

the lasagna incident

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77567231) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77567231>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationships:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov , Jackie Pike & Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov , Jackie Pike , Hayden Pike
Additional Tags:	Relationship Reveal , Domestic Fluff , Ilya Rozanov Is Down Bad , jackie pike is the goat , Ilya Rozanov Loves Shane Hollander , Shane Hollander Loves Ilya Rozanov , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Implied/Referenced Blow Jobs , Secret Relationship , so secret ilya and shane don't even know it yet
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-12 Words: 2,274 Chapters: 1/1

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by [alaska_was_taken](#)

Summary

or Jackie Pike has known about Shane and Ilya ever since she caught Ilya delivering Shane's home-made lasagna to her doorstep because Shane was running late to meet his parents for dinner, and (one of) Ilya's love languages is 'acts of service'

Notes

just a silly one-shot of jackie pike finding out about shane and ilya
pushing the jackie & ilya world domination friendship agenda

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

When Ilya stepped foot into Shane's flat, the comforting smell of a home-cooked meal was the first thing he noticed. He put his jacket on the coat hanger and placed his shoes on the rack. The familiarity with which he did these things scared him as much as it made him feel warm all over. In his own home, he would have thrown the jacket over the nearest available surface and toed his shoes off on his way through the hallway. But not here. Not in Shane's space.

"What are you making?" Ilya asked, stepping up behind Shane and putting his arms around him, resting his head on Shane's shoulder.

Shane smiled and leaned into his touch, gesturing to the Tupperware on the counter with the spatula he had been stirring the tomato sauce with. A few droplets landed on the counter. "Lasagna," Shane said, reaching for the sponge to clean up the stray sauce.

Ilya's gaze swept over to where Shane was pointing. "Let me guess. You googled 'lasagna recipe to feed entire army'?"

Shane bit his lip. "You think it's too much? I made four different ones. Gluten-free. Veggie. Vegan. This one's regular."

Ilya spun him around then and ducked his head to search his eyes for an answer to his ever-growing confusion. "Shane. I think all that ginger ale is not good for your brain. How are we supposed to eat four lasagnas?"

Shane's cheeks tinged with that pinkish tint he got whenever Ilya called him by his first name. He lightly punched Ilya's chest and left his hand there, playing idly with his shirt collar, grazing the skin underneath with his thumb. "It's not for us. I didn't even know you were coming over. It's for Jackie."

Ilya hummed and shrugged. "Team meeting was over early. Wanted to see you." He hoped it sounded more casual than he felt saying it. But by the way Shane's lips curled up into a smile, he knew that he had said the right thing.

"Well, I hate to break it to you, but I need to put this last lasagna in the oven and then drive all of them over to Jackie's place because she just got released from the hospital. Baby Amber was born last night. And then I'm meeting my parents for dinner."

"Jesus, how many kids does Hayden have now? Forty?" Ilya shook his head.

"Four," Shane corrected him before he spun around again and started giving instructions.

And that's how Ilya Rozanov, captain of the Boston Raiders, found himself placing lasagna sheets into a baking tray, patiently waiting for Shane to ladle the tomato sauce and béchamel on top before he was instructed to add another layer. He didn't mind it. Not at all. If anything, he found comfort in the domesticity they sometimes slipped into. A soft kiss when they said goodbye to each other. Lingering in each other's arms after sex. They had even fallen asleep next to each other once. Ilya would always remember the softness of Shane's eyes as he

blinked awake. In these moments, Ilya always felt like he was moving inside a bubble that was about to burst. All he could do was to enjoy it while it lasted. So if Shane wanted to make lasagna for post-partum Jackie Pike? They would make lasagna. And it's not like they couldn't make productive use of the time the lasagna had to be in the oven for...



"Shit, now I'm going to be late," Shane cursed, pulling up his pants in a hurry.

"I think the words you're looking for are 'Thank you for the best blow job of my life,'" Ilya said, grinning as he wiped his thumb across the corner of his mouth.

"You're such an asshole," Shane responded, a fond smile playing on his lips, taking all the force out of the insult.

Ilya feigned a stab to his chest. "And here I thought Canadians were known for politeness." He watched from his spot on the couch as Shane began to run around looking for his car keys like a headless chicken. Years ago, Ilya would have stayed put to watch the spectacle in growing amusement. Now, he only had to sense Shane's unease for him to want to jump up and take the weight off his shoulders. He gave in when he saw Shane's gaze flicking between his shoes and the mess in the kitchen. He had gotten stuck in indecision. Not knowing whether to leave and be on time or to clean up first to come home to a clean flat.

"Don't worry," Ilya said, releasing him. "Go. I'll clean it up."

"What?" Shane asked incredulously.

"I'll clean kitchen. You go meet your parents for boring dinner."

"But the lasagna-"

"I can bring lasagna."

"But-"

"I can just leave on doorstep. Is fine."

Shane was quiet as his brain raced through the scenario. "But it needs to go into the freezer," he objected. "Otherwise, it will go bad before they can eat it."

"Hollander," Ilya said, switching to his last name to show his exasperation as he walked over to him and grabbed him by his hips. He cocked his head to the side. "Is Canadian winter. Outside on doorstep is freezer. Probably colder than freezer."

"But-" Shane was cut off by a kiss.

"You go meet your parents before they worry because you're 30 seconds late. I clean up mess in kitchen and take care of lasagna delivery. Pike lives near High Park, no? Send me address. Is on my way to hotel, anyway."

“Are you sure?” Shane asked, putting his thumbs into his pockets, like he always did when he was uncertain.

Ilya pulled him in for another kiss, keeping him close by placing a hand on the back of his neck, letting his thumb caress the soft hair there. “Yes, I’m sure,” he muttered against his lips.



The parking spot in front of the Pike family home was empty as Ilya drove up to it and came to a stop. “How did I get here?” he asked himself as he jogged up the stairs leading up to the front door, carefully setting down one Tupperware of lasagna after the other. He was on his third and last run when the door opened, and a girl of about 5 or 7 blinked down at him as he placed the lasagna at her feet. He was about to make a silent retreat and hope that he could still get away with it when the girl turned her head around. “Mommy. There’s a man at the door.”

Shit.

The sound of steps nearing the door.

Fuck.

Jackie opened the door wide and put her other arm protectively around her daughter.

“Hi,” Ilya said, his brain short-circuiting and not providing him with anything else to say.

“Ruby, why don’t you go play with your sister upstairs?”

She waited until the child was out of earshot before she cornered him with a gaze that was both confused and fierce. “What are you doing here, Rozanov?”

Ilya cleared his throat. “Erm...” he gestured to the space on the ground between them. “I brought lasagna.”

She squinted. “I can see that. I just don’t understand why the Boston Raiders captain is bringing over...” her gaze swept over the amount of Tupperware, “enough lasagna to feed an entire army.”

“I told Shane it was too much,” Ilya shrugged, rubbing his arms against the cold. He had left his jacket in the car, not thinking he would be lingering outside for this long.

“Are you trying to poison Hayden so he can’t play against you next week?” She paused. “Wait,” Jackie shook her head, trying to dispel the confusion settling around her like a cloud. “Shane?”

Well, fuck. He had walked right into that one. “Not really worth it to poison worst player in league,” he shrugged, hoping to play it off, if that was even possible. Why had that little girl opened the door!?

A cry came from somewhere inside. “No fighting over toys, you can share,” she called into the house before turning back to him. “Well, the least you can do is help me carry these inside and put them in the freezer. Hayden’s picking up Jade from his grandparents, I am wearing maternity pads, and I am not going to bend down to pick these up.”

Ilya nodded, meek in the presence of mothers. “Okay.”



“Congratulations, by the way,” he said as he shut the freezer door. Like a miracle, the Tupperware had fit inside, except for one that Jackie decided they would have for dinner that day. “The baby,” he added dumbly as Jackie just kept looking at him like he was a puzzle she couldn’t piece together.

“Thank you,” she said matter-of-factly, sitting down on the sofa. Then she gestured to the armchair opposite her. Yeah, he wasn’t getting out of this one, so he went over and sat down.

“So...” Jackie began, “Shane, huh?”

Ilya moved around in his seat uncomfortably. This might be worse than the interrogation he had once endured at the airport upon arriving in the US.

“Since when are the two of you on a first-name basis?”

Getting right to it. Okay. Ilya shrugged, feigning nonchalance. He had hoped his earlier slip-up had escaped her notice. “A while.”

Jackie raised an eyebrow at the incriminating blush on his cheeks. “I see...”

He might as well have been naked, and he would have felt less vulnerable than he did that second. Ilya sighed. “Pike can’t know. Shane is- He wants to tell him himself. On his own terms. This,” he gestured between the two of them, “is bad enough.”

Jackie’s gaze softened, then, and Ilya was struck by the realisation that Irina had looked at him the same way whenever he had come home with bruised knees or a bloody nose.

“I can keep a secret,” she offered and god, if that wasn’t tempting. And so he started talking, offering small bits and pieces in the hopes that it would satisfy her curiosity.

She was quiet for a while after he was done talking, considering his words and peeling back the veil he had wrapped them in with a directness that equalled the way she would rip off a band-aid. “Do you bring food to all of your hook-ups ’ friends’ wives?”

Ilya scratched his neck and evaded her searching eyes. “I haven’t- there’s no one else. Not for some time now.”

“You’re in love with him,” she observed, then. A statement, not a question. Ilya’s eyes flicked to hers. She was taking this surprisingly calmly. “I haven’t told him yet,” he admitted.

She seemed to ponder his answer for a while. “There’s more than one way to show your love for someone. I think whatever compelled you to show up on my doorstep with a truck full of lasagna is proof of that,” she chuckled.

Ilya rubbed his temple in an effort to hide the smile growing on his lips. How Pike had managed to woo this gem of a woman was completely beyond him. He was about to say as much when Jackie jumped out of her seat with a startled “Oh”. Ilya hadn’t even registered so much as a rustle coming from the crib in the corner. But sure enough, one second later, Jackie was holding up a tiny baby, its eyes groggily blinking awake. “Do you want to hold her?”

Before Ilya could respond, he found himself being instructed on how to support the baby’s head. “If Shane does not kill me for telling you about us, he will definitely kill me for holding the baby before him.”

Jackie laughed. “I won’t tell him if you don’t.”



about 15 months later

The door to the house was thrown open and shut with such force that it made Jackie drop her phone on the kitchen counter. Instinctively, her hand reached for the nearest weaponizable object – a rolling pin – which she held up high over her head as the footsteps neared the kitchen.

“Jackie!” Hayden bellowed, almost tripping over his feet. “You are never going to believe this.”

The tension left Jackie’s shoulders, and she lowered the rolling pin. “Jesus, Hayd. Do you want to give me a heart attack?”

Hayden took in her fighting stance and winced. “Sorry, babe. But erm... You should probably sit down for what I’m about to tell you.”

Jackie frowned but moved towards the living room. “You’re scaring me.”

Once she was situated, Hayden sat down as well, but he promptly got up again to start pacing.

“Out with it,” Jackie ordered him.

Hayden bit his lip. “Okay, so I know that this will sound crazy, but... Shane and Ilya are a couple.” He held up his hands to the sides as if he were presenting her with the key to the mysteries of the universe.

A beat of silence. Then, “Babe? Are you in shock? Is that why you’re not reacting? Believe me, I am in shock, too and-”

“Did Shane tell you?” Jackie interrupted him.

Hayden nodded.

She smiled then. “Good for him.”

He paused. “Why do I feel like I’m missing something?”

Jackie grinned then. “I might have known already.”

“What? No. How? Since when?” The words tumbled out of Hayden’s mouth in quick succession.

“Hmm,” Jackie cocked her head to the side in thought. “How old is Amber now? 15 months? Yeah, that sounds about right.”

Hayden blinked and finally stopped pacing. “What!?” he exclaimed, sitting down on the sofa facing her, putting his elbows on his thighs as he leaned forward. “Tell me everything.”

End Notes

xx

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