke up, a bit nervously. “We already know why I showed up but... why did you?”

Ilya looked him up and down, taking him in. “*You* are here, yes?”

“Y-yes...I—” Shane looked so confused. Ilya wanted to kiss the confusion right off his face.

“Well...” Ilya interrupted, raising his eyebrows as if to say “*Isn’t it obvious then?*”

He pushed himself off the wall, turning his body so that he stood directly in front of Shane, faces just inches away from each other.

“Your freckles. They are very pretty.” He watched as Shane’s throat moved.

“Thank you.”

“They make it hard for me to talk to you. My mind gets lost. Is not fun.”

“Yeah?”

“Yes. Every time. I am a miserable man.” he threw his head back, groaning.

Shane's lips curved into a knowing smile. “Is that why you just stare at me when I’ve tried to talk to you all this time?”

“Mmm...yes.” Ilya looked up at him again and smiled back, bringing his hand up to Shane’s cheek, lightly brushing over his freckles. He brought his face closer to Shane’s, close enough that if Shane took a deep breath in, their lips just might touch.

Ilya continued before the words got away from him as they usually do. “I think, maybe I am in love with you.” He watched as Shane’s breath caught in his chest.

“You think?”

“From first day, probably.”

Shane’s eyes darted from side to side, questioning. “I tried to get the guys to invite you out just so I’d have an excuse to see you. It was the only way I’d ever want to be at one of these things, anyway. We — ” he paused, words getting caught in his throat. “All this time?”

Ilya found Shane’s eyes extremely hard to look away from. They were glossy now, almost as though he were about to cry and it sent a pang to his chest just to witness it. He didn’t know if he was going about it wrong, didn’t know if he was using the right words. He definitely knew he wasn’t using enough but he could blame that on the way Shane Hollander always managed to take his breath away.

He moved his hand to cup Shane’s chin, tilting it upwards so that their lips were lightly brushing.

“Yes?” he asked, eyes now closed and waiting for permission. He knew he could get his point across if Shane allowed him to kiss him. Even just once. The confirmation came from Shane’s lips in barely a whisper. “Yes.”

Ilya was never one to hesitate once he knew he could have something, but he wanted to savor this moment because he would never get this specific one — his first time kissing Shane Hollander — again.

He kept Shane's chin tilted, his entire face on display. His lips pressed a gentle kiss to the tip of his nose. "Cute. Like button."

He could hear Shane sigh as he moved to the freckles plastered across his cheeks. "So beautiful." He was taking his sweet time and trying his best to capture each one when Shane interrupted. "Rozanov."

Ilya had never heard Shane sound so stern. He pulled back to look at him, worried he somehow misunderstood what his earlier "Yes" meant.

"You do not want?" his heart paused, swelling in his chest.

"I want you to kiss *me*, Rozanov." Shane's eyes were a little wide, eyebrows furrowed in frustration.

Ilya couldn't help but laugh. "You are like angry kitten."

Shane glared at him. "Roz—" he began, but Ilya stopped him with a kiss. He could hear Shane let out a whimper and it only made him want him more.

Ilya brought himself even closer, his body caging his as he used both arms to steady himself on the wall behind Shane. He was hungry for him and he was starting to wonder if Shane could feel that when he felt hands suddenly grip his waist. Shane squeezed lightly, another whimper escaping as their tongues found their own rhythm.

Their breaths grew more ragged and Ilya felt like he could hear his heart beating louder than the music that was blaring from inside. *If I die right now* — he thought to himself — *if my heart bursts out of my chest, at least I will die a happy man.*

The warmth left his lips as Shane pulled away for a moment. “Wait, wait.” The words came out breathless. Ilya could see the shine on Shane’s lips and he smiled as he moved his finger across to wipe them. Shane was flustered and Ilya thought it was the cutest fucking thing he’d ever seen.

He watched Shane’s face as he seemed to be finding the words. “I am waiting.”

“I didn’t — ” Shane’s voice wavered. “I didn’t say it back.”

Ilya’s heart dropped. “Oh.”

“No, it’s not like that. I — ” he shook his head as though he were clearing the nerves. “I am in love with you, too.”

Ilya’s chest loosened and the biggest grin spread across his face. “Ah. I knew it!” he teased.

“Fuck off. You didn’t!”

“Mm, yes I did. Your cheeks do this,” he said making a motion with his fingers to signal something like an explosion. “*Poof*. Whenever I would talk to you. You get so red. Is cute.”

“You’re such an asshole.” Shane playfully shoved him backwards but Ilya chased him with another kiss.

He couldn’t help himself when he said, “You are not bad kisser,” shrugging his shoulder, trying to get a rise out of him. “Your lips” he brushed the pad of his thumb across Shane’s bottom lip, following with another soft kiss. “They are nice too.”

Shane rolled his eyes, his hands finding their way back to Ilya’s waist, tugging him even closer. Ilya leaned his forehead onto Shane’s, closing his eyes for a moment.

“I think maybe we should go on date.” he opened his eyes, searching for any hesitation in Shane’s eyes.

“Yeah?” Shane sounded hopeful.

“Yes. I will cook for you.” he placed soft kisses along Shane’s jawline. “And do not worry. I will have ginger ale for you.”

End Notes

Thank you for reading <3

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