

Two Is Better Than One

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/75803676) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/75803676>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Trevor Hayes , Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Roger Crowell
Additional Tags:	Coming Out , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , outside pov , Shane Hollander Transfers to Boston , Homophobia , POV Trevor Hayes , Supportive Trevor Hayes , One Shot
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Boston Boyfriends
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-15 Words: 2,515 Chapters: 1/1

Two Is Better Than One

by [ItsSoLine](#)

Summary

Montreal's loss is always Boston's win.

Or

What if Shane and Ilya get outed when Shane is injured on ice and while Montreal may be ready to let their star player go, Boston is not. And if they gain a second one... well two is better than one.

Notes

Hey y'all... how ya'll doing? So I kinda am retired from fanfic writing (sorry if you're subscribed to me and are reading this). But I just had a lot going on and kinda fell out of love with writing fanfics. I kept thinking I would get back into it, but it never happened. I think it's cause I started writing on AO3 as a teenager and I'm just not that kind of person and writer as I was when I started those fics... Part of me wanted to just make a new account lol. But I'm lazy.

Anyway, I kinda just got obsessed with this show and fandom (it's very much giving my Yuri on Ice fixation from back in the day), and I couldn't find a fic that scratched my itch about this, so I had to write it. Coming out is a topic that's particularly important to me. Also, you know I love an outsider fic. I was gonna keep it to myself, but I decided to post it in case anyone else wanted this. I have more ideas (for this AU and others), but I won't say I'm going to write them. Ironically, I was thinking of finishing my Yuri on Ice fic before I started watching.

Anyway, this cured my writer's block highkey. I haven't been able to write for weeks (I still write my personal stuff) and this flew out of me... so we'll see about other fics... I do want to do a Shane/Ilya pov of this whole thing (just no new chapter fics until after I write them, maybe). I also really want to write a Shane/Ilya best friends in public AU 🙌 (that was on my mind before this). Maybe I'll write other things I never post idk.

A few things:

So I've only watched the show and read a lot of fanfics. So forgive my lack of knowledge lol.

IDK how hockey works or GMs... So if this is unrealistic *shurg*

Okay, on to the story.

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

Ilya Rozanov had been full of surprises since he arrived in Massachusetts to play for the Boston Bears. But nothing could have prepared Trevor Hayes, the team's GM, for what had happened last night at the game versus Montreal. Games versus their rival team were always intense. Each team was determined to prove that they were the best. To get the upperhand *this time*. But it was never a sure bet. Trevor should be confident to bet on his team. But he knew better than that. He knew that they couldn't and shouldn't get lazy when it comes to Montreal. And to Shane Hollander specifically. Rozanov would never admit it, but the Canadian was the only one who could give him a run for his money on that ice. They had been rivals since they were rookies for a reason.

So when Hollander was taken out on a particularly nasty hit that looked like it would have him out for the rest of the game—if not a few—a part of Trevor rejoiced. They would win this. They were up 2-1, and Hollander wouldn't be there to get a goal back. He pitied him for the likely concussion he would be suffering. But he liked it when his team won. He slightly cursed Marlow for any fallout it may cause. But that didn't stop his excitement.

His premature celebration did not last long when Ilya Fucking Rozanov skated close to the collapsed Hollander in second, as if he were chasing after a puck to win the game. Trevor did not know what to think. What was Rozanov doing? He wouldn't be so insensitive to gloat at this moment. He was an asshole on the ice, but not that much of an asshole. At times like this, Trevor wished he were the coach so he could shout his head off at their star player. But instead, he had to hold his breath as he watched the man bend down next to his rival and rush out quick, worried words that no one could make out before he was pulled back by another Montreal player. Pike, Trevor, read the back of his jersey. He breathed out a sigh of relief as Pike yelled out his star player. It was familiar, it was safe,

What wasn't familiar was that, as Hollander was surrounded by medics, so out of it, he looked up and around in panic until his eyes landed on his rival's. Then he reached out for him, as if it were instinctual, the only thing he could do in that wretched state, and said just one word. It was easy enough to make out. Just a few letters, clearly a name.

"Ilya." He tried to say more, but words couldn't come out before his head fell back and he collapsed again. The arena was frozen. There was chatter and shouting, but most, like Trevor, were stuck to a standstill at what they were witnessing.

There was something secret, devastating, yet tender that just occurred on the ice. Trevor kept his eyes on Ilya Rozanov, who did not move to follow Hollander as he was escorted out unconscious. He stood there frozen. There was no fight as per usual. No fleeing either. His body had chosen to freeze.

Trevor sighed. He wasn't sure what just happened. But he knew it would be a headache for him in the aftermath. But all he knew now was that he was praying for Shane Hollander to be okay. Because it was looking as if Ilya Rozanov wouldn't be if he didn't wake up soon.

The rest of the game was a shitshow. Neither team had their head in the game. For Montreal, that could be expected. But Boston shouldn't have an excuse. Ilya Rozanov should have no

excuse. But he played like shit anyway. Rozanov himself had mocked others for better games.

Trevor was just glad that the game was over. But he had no idea how much his work would just be getting started until the next few days.

He and the rest of the team's leadership were waiting to learn more about the situation to decide any next moves necessary. Rozanov had been spotted at the hospital. Sportsmanship, the media called it. Or visiting someone who had become more a friend than a rival. The speculation was wild, and Roger Crowell was breathing down his neck to figure out what was going on. Montreal wasn't much of a help.

How they didn't know the condition of their star was beyond Trevor's understanding. Finally, when he was informed that Rozanov would not be at his next game, he realized that if he didn't get to the bottom of this, no one else would. So he picked up a phone and made a call.

"Hello, Mr. Hayes. I already told coach I will not be at the next game. Is family emergency. Please respect that." His voice sounded tired, defeated even. Nothing like he was used to from the usually loudmouthed player.

Trevor sucked in a breath. For Rozanov to call it a family emergency when everyone knew exactly where he was...

"Yes, I was not calling to scold you." He ran a hand through his hair. He was getting old, but he was faulting the lack of density in his hair to this goddam team. "How is Hollander?"

Now was Rozanov's turn to suck in a breath. After moments of silence and no denial, he spoke. "He will be fine." Is what he finally said. Not that he was fine now.

"Listen. We are making a statement soon... You should know that we're together."

Trevor swallowed hard. The confirmation was not a gut punch. He knew it from the moment he had seen it all go down on ice. He had been a young man in love once. He had once had to rush to his now wife's side in a hospital after she had an accident. That type of fear was all-consuming. It was not something you could force away and pretend.

"Okay." He replied. "How soon is soon?"

"Um—" Ilya Rozanov didn't say um. Trevor braced himself. "Today."

Trevor wanted to sigh, but he restrained himself. If he hadn't called now, he would have no heads up.

"Okay." He said again. "We will deal with what comes next."

"Deal?" He sounded confused. "You are not angry?"

"No. But others will be." Their commissioner to name one. "But we will deal with it. Together. You're Ilya Rozanov. It would be a disservice to forget all you've done for Boston because of who you love."

The Russian did not respond. Only after what felt like minutes, he spoke. “Love?”

Trevor snorted. “Kid, if you’re about to tell me that what I saw isn’t love, then spare me the bullshit. Give Hollander my well wishes, will you?”

He didn’t give the man time to respond before he hung up. He had other pressing issues to get to instead of potentially encountering a feelings crisis. Who knew how long he had until that statement was released? He needed to get a hold of the coaching team. It was on the group call that Rozanov and Hollander’s group statement was released. The call went silent as they each read through it.

Together for several years.

Trevor was in disbelief. But then again, it wasn’t shocking. That type of love he spoke about wasn’t built overnight. He had to admit that photos released with the statement were... cute. It showed off both their personalities, to say the least. And the group of photos showed that there was history, that this wasn’t recent.

Trevor knew that this couldn’t have been easy to come out like this. He had a gay cousin who was finally able to get married in his forties to a partner he had kept a secret from most of his family. Jackson had been worried about Trevor specifically. That the macho hockey guy would scoff and call him slurs. Trevor almost hadn’t been invited to the wedding because of that fear. When he was told of that years later, he had been hurt. Wondering what he did to deserve such thoughts. Why Jackson would believe he would do such a thing to family.

But he understood it now. Before, there wasn’t much need for the NHL community to be openly homophobic. Yes, there was an understanding that if a player were gay, it was best to keep it private. Trevor hadn’t liked that wording, but it was true. If no one came out, they could ignore the truth. But with Roger Crowell in his ear, talking about how he needed to suspend his player and force him back into the closet, Trevor simmered in rage.

One, because he was not going to force his player to do anything. And two, because they were not losing their best fucking player to this. Not all of the team’s leadership felt as strongly as him, but they all agreed that Rozanov wasn’t going anywhere.

He was surprised to find out that Montreal wasn’t thinking the same. He watched in disbelief as their GM spoke of not wanting Hollander back during the meeting with Crowell and leadership from both teams. He shook his head. Where was the loyalty? So ready to throw their captain away because he said he would not rescind his statement. The man was still injured, for goodness sake.

Trevor held firm about his thoughts on Rozanov. They were keeping him on the team, and Crowell could not keep him suspended. Trevor was able to deduce that Hollander’s team had threatened a lawsuit. The suspensions would be lifted, but Montreal—the fools—wanted to trade Hollander. Couldn’t they see what a mistake that would be? Couldn’t they see that, for however long this relationship had been going on, it hadn’t affected their game? Until Hollander was so hurt that a man that deep in love wouldn’t be able to stand there and watch. It was a testament to how well they had hidden it that no one had discovered the relationship until now.

“Rozanov should be grateful that you are willing to keep him. But I’m afraid that Hollander will find it hard to find a new home.” Crowell shook his head, “Who would want him after this scandal?”

There was Trevor’s desire to scoff, back again. He couldn’t believe these people. Who gives a fuck about what the two did behind doors, that was Shane Motherfucking Hollander. Who wouldn’t want him? Trevor, for sure, would love to see what he and Rozanov could do together on the ice.

Trevor sat up straighter... Now that was a thought. And as he locked eyes with their head coach, he could see that it was shared. He didn’t voice it immediately. It was ridiculous. Shane Hollander, Canada’s hero coming to Boston. Coming to play for a team that had been his rival his whole career. Trevor didn’t know much about Hollander. He knew he was polite, played by the book, and was loyal. Hadn’t he said he wanted to retire with Montreal? It was a far-fetched thought... But then again, it wasn’t just a move to another team. But to the same one his boyfriend played on. It might not be so unwelcome. And Montreal did not want him.

“We’ll take him,” Trevor finally blurted out. He cleared his throat. “I mean, there will have to be some internal discussion, but we are interested in Hollander.”

His team nodded, backing him up as Crowell sputtered and the Montreal team looked as if they were regretting what they said. But even if they went back on their stupidity, there was no reason why Boston couldn’t have a chat with Shane Hollander’s team.

And calling his player after the meeting was not tampering.

“Hello, Rozanov?” He said.

The man greeted him back and waited for him to talk. Trevor had told him about the meeting today. There was nothing wrong with giving his player updates.

“I just left the meeting with the commissioner. Say... Is Hollander with you?”

“He’s next to me, yes.” He paused. “What happened?”

“Feel free to put me on speaker. Now tell me, did Hollander really tell Crowell to fuck off about your relationship?”

“What?” Hollander’s voice came over the phone. “I did not—” he sputtered.

Rozanov laughed. It was the first time Trevor had heard him laugh since the incident on the ice. He laughed loudly and proud. “He did.”

“It wasn’t like that.” Hollander insisted. “You have news for Ilya?”

“Yes. You both know your suspensions won’t hold. And no pressure is going to make Boston drop you as a player.”

Trevor had been communicating this before, but he wasn’t sure he had actually said those words. He must not have with the way both men sighed in relief.

“That’s great, Ilya,” Hollander said softly. But there was a sadness to his tone. Trevor wondered what he had been hearing from his team. But it wasn’t his place to ask.

“Hollander. I’m sorry to say that it doesn’t seem to sound like your team sounds the same way.” Trevor told them. Neither responded, but he knew to speak fast. “But I hope you know there’s a team out there that will fight for you. In Boston, perhaps. It would be good to play on the same team as your boyfriend, don’t you think?” Trevor couldn’t help but smile when he said it. He continued to smile through their shocked silence.

Then a small sob was choked out. Trevor knew it was not from Rozanov. “Ah, I didn’t think Boston would be so bad. But—”

“I didn’t think,” Hollander cuts him off, but he can’t even finish his sentence. “Thank you.”

“Nothings happened yet. Don’t thank me. And between us, why wouldn’t we want to take Montreal’s only chance of winning another cup away from them if they are so stupid to give it away?”

“Well said.” Rozanov simply said.

“Right. Well, I’ll let you two get on with your evening. I have a feeling the next few weeks will be busy for all of us. And I have a feeling that we’ll be talking soon.”

Before he could hang up quickly, as he preferred to do. Rozanov spoke again. “Thank you, Mr. Hayes. Seriously.”

“Like I said. I’m just ready for a few more cup wins. We’ll talk soon.”

Trevor hung up with a smile on his face that he was sure he would keep when talking to his new favorite couple. After all, he loved to win. And he was not an idiot. Montreal’s leadership? Well, next season won’t be very fun for them, and perhaps it would teach them a lesson. They should very well be making the same moves as him. But perhaps they weren’t so smart.

Sure, his star player gave him a headache every now and then. But two star players to give him a headache would be better than one. His kidneys would forgive him for the ibuprofen he would have to take.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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