

when i talk to you, cupid walks right through

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76189431) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76189431>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Brandon Wiebe
Additional Tags:	Ottawa Centaurs (Game Changers) , Out of Character , Post-Canon , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Temporary Amnesia , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , literally didn't watch or read canon , Them just being cute
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-22 Words: 1,646 Chapters: 1/1

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by [side_eye \(lokwacious\)](#).

Summary

Ilya's head hurts, his throat is dry as ash, but this man is HOT. Somewhere, a beeping noise accelerates, but Ilya only has eyes for this man.

Or! Shane's husband hits on him, then cries when Shane tells him he's married.

Notes

I've literally never read or watched the series, but Hollanov has been all over my TL. I feel like I already know the characters. Definitely OOC.

Title is from "From the Start" by Laufey!

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

- Translation into Русский available: [when i talk to you, cupid walks right through](#) by [dramione_must_reads](#)

He comes back slowly, senses reconnecting with his brain one by one.

There's a beeping to his left, constant and steady.

He groans, trying to open his eyes. Ilya's head hurts, his throat dry.

"Good to see Rozanov is waking up," a voice says, off to the side.

"Yeah," a relieved sigh. *Beautiful*, Ilya's brain supplies. What a pleasant voice.

His eyes search for the source of the beautiful voice, landing on a man sitting at his bedside. Their eyes meet, and the smile the man gives him is so soft, so loving. His eyes are so dark, yet so tender. Ilya feels himself being pulled deeper, deeper...

"Hey," the man whispers softly. Ilya can't look away.

"Pretty," Ilya murmurs, throat raspy. The man flushes. *Freckles*, Ilya's brain zeroes in on them.

"AlIIIIIIright," the other voice says, "That's my cue to leave. Good luck, Hollander. You're gonna need it."

"Thanks, Coach," the pretty man—Hollander?—replies. There's still a tinge sitting on his cheeks. Ilya wants to kiss him. Behind them, a door clicks shut.

"How do you feel?" Hollander asks Ilya, standing up and leaning in, "you took a pretty bad hit. The doctor says you have a slight concussion and a fractured wrist. They have you on some pretty heavy pain meds, you shouldn't be awake at all."

"You single?" Ilya's voice slurs more than he wants to. The man blinks at him, startled.

"No?" there's a furrow of worry between his eyebrows. Ilya feels his heart clench. *No, what is he worried about? Make it go away.*

"Do—do you know who I am?" the man asks tentatively. There's real fear in his eyes now. *Wrong*, Ilya thinks, *why is he scared?*

Ilya manages his best smirk, the one that drives women and men alike wild.

"Yes," Ilya says, "you are date. This evening. You free?"

The man stares at him for a beat, disbelief in his features. Ilya wants to kiss each of his freckles and map them like the stars.

"You did not just ask me out on a date."

Ilya just did. At least, he was pretty sure he did. Did he accidentally switch to Russian?

“We go—” Ilya’s face twists. Something in his mind says going to a restaurant is not what this man wants.

“I cook for you,” Ilya says finally. He nods to himself a little. Good. Perfectly intimate little date. They could cook at his cottage, and Ilya will feed this beautiful man delicious food. Then, they will—

“I don’t think you can stand up just yet, let alone cook,” the man teases.

“Am strong,” Ilya grunts. How dare this man underestimate him! Ilya is probably taller, definitely bulkier, and could easily pin this man down and do some unspeakable things to him.

The man suppresses a laugh. Ilya eyes those plush pink lips and wants to kiss them. He also wants those pretty lips to be wrapped around his—

“Ilya, I would love that, but I fear for our kitchen,” the man barely disguises his laugh. Ilya barely notices, focused on the way the man said his name. *Again*.

“‘gain,” Ilya demands, as much vigor as his sleepy brain will allow. The man smiles and acquiesces.

“Ilya,” he whispers, like his name is something tender to be held against a heart. Ilya lets out a soft sigh of contentment.

“But about the date,” the man says, bringing the conversation back, “I cannot accept.”

Ilya frowns.

“Why?” Ilya asks.

“Because I’m married.”

Ilya feels cold.

He feels like his heart is shattering. If he can’t have this man, no one can. Somewhere to his left, the beeping sound accelerates and the pretty man glances over at it, worried. The pretty man stretches over the bed to the machine, pressing something on it. But all Ilya can think about is the flash of a toned stomach and the fact that this man is married. Ilya mourns the loss of the sliver of skin when the man sits back down.

“You married?” Ilya whispers. The man pulls the chain from around his neck, pulling out a wedding ring. The gold dangles and glints, gloating to Ilya that this pretty, smart, sexy man is taken.

“Happily so,” the man tucks the wedding ring back into his shirt. Ilya watches the chain settle around sharp collarbones.

“Could do better, could love you better” Ilya immediately argues. His brain is confused about something, but getting this man to go out on a date was more important. One date. That’s all

Ilya needs to show this pretty man that Ilya was better than whoever the fuck his husband is.

“Could fuck you better.” Ilya adds. The man coughs, surprised.

“I’m not sure about that. My husband fucks me plenty well.”

Ilya makes a face at that.

“Nine inches,” Ilya says. He’s definitely exaggerating, but it was definitely at least eight.

“You’re seven and a half on a good day,” the man huffs, calling his bluff. Ilya should feel affronted about that, but all he can do is stare as the man’s cheeks redden. The freckles are more pronounced against the tan skin when he blushes.

“Am best hockey player.” Ilya tries another angle. The man laughs at that, a full-throated belly laugh. Ilya feels a swell of pride in his chest at getting this beautiful man to laugh.

“So is my husband,” the man says, “but I’m better than him.”

Ilya frowns. Who the fuck is this pretty man’s husband? And why isn’t Ilya better than him?

Suddenly, a thought comes to mind.

“Pick up socks from the floor,” Ilya bribes. The man’s eyebrow goes up.

“Is that so?” The pretty man is barely holding back a laugh again.

“Yes,” Ilya says, with the surety of a man desperately trying to win over a pretty someone.

“Hmm, I suppose that *is* better than my husband.”

“Better than husband,” Ilya nods. The motion makes his head hurt a little and he winces.

“Don’t move,” the pretty man is instantly worried. *No, don’t worry.*

“Am better than husband?” Ilya asks.

Before the man can answer, there’s a quick knock at the door. A soft click and a nurse walks in. She’s speaking, but Ilya can’t hear her, focused on the pretty man.

“Ilya, how are you feeling?” the pretty man asks. Ilya grunts.

“He woke up a few minutes ago,” the pretty man says, “and—uh. His memory is impacted?”

The words *typical* and *anesthesia* float around. Ilya doesn’t care about what she’s saying. Only the pretty man and his words are worth his energy. She fiddles with something to Ilya’s left, but Ilya’s eyes are still on the pretty man. And his pretty freckles.

“Am better than husband?” Ilya asks again, eager to get back to the more important topic. The pretty man blushes again, eyes darting to the nurse. The nurse says nothing, doesn’t make eye contact. But her shoulders shake with suppressed laughter.

“My husband is quite amazing,” the pretty man says, softly, “he is caring, loving, thoughtful, and the second-best hockey player I know.”

Ilya frowns. That *is* a pretty amazing husband. And this husband apparently fucks this pretty man. Fucks him good, too. Ilya feels a stab of jealousy. His eyes are stinging.

“Hey,” the pretty man suddenly hovers over him again, “Heyyyyy.”

“D’you love him?” Ilya whispers. No matter how loving and good in bed Ilya is, if this pretty man genuinely loves his husband, Ilya won’t be able to steal him away.

The pretty man sighs, tender and loving.

“Yes, I do.”

Ilya feels the first tear roll down his cheek. The nurse finishes her fiddling and the pretty man looks at her.

Ilya feels jealous that someone else has this pretty man’s attention.

“Oh, that’s good,” the pretty man says, responding to something the nurse said, “he usually isn’t like this. Good to hear it’s probably just anesthesia.”

They’re quiet as the nurse disappears and the door clicks shut. The pretty man looks down at him again, worry between his eyebrows.

Ilya frowns. There’s something tugging at his consciousness, trying to pull him back to sleep.

“Love your husband,” Ilya says wistfully. He closes his eyes, too tired to continue. Too tired to ache for a married man who loves his husband.

“Yes, I do love him,” the pretty man says, “I love you, sweetheart.”

Ilya sleeps again.

—

The next time Ilya wakes, Shane’s head is resting on the bed, his arms folded under his jaw and a line of drool running down his cheek. Ilya wants to shift his arm to caress his face, but Shane’s head is on his right bicep. Ilya moves his left hand, pulling it out from under the covers and reaches over as far as he can. He manages to place his hand in the pretty man’s hair.

Immediately, Shane wakes up. He blinks at Ilya, hurriedly wiping his cheek.

“Ilya, how are you feeling?”

Ilya grunts.

“Let me call a nurse,” Shane reaches over the bed. Ilya catches a whiff of their shampoo and Shane’s aftershave.

“Shane,” Ilya rasps. Shane smiles, a relieved sigh escaping him.

“Ilya,” Shane grins back, “my husband.”

“Your husband is the best player in the league,” Ilya nods. Shane laughs, his eyes crinkling into little half-moons.

“My husband also said he’d pick up his socks from the floor,” Shane teases. Ilya blinks, faking confusion.

“Don’t remember that part.” Ilya cracks a small smile. His lips are dry. Shane immediately pulls out his little tube of chapstick and puts it on his own lips.

Then, he leans down and plants a tender kiss right on Ilya’s lips.

“Mmm. Not enough,” Ilya purses his lips for another kiss.

Shane obliges, leaning down again and kissing his husband.

“Welcome back,” Shane smiles.

“Mm. Good to be back. Love you, Shane Hollander.”

“I love you too, Ilya Rozanov.”

End Notes

debated for a long time whether I should Anon this work or not...

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