

wishful thinking

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77308211) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77308211>.

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
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence , Episode: s01e05 I'll Believe in Anything (Heated Rivalry) , Episode Five , Getting Together , Canon Divergent , Shane Hollander Can Fight , Punching Bags , shane hollander is autistic , Confessions , Communication , Idiots in Love , but not love confessions , Non-Sexual Intimacy , Coming Out , Instagram , ignoring the world , Hurt/Comfort , Angst and Fluff , Soft , Literal Sleeping Together , Angst with a Happy Ending , introspective , Shane Hollander-centric , Stream of Consciousness , Dialogue Heavy , Internal Thoughts , Emotional , Homophobia Hints , Shane Hollander Needs a Hug , Ilya Rozanov Needs A Hug
Language:	English
Series:	Part 12 of Heated Rivalry
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-08 Words: 3,305 Chapters: 1/1

wishful thinking

by [Raverin2](#)

Summary

Shane finds himself thinking, wishing, hoping, for more than shadows with Ilya after leaving his hotel room during the All Stars. He makes the decision to come out on Instagram, belatedly coming out to his parents in a text, and then goes down to hit the punching bag in the hotel gym until his brain fizzles into a decision about Ilya. He's alone for long enough, but Ilya stays afterwards.

Notes

I wrote this in a trance after hearing, and then looping, Secret Love Song Pt. 2 by Little Mix. This is a messy stream of conscious, and probably not that enjoyable. But it's also a jump from Episode Five that speeds up the "i like you" confession from Episode Six. Enjoy!

unedited so there will be mistakes, i'm sure cause it's late asf and again, trance and impatience.

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

Shane stares as the elevator doors close, and he realizes, this feeling in his chest is hopelessness.

What he feels.

He can't have Ilya like this.

He can't be with Ilya like this.

It's can't.

Not won't.

Not couldn't.

Not wouldn't.

It's **can't**.

He can't have Ilya by his side, can't love him the way he thinks his heart aches to.

It's not allowed.

Not by him.

Hell, not even by the world itself.

But by their world.

He gets lost in his head as he thinks about it.

About what could happen.

What could be.

If their world wasn't so goddamn cold.

What would it be like to walk down the street with Ilya, their fingers intertwined between them?

What would it be like to kiss Ilya every time he smiled so goddamn bright that it felt like a direct hit of sunshine?

What would it be like to have Ilya over to meet his parents? To have dinner with them all together?

What would it be like to go to sleep in Ilya's arms and actually wake up in the morning in them?

Would the distance for their games be worth it if they were together for real? If this wasn't just a hook-up?

Or is it even something worth daydreaming?

He's leaving Ilya's room right now, going to down to his own, after being fucked so goddamn good for the first time since he ran after they whispered each other's names.

They're separating again, until their game in Boston. Until they get to meet up again, to fuck.

But is this really all that's left for them?

Hiding in the shadows?

Hotel room hook-ups?

Him having to see Ilya with literally any-fucking-one that he finds while he's traveling?
Having to pretend that the pain in his chest has nothing to do with wanting to be the person in Ilya's arms?

Is any of this worth it if Ilya doesn't want to even try?

Can he really have part of Ilya without having him wholly? Is that selfish of him? For knowing he won't be satisfied with part of the man his heart has been left with?

"Fuck!" swears Shane harshly as he slams his fist into the elevator wall just before it dings, landing on his floor.

He can feel the tears in his eyes as he hurries off the elevator, fist stinging with pain along his knuckles.

It's been a while since he's hit something.

Since he's felt his skin crack open with his rage, until his brain's gone so silent that he knows exactly what the problem is with pinpoint precision.

Maybe that's what he needs.

To punch his feelings out until he can tell Ilya that they need to be done because he wants too much, and Ilya doesn't deserve to deal with the mess that comes with Shane having feelings for him. He wanted a hook-up, not for someone to fall in love with him.

Shane lets himself into his hotel room and stomps over to his bag.

The gym downstairs has a punching bag.

He could use this.

He should use it.

Maybe he can end it before he gets on the plane to meet his team.

Maybe he can save them both the mess that would be trying to end things ahead of their game, or ahead of their hook-up. He can't have him again, or Shane will never be able to save himself from the edge.

He does something risky, horribly risky.

Shane grabs his bag, then instead of grabbing his red gloves, he grabs his rainbow gloves that Rose sent him.

His gay flag covered boxing gloves.

It's silly, to think of using them, but he's got another idea that has him tugging out his phone and making a decision.

A stupid one, probably.

But he takes a picture of them and posts them to his Instagram with a simple caption, "Time to hit a bag with pride."

He doesn't add anything else, just switches over to his group-chat with his parents to text them simply, "I'm gay."

Then he drops his phone into his pocket, grabs the gloves, and heads for the stairwell.

He's not getting on the elevator again.

Shane loses track of time between reaching the stairwell and landing on the ground floor where the gym is behind the elevators. He just knows that he's standing in front of the door as his vibrating phone catches his attention.

He ignores it.

Shane doesn't have the capacity to deal with it right now, so he leaves it alone.

If it's from the League, he will gladly fly home and go straight to the cottage if he gets benched.

But that's for later, after he's punched until his mind goes silent.

So, he swipes his card and goes into the gym. He sets his things down, emptying his pockets, and Shane groans because he forgot a damn water bottle again.

He shakes his head and puts his gloves on instead of going back because there's a fountain on the other side of the gym.

Shane lets his mind roll as he uses his teeth to tighten the strap of his glove before doing some light jabs against the punching bag. He takes a few minutes to roll his body into shape for what he's doing, focusing up and stretching, then his lips curl into a harsh sneer, and everything narrows.

Indentations bounce back after every strike, his feet start playing a role, harsh kicks as he dances around the bag, laser focused and even his hearing feels blocked. All that's reaching him is the ache in his hands and feet from hitting the bag, his harsh breathing is the only thing he hears, and the trails of sweat sliding down his skin and cooling from the AC.

His mind is blissfully quiet, not a single thought racing through it. Finally, after a harsh hit that sends an ache through his whole arm, to his shoulder, Shane stops the bag and drops once it's still again. He gets the gloves off first before letting himself relax as fully as he can while his breaths are sharp and uncontrolled.

He needs to end this with Ilya.

It's the only thought that pops into his mind as he tries to catch his breath, feeling himself starting to control it enough to know he needs a drink.

Shane jumps when a white bottle shakes in front of his eyes.

"Drink."

Steady and low.

Russian accent.

Ilya Rozanov.

Shane tugs in a deep breath before knocking the bottle away and shoving himself up. He doesn't turn to look at the man, instead he heads for the water fountain. He hates drinking from water fountains because he somehow, even with getting the stream into his mouth, has it spilling from the corners of his mouth every single damn time. But Shane's not accepting anything else from Ilya, not when he's come to his decision, one he will explain to the man.

Preferably over text.

A throat clears as he stands, eyes closing while he brings the bottom of his shirt up to wipe at the corners of his mouth, ignoring the sweat drenching his face.

It was a good work-out, but he's definitely going to be sore for the next two days.

Shane needed it enough to know that he can't regret a single moment of it though.

He keeps his eyes closed as he settles his breathing, and himself, before he opens his eyes to find Ilya staring at him with something in his eyes, something dangerous, wanting maybe? Something.

Shane just nods before turning and heading back for his things. He needs to see how long he's been ignoring his phone and see what's been said.

"Hollander, you came out on Instagram, your parents confirmed in comments section. We need to talk," says Ilya from behind him as Shane scoops up his phone to see that he is telling the truth.

He's got emails from the League. From fucking Crowell.

He's benched.

For two weeks.

Fucking assholes.

Oh fucking well.

He's not going back on what he said. Hell, his mom will help him keep posting, so will Rose.

Oh, Rose commented too, bestie goals there for sure.

Hayden's probably pissed.

Shane doesn't even want to imagine how to handle that bullshit.

"I came out because I decided to throw caution to the wind for once," replies Shane a bit coldly as he starts putting things in his pockets, sighing as he picks up his gloves. "It's got nothing to do with you, and nobody's gonna worry, Rozanov. So, I don't think we need to talk. We've done enough talking today."

"Hollander, is a big deal to me, and is important. We need to talk about it," Ilya's voice has more snap to it than he probably wants to have, but Shane ignores it regardless. "I can't do—"

"Rozanov," Shane's voice is sharp, cutting Ilya off as he spins around to glare at the blonde who looks confused at best, panicked at worst. Shane can't read him right now. "I came out for me. I didn't come out to force your hand or to make you come out too. I would never ask you to come out when you're not ready. You don't have to do a fucking thing. This has nothing to do with you I know there's nothing between us other than a fuck, and that was fine. But now, I'm out, so whatever we were doing, it's done. It has to be done because the only reason I know for sure I'm gay is because I fucking like you. So, this thing, it's officially done. Not because you're not out, not because you like both, but because you don't want me wholly. You can say whatever the hell you want, but I'm in too deep already. I can't have part of you, and I can't have all of you, so I do not get to have any of you. Leave it alone."

Shane's chest is rising and falling heavily enough that his lungs feel the weight of his words more than anything else does.

Ilya's eyes are blown wide, and Shane realizes he didn't look to see if they were alone. But Ilya wouldn't have pushed if they weren't, so he shrugs that thought away. He nods at the man in front of him before turning again and actually leaving this time.

He goes to the stairs just to punish himself a bit more with the walk to the fifth floor.

But he's also positive that Ilya won't follow him up the damn stairs.

The man isn't lazy, but he's on the eighth floor. Shane already hates this trek, so Ilya would probably despise it. But they're competitive, so he'd probably do it anyway, at least to Shane's

floor.

"Hollander! You cannot walk away after dropping information like that!" calls Ilya loudly, voice bouncing off the walls, not that Shane gives two shits right now. "We have to talk about this!"

"There's nothing to talk about, Rozanov," says Shane with a sigh because he knows there's not.

He won't give in to the want he has for Ilya because he's already too deep to stop himself from falling more.

He can't do that to himself.

Besides, what's it matter anyway, huh?

Ilya can't be with him, and he doesn't want to either.

At least, that's what Shane thinks came out of their conversation earlier, where he told him what he felt.

"Hollander! You— Fucker," Ilya swears a couple more times as he tries to chase him up the stairs, though Shane's taking them two at a time to get away. "Shane, stop!"

He freezes as he reaches the landing to his floor, surprise hitting him like a lightning bolt at hearing his first name again.

Shane turns to see Ilya coming up from the fourth floor's landing, and his own feet won't lift even though he wants to move through the door and go to his room.

He wants to shut Ilya out completely, until the man leaves in the morning.

He wants to leave the man behind in this fucking hotel, to have some dignity for the stunts he's just pulled.

But he's stuck in place.

"Shane, we need to talk, properly, please," says Ilya as he reaches him, chest rising and falling a bit faster than normal, but not that fast in reality. "Can we go to your room? No touching, I promise. Just— We have to talk."

"We did talk," mutters Shane as he looks into those fucking eyes. "We talked before, you didn't want, and I won't force. But selfish or not, I have to have all of you, not half, and I won't force anyone's hand but my own here. So, do we really need to talk?"

"Yes because as good as I am at lying to everyone around me, I can't really lie to myself," replies Ilya quietly, almost stiff in a way that makes Shane sigh in defeat. "I lie well to myself, is why I do not talk much about anything because no talking means no thinking. Can silence everything. But you make me want to talk, want to be real instead of Roz. You make me want when I have."

"Ilya, we can go to my room, but I'm not changing my mind," says Shane simply before he turns on his heel and pushes the door open.

He takes a left and leads the way down the hall to his room, tugging out the key to press against the reader before stepping inside and leaving it open for Ilya.

As soon as it's shut, as Shane settles on the edge of his bed, Ilya starts speaking, "I can't be out right now. My father is sick, as I said, and I have to be able to go there and take care of him during summer. So, right now, I can't give what you deserve, want. I can't. But I can stop seeing people, Sveta will be exception. She has to because she is friend. We do not sleep together anymore, just friends. But no more for anyone else. Already is dry spell anyway without you, so is easy. Will be pent up, but we can figure it out. But I like you too, Shane, and I want you."

"I would never force you to come out, Ilya," says Shane seriously as he starts trying to respond to the words that have left the man deflating against the wall.

"I know, you said too before, but I know. That's not what I meant," replies Ilya reassuringly as he shakes his hands in front of him. "I want to be out, I want to be out and with you and have this be more than sneaking around in the dark. I want that, Shane, I just can't have it yet."

"Okay, I just— I wanted to make sure you knew that wasn't what I meant downstairs," says Shane with a sigh of relief because he thought he'd explained himself well enough, but needed to make sure. "You want me? For real? As a fuckbuddy you like or as a boyfriend?"

"Boyfriend," Ilya breathes the word like it's sacred, and Shane feels his cheeks start to burn. "Fuck, tell me you will be my boyfriend, that is— I want that, if you do."

"I do," replies Shane softly, genuinely as he looks at the man. "I want that very much, but if we do this, then we're really going to have to work on our communication skills, Ilya."

He sees the sharp intake of breath more than he hears it. He watches Ilya's chest jump from the rush of air, watches his throat move with it, and it sends a rush of arousal through his veins.

But he doesn't want that, not right now.

"We can do that. I— I want to look for therapist, Russian speaking probably. But that might help me," says Ilya with a strained tone that Shane is going to ignore because this is more important than a rush of arousal.

"I am too, for a couple of things, but obviously not Russian until I learn to speak it maybe," Shane's voice is a bit amused because he likes the idea of learning Russian and speaking with a therapist. Maybe he'll take classes, maybe it could be more than a new language, like a safety net or something to help him feel secure in what he will speak about. "Mentally because I need it, but also for my eating because I know I need to work with someone not connected to the team. So, we can do little check-ins, not sharing anything unless we want it to because those sessions will be for us and who we choose to see. But here's the other thing.

Dates. I know we can't go out places, but we can do skype calls or something and have similar meals or whatever we want. Anything to make this about more than sex."

"I think Skype dates would be nice, at least for while we are on the road," replies Ilya softly, a smile curving his lips with a hint of sweetness that's making Shane's body itch with the need to taste it. "Could maybe get an extra day when I am in Montreal to spend with you, adjust it to fit your practice schedule. Maybe make dinner for you again, like the tuna melt, but better. I make good Bolognese."

"I would love to try your version," says Shane with a goofy smile because his heart feels like it's full to the brim with love for this man in front of him. "The tuna melt was pretty good, so it'll be interesting to see you top it. But I'm benched for now, I have to read the emails, but it doesn't look great. I can update you on that later though. It just means that I won't be in Montreal when you play, though I guess I could come and at least stay at my apartment, send you the address for after."

"Woah, hold it. They benched you? For coming out? Seriously?" asks Ilya, questions pouring from him with anger sloshing between each word. "The homophobia is real in this shit."

"What in the—" Shane sputters as laughter slides out of him without control in surprise. "Which kid taught you that shit, Ilya?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Ilya says it with a half-smirk, and Shane feels himself fall apart as he shakes his head. "I help deal with bullshit from them. We figure out things together, promise. But first, I do not want to leave you tonight. I know we have flights, and is bad idea, but can I stay?"

"Yes, you can, I'd really like it if you did, honestly. It would be nice to wake up in your arms," the words slide uninhibited from his tongue before he thinks it through, and then he's covering his face with his hands as he groans. "Ignore me. That was not said."

"I've thought about it too. Especially since tuna melt," replies Ilya genuinely as a weight shifts the bed underneath Shane. "Can I hold you, Shane?"

"Please do," Shane's hands fall away as he looks into those gorgeous blues, heart thudding in his chest.

They still have a lot to work out, a lot more communication to do, and Shane's going to pull away from Ilya to shower in like three minutes tops probably. But right now, as Shane's tugged into Ilya's lap, as the man lays down, hands resting firmly along his spine, everything is finally perfect.

Secret or not.

Shane's falling, and Ilya's right there with him.

Shadowed or not.

They're going to chase happiness together.

End Notes

Thank you for reading, and don't forget to let me know what you think! I know the comments are moderated, but I do respond to comments, friends! Comments along with Kudos make my entire day!

if you wanna follow me elsewhere too you can check out my socials:

[Tumblr](#)

[Bsky](#)

<3<3<3<3<3

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