

Color Me Yours

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77314441) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77314441>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Original Female Character(s) , Original Characters
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Fluff and Humor , Fluff and Crack , Not Beta Read , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Married Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Established Relationship , Established Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Post-Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , Spoilers for Book 6: The Long Game (Game Changers) , POV Outsider , No beta: we die like Grigori Rosanov , Mentions of Yuna Hollander , Tags Are Hard , The Original Character is Just a Staff Member , Dialogue Heavy , Slice of Life , slight crack , no AI use
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-08 Words: 1,219 Chapters: 1/1

Color Me Yours

by [calsifiree](#)

Summary

Competition was in Shane and Ilya's blood. Even when it comes to painting clay hockey helmets for charity.

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Notes

This itch has been in my brain for a while and Heated Rivalry has in me in a chokehold.

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

It was a known fact by everyone and their mother that no matter how much time passed, Ilya and Shane would always have a competitive streak more than a mile wide. It didn't matter if it was on or off the ice, nor did it matter if it was about something as mundane as painting a clay hockey helmet.

"Hollander, I'm telling you right now, mine will be better than yours."

"Ilya, I have seen you paint Anya's dog house. That's not gonna happen," Shane scoffed, smiling as he spoke.

Leah, the manager at the Color Me Mine, snorted under her breath at the chirping that was happening. Ilya and Shane had been at the pottery shop for no less than 10 minutes, and already, the competitive nature of the couple had made itself known.

As the lead store manager, she had been contacted by Yuna Hollander a month ago regarding the appearance of the hockey couple. They had come to an agreement that the store would be rented out for them so that they could paint hockey helmets together without the pressure of cameras or the invasiveness of fans. The plan was that those helmets would be later auctioned at an upcoming charity hockey game, with the money being donated to the Irina Foundation.

Which led Leah to now. She approached the still bickering couple, reluctant to interrupt their conversation (and her entertainment)—if you can even call dissing each other that.

"Are you guys ready to pick your colors?" They jumped and turned to look at her sheepishly. Shane gave her a nod, pink dusting his cheeks as though he forgot they were not alone, allowing her to give the spiel she gave all customers. Pick five, you can ask for more, yadda yadda. Shane and Ilya turned to look at the color swatch plate before writing down their first five colors of choice. She then scribbled the numbers down before heading towards the paint table to fill their color palettes.

"What colors you pick?" She heard behind her, the accent making it obvious that it was Ilya asking.

"As if I would tell you," Shane sniffed.

"Why? Worried you would pick ugly colors?"

"No, I don't want you to copy me."

"Copy you? Why would I copy you if mine will be—" Ilya cut off his sentence as Leah approached them again, passing them each their filled color palettes and giving them a rundown of instructions for how to best use the paints. She walked away, heading towards the back room with the kilns to make phone calls and package already fired pieces.

Silence filled the front room as the couple became immersed in their new task—a stark difference from how they were not moments before. She glanced at her phone, letting out a sigh, and wishing for the umpteenth time that the NDA she had to sign was nonexistent. She wanted to text her coworkers, who were spamming their group chat and craving even the tiniest of information, of a play-by-play of the couple’s chirping.

But she knew why she couldn’t—and why she wouldn’t. She had seen the news when it broke out, had seen the treatment Shane received from Montreal as a result of it—the trip during the game. While she had her fair share of homophobic comments when she first brought her girlfriend home to her family and came out to them, she could only imagine how it felt to have that blasted to the world at large without your consent.

Checking the time, she traversed back to the front room, winding around the other empty painting tables to ask them if they needed more colors or different tools. Glancing down at their work, she schooled her face to prevent herself from laughing. Shane’s work was beautiful, to say the least. While the unfired glaze would look different after being in the kiln, the helmet was evenly coated, with the back of it showing the beginnings of a sunset over a lake. Ilya’s was...well...Shane had a point. It looked like someone painted with their non-dominant hand. There was an oddly shaped blob taking up the back of the helmet, and if she squinted hard enough, it looked like a dog. A really wonky-looking dog.

Noticing the presence of another person, Shane glanced up from his work.

“Do you think I could get some of 29, 104, and 98? And maybe 49 and 61 in a squeeze bottle?” At her nod, he peered over to his husband’s work, eyes filling with a mix of mirth and fondness. He snickered, Ilya’s head shooting up at the noise.

“What Hollander? Have you never seen artwork before?”

“I have, love. But I don’t think yours falls into that category,” he responded with a laugh. Ilya gave him a playful glare at the comment before the expression shifted to something more disgruntled when he leaned over and looked at Shane’s work. He muttered something in Russian, Shane laughing even harder at the comment.

“What are you even painting? It looks like a weird blob,” Shane questioned.

“Weird blob? This is our child!” Ilya said, aghast.

“I think that is an insult to Anya.”

“She likes me more.”

“Yes, because you spoil her.”

“She deserves it.”

This pattern of silence, asking for paint, and snarking when she came over to check on them continued for the next few hours. Leah was once again in the back room, packaging more

finished clay pieces, when a shout of triumph made her jump, nearly dropping the finished plate she was holding.

“I win!” she heard Ilya cheer. The low timber was gone from his voice, making him sound more like a happy kid in a candy shop.

“How could you have possibly won?” Shaye’s bewildered voice followed.

“I finished first.”

“That’s not how it works.”

“You are right. You like it when I take my time. Is okay, moya lyubov, we cannot be best at everything,” She snorted at the squawk Shane let out. Peering out the doorway to the back room, she could see Shane was once again slightly pink in the face, pouting at his husband.

“Let’s see if you like it when I take my time with you later,” his face getting even redder but more smug, eyes lit in challenge. Walking over, Leah could see that Ilya’s jaw was dropped, and the look in his eyes was becoming more heated. Shane set his dropper down and looked up at her.

“I think we’re both done,” he said, smiling kindly, ignoring Ilyas increasingly heated eyes. Leah smiled back at him before giving him information on the timeline of firing the pieces and whom she would contact to later pick up the finished helmets.

Shane and Ilya stood up from their chairs, Shane thanking her as Ilya scooted closer to him, wrapping a possessive hand around his waist and leaning into him. Leah waved as they walked out, watching them approach their car. She smiled as Ilya kissed Shane’s forehead before detaching from his side and climbing into the driver’s seat. She was happy that despite everything the media has put them through, their love for each other seemed to be endless.

Most of all, she could not wait to see the charity hockey game.

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Sorry, I didn't really know how to end it. This took inspiration from my date with my boyfriend where we went to Color Me Mine to paint clay dinosaurs. For reference, Color Me Mine has a swatch plate with the colors assigned numbers, which is why Shane's request for paint is done with a list of numbers. And yes, he was painting a sunset from their view at the cottage.

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