

priceless

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76231576) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76231576>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Humor , Domestic , Slice of Life , the inherent eroticism of marrying your archrival
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-23 Words: 2,163 Chapters: 1/1

priceless

by [reduxdelux](#)

Summary

Shane's first mistake is making direct eye contact with Ilya. It's like meeting a moose or a bear in the wild, if you look it in the eyes you're signaling a challenge, you might as well have waved a raw steak in front of it. This reaction right here is exactly why they're not allowed to play slapjack on team flights anymore, goddammit.

or: Ilya and Shane get a little competitive at the self-checkout

Notes

big thank you to E for the last minute beta!

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

Shane has been frequently reminded that marriage is all about compromise.

But they suck at that sometimes, so now they have to use separate carts at the grocery store. Because if they didn't they'd spend twice as much time arguing and stealthily removing and replacing items. Honestly, they'd probably end up causing a scene. Shane's not proud of this fact but at least they're mature enough to take the necessary steps to prevent it.

They usually wait to grocery shop until late at night, a bit before closing. They've found it lessens their chances of getting stuck signing autographs in the frozen food section.

The separate carts thing does mean that they have to take time to compare notes before they leave the house in order to avoid buying duplicates and to make sure they've accounted for all the necessary ingredients for their planned meals. They have a sort of system worked out. They're each responsible for their own preferred foods of course, but Shane is responsible for picking out fruit and veg, and Ilya gets to choose all proteins. Except fish which Shane vastly prefers to catch himself or, failing that, to buy from a local shop down the road from their cottage. They trade back and forth on most of the other staples and it all comes out of a shared account, so it works out pretty well Shane figures.

Shane does get a little anxious over spending too much time in the store so near to when they close. But when it comes to their weekly shop Ilya is, for once, surprisingly focused on the task at hand (Shane sort of wishes he could figure out how to duplicate this effect when it comes to getting him to pay attention to the itemized packing list Shane makes for extended roadtrips and not just stealing Shane's phone charger and clean underwear all the time, but whatever. Compromise.) For his part, Shane can be extremely efficient when powered by the need to avoid causing extra trouble for service industry workers. They usually make good time, finishing up their lists and meeting back up at the front registers to cast judgmental glances over each other's selections.

Tonight the store apparently has only one register open and there's a fully grown adult there, holding up the line and rapidly approaching a full meltdown over...something. So Shane follows when Ilya nods towards the self-checkout.

They grab two self-checkout counters beside each other and start scanning.

Shane's first mistake is making direct eye contact with Ilya. It's like meeting a moose or a bear in the wild, if you look it in the eyes you're signaling a challenge, you might as well have waved a raw steak in front of it. This reaction right here is exactly why they're not allowed to play slapjack on team flights anymore, goddammit.

Ilya raises his eyebrows as he quickly scans a box of. Oh god, are those Dunkaroos? Shane glances at the contents of his own cart. He is ...slightly behind in checking out. He grabs a couple of his next items and very carefully does not look at Ilya as he swipes four boxes of frozen kale in rapid succession, but he can still hear the spitfire beep-beep-beep of Ilya's register as he presumably increases his own scanning speed in response to Shane's.

Shane doesn't waste time, just grabs the next armload of items from his cart and piles them onto his counter.

Unfortunately, it's all stuff from the produce section; most of the vegetables and half the fruit don't even have barcodes and need to be weighed. But he's no rookie, he's been keying in the same codes for avocados, radishes, tomatoes and squash for months now. He relies on muscle memory and also his regular memory to key things in as quickly as possible. The bag of potatoes that comes next does have a barcode, as do the onions, so that will help him make up some time and clear a lot of space in the cart as an added bonus.

But Ilya has obviously missed his calling as a grocery clerk because his scanning has clearly not slowed at all, not even when the cardboard handle of his 12-pack of Coke tears and Shane is convinced he is about to drop it back into his cart and send the cans scattering. Instead, Ilya just rotates his hand and smoothly rolls the box right into the bend of his elbow, cradling it like a baby. It's unreal, he's like some kind of grocery-scanning machine. What the hell.

Shane does not whine, he simply states, "I have all the produce to key in so like, it's not even. We're not evenly matched."

God, why is he out of breath? He is a professional athlete. Are his *hands* shaking?

Ilya flashes a sunny smile, "Hm? What match? What are we doing?"

"You fucking know," Shane hisses, slamming a canister of vanilla protein powder onto the counter, "You're basically cheating!"

"Is not cheating if I have better diet plan than you!" Ilya cackles. *God*, he's not even looking at what he's scanning. He's not bagging it correctly either, but Shane accepts that that's a neurosis he will have to deal with later.

Besides, Shane is way too focused to reply to that complete and utter line of bullshit, anyway. Everyone knows you have to actually *have* a diet plan before you can go evaluating its quality. He's busy trying to find the fucking code for the goddamn starfruit he just *had* to pick up today of all days. Fucking exotic fruit selection holding him back— ah! A sticker! He missed the sticker on it which, thank God, has a barcode. He slings it across the scanner. And hears Ilya swear, glancing up to see him struggling to find the barcode on a massive bag of Anya's kibble.

Oh shit. That might be enough for Shane to make up the differential. He starts grabbing things without looking, trying to get into a flow state of grab-scan-toss-grab-scan-toss. He's down to the last few items in his cart. And he's like. Weirdly sweaty? What is with the AC in this place?

It's only after he scans the economy package of king size Snickers bars that he remembers exactly who he married. The man who has been there with him through the best and worst moments, who has loved him so unconditionally and completely, who is the other half of Shane's heart, who is the greatest love of his life.

“You fucking *asshole!*” Shane definitely does not yell. “I didn't pick these up, these are not on my list!”

“Oh?” Ilya says, dragging a bag of dill flavored potato chips very slowly across the scanner, “Then why are they with the rest of your groceries, *moya lyubimyy?*”

Shane doesn't gesticulate wildly or shout, he does violently shake the package for emphasis. “You put these in, you fucking cheater!”

Ilya shrugs and considers the pint of triple fudge brownie ice cream in his hand for a moment before rolling it gently over his scanner, the resulting beep is the most irritating, childish, unsportsmanlike, *annoying* beep that Shane has ever heard in his *life*.

“Well you already scanned it so I guess you have to buy it now. It is your favorite candy, yes? Maybe you deserve a treat. Not for winning obviously, but.”

Shane maintains direct eye contact as he presses the help button on his register with all the defiance and determination that he can muster. He's too Canadian to visibly show his impatience when a store employee fails to immediately materialize beside him but he cannot allow Ilya to claim a victory on two fronts. He'd never know peace in his marriage again. Or his locker room once Ilya blabbed to the team.

Ilya rolls his eyes and grabs a loaf of Wonder Bread, scanning it and making a very dumb fake-surprised face, “Oh! I am out of items to scan. I just have to tap my phone and I will be done!”

Shane glances down at the single remaining can of chickpeas at the bottom of his cart. He hasn't even fully processed his decision by the time he's grabbing the can and lobbing it like a grenade.

It lands with a resounding thunk. Shane wishes he had the foresight to have his phone ready for a photo, because the utter shock and betrayal and unadulterated rage on Ilya's face deserves to be memorialized. His register starts to screech, “UNEXPECTED ITEM IN BAGGING AREA. UNEXPECTED ITEM IN BAGGING AREA.”

The sound startles Ilya into action, he cusses profusely and snatches the chickpeas as quickly as he can while simultaneously stabbing at the touchscreen. He's desperate, Shane can see a light sheen of sweat on his forehead, the way his hand curls too tightly around the dented can of chickpeas, knuckles whitening. But he hasn't yet realized that it's too late and there's nothing he can do to prevent the inevitable. Shane is going to win the shit out of this fucking thing and there's nothing Ilya can do to stop him.

He smiles placidly at Ilya, “Oops. My hand slipped.”

Ilya says some things in Russian that could strip paint off a wall, there's even some phrases sprinkled in there that Shane's never heard of before. He's probably saying how sorry he is for doubting his husband's scanning prowess, how embarrassing this defeat was, how agile and sexy Shane's hands-

“Um.” Someone to Shane’s left clears their throat. Finally! An employee!

A few minutes and a dozen profuse apologies later, they're standing on the sidewalk outside of the automatic doors with no groceries to speak of.

“Relax, you never get kicked out of somewhere before?” Ilya elbows him, “I like the store near the highway better anyway, they let you stack coupons.”

Shane presses two fingers to the sudden ache forming between his eyes and leads the way back to their car. Once they're buckled in and driving away from their last visit to Rakowski's Fresh Foods (ever, because they got asked to leave and also barred from returning), he decides this is somehow Ilya’s fault. Shane gets *invited* to places, he doesn't get asked to leave! Ilya though. Ilya's like the resident expert at getting thrown out of places. Admittedly those places were mostly clubs and it was usually for underage drinking way back when, but still. Shane has clearly fallen in with the wrong crowd. The crowd being his husband.

“You know,” Ilya says with a suspiciously casual air to his voice, “I basically won. You still had more things to scan, I was finished.”

Shane has to remind himself that taking his hands off the wheel to strangle Ilya is a bad strategy. “How?! *How* did you win? There's no way you—and you just—you didn't even—”

“So sexy when you can't finish your sentence, second place feel that good?”

“Fuck you.” Shane grumbles, “I will drive us both off the road, do not test me.”

“Afraid you will fail at that test, too?” Ilya coos, patting Shane's arm in a way that is probably supposed to be consoling but is actually not, like at all.

“You did not win, you cheated and you know it!”

Ilya scoffs, “Oh *I* cheated? Mister Chickpea Missile says *I* cheated!”

Shane sputters for a very brief moment. “Well. Well whatever! You cheated first!”

“It's not cheating, it is strategy. Power forward like you will never understand the playmaker mind of two-way forward like me.”

Shane is not screeching but his level of incredulity does raise his pitch maybe a little, “I am the two-way forward in this relationship you—you—you—”

“Me? Me? Me?”

Ugh. Even if he tries not to look at him, Shane can still hear the obnoxious way Ilya's batting his eyelashes. “Fuck you.”

Ilya grins at whatever expression Shane’s face is making, probably rage and murderous intent. He claps and announces gleefully, “Oh! Oh you love me so bad. That is embarrassing

for you, Hollander, wow. Did I get you all worked up, *moy malen'kiy goroshek?*”

Little chickpea? Little goddamn chickpea?

Shane’s joints creak a bit when he uncurls his fingers from around the steering wheel. He's already throwing the gearshift into park before he realizes that they've somehow managed to make it home alive and in one piece and still married.

He unbuckles himself and quickly gets out of the car. Ilya has also gotten himself unbuckled and has his door open by the time Shane very calmly reaches into the car, very calmly grabs Ilya by the neck of his shirt, very calmly drags him into their house and up to their bedroom, and very calmly rides him into their mattress.

Shane can acknowledge that Ilya may possibly have been a little bit right, but he also recognizes that Ilya never needs to know that.

Shane can compromise on *some* things, after all.

End Notes

Outtake 1: Shane upon entering the dressing room and hearing Ilya trying to convince Haas that chickpeas are an aphrodisiac: fuck this guy, no actually Fuck this guy.

Outtake 2: Ilya making eye contact with his husband at the register: this guy has the weirdest idea of foreplay I have ever encountered. But he's got a fat ass and soft hands so ok fine. I can work with this.

thanks for reading!

ETA: [if you enjoyed it, RTable here](#) 

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