

Lube Job

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76235871) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76235871>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid , Heated Rivalry_(TV)
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Slice of Life , Fluff , Lube , Domestic Fluff , Domestic Bliss
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-23 Words: 2,465 Chapters: 1/1

Lube Job

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Summary

“What the fuck are you driving, Hollander?”

“A Jeep Cherokee.”

Ilya snorted.

“What? It’s practical!”

“You’re a millionaire.”

Ilya and Shane go car shopping because seriously, if you could drive practically any car, why a Jeep?

Notes

This takes place about a year after The Long Game, vague spoilers that they got an HEA and play on the same team but not much else.

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

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“A Jeep Cherokee.”

Ilya snorted.

“What? It’s practical!”

“You’re a millionaire.”

“What’s wrong with a Cherokee?” Shane asked, starting the engine. “It’s good in the snow. It holds lots of stuff. It’s a good car.”

“Is good if you are a dad in the suburbs.” “Better than a stupid sports car where my knees are over my damn head.”

Reid, Rachel. Heated Rivalry

“You got a letter from shitty car dealer,” Ilya said as he rifled through the mail. Anya padded around the kitchen, looking for more post walk treats.

“It’s not shitty, it’s practical.” Shane responded as he opened the letter with the Jeep Logo on the top.

“Lada Niva is practical car, what you drive is breakdown waiting to happen.”

Shane brushed him off. “I need to take it in for a lube job before we head to the cottage.”

“WHAT?” Ilya asked with wide eyes. His husband was adventurous when it was just the two of them, but at the car dealership. Shane would never.

“What?” Shane asked as he typed something into his phone. “We should be back from the NHL awards by July 6th, I can make an appointment then and then we can head out to the cottage after.”

“What is lube job?” Ilya recovered as much as he could. He had been in English speaking North America for over a decade but there were still plenty of words and turns of phrases he wasn’t familiar with.

“Wait, what do you think it is,” a smile quirked over Shane’s face.

“It sounds like when you slather my dick with lube.” Ilya snorted.

“You’ve owned dozens of cars, and you still don’t know.” Shane laughed. “It’s getting the car serviced.”

“Does mechanic give blow job.”

“An oil change.”

“That’s new one.” Ilya said, walking towards where Shane was standing. He gave his butt a soft smack with his palm and then squeezed. “I will change *your* oil.” He whispered into Shane’s ear. His voice was low and his scraggly playoff beard, still full from their Cup win, scratched Shane’s cheek.

“Okay, now you’re just pretending you don’t understand.”

“These are weird words?” Ilya laughed, “English, such a ridiculous language. You are rich, why do you still do this? Someone will come to house and pick up car.” Ilya had always paid someone to handle the maintenance. Getting drafted in Boston meant that he didn’t bother buying a car until he had a seven-figure deal. His car collection had meant he needed someone to manage it. The fact that Shane still took his car to have it serviced was kind of adorable.

Shane shrugged, “I guess I’m just used to doing this. It was a routine growing up, I never thought to outsource it. I already made the appointment.” He said and then disposed of the letter in the garbage can.

Shane wasn’t exactly sure why Ilya had decided to go with him to the Jeep dealership. It was a mundane task. Shane would drop the car off, spend an hour checking emails and sorting through whatever interesting brand deals Farah had sent him and then pick up the car. It was one of the last things he could do that still felt normal. He would pick a weekday morning when it was unlikely that many people would be there. He would be recognized but there wouldn’t be enough attention for it to matter.

“Mr. Hollander,” a man with a suit greeted them as soon as he walked into the dealership. It was clear he had been waiting specifically for Shane Hollander to arrive. He was middle aged and his hair had been combed over to hide his bald patch “I’m Patrick O’Shay, I’m the

manager. And Mr. Rozanov, I hear you have quite the collection. I'm sure you have a jeep or two."

"I do not," Ilya said. "I am fan of cars that go fast and keep up on highway."

"It's great to meet you," Shane said, side eyeing his husband, "I was just coming in to drop off the car."

"Can we get you a coffee, tea? If you are staying you are welcome to wait in my office, to avoid the crowds. It should just take about 20 minutes." He offered, motioning to a Keurig that was in serious need of descaling. There weren't exactly any crowds, just a couple of bored sales associates looking in their general direction.

"I don't need anything, but your office would be great." Shane really needed to look into the car service Ilya used.

"Now, Mr. Hollander, the lease on your car is up soon and we have some great new models to show you. We just got next year's in. I can give you a tour, maybe a test drive. The show room is empty."

"Oh, I could look. I did just win the Stanley Cup." It was a practical decision, really. If his lease was up and he was already at the dealership, he could take care of this now and then he wouldn't have to worry about it once the season started. It was much harder to get to the dealership. This was a nice reward too. He typically traded his car in every other year and it was time again.

Ilya groaned. "Do not buy another Jeep." Shane was unsurprised that his husband was so candid.

"Because they are boring?" Shane rolled his eyes.

"No, because they are bad." Ilya countered. "I will prove it. We will come back and pick up car later."

"Wait, what?" Shane asked, as he watched his husband pick up his phone and call an Uber Black.

"Come," Ilya said, and Shane had no desire to refuse.

"We'll be back, I guess." Shane said to the manager.

The Uber arrived and the driver only gave them a cursory glance. That was a relief, and one of the benefits they had learned long ago about calling an Uber Black. The drivers tended to see enough celebrities that they were uninterested in most folks who got in their cars. There was still a chance this impromptu trip would end up all over social media. But it was mundane and everyone already knew they were married.

"Where are we going?" Shane asked as the car started to move towards the highway.

“To look at better cars. I am rescuing you.” Ilya said and then Shane watched as he fired off a quick text.

10 minutes later, they pulled into the Porsche dealership.

“Ilya, I don’t think this is the car for me.” Shane said, looking at the fleet of luxury vehicles.

“Sweetheart,” Ilya said as they got out of the car and made their way into the dealership.

“You are professional hockey player. You make millions of dollars. You deserve something better.”

Shane softened, Ilya was truly sincere about this. Shane at least owed him the effort.

As soon as they walked in, a short man in an expensive looking designer suit greeted him. A woman standing next to him had a tray with two cups of espresso in small ceramic Porche branded cups, waiting.

“Mr. Rozanov, Mr. Hollander, I am so glad you came by. I have the new 911 Carrera 4 GTS I can show you. I’m sure you would like a test drive.” The man said in a Quebecois accent.

“Thanks Gustavo, Yes...No...I would, but we are here for my husband. Show us the Cayenne.” Ilya waved towards a row of SUVs in muted tones as he accepted the espresso and handed one to Shane.

Shane was unsure, they seemed too flashy. “I’m not sure.”

“Your life will change when you drive real car.” Ilya brushed off Shane’s concern. “He drives Jeep.”

Gustavo visibly cringed. “I see. Well, I can assure you, Mr. Hollander, your experience with a Porche will be very different. This is fine European craftsmanship, no need to worry about shotty American vehicles.”

They were very quickly shuffled into a well-appointed Cayenne. Shane ran his hands across the sleek dash and the soft leather seats. “It’s a lot,” He confessed.

“Let’s get it out on the road,” Gustavo said from the back seat. Ilya had taken the passenger seat.

Shane carefully pulled the car out of the parking lot and then onto the highway. He gently tapped the gas and the car quickly accelerated. “This has some...get up.”

“Yes, because it’s not Jeep.” Ilya said as Shane eased off the gas.

“This feels dangerous.” Shane noted, as he eased the car off the highway and back towards the dealership.

“This car moves, yes.” Ilya said, “Unlike Jeep, it goes too slow.”

“Thank you,” Shane said to Gustavo when he handed the keys back. “I think we’re going to keep looking.”

“This car is perfect, no?” Ilya asked.

Shane wasn’t sold. “We could just go back to the Jeep dealership and see what they have.”

“This is a great model, it has the winter package, heated seats, remote start. This is exactly the car I would want to drive in an Ottawa winter.” Gustavo went in for the sale.

“I don’t know. I really like the Jeep.”

Ilya grunted, “Anything but Jeep.”

“I would be happy to give you a ride anywhere you need. We have a sister dealership, Lexus, that might be more of your speed.” Gustavo said. Shane could tell he was disappointed that he wasn’t getting a sale from one of his best customers.

“Lexus could be good, boring, predictable.” Ilya seemed unamused at the prospect.

“Excellent, I’ll take you there myself. It is just down the street.” Gustavo said.

Shane wanted to protest, but Ilya seemed to be enjoying this. Perhaps it was a sort of extended foreplay. He wasn’t sure.

Gustavo seamlessly passed them off to the manager of the Lexus dealership. A woman in a sharp but sensible suit. Her hair had been neatly pinned into an updo, and she efficiently had them in a top of the line RX within 90 seconds of their arrival. Shane realized Gustavo’s staff must have called while they were enroute.

“This is okay?” Ilya asked. “Not like the Porche but better, more boring?”

“It feels too old.” Shane said once they completed the test drive. “This is like something my mom would drive. Actually, this is what my mom drives.”

“Finally we agree on something,” Ilya threw his hands up. “We could try Mercedes.”

“I’m not sure.” Shane said.

Ilya turned his head towards the Subaru dealership.

“Can we just go back for the Jeep?” Shane asked, seeing the glint in Ilya’s eye.

“Not for you, I want to try WRX.” Ilya said and took Shane’s hand in his own, pulling him towards the other dealership. They walked across the parking lot, only for the staff to scramble when two NHL stars walked into the showroom unannounced.

While Ilya looked at the WRX, Shane made his way towards the row of SUVs. They were sensible, well built.

A woman wearing hiking pants and Teva's wondered over to where he was standing. "Your husband seems to be really into cars." She said, pointing over to where Ilya was inspecting a WRX, and asking questions from a sales associate about how fast it could actually go.

Shane gave a small laugh. "He likes fast cars. I should be terrified but we both play hockey."

The woman nodded, "I get it, My wife coaches hockey over at University of Ottawa. This is what she drives, it's good for gear and it's good for the kids."

"Kids," Shane considered, looking over at Ilya, who was making some sort of elaborate hand motion to describe car specs. They both wanted kids, how could Shane not, with a man like Ilya.

"Yeah, they play hockey too. That's how I met my wife actually, we both played in college. This is big enough to hold gear for the entire family."

Shane didn't mean to let his imagination take off, but it had. He thought about hockey sticks and skates and driving to youth hockey on Saturdays where he and Ilya would coach together. It was a nice thought.

"Do you want to test drive it?" The woman asked.

"You work here?" Shane hadn't realized, not after meeting a series of car salespeople in all manner of suits. She didn't seem anything like them.

"Guilty, I'm Marcy, the general manager."

"You're good," Shane said, slyly. She had sold him before he even realized she worked at the dealership.

"You should still take it for a test drive. You might be surprised."

"Ilya," Shane called across the showroom, "Do you want to test drive this car with me."

"You are interested, in this car?" Ilya asked, already following Marcy out of the show room.

"It could be good for hockey gear."

"Our gear is managed by team," Ilya pointed out.

"And taking to the cottage" Shane said as he slipped into the driver's seat of the Subaru. The car purred to life. It wasn't too fast, and it wasn't what his mom drove. It felt safe and it felt like more. The thick metal felt secure, giving the car a heft he liked. He already knew it handled well in the snow. They could even take it to the cottage for Christmas, during the league break.

By the time Shane pulled the car back in the dealership, he had decided. "I'll take it," he said.

“You are going to give up Jeep?” Ilya asked.

Shane nodded, “This car could be good for our future.”

“Da” Ilya agreed. “Our future, and our present. No more Jeep.”

Things went quick from there. Shane called his business manager, who arranged payment on the car and dealt with the Jeep lease. Within an hour they had left the dealership with Shane’s new Subaru. It was still a modest vehicle for a millionaire but it fit Shane.

“It’s good,” Ilya said, as they pulled into their driveway, patting the dash. “But I still haven’t gotten a lube job.”

“I think I can handle that,” Shane said, his hand riding down towards Ilya’s crotch, even though they were still in their driveway. Their house, with plenty of lube waiting, was just a few meters away, they could make it hopefully. The last thing Shane wanted was to make a mess in his new car.

Ilya reached over and kissed Shane deeply. “I love you.” He said.

“Ya lyublyu tebya.” Shane replied back.

“And I am happy you no longer have Jeep.”

“Asshole,” Shane teased, their tender moment nearly broken.

“Mine,” Ilya said and then he got out of the car, and walked over to Shane’s side. He opened the door and pulled him towards their house. “Mine.” He said once more.

End Notes

So yeah, I don't like Jeeps because they suck to drive and I decided to write my first anti Fic ever, about not liking Jeeps. Also, this is maybe the dumbest fic I have ever written and that's saying something because I have written a lot of dumb fics, including one where Superman and his father-in-law end up on a seniors cruise together. Also, did you know that Same Lane in Superman and Lois and David Hollander are played by the same person. Apparently my real Fandom tell is "Does Dylan Walsh Play the Dad?"

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