

lone wolf type

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76735006) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76735006>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Heated Rivalry (TV)
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Autistic Shane Hollander , Anxious Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , Shane Hollander-centric , Trans Shane Hollander , Trans Character , Trans Male Character , Coming Out , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , First Kiss , Friends to Lovers , Pre-Relationship , Light Angst , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Ilya Rozanov is Whipped , Fluff , internalized transphobia lowk , ilya rozanov is supportive
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of trans shane hollander chronicles
Stats:	Published: 2025-12-30 Words: 2,449 Chapters: 1/1

lone wolf type

by [TwoBlueGoldfish](#)

Summary

That was how he found himself sitting at the bar, a few days before the All-Star game, alone. Around him, groups of other players that he vaguely knew were all talking and laughing together. It was for the best, he had to tell himself to stop the jealousy from eating him from the inside out.

Notes

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The title of one of the most aggressive players in the league was not one that Shane wanted, but it was one that he had definitely earned. He spent many games picking fights with other players and spending more time in the penalty box than the rest of his team combined. Because of his reputation, it had left him with very few friends and the only ones he did have were from his own team. He often told him that he liked it better this way, but he would be lying if he said he really felt that way.

One of the many downsides of this was the all-star games. Most of the time he was the only one on his team who attended which meant he spent most of his time alone. Even if he wanted to make friends on other teams, he never knew how. When he first came out as trans, there were very few negatives that seemed to come along with it at first. Both of his parents were very supportive and helped him navigate everything. He was able to keep playing hockey and fell even more in love with the sport. He had grown so much more confident in himself and grown more comfortable in his body. However, he soon realized that it wasn't all good. Although he had never publicly shared this part of his identity, he was always scared that someone would find out. If he got too close to another player, maybe they'd realize how different he was from them. Maybe they'd realize who he was and he'd start going easy on him. As much as he didn't like his reputation on the ice, it kept him safe.

That was how he found himself sitting at the bar, a few days before the All-Star game, alone. Around him, groups of other players that he vaguely knew were all talking and laughing together. It was for the best, he had to tell himself to stop the jealousy from eating him from the inside out.

While taking another swig of his drink, he heard someone pull out the stool next to him. He took a glance over to see who it was.

Ilya Rozanov.

Rozanov had been drafted the same year as Shane, being the number one draft pick from that year. Fans seemed to think they were rivals and that narrative had followed them through their careers. That couldn't be further from the truth. The two had never spoken to each other despite what everyone seemed to think and honestly Shane had grown to admire Rozanov – the way he played and the way he effortlessly led his team. There was no real hatred between the two, besides sometimes being opponents, at least on Shane's side.

But they were never friendly enough to talk.

“I’ll have one of what he has,” Ilya told the bartender, gesturing to the bottle in Shane’s hand.
“Is good?”

Shane just shrugged, unsure of what was happening. The two sat in silence as Ilya waited for his drink. In that time, Shane had managed to finish his own.

“Having fun, Hollander?”

“What are you doing here?”

“Here for the All-Star game. Same as you.”

“No, I mean, why are you sitting here talking to me?”

“You were sitting here.” Like it was the most normal thing in the world. “Are you excited for the game?”

Shane just shrugged, the answer was no but he had been told countless times that being selected was an honor and he should be grateful for this position. “I guess.”

“You can say no, you know?” There was a small smile that spread across Ilya’s face that made Shane relax just a bit. There was no pressure or expectations from the other player. He wasn’t used to it. “I like these games because there's no pressure but I know some others don’t like them. Find them boring.”

“It’s always fun but, I don’t really know anyone so I usually spend most of my time alone,” Shane wasn’t sure what made him admit that to the man sitting next to him.

“You know me now.” He said it so matter of factly that there was no room for Shane to protest. “You have quite the reputation, you know?”

Shane couldn't help but sigh at that. Of course Ilya knew, everybody did, he just hated when people brought it up. Because it wasn't really him. “Yeah, I know. It's one of the reasons I don't like these games. You don't realize how much that reputation follows you until you can't get away from that.”

“I don't think you're like that.”

“You don't even know me, Rozanov.”

“That's true, Hollander.” Ilya said with a nod. “I think it's all just a show. I don't think you're really like that.”

“I could be.”

“Prove me wrong, then.” It almost felt like a challenge, like he was waiting for Shane to crack. To get in and see who he really was. Shane couldn't help himself but to want. The part of him that desperately wanted to be friends with other players was winning. The part of him that always seemed to be drawn towards Ilya Rozanov. Maybe he could let himself have this one thing.

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From Rozanov: come down to pool

From Rozanov: it's boring here. need some company

From Rozanov: come on hollander. i can see you reading these

From Shane: Okay. I'll be down in a couple minutes.

Shane felt his breath catch in his throat as he read the texts coming through. When nobody would talk to him, it was easy to stay hidden. Even after having top surgery, he tried to keep any visible indications of his identity away from prying eyes. He knew that all it took was for the wrong person to see him and suddenly the whole world would know his secret. Especially now, in a hotel with all of the best players in the league, there was bound to be someone there that recognized them. This wasn't a risk he was willing to take.

After many moments of deliberation, he ended up putting on a pair of swim trunks he had thrown in his suitcase at the last minute and a plain back t-shirt that he had. Hoping that Ilya would let him get away with just sitting on the edge of the pool, he made his way downstairs.

Like he had thought, the pool was beyond crowded. In addition to all of the players and their guests, the hotel seemed to be extremely popular among families. Children were all over the edge, jumping into the pool as their parents watched from one of the many chairs that lined the pool. Shane managed to find Ilya sitting on the shallow end of the pool, drink in hand.

"Thought you lied to me," he remarked as Shane sat on the side, dangling his legs into the water. "It took you forever to get down here."

"There was nobody else you could bother?"

"No," he looked up at Shane. "Family is...all in Russia and my friend, Svetlana, will not come on hockey trips with me. She said if I'm going to take her somewhere it will not be 'on a work trip.' You didn't bring anyone either."

"Well, I didn't feel like having my parents here with me all week." He doesn't mention the fact that he didn't even have any friends to invite in the first place. It was bad enough that he already felt like Ilya saw right through him.

"More time to spend with me." Each time, Shane and more and more surprised at Ilya's persistence in spending time with him. "We could even get dinner tonight, together."

Shane enjoys watching Ilya swim and play around. At one point, he was recruited by a herd of children to play with them. He watches as Ilya established the rules and then proceeded to lose, terribly, to the children who were now laughing in his face. That happened two more times before the kids got bored and moved on to find a new target.

Ilya looked over to see Shane smiling. “Shut up, Hollander.”

“Just didn’t realize you were so good with kids.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Ilya pulled himself on the pool and sat in the space next to Shane. “You don’t want to swim?”

“I don’t know how.”

“Is lie. You’re a liar, Hollander.” Shane wasn’t convinced that Ilya couldn’t read his mind. It was a necessary lie but he didn’t know how Ilya knew. “You talked about how you grew up on a lake with your parents. There’s no way you don’t know how to swim.”

“How do you know that?”

“You mentioned it once. In interview.”

“Rozanov, that had to have been years ago.” It had been many years since interviewers were concerned with the off ice aspects of his life. That was all when he was a fresh, new, unknown player. Now, they only cared about what he did on the ice and what he was doing to maintain his skill as he got further into his career. “Are you obsessed with me or something?”

“Or something.” He answered with a slight shrug. “What? A guy can’t be curious? Hollander, we got drafted together and I know nothing about you. Nobody does. You fascinate me so yeah, maybe I did Google you a few times but so what.”

“Stalker.”

“Oh, and you’ve never done that?”

“Never.”

“Not even once?”

“Okay, fine, maybe once.”

“I knew it.”

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The actual All-Star game was a mess, that was really the only word that Shane could think to describe it. Not only had his shooting been off the entire game causing him to only score one goal, he somehow managed to find himself in two different fights, both in the third period. The latter of his fights ended with him getting a nasty black eye that he knew wouldn’t go away anytime soon. It wasn’t the first fight that had ended that way but it was the first in a game like this. He wasn’t even sure why they happened. One moment he was passing the puck to Ilya who then took a nasty hit from behind. The next, his helmet and gloves were thrown onto the ice with his fists raised.

That was unlike him and he knew people would be talking about it. He got in countless fights every season but it had never been on behalf of anyone else. This was supposed to be his rival of all people too, he shouldn’t have been fighting anyone like that because of him. But he felt like he didn’t have a choice. Ilya was the closest thing he had to a friend and nobody was going to be taking cheap hits at him.

After the game, he practically ran out of the locker room, not waiting to hear anything from anyone else. Part of him also didn’t want to see Ilya. He wasn’t ready to face him yet.

He made it back to the hotel in record time. His mind was racing a mile a minute. Before leaving the rink he had turned his phone off, not wanting to read what anyone was saying. He knew his mom would have something to say about it too. She was all business and this would not fly with her. He could deal with that later.

He wasn't sure how long had passed before he heard a knock at the door. Without thinking about it, he pulled the door open.

"Ilya, what are you doing here?"

That was all he managed to ask before Ilya closed the distance between them, his lips landing on Shane's. His brain seemed to short circuit as he melted into the kiss. Ilya was the first one to pull away with a smile on his face. The pair then walk further into Shane's hotel room, the door swinging shut behind them.

"I tried to catch you after the game," Ilya told him, walking around the room taking everything in. "You ran out of there so fast."

"Yeah, that wasn't really my best moment." Shane said. "I know fighting is, like, my thing but that was different. I didn't really want to stick around and hear what people were saying."

"It wasn't bad." Shane gave him a look that told him that he didn't believe a word he was being told. "Really, it wasn't. Everyone was actually kind of shocked and said it wasn't like you. Asked me why you would fight someone for me when you don't even do that for your own team."

"What did you tell them?" he asked, anxiously.

"That you did it because you were my friend, nothing more. I got to say, people were more surprised at that. Your real reputation is the lone wolf type, Hollander. Talk to people more."

“I don’t know how to do it.”

“You’re doing just fine with me.”

“That’s different. You’re different.”

“How so?”

“You just are, I don’t know. I just get...scared talking to anyone else.”

“Why?”

Shane took a deep breath. “I don’t want them to find out what I am.”

Ilya looked at him and Shane wasn’t very good with facial expressions but he could see that the other was very much confused at his statement.

“What are you, Shane?”

“Transgender.” He whispered it so quietly that he wasn’t even sure that he said it out loud. He didn’t dare look over at Ilya to see whether he had heard it or not. Part of him hoped that he hadn’t.

“What does that have to do with anything?” There was no judgment in the question, just genuine curiosity. “I hope you know that this doesn’t change anything to me. I still like you just as much.”

“You like me? Still?”

“Oh, don’t act so shocked. You are likable and I think the other guys would like you too. Just give them a chance to get to know you.”

“But telling them could change everything.”

“But maybe it wouldn’t. You’d still be Shane fucking Hollander, the best player in the league. I’m not telling you that you should or not, but you’d have my support and I think you’d have the support of a lot more people than you realize.”

“You don’t think I’m disgusting?”

“No, did me kissing you not answer that question? Because I’ll do it again if I have to.” As if to prove his point, he gently pulled Shane into another quick kiss. “And I will keep doing that if you keep asking stupid fucking questions.”

“What if I want you to keep doing that?”

End Notes

more trans shane for all the trans shane enjoyers out there

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